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ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE—THE CRAFTSMAN—THE OXONIANS.

"AND so we part friends," she said, with a clear voice and trustful look. "We are as brother and sister: good-bye."

"Brother and sister," muttered the young man as she disappeared. "I hear bees hum and grasshoppers chirp; bee and grasshopper are scarce brother and sister. Well! grubs spin and butterflies do little but flutter, yet they're akin—and she's a bonny lass that called herself my sister," and with that he sat himself down, or rather stretched himself beneath an olive-tree, and looked out upon the heaving waters of the lake. They were dark and deep, and yet in seeming contradiction, sunny and clear; and he wondered why they would ever remind him of the full glance of those trustful blue eyes. Then he jumped up and plucked a bough from the olive-tree, and sat down again to wonder why he had plucked an olive-branch; why his hand held a token of peace, while in his heart brooded a thought of war. It seemed to him as if the light fleecy clouds that were entangled among the branches of the far-off fir trees on the mountain tops beyond the lake, darkened and came curling towards him in wreaths of thick black smoke, and the plashing of the waters lost its harmony and was a clang of engines in his ear, and the chirp of the cicadas was altered to their whirr, and quickened

every moment; but still the blue eyes looked out upon him calmly and trustfully from the lake; and he frowned first, then smiled—at last rose and wandered under the olives back to the little village on the brink of the lake under the shadow of a huge dismantled tower.

The little parlour of the Albergo del Gran San Giulio del Lago, which he had left unoccupied, seemed upon his return to be filled with guests; and filled it was, considering its dimensions, though by no more numerous company than a party of four young men. Three sealskin knapsacks, and one of cow's hide, were piled upon one table, which was further garnished with straw hats and alpenstocks; whilst at another were seated the owners of these paraphernalia, munching little rolls of maize bread, and somewhat flinty fragments of real "Parmeggiano," which repast they washed down, not without wry faces, with a thick red fluid, possessed of wonderfully astringent qualities, and dignified by mine host with the pompous name of *Vino del Monte Caldo*.

"Oh! for a glass of port!" exclaimed one of the party, a strong built but undersized young Englishman, whose thorough John Bullism had not been shaken one atom by his journey to the Lake of Garda.

"Bother port—porter for me," an-

answered a second, a strapping youth, who had pulled 'stroke' in the boat of his own college, but had been deposed for a tendency, pretty decided in point of fact, to a corpulence not compatible with that honourable and laborious office.

"Ah! Digby," chimed in a third, "you are thinking of the porter at the Vine in old Alma Mater, I'll warrant. I can forgive you that; but as to Trelawney's eternal grumble for port, I've no sympathy for it; with *him* its part of a system—he'd grumble at port wine in Oporto, for want of an English table and cut-glass decanters. Would you believe it, we almost came to blows this morning because I couldn't swallow a story of his about a lemon tree in his father's garden in Cornwall, which he swore grew finer fruit than those at the Villa Sommariva on the Lake of Como!"

"I declare, that in Cornwall"—began Trelawney; but his declaration was drowned in the simultaneous shout of laughter of his three companions.

"I wonder," quoth Digby, of the wide girth, "whether these fishermen fellows pull on this style of drink—~~the same as the good ones in some respects~~ than the gingerbeer and ale old Davis used to provide for us at Sandford lock. I should like to know, though, how it suits them, for they pull a decentish oar for foreigners, only rather too slow upon the feather. I can't speak much Italian, but I've a mind to ask that young native in the corner, who would not make a bad 'four,' by the way, in a heavyish crew."

The latter part of this speech had reference to our first acquaintance, the young man who had plucked the olive bough by the lake side, and who was sitting apart in a corner of the room, twirling the said olive bough between his fingers, and dropping the leaves which he picked from it one by one upon the floor.

"I say, *ditemi Signor*," began Digby, rising from the table.

"You may spare your Italian, sir," answered the other; "I too am an Englishman."

Digby, somewhat abashed, was about to offer an apology, when Trelawney struck in—"Oh! if you're an Englishman, and not prejudiced like these fellows, and have ever been in

Cornwall, I wish you would give us your opinion about!"—

"But," said he, "I have never been in Cornwall, and so, I fear, am no judge." Whereupon Trelawney was silent.

After a pause the conversation was renewed by the offer of their fourth companion, a somewhat older and graver character than the three who had already spoken, to lend the strange Englishman a newspaper which he had produced from his knapsack. The offer was at first declined; but upon the intelligence that there was an account to be found therein of a Chartist riot, was eagerly and thankfully accepted. Digby and Trelawney here rose, and according to their invariable custom—they were both distinguished professors of the natatory art, and initiated members of a swimming-club renowned at Eton and at Oxford—proceeded to enjoy the delights of a bath by sunset in the sapphire waves of Garda. Of the two Oxonians who remained in the parlour, the younger produced a cigar-case, and having extracted thence with care and discrimination a promising "weed," lighted it, and was soon absorbed in the delicate task of forming accurate rings of smoke with his mouth, and in puffing great whiffs through his nostrils for mere vexation when the rings proved imperfect. The elder, Ingram by name, a first-class man of the year before, drew forth from his pocket a small edition of Catullus, and, as became so scholarlike a character, read intensely. Not so intensely however as the stranger to whom he had lent his old newspaper; he read as if his soul was in every line, and as he read, one might have traced upon his expressive countenance the varied emotions which the subject roused within his breast. At one moment his eye would light with a warm and strong light, and his brow seem to expand; then suddenly his lips would close more firmly, his breathing quicken; his brow knit, and his hand clench. He was no ordinary reader of newspapers, that was plain—even to the listless smoker, who now began to eye him with somewhat more of curiosity and attention than was common to him, and was fain by smoking more leisurely and whiffing more sparingly to thin the fragrant veil which intercepted sight of him.

But whilst he scans the countenance and general appearance of the stranger, which seemed to puzzle him the more he dwelt upon it, we may take the opportunity of doing by him as he is doing to another. He was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, of well-knit yet rather slender figure, tall and graceful, with features of almost feminine beauty and regularity. If any faults were to be found with his face, they lay in the voluptuous expression of the lip and the slightly sunken appearance of the large hazel eye. His hands, which with his feet were very small, were remarkable for their softness and for their whiteness, almost matching that of his neck, partly exposed by the open collar of his silk jersey. There was a listlessness about his whole air and attitude contrasting strikingly with those of the man upon whom his scrutinising gaze was fixed. The difference between their ages might have been of some four years or thereabouts, the stranger being evidently the elder. About his countenance and attitude there was nothing of the languor and listlessness of the Oxonian. His high forehead rose above eyes of grey, gifted with a keenness and brilliancy not usual to that colour; his features were broad and somewhat heavy, especially the lower jaw, which gave to the whole under face a character of firm and almost dogged determination. The sun of Lombardy had so browned his cheeks that one could scarce have said whether they were pale or ruddy, but they were decidedly spare of flesh. His chest was deep and broad, and would have given Digby promise of sound wind in a "spirt;" his shoulders were rather bowed, which made him seem shorter than he really was, and one might have been surprised to hear that he stood near upon six feet when upright; even Digby, a connoisseur in the animal frame, might have lost a wager on the point. His hands, as the smoker, who was not unaware of his own advantages in that respect, failed not to remark, were well-shapen though large; but as to whiteness or softness, they were very far from laying claim to either: sooth to say they were the chief point about him to which his observer objected, who felt misgivings as to the gentlemanly qualifications of a man whose hands could be of such doubtful hue.

"Well, Windlesham, my boy," said Digby, as he entered the room, still glowing from the bath, "you should have seen me take a 'header' from the low cliff below here near the olive-treer. But what d'ye think I've been at ever since, and how many cigars may you have consumed in the meantime?"

"Three," answered Windlesham; "but as to guessing what such a fellow as you may have been at these last two hours, it passes me—talking bad Italian to the landlord's daughter, perhaps."

"Not I indeed;" but I've had a long interview with her respected father, though, and taxed my knowledge of the language pretty severely."

"And pray," said the other, "what may have been the object of this protracted conference?"

"Oh! I wanted to make the fellow understand that we were open to pull a four-oar match with their fishermen here, two miles round Serrione and back (you to steer of course), if we could only get that English chap to take an oar with us."

"Well, and what said mine host?"

"I couldn't make out, to tell you the truth; but he asked me if that 'altero Signor Inglese' was a 'milordo' as well as we?"

"And you said"—

"That you were the only 'milordo' of our lot, to be sure, and that I could say nothing of the other man—" Not knowing, can't say—that's what I tried to put into Italian, but I don't think it paid. What is that fellow, though—did you make out after we went?"

"He beats me hollow," answered Windlesham; "I watched him during two cigars, slow smoking, and make less of him now than I did at first!"

"Odd fish!" quoth Digby, "reads a newspaper as hard as Ingram did ethics his last term."

"And makes faces of which I should hope that Ingram was guiltless," said the other.

"Should think he was a Cambridge man," opined Trelawney, who was bottling a green lizard in spirits of wine, as even he was obliged to allow it was a species rare in Cornwall.

"Very likely," said Windlesham.

"He doesn't wash his hands much."

"Some sizar," again suggested Trelawney, "awful in mathematics."

"He read through the whole ac-

count of the riots," said Ingram, "thanked me for pointing it out to him, and muttered something about trampling on the rights of the people, and a day of retribution."

"Depend upon it, then, he is a Cambridge man," said Trelawney, "and a rascally radical (begging Ingram's pardon)—there's no end of radicals at Cambridge, I know."

Mr. Trelawney's "governor" it may here be observed, when high sheriff for the county, had had his head laid open by a brickbat on a certain occasion at Truro assizes; and as there had been some political excitement afloat at the time, Sir Charles Trelawney, who gloried in his attachment to fine old English principles, had attributed his mishap to radical malice. This occurrence had tended to give an extra dash of acerbity to the family politics, and doubtless exercised some influence upon the heir of Polgarthen in his selection of the epithet "*rascally*," in conjunction with the word "radical."

"If he is a Cambridge fellow," said Digby, still intent upon his prospective four-oar match, "he is likely to pull a bit."

"Pull you the bell, old fellow," interrupted Windlesham, "or holla for the cameriere, since bellropes are unknown, and see if we can't get a bit of supper before we give up ourselves a prey to the 'industrious fleas' of the Gran San Giulio."

"Supper by all means," assented Ingram.

"Ay, supper, old fellow," added Trelawney, whereupon Digby, with lungs worthy the ox stroke of the B—boat, shouted out for the cameriere.

Meanwhile the object of their surmises was keeping by the moonlit shore of the lake an agitated and feverish night-watch. The intelligence conveyed to him by Ingram's old newspaper was not for him mere news to be skimmed over and forgotten. For him the very heading of the article to which his attention had been drawn had an intensity of meaning beyond what might be supposed to lie in the words "Riots in — shire—admirable conduct of the military—two men shot." For "riot," he read "insurrection;" for "military conduct," "mercenary oppression;" and for "rioters shot," "British citizens murdered." It is plain that could Trelawney have taken a peep into the young man's mental dictionary, he would have been inexpressibly confirmed in his opinion both as to the radicalism and the rascality of the supposed Cantab. Be that as it may, many were the hours of that sweet Italian night which beheld the excited watcher pacing to-and-fro beneath the olive-trees, halting at one time with an air of proud defiance, as if to await the onslaught of a foe; at another, striding fiercely forwards and waving his arm, as if to lead on and encourage followers to a daring attack. It was plain that his emotions had fairly mastered him; and the host of the Gran San Giulio, had he been waking and abroad, would have failed to recognise in his altered demeanour, the young Englishman, whose ordinary phlegm and gravity had hitherto seemed to him as passing those of all his grave and phlegmatic countrymen.

CHAPTER II.

A BOOKBINDER IN THE SNOW—A MOTHERLESS GIRL.

THEY were no ordinary eyes of blue that had seemed to look upon the young man out the lake of Garda. Lustrous, and of open gaze as the shining and wide expanse of the waters, they had its depth and calm. They were arched over by dark brows and fringed with long dark lashes: they gave sweetness to a white forehead that might else have been almost stern, especially when surmounting so marked a profile as that of Clara Jeringham. The colouring of the whole

face was warm and rich, and in good keeping with the heavy silken braids of deep brown hair which set it off: beneath these braids nestled small and exquisitely shaped ears: the head, itself well proportioned, was well set upon a graceful neck and shoulders: the chest deep: the figure almost tall and in every respect good. This Clara of the blue eyes was (I crave the pardon of romantic readers for my abruptness) the daughter of a London bookbinder, from whom her eyes had

their colour and their calm; their depth and passion were from her mother, an Italian of the pure old southern blood. Both father and mother were now sleeping their death-sleep in old England, though he had lived to see the child whose birth had cost him the wife of his bosom, grow to a stately maiden of some eighteen years. His hour had come three years or thereabout before this tale begins; and grievous as indeed it was to leave his Clara when he did, he found a consolation in the hope that he should meet again his own dear Benedetta, her mother. A heart that keeps its love fresh and warm through nineteen weary years of memory of the dead, is worth something, though it beat but in the breast of a London tradesman; and a brave, kind, humane heart had beaten in truth in the breast of Willie Jerningham. Its bravery and its kindness had won him his Benedetta, in a way quite singular enough to be recorded. He too, when a young man, had trodden the soil of Italy, not indeed for mere pleasure, though not without pleasure heartfelt and intelligent. He had been employed by a gentleman, one of the true breed of the almost extinct Bibliomaniacs, to gather for him in the towns of Italy rare and curious editions of old works. His patron, who had also been an old employer of his father, a plain bookbinder, had not failed to remark that young Jerningham had improved to the utmost his casual acquaintance with such books as his father's workshop had thrown in his way; and that moreover—whether or not from any organ of Philobibliciousness developed on his brain, phrenologists must decide—that he had a marked taste for, and a correct judgment in, the collection and classification of typographical specimens. Willie, therefore, was sent to Italy, to search for and secure such works as might prove worthy additions to his patron's library. There was not perhaps a town of any importance from Calabria to the Alps which he did not visit, whose by lanes he did not tread, whose bookstalls he did not ransack, and many a valuable consignment was made by him to London through the English house at Leghorn, on which he had brought his first letters of credit, and which still supplied him with sufficient

funds for his judicious purchases and moderate travelling expenses.

All things, however, have an end, and so at last had Willie's book-gathering, and he was now fated to stumble upon a treasure that could scarce find a place on his patron's bookshelves; yet it proved a book to Willie, full of deep meaning, resplendent with illuminations, and the binding a masterpiece beyond the art of any human binder.

This was the manner of its discovery. He had obtained leave from his patron, and money, without which the leave would have been a dead letter, to visit Switzerland afoot before his return to England; and it so fell out that he had been passing a certain night at the hospice on the Grimsel. He had spent so pleasant a time with the two monks, who in those days resided there during the long winter months, that it was not until near noon of the following day that he took leave of them to cross the Furca pass to Réalp, thence to rejoin the great St. Gothard road. He was alone; but as the distance is not great, and he had before been over the same ground, he felt no anxiety at the absence of a guide. The day was cloudy but not overdark, although there was in the aspect of the sky some threatenings of a snowdrift. The little cottage by the Rhone glacier was deserted, and upon the rising slopes near it, Willie startled a solitary chamois, which, as it bounded off across the ice, left to the scene a feeling of complete solitude, such as the wayfarer had not been conscious of until the presence of another living thing had given him a momentary companionship, of which its sudden flight robbed him as soon as given. Willie sped on lustily, resting however in his upward climb to watch the grey clouds gather round the peak of the Finster Aarhorn, to lend a reverent ear to the unbroken silence, or to catch the echoes of some thundering sound which now and then would break it suddenly. But the clouds, which had gathered behind him, were now moving on as he moved, were nearing him as he reached the summit of the pass, had almost caught him in their misty embrace as he struck down into the glens that lead on to Réalp. By-and-by large flakes of snow began to fall, dancing down like feathers and settling upon his

plaid; then came a finer shower, which darkened all the air, and as it fell fast, driven by a keen cold wind, the foot-path and the goat-tracks soon disappeared, and the roaring of the torrent was Willie's only guide. Onward he hurried, his sense of hearing, which alone could help him now, was stretched to an unusual pitch of keenness, and enabled him to keep with sufficient steadiness a path parallel to the running stream. Suddenly, a shrill cry seemed to pierce the thick and thickening atmosphere; at first he thought his tingling ears had played him false; he hardly dared to halt lest the cold should benumb his limbs; but the second cry which reached him was too clear and withal too agonizing to let him doubt any farther,—it was a human voice, above him and on his left.

With such a heart as his, it needed not a moment's thought—there was some other being in sorer plight than even he—what matter cold and darkness?—life for life; Willie would save him if the Lord allow it so. He gave a loud long whoop as he struck up the steep ascent upon the left, and a thrill cry, which startled him from its seeming nearness, was the answer. The snow began to deepen; it was over his ankles so long as he kept along the stream. Suddenly, upon lifting his foot from a stone which had given it a firm resting place, it sunk knee-deep as he set it down. It was well-nigh a hopeless struggle onwards; the drift blinded him. A fourth and a fainter cry,—it was little more than a loud sigh,—came up as it were from beneath his very feet. He pressed, or rather stumbled forward, stretching out his arms as if by instinct, and found, thank God! that they had grasped a human frame.

That it was light and slender, so light and slender as to be, beyond doubt, a child's, was all he could ascertain. The presence of a child argued that of some other person; and Willie, moreover, was troubled to know whether a child's weak cry could have reached him as did that which had turned him from his path. But the little creature was speechless now, and Willie in vain groped about, and in vain shouted; neither touch nor hearing revealed the presence of any other thing living or once endowed with life. One thing was certain, the child's

heart still beat somewhat strongly. Could he but find the stream once more, and by its guidance reach Réalp, one life was saved, and help might be got there to prosecute a further search. But if the stream was to be regained and Réalp reached, there must be little more delay, for his head was dizzy with the cold, and his limbs would scarce do their office clogged as they were with the snow. So, lifting the little foundling in his arms, Willie made the best of his way downwards again, and was wonderfully guided, as if by an unseen but active power, till again the roar of the dashing water fell upon his ear, and he resumed his parallel march. Meanwhile the snow drift thinned, and the large flakes fell again, and then, for all things sped favourably, even these ceased to fall; and the moon began to shed her stray beams of silver from behind the fleecy clouds which the winds were driving away.

Then a little red star, like a ruby glowworm, began to glimmer straight ahead, and Willie uttered deep words of thankfulness in his innermost heart; and his little burden seemed to grow all the lighter and his own blood to gush all the warmer as he hurried on. At length he reached a door, which a kind hand opened at his first knock, and the ruddy glow of a cheerful fire showed him for the first time, as he entered, the features of the little girl, whom he had thus rescued and brought safe to Réalp. No sooner had he laid her down, than he would have gone forth to guide the men whom the monk,—for this too was an hospice,—had summoned to go in search of the person whom Willie's first breath had said to be yet missing; but this the good brother would by no means suffer, assuring him that they had a guide on whom they could much more safely rely, of which truth Willie was soon convinced by the deep bayting of a noble dog of the St. Bernard's breed.

When Willie awoke from the short but deep sleep which, spite of himself, had weighed down his eyelids as soon as he had thrown himself into the great arm-chair which stood by the fire, he saw the little creature whom he had rescued from the snow, leaning her head upon the monk's knee, and heard her sobbing as if her tiny heart would burst. Poor child!

she had good cause to sob and cry. She sobbed because, when the strange men had brought her father in, she had felt the bitter cold, the chilling dampness, of his face and hands; because that dear, dear voice would not answer her passionate and loving appeals; but she was too young to know her full bereavement, neither could she fathom the meaning of the words she had heard them whisper:

"Morto, Signor Padre!"

She looked from the monk to Willie, and from Willie to the door, through which they had carried out that which she knew not to be a corpse; and then she called in a frenzy of grief for her "*caro carissimo Padre*," till her sobs and cries choked her utterance. She wept on silently, and at last fell into the stillness of heavy sleep. When morning came, no one in Realp could give any clue to the history of the dead man. That he was an Italian was evident from his dress and from the language of the little girl; that he was poor was no less evident from the little coin found upon his person. All they could gather from the child herself was that he was her father, she his "*piccola Benedetta*," and that they had come together from some place far, far away. No one, therefore, interfered with Willie when he said that he would accept the charge that the Lord had thus laid upon him, and take the little foundling with him to his own home beyond the sea.

So it came to pass that, three months after, the little dark-haired, dark-eyed maid had dried her tears, and was the merriest playmate that Willie's cousins had ever found, under his own father's roof in smoky London.

Until Benedetta was a woman fully grown, and she was so at an early age, no one could have thought less than did Willie himself that the day would come, when he and the little foundling should love one another with lovers' love; but the day did come for all that, and never, perhaps, was there deeper, truer love between any two. When matters came to a crisis, and both knew the truth, and either had shown the heart's secret to other, there was no question of marriage settlement to delay their happy union. Bookbinding was a fair trade, as things then went, and

Willie could earn enough to share a full meal at all times with his young wife. His former patron, Mr. Wymer by name, was among his most constant and liberal employers; but he was more to the young couple than even this, he was a true friend and no unfrequent companion. I should have premised that Mr. Wymer was reckoned eccentric in the choice of his acquaintance by the stiffly respectable section of his equals. So Willie's kith and kin predicted some advancement for him, when they read in the newspapers the death of Mr. Wymer's elder brother, a baronet and a bachelor.

Pleasant were the sunny glades and uplands of sweet Wymerton Place, pleasant the shadowy depths of its old oak woods. The prickly brushwood and the tall wild fern swept about the old-fashioned and trimly-kept gardens that surrounded the house, as a boisterous sea sweeps round some quiet green isle; nor is this comparison inapt to give a notion of the several proportions of the gardens and of the wilder expanse beyond them. The more immediate "appurtenances of the mansion," as old Sir Jeffery himself would call them, covered many a broad acre, and the distant forest land formed the line of the horizon, turn which way you would upon the stone terraces of the garden. Wild as it was, the forest was not tenantless: for stately deer ranged there undisturbed, countless hares and rabbits gambolled near them, the playful squirrels skipped from bough to bough amidst the old oak trees and beeches; many a lanky heron had her fishing station in the reeds of the mere; and the woodcock and snipe in winter knew of many a soft and mossy spring in the coppices.

The house itself was built in the reign of Queen Bess by young Henry Wymer, not indeed with his own gold, he was but the younger son of a house not wealthy, though of gentle blood; but Master Harry's laughing eyes, clustering brown curls, burly yet active figure, his good seat on horseback, or, perhaps, indeed his thorough, hearty and frank good humour, had won him the smiles, the graces, and loving little heart of Alice Gaisford, the only daughter of a certain wealthy alderman of the ward of

Chepa. With her broad pieces, then, had Master Harry built Wymerton house, in the substantial and withal fantastic style of his day.

In course of time, the elder branches of the old stock of the Wymers, who affected in good sooth to treat Harry's wealthy little Alice with becoming loftiness and condescension,—these topping branches, as it often happens, lost sap and withered; and the new honours of the ancient house sprung up from that stem which grew a little lower down; so that Harry's house proved the ark of the Wymers, which even the deluge of the Civil Wars could never wreck; and Harry's descendants were the only Wymers known after the Restoration. Little Alice, or rather her memory, outlived all the haughtiness of her supercilious connexions; and at Wymerton, in after years, many a laughing, sunny, fair-haired child had learned to lip her name as it pointed to the ancient yet sweet and pleasant portrait that hung in the great hall. There was too, in the left wing of the house, facing the choicest garden nook, a little room wainscotted with carved oak panels and alternate strips of mirror, said to be of Venetian workmanship. This little room still bore her name, and still her intricate and curious cabinet stood undisturbed in its old corner; and very precious and sacred in the eyes of all the childish tribe were the gems and baubles that slept in its many drawers, of which rare glimpses were vouchsafed to longing eyes at Christmastide, or on some other day of high and festive import. And in the gardens Alice had a lasting memorial: they had been her special care and anxious delight so long as she yet had health and heart to guide her household. So little had her graceful yet severe good taste left to her successors to amend, that even in Clara's time there was scarce a walk, a plantation, or even a garden bed of much magnitude, which Alice, could she have revisited Wymerton, would have failed to recognise.

Having said so much, I will leave all further description of the house and gardens to the imagination of my readers; for altered and altering as our old England is, few perhaps cannot call to mind some such place as Wymerton; and I well know that in

the memory of those who can, no art of description will avail to recall any other than the identical picture which is framed there already.

It was, then, to such a place that Willie Jerningham was summoned by his old friend and patron soon after his succession to the baronetcy and estates. Wymerton had long been untenanted save by a few domestics whom Sir Richard, Jeffrey's elder brother, had left years ago in possession; for this Richard had been a wanderer and voluntary exile almost since the day when his father had breathed his last; and an agent, upon whom the tenants had in all that time never learned to look with any feelings but those of aversion, had in his days administered the estate. But Jeffrey, although himself somewhat eccentric in mind and manner, was a kindly hearted and generous man, and one who, considering his long celibacy, had what may be called strong domestic habits and feelings. He rejoiced to think that in the exercise of these he could look forward to spending a quiet remainder of life in the old house, of which throughout youth and manhood he had ever preserved the warmest and tenderest recollections; and accordingly the older tenants of the estate, those who had kept the recollection of Master Jeffrey still alive in some corner of their hearts, were overjoyed to hear of his return among them; whilst others, from their accounts and from the hopefulness of every such change of masters, entered partly into their joy; whilst all in concert exulted over the cool and ceremonious dismissal with which the agent had at once met from the new baronet. Among the very first as well as the most important arrangements undertaken at his residence by Sir Jeffrey, was the ordering and enlarging of the library, into which, although it was already a room of noble proportions, he at once resolved to throw the adjoining chamber. Indeed, without some such enlarging, he would have been sorely at a loss to house his own admirable collection; for, well proportioned as the old library was, it was equally well filled; and so great an addition as Sir Jeffrey brought to its stores must needs enforce an addition to the storehouse. Moreover,

there was a great work to be done, in drawing up a complete and correct catalogue of the original library, for which undertaking no farther or better materials were found, after diligent search, than an imperfect and mutilated manuscript, the handiwork of a family chaplain, some eighty years back or more. This decided Sir Jeffrey. He had suspected beforehand that he should find himself in need of Willie Jerningham, and now he found that he could not do without him. Upon the very day therefore of the discovery of the manuscript, he wrote off a summons to Willie, who shortly made his appearance at Wymerton-place. Sir Jeffrey's note, however, had been a hurried one, and Willie had not gathered from it the magnitude of the work he was to undertake or the length of time it must necessarily consume. His father had not been dead many months, and Willie had succeeded to his business as a book-binder; he would be endangering his custom if he were himself to be so long absent from the workshop. But more than this, there was his darling Benedetta to whom a year's wedded companionship had but bound him more nearly and dearly: how were either of them to endure a separation so prolonged? All this Willie duly laid before his patron, between whom and himself an almost unreserved confidence long since existed; and so, after a day's deliberation, it was decided by Sir Jeffrey, that the book-binding was to be given up, that Benedetta was to join her husband at Wymerton, and that the pretty cottage in the forest, about a quarter of a mile from the house, was to be occupied by the Jerninghams; the head keeper, a creature of the obnoxious agent, having received, some time previously, notice to quit. From that time forward Jerningham was installed, in name, as librarian to the worthy baronet, but in deed, as a kind of factotum and universal referee in all matters connected with the internal arrangements of the old house. As for the little cottage in the forest, it soon became, under the care of Benedetta, a near approach to the perfection of a rustic dwelling-place.

Easy, gentle, and happy, were the two short years which she spent here with her husband, two years whose sunshine served to lighten all the

gloom of Willie's after-life, which gloom itself was but the prolonged twilight that followed their sun setting. Poor Willie's heart was too affectionate to be soured as some hearts have been by a loss such as his; and his little Clara found its love almost as deep and warm for her as it had been for the mother, at cost of whose life she drew her own breath. Yet the father's smile, as he bent down to his daughter's kiss, was like a gleam from behind a sorrowful cloud; and this the child, who at first was only gladdened by the brightness, learned, with a child's quick perception, to discern, and, with the inquiring spirit of a child, longed to understand. Often would she ponder deeply over the cause of her father's sadness, and many a time was the question hanging upon her lips that was to probe the soreness of his wound.

It so fell out, upon one balmy evening in the summer, that Wilham and his daughter had climbed a wooded eminence which overlooked the forest lake on one hand, whilst on the other, far beyond the ample boundaries of Wymerton, lay a richly cultivated plain, watered by a broad and tranquil stream. They sat down upon the tufted grass, in a spot where two overarching trees in the foreground formed an admirable landscape. There was upon the surface of the broad plain spread beneath them, and along the banks of the river, a calm, a beauty, and a stillness, which seemed to hush the voices both of father and of child. The two sat there as in a trance, drawing in the sweet breath of the evening, which brought to them the fragrance of the newly-mown fields, and watching the decline of the sun, arrayed in a setting splendour such as an English sky rarely can display.

"Oh, Father, dear," the ringing voice of Clara at length burst in upon the silence, "did you ever, now, ever see such a lovely sunset?"

"It is beautiful, my child," he answered. But his daughter was not so easily satisfied.

"Now, tell me quite true, Father, dear," she rejoined, "did you ever see one so beautiful before?"

"Yes, dearest, I have seen a sunset more beautiful, far more beautiful than even this."

"Was it here, then?" persisted the

child, "here at Wymerton, and was it long ago?"

"Not here, Clara, but far, far away in another country, and a long, long while ago."

Silently, but with an irresistible gush, the tears came welling up into his eyes as he spoke the words. It did, in truth, seem to him a far off land of which he thought; the distance multiplied, as it were, by the many years through which the reminiscence had glanced back, years which themselves lay beyond the desolate tract between the present and the past. It seemed, as he mused on, to be a distance immeasurable, almost infinite; for his reminiscence lay far beyond the grave of Benedetta, in the days when even she had no existence, at least for him. His thoughts had lighted upon one gorgeous evening when, from a mountain side, he beheld, for the first time, the plains of Lombardy flooded with purple and gold. Lombardy and the Alps, Benedetta and her grave—it were hard indeed to say in what order the thoughts of these were linked together, to say this thought was first, and this as a second brought in this third. But I wot it was not for the sun and sky of Italy, nor for the golden days of travel, nor yet for the brave warm heart of youth, that Willie's tears fell fast; but the true soul clung in grief to the green sod of the little grave that was close at hand, beyond the clump of trees yonder, down in the churchyard at Wymerton.

As she saw her father's tears fall, Clara too began to weep bitterly; a happy circumstance, which served to recall him to himself; and in the endeavour to console his daughter he found, unwittingly, consolation for his own bitterness. But the circumstance, moreover, proved a happy one in another and more lasting respect. It seemed as if from that day forward the sealed fountain of the father's sorrow was opened to his child; and there sprung up between them a confidence and a sympathy such as neither had ever known before. And since his inner heart was no longer shut up from Clara, we may be sure that many things were free to her from henceforth that were not so before. They talked together often of his early days; and, one by one, the little thoughtful and inquiring girl would draw forth from the storehouse

of his memory the tales and adventures of his youth, a charmed time to every man, and of all men to him above others, who during it has been a distant wanderer. There was, indeed, one passage of his life which, with its surrounding circumstances, Willie was careful to avoid, and Clara was no less careful to keep herself from treading, by some inadvertent question, upon ground which she could surmise was painful to her father. Yet even this reserve and silence were in time done away, and sooner than he could have thought it possible. It would, indeed, have been a marvel if he could have talked much of the past with one whom he loved dearly, and not have made mention sooner or later of one whom he had loved, and still did love, more dearly than even her. And so at last he would tell to the anxious and almost breathless child at his knee, the eventful story of the mountain pass, of the snow-storm, and of the little dark-haired maiden, whom God by his arm had rescued from that awful death. Then would he speak to her of Benedetta as she grew from girlhood to ripe womanhood under his own father's roof; and then would he tell of his own love for her, which grew and deepened with her growth, and say how she became his own; and how, later, they had lived and loved a little time together; and how, at the last, he had lost her, but yet hoped to meet her once again. All this Clara loved to hear time after time, and he at length loved as well to repeat. It seemed to him as if he were building up for his dear Benedetta a monument almost worthy of herself, a fair monument grounded in the heart of their child, which should endure in beauty and in freshness when he too slept with his lost one under the quiet green sod of the churchyard. And when the child burst into tears, as she would do, at the closing of the beautiful but sad tale, and fling her soft arms round his neck, and ask if he truly loved her although her darling mother was away, he would clasp her to his breast, and bow his head in resignation, and bless the name of Him who, though he had "taken away," had yet "given" a very precious after-gift, which day by day he had learned to prize more dearly.

These things were not without their effect in moulding and shaping the

life and character of the child. Having scarcely a companion besides her father, if we except Sir Jeffrey, whom also she loved dearly in return for his great kindness and indulgence towards her; living, as it has been seen, much in the remembrance of the past, and under the shadow of a grief deep though gentle, she grew up thoughtful, observant and sensitive; but there was also in her temperament a warmth and liveliness of imagination, an ardour of thought and sentiment, the inheritance of her mother's southern blood, which combined to give her energy and boldness, and which stood out in admirable though sometimes in almost startling relief from her generally even and tranquil cast of character.

As time went on these latter qualities took a greater development; and though Willie did his best, yet the kind of education Clara received, wanting in the inestimable advantage of female guidance and the gentle influence of a mother's control and example, allowed them to shoot up into a growth almost unhealthy. Her mind was not what may be fairly called barren of solid acquirements; she had digested too much of the contents of the old library for that; but though she had never read the trash with which the diseased palates of some young minds are surfeited, still her studies had been irregular, and at times wild and strange. Books of travel and adventure by land and sea, — faithful transcripts for the most part of the eventful days in which old Harry Wymer and his Alice, and their immediate successors, had played their part upon the stage of life, — these were amongst the earliest, as they were the most constant companions of her reading hours. And who is there, if I may dare ask it of my reader, who has not felt a strange mysterious stirring of the heart as he has pored over volumes such as these? Where is the page of history which has an interest more thrilling than that which speaks of those great days? For they were days when there was an awakening in the thoughts of man. The hands were then but recently burst asunder which had bound the faith of Christendom to the footstool of the Roman Pontiff. Great-hearted adventurers also went north and south, and east and west; and the old world heard rumours that other worlds lay

unexplored beyond the girdle of the ocean on every side. It seemed as if a brother feeling were between these men and the adventurers on the great seas of reason and of faith. The old chivalrous aspect of Europe still covered the times; yet it had begun to sit on them very loosely, worn as a mask rather than a vizor. There was much true grandeur, and withal, perhaps, too much magniloquence; but even this seems to us now excusable, and the pomp of language is not condemned as excessive for events which loom so large through the distance of three centuries.

But to return to Clara. Her mind was thus imbued deeply with a spirit of romance; free, however, from the twaddle which so often usurps that name, still she was, it must be confessed, too much of a dreamer. Her longing for distant travel soon became intense; and, as it may be supposed, the land to which her quick desires and imaginings were ever turning was that land of Italy, of which the recollection glowed yet so warm and bright in her father's bosom. Its history became her study, and its aspect the subject of her endless dreamings. To her, of course, the decrepitude of that mysterious land was a thing unknown; she saw it through the prism of her own fancy, as her father through that of his memory, and there was one title which it yet seemed to retain, and in which she gloried, according to her interpretation of it: Italy she heard of as the Land of Song. As such, she felt she had a double right to hail it as her motherland, for the gift of song was truly her own. She had an exquisite ear for harmony. From earliest childhood the natural music of the birds, the winds, the waters, and of all the quire of flood and field, had charmed for her deeper than she could express. When, in time, the science of the concord of sweet sounds began to reveal itself to her astonished and delighted mind and sense, she found with joy within herself a wondrous power of translating it; an organ clear, deep, flexible and far-reaching—there was not a thrush at Wymerton who was a sweeter singer than Willie's daughter. It was from Sir Jeffrey himself that she acquired her knowledge of what may be strictly called music, in which he was no mean proficient;

and the fact that he had derived his own from a somewhat formal and pedantic school, was an advantage to Clara, whose wild discursive taste and genius required some such cramping and fetters.

The years came and went peacefully for the more part, and uneventfully, until Clara's eighteenth birth-day. Not many weeks after it her father was attacked by a severe complaint, and soon felt that the time was come

when he also must die. Beyond the door of the sick chamber I will not go. He lingered about a month and died, leaving his daughter to the care of a female relative; whilst as regards provision for her maintenance, his own savings had been considerable, and to these the unfailing friendship and generosity of his patron added a sum sufficient to place Clara beyond the reach of want, or even of anxiety.

CHAPTER III.

COUSIN MARTHA—VOCATION—A SERENADE.

MISS MARTHA HOBSON owned and inhabited a neat little cottage at Camden Town. Short, stout and hazle-eyed, she had long since replaced by a well-executed "front" the wavy brown ringlets that had once adorned her good-humoured countenance. Her face was calm as a pond, with something of a pond's dulness; on it her temper was reflected with exactitude. The storm of passion never had swept across it; at the very utmost a breeze of sentiment had now and then raised a ripple on the surface. In virtue of her suburban residence she was wont to consider herself gifted with the superior knowledge of men and manners common to the dwellers in vast and populous cities. In virtue of her occasional visits to her cousin Willie at Wymerton, she was wont, among citizens, to claim a knowledge of rustic matters far surpassing the ken of cockneys. Sooth to say, cockneys and country-folk alike would smile at either pretension; and would have laughed outright, but for the thorough good-nature and kindly warmth of heart of the self-deceived Martha. As children, cousin Willie had called her his little wife; but she soon forgave him his devotion to Benedetta, whom she too loved and admired, after her fashion, during life; and whose death she sincerely mourned. She was at Willie's bedside at his last hour, and as she promised, at his request, to care for Clara when he should be gone, the promise was made with a fervour and depth of feeling which seemed beyond her usual placid temperament.

The promise thus made was kept with genuine truth; she had conferred a benefit upon her own heart by mak-

ing it, its best affections were henceforth concentrated and intensified; her judgment, however, fell soon, as it was to be expected, under the complete domination of the aspiring, energetic and determined will of her adopted child. Clara found in Cousin Martha, not a guide, but an affectionate and submissive follower. It was, perhaps, a misfortune for such as she.

Some months were passed in quiet by Clara at Camden Town; her time beguiled by music and books, the fever of her imagination cooled by grief and the fresh remembrance of her great loss. After that time the spirit of the young enthusiastic dreamer again began to ferment, and at length occurred an event, which in giving increased ardour to her imagination, gave a direction and an irresistible impulse to her desires. Sir Jeffrey Wymer, who in his seldom visits to London, never forgot his little favourite, as he still called Clara, bethought himself by chance upon one occasion, of the pleasure, which as a practised musician, she could hardly fail to reap from an evening spent at the Queen's Theatre, and accordingly Clara found herself that same night, for the first time in life, within the walls of an opera house.

The spaciousness of the house itself, the dazzling brilliancy of its lights, the crowd, and the splendour of their dress, were rapidly and with pleasure noticed by Clara, but failed to seize upon her attention at first. Sir Jeffrey, who watched her countenance with the keen shrewdness of an old observer, was astonished and almost disconcerted by her self-possession. At a few glances she seemed

to have mastered a scene so new and so strange to her; her look and attention seemed to fall carelessly back into the box, and she resumed the thread of a conversation which they had been holding in the carriage, as quietly as if they were seated again together in the old and well-known library at Wymerton. Sir Jeffrey was puzzled; he thought her strangely altered, and doubted whether to pronounce Clara insensible to any or superior to ordinary emotion. By-and-by he was enabled to form a more correct judgment. With the first notes of the overture her whole aspect was changed, she became the very breathing image of meditative inquiry; with neck and head inclined forward, brow almost lowering, lips compressed, she seemed to be seeking in the phrases of the introduction the plot, the conduct, the catastrophe of the drama. As it closed, her inquiry seemed in a measure satisfied; the muscles of the neck relaxed, the brow was smoothed, the lips parted to allow of freer respiration; in short, attitude and expression regained much of their wonted composure when the curtain drew up. Sir Jeffrey had seen enough by that time to convince him that Clara was no more impassible than he had ever known her; but throughout the evening he still found himself perplexed, and his powers of accurate observation partly baffled. At times every fibre of Clara's frame seemed to be under the spell of harmony, she leaned back in the box, more than half closed her eyes, and seemed by her breathing to count time, and follow the accentuation of the music; but at others, the music seemed to be forgotten or unheeded, and her glance went to and fro, in quick alternation from the stage to the body of the house, which now for the first time seemed to claim a place in her thoughts. Even at the most critical point of the drama, which, it should be said, was one of more than mere musical interest, her companion remarked, that whilst the oldest opera-goers in the house were intent upon the action of the play, her gaze, and evidently her mind with it, was fixed not upon the scene, but upon the mass of eager, breathless spectators; nor did it turn again upon the actors until the prima donna was

leaving the stage, when Clara shot a keen and anxious glance towards her, and seemed to wish that it could follow her into the side scenes. In the intervals between the acts she said little, and when she answered any question it was with apparent effort to recall her attention. Now, Sir Jeffrey was not one of those observers, who when they espy a movement amongst the wheels and clock-work of another person's mind, must needs, like a curious baby, begin to pull the thing about, and put fingers in to find out the secret of the stir within; so he left his young friend pretty much to her own thoughts, and during the ride home was careful not to put the trivial but, as he felt it would be, embarrassing question, "Well, Clara, how did you like it?"

And busy enough, in truth, were her thoughts, not only during the long ride home, but during the whole of that night, memorable in her history. She had found a name for her vague aspirations of many years; her indefinite longings began thenceforward to shape themselves into definite desires; she began to understand the word vocation; she had found a sphere of action in which to exercise her twofold gifts of energy and harmony. When morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, Clara was, in will and determination, thenceforward an artist, actress and musician.

Dreamer though she was, there was no deception in the estimate she had formed of her own powers; she had, as it is known already, the soul and the organ of a singer, sweet and powerful; and the other gift, more subtle but less noble, the power of riveting the minds of others by gesture, tone and look, the art of swaying passions by their mimicry, was no less truly in her, as she had rightly guessed upon the very first occasion when she had seen that art in practice, that power in exercise. There was this difference, too, between her and a dreamer of the vulgar stamp, she could perceive at once and seize upon the means which should work out her end; she could not only think of doing, but could do. Deeply conscious of her own genius, she knew right well that it must needs be fettered for a time, and stoop to learn the mechanism of an art, in order one day with safety and

assurance to overmaster all its mere conventionalism, and to break with impunity the chains to which it had consented for awhile. Clara forthwith betook herself to serious study. But her resolve once fully formed, brought back with itself into her mind an old long-cherished idea, now become practical, and consistent with her whole design: she would visit Italy, and in the nursing land of arts train herself to be an artist.

Oh, how the pitiable and the ludicrous, confused and yet distinguishable, were huddled up together on the countenance of cousin Martha, like the ill-blending streaks of colour upon a painter's palette, as he throws aside his brushes for the day, when Clara first announced to her that within three weeks they two must be at Milan; not only this, but also with what purpose and to what end she had determined upon such a journey. Poor Martha, she felt as one may suppose a mandrake good-tempered and somewhat humorous to feel when plucked up suddenly by the roots, neither groaning nor laughing, but with a disposition both to laugh and to groan. She felt indeed as completely, as radically plucked up from the genial soil of Camden Town, as if she were already under the marble glare of the Cathedral walls, or in the precincts of La Scala's house of song; for she knew Clara's determination far too well to doubt of its finality, and to question her cousin's will would have seemed to her more strange, if possible, than even this sudden, unlooked-for eradication. When, however, the idea had lost, as in few days it of course did, the first blush of startling novelty, cousin Martha adopted it with sufficient cordiality, not being unmindful of the strong additional claims she was likely to acquire by such a journey to be considered a proficient in knowledge of the world; for no star of that social constellation at Camden Town in which Miss Hobson shone, had ever been known to stray so widely from its orbit as the contemplated term of her wanderings.

The task of persuading Sir Jeffrey to consent to this journey, would have proved far more difficult than Clara found it, had not the old baronet been well versed in the study of temperament and character. He

did not conceal from his young friend the serious objections which he could not fail to entertain to her design. But having once heard her mode of combating them, he readily perceived that if the fight was not to be *à l'outrance*, his old experience and sagacity could be no match in friendly joust for the youthful enthusiasm and glowing energy of Clara. To break with her, was to lose all hope of future influence over her career; and he loved her too well to bear with the notion of bringing matters to such a pass: so, having calmly said his say, he bethought him of one last and silent appeal to make to her affections and old associations: he made her agree to spend a month with him at Wymerton Place before her departure from England. What were his precise expectations when he did so, he could hardly define with accuracy even to his own mind; but one thing he had determined upon, that if the place should seem to put forth its recent and yet old memories, and grapple with and cling about her heart, he would contrive in some way or other to make the bond between it and her permanent; he would fill her heart and mind with an image of home such as should banish her distant aspirations, if it might be, once and for all.

But Sir Jeffrey knew not, or did not consider, that Wymerton was that one spot in all England which, in Clara's heart, lay nearest to Italy: that in treading its verdant glades her foot seemed almost then to press that glorified soil. With the more vivid image of her lost father, which her old familiar haunts could not fail to recall into her mind, came back with more distinctness, and with a freshening fascination, the remembrance of those glowing descriptions which had charmed the summer walks they had taken side by side, and the long, kindly evenings spent in winter by the hearthstone. But more than this, the very graveslab, whereon the names of Willie and his Benedetta were graven together, and the green mound beneath which her Italian mother and her English sire lay again united, seemed to give, in her excited imagination, a pious sanction to her cherished scheme. Daughter of England and of Italy, she would share her love be-

tween them both: the one should foster and develop the genius, which should in time adorn and illustrate the other. As the last week of her stay drew on her old friend saw clearly that his appeal had been made in vain, and three days after the promised month had expired, Clara was at Ostend, with cousin Martha, on their way to Milan.

The Rhine, which certain of the brainless of late have dared to stigmatize as "hacknied," an epithet the noble stream may share in company with the genius of Shakespeare, the Rhine seemed to Clara, as in truth it is, and ever will be, the most noble pathway to the most sublime of porticoes, the Alps, which guard the entrance to the Saturnian land. At Coblenz, a spot which may claim, in its own right, a lasting place in the memory of any passer-by, she was witness of a scene which produced a powerful effect upon her mind. For the whole of two or three days which she was spending there she heard a certain name, unknown to her, buzzed about from mouth to mouth. Wherever a knot of persons were gathered in conversation. On the evening which preceded her intended departure she observed an unusual crowd assembled at the landing place, by the bridge of boats, and as the packet from Mayence paddled up rapidly and swung round, with head against the stream, the name which she had heard whispered about before burst from a hundred lips, and was greeted with a deafening cheer. By-and-by the crowd seemed to open a passage for some individual, of whom she did not succeed in catching sight; but who entered the gateway of the hotel in which she and her companion were residing. The crowd gave him one more cheer as he disappeared under the archway, and then dispersed. This demonstration of popular feeling, quite new to Clara, and no less so, despite her "*savoir vivre*," to her cousin, furnished them with ample room for conjecture, and abundant matter for conversation, during their evening ramble by the banks of the river. On their return to the inn, they learned from the gratified host that the individual whose arrival had been thus greeted by the crowd, and whose presence under his roof that day conferred upon the *Hotel des Trois*

Suisse such enviable distinction, was a musician celebrated for his powers of composition. Clara's enthusiasm was fired at this intelligence, which seemed to ratify by all the voices of the crowd she had seen that day the estimate she had formed of her proposed career.

Her evening walk had been a long one, and soon after reaching her room, she half-opened the tall folding window to admit the summer breeze and the rushing rippling sound of the water, and then lay down upon a sofa, where fanned by the one and hushed by the other, she fell into a sleep full of dreams, almost as full of them as her waking hours of fancy. The images that haunted her were vague and fantastic, borrowed chiefly from the actual and striking occurrence of the afternoon. She saw men, women, and children dressed in unwonted garb, assemble one by one, and gather into knots and groups which swelled, and grew, and joined together, and intermingled, until at length a dense and fluctuating crowd stood gathered before her: the confused humming of their many voices subsided by degrees; there was a momentary stillness, and then a mighty chorus was chanted by them all at once. The volumes of sound rolled majestically away, and then the clear trebles of the women and children alone were heard; and again the dense mass seemed to break up into distinct bodies, which formed in regular and solemn procession, marching past and trampling the ground in measure to the cadences of the chorus, which again pealed forth from every breast. The strange and semi-conscious feeling with which dreams sometimes vanish, when we begin to realize the mockery, when we know it for such, and yet knowing are still influenced by the deception, now stole over Clara's mind, she knew herself to be dreaming, yet felt herself awaking. Still a flood of music was pouring in upon her senses. She stood up, and yet was it scarce wittingly; she listened, and the strain grew familiar; she walked or rather staggered to the window, the chorus still crashing in her ear; there was a pause, she knew it well, it was one of which the stillness was broken in the composition by a thrilling solo, and without the power to control herself, she stepped out on the balcony, and

with a clear gushing impassioned voice took up the strain. Her notes, loud, liquid, and mellow, rang out into the starlit night; her spirit, as that of a Pythoness, seemed wrapped in her melodious song; she knew not of the crowd that stood breathless and wondering beneath. On she sang, gazing at the giant form of the rock of Ehrenbreitstein, watching the lines of silver which the rising moon was gently drawing along the angles of its bastions, until the solo was concluded; and then great was the amaze of eye and ear, as she heard the sound of a hundred instruments, the breath of a hundred voices duly peal again the chorus, and looked down upon the crowd which showed uneasily by the mingled and discordant light of the moon and of the many hazy torches. It was not till the chorus ended, and a loud universal burst of acclamation fully roused her bewildered faculties, that she turned suddenly to retreat into the privacy of her own apartment. In turning she perceived a figure, which she subsequently recognised as that of the artist whom the shouts of the crowd had greeted upon his landing that day. He was standing in a balcony similar and almost contiguous to her own, and he bowed with profound respect to her as she hastily withdrew, letting the curtain of her window fall.

On board the steamer, next day, soon after they had passed the smiling terraces of Stolzenfels, this person approached her, and craving pardon for interrupting her trance of admiration, begged to thank her for the unexpected incident of the previous night, with the assurance that both he and the good folks of Coblenz had considered her solo as the gem of the musical garland offered to him by their comrades. To say truly, Clara was somewhat disconcerted at this notice of her almost involuntary exploit; but, as the stranger had the good taste to intrude no further for the time upon her thoughts, she soon forgot her embarrassment in the enthusiasm created by the wondrous panorama flitting by her on both sides.

No one who knows the Rhine can fail to be struck with the contrast its features suddenly present above the little town of Bingen. The wooded hills and sloping vineyards, which stretch downwards upon Geisheim

and Rudesheim, suffer the eye and the mind to sink by gentle degrees from the keen excitement of the steep crags which uphold on either side the legendary tombstones of old Rhenish chivalry, into the calm and still repose of the broad plains and flat verdant islands which form the approach to Mayence. It is between the Bingerloch and Mayence, on a gentle balmy summer evening, that conversation should begin among fellow-tourists. If the mind be not exhausted, the imagination has been well roused by the day's enjoyment, and the tumult of awakened thoughts, subsiding under the influence of the change in scenery, of the soothing charm of a glowing twilight, and of the promised stillness of a night whose first clear star begins to twinkle out of the deep vaulted sky, the time is favourable for drawing out their now well-marched but still warm and vivid array. This was the time chosen by the Maestro for renewing a conversation with Clara, and there was something in his kind but respectful manner which, apart from these predisposing circumstances, drew her on to enter freely into it. They could not fail of course to begin with scenery, the topic of the day; but as a general impression of the various and the beautiful filled both their minds, irrespective of the objects in detail which had produced it, and as they both were musicians, not painters, they treated of variety, harmony, and beauty, in that expression of them which was familiar to both. Hence it came, that they found themselves at last to be weighing the merits of poetry and music, or rather of the poet and the musician as interpreters of what is beautiful, varied, harmonious, and true.

"The poet speaks truth," said Clara, "robing it with beauty; the musician—the composer I mean, of course—at best can but weave an outer garment of beauty, a superfluous though brilliant garment for the laughter of the poet's brain."

"The musician," quoth the Maestro, "speaks the same truth as the poet, and robes it more beautifully, because more delicately, with a tissue more gorgeous or more simple in loveliness, as the case may be, but always finer."

"Though less transparent, and therefore less useful."

"For shame! Mademoiselle; would

you robe truth with transparency, that the truth-hating, unbelieving eye of the vulgar might gaze on her beauties at will? Well, we will not quarrel about that until, at all events, you have confessed that truth is no more the daughter of the poet's brain than of the musician's, or better still, that though she be the daughter of neither, she dwells as willingly in the one as in the other."

"Let that pass, then," said Clara; "but I return to my question of usefulness. When the poet speaks truth, the multitude are taught forthwith, and hail the truth for truth's sake more than for the expression."

"Mademoiselle has not read much, apparently, of what are called poetical criticisms."

"Never mind the critics; we will, if you please, give them their turn, but I speak now of the multitude, which, even in the most degenerate days, cherish, admire, appreciate the rudest songs of their ancestral poets, not for the expression's sake, which they condemn as barbarous, but for the genus of truth, rough set in the antiquated expression. Now, your musical crowd—such as the serenaders last night—know nothing of the truth of the music they execute or flock to hear. They see the robes of the fine lady, but the breathing soul upon her countenance is veiled for them; they shout for the beauty of the clothing, not of the person clothed; they creep out of their listlessness to hear, as I have heard say, lizards crawl out of their holes at the notes of a reed pipe."

"I am not the man to dispute that point, at all events, though I might be tempted to uphold my art above all others, if it were but for the sake of the lizards which it will draw forth sometimes upon balconies," Clara smiled. "But you wander from the true point, Mademoiselle, or rather you view matters from a point very different from mine. There is a rabble which gazes upon the work of the poet and shouts applause, and there is just such another which affects to worship the work of the musician, and this is not a thing confined to music or to poetry, but there is rabble upon rabble in this world which will kiss the hem of a saint's garment, and yet love the saint or his sanctity never a whit."

"From what point, then, may I ask, do you view the question?"

"Why, let the rabble be many or few in comparison, I do not take them into account in deciding between poet and musician. Both speak truth,—we exclude the liars on both sides,—more, perhaps, understand it, as spoken by the poet; but the few who understand the musician's truth are of the higher order of intelligences; and, I think, sometimes, that there are exalted truths fit only for these higher intellects, such as I can see but most dimly, and speak yet even more stammeringly even in the musical tongue—truths which the musical voice alone can communicate, and the musical ear alone receive."

"I have strange notions at times concerning that which the old philosopher called 'the music of the spheres.' Some say he spoke an allegory. I never believed that."

Thereupon both were for a while silent. At last the Maestro, turning abruptly to Clara, said—

"Pardon me; but you must, I am sure, be a musician. I mean"—

"An artist," she answered; "yes; or rather I am on my way to Italy to become one."

"Is not, then, your estimate of the poet's supremacy reasonable; or would you be poet as well as musician?"

"Would I be? Nay, sir; much as you may ascribe of power to the will, you, of all persons, must feel how little the word 'would' can have to say in this matter. Of course I would be a poet, and, after a sense, I am one, or, at least, fancy it sometimes; but as far as the poet's expression goes, I am tongue-tied."

"Mademoiselle will pardon my incredulity. I have heard her speak poetry this very evening."

"I am tongue-tied," repeated Clara; therefore, to leave poetry out of the question, I will tell you why I will be a musician. The poet, to speak strictly, needs no interpreter now-a-days but the printer; as we read, the voice of our own heart becomes the poet's voice, and sings his songs for him within ourselves. It is not so with the composer; his writings are but hieroglyphics, without living meaning, even for the hierophant, until he take up his chaunt, and without the ghost, without the very

corps of meaning for the uninitiated. Now, being gifted, not only with intelligence of the musician's meaning, but with an organ to express it, to unfold it before others, a power to make them sharers in my intelligence, I will exercise that power, will follow my vocation—in a word, will be an artist."

"Oh!" said the Maestro, "I feel indeed the truth of what you say; you artists are our necessary mouth-

piece; but such artists as you are something far above mouthpieces; for you are they who make us composers understand ourselves."

"Well," interrupted Cousin Martha, "you are both past my understanding; but here is Mayence and the watermills, and the Austrian sentries looking for all the world like millers to correspond; so Clara, dear, we had better see to our shawls and baskets."

RUNSEN'S EGYPT.

By THE REV. DR. HACKS.

THERE are two ways in which the volume of his "Egypt's Place in Universal History," which Baron Bunsen has recently introduced to the English public, might be dealt with by a reviewer who possessed little or no previous knowledge of the results of Egyptian discovery. He might give a popular abstract of his author's statements, the general correctness of which he might assume, though he might probably venture to question some inferences from them which he might perceive that they did not warrant. Or he might bring prominently before his readers the inconsistency between the conclusions at which his author has arrived and the statements contained in the Bible; and without troubling himself to inquire whether the facts said to be proved by the Egyptian monuments are really proved by them, or whether the conclusions of the author are legitimately deduced from these facts, he might argue that, inasmuch as the statements of Holy Scripture must needs be true, any monumental evidence opposed to them must needs be false.

These two modes of proceeding are easy enough; but they would, both of them, be unfair to the public; which, in the case of a work of such importance as this, has a right to expect that any one who undertakes to criticise it shall, before passing judgment upon it, make himself

thoroughly acquainted with its statements and arguments.

We may add that these two modes of proceeding would be about equally agreeable to the author. Of course he would be gratified by having his opinions adopted by his reviewer; but he would be, we really believe, almost equally gratified by having his positions assailed—exclusively, or even principally—by arguments which he could represent as founded on *bibliolatry*; for he seems to us to take no little pleasure in considering himself the special object of the hatred of "priestcraft."

That he should be this is not at all to be wondered at. Some of his positions are of such a nature as cannot fail to give a great shock to what he is pleased to call "priestcraft," but what others would call "Christianity." He believes that man has existed on this earth since the year 20,000 B.C., or thereabouts. He believes that about 10,000 B.C. there was a deluge in Central Asia; but that the Egyptians, the Chinese, and some other ancient people, having previously migrated, survived this catastrophe, which of course he cannot consider to have been a punishment for sin. The proofs of these positions are reserved for the next volume; but we are given to understand that they are chiefly derived from observations respecting the stratification of languages, which

he considers to be analogous to that of rocks. Baron Bunsen places himself in the same position with respect to glottology which Sir Charles Lyell occupies with respect to geology. He ascribes all the changes which have taken place in languages, since the first appearance of man on the earth, to the operation of such causes as are now at work. He rejects all such extraordinary changes as that which is said to have taken place at Babel.

The glottological argument, however, though it is what the Baron chiefly relies on, is not his only support. There is a piece of pottery in the possession of Mr. Leonard Horner, which that gentleman affirms to be not much less than 13,500 years old. If we had not been anticipated by the writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, we would expose the absurdity of attributing to this pot-herd any thing like the half of the antiquity which Mr. Horner claims for it, even supposing that its being found where the workmen met with it was not a contrivance of some Arab Donaster-swivel; which, however, is much the most probable supposition.

But enough of this. It is not our intention to discuss the truth or falsehood of our author's position respecting the pre-historic times of which he has yet to treat. It will be quite enough if, in the present article, we confine ourselves to the four or five centuries which immediately followed the accession of what he calls the Eighteenth Dynasty. We intend to examine, one by one, the different propositions which he lays down in this volume respecting that period; and to present to our readers the evidence in support of each of these propositions on which he relies, and the counter-evidence which he might have adduced but which he has overlooked, in opposition to each of them. When we have done this, our readers will be able to judge for themselves what reliance can be placed on Baron Bunsen as a guide, during a period which may be considered historic, and relating to which we possess the evidence of numerous contemporary monuments. And if it shall turn out as we anticipate that it will, that he is, as to this comparatively recent period, as little trustworthy as could well be imagined, we may safely leave them to decide whether they will accept

him as a guide through more ancient periods, where contemporary evidence does not exist, and where there is consequently no check upon an unbridled imagination.

The principal statements that have been made by our author in connexion with the period that we have mentioned, are the following:—

I. The Shepherds remained in possession of Avaris, their stronghold, during the first four reigns of the Eighteenth dynasty and a portion of the fifth reign; eighty-five or eighty-six years in all.

II. The regnal years of Tutmôsis III. were counted from 1574 B.C., according to the corrected chronology of the preface; he had before reckoned them from 1566 B.C. The same epoch, according to Lepsius, is 1613 B.C.

III. The renewal of the canicular cycle in 1322, called by Theon the era of Menophres, took place in the reign of the son of Ramesses II. in his third year, according to our author.

IV. The exodus of the Israelites took place in the fifth year of this monarch, 1320 B.C., after which he reigned fifteen or sixteen years.

V. Tyre was taken by Ramesses III. in 1257 B.C., soon after which, in 1254 B.C. (240 years before the building of Solomon's Temple) modern or insular Tyre was founded.

VI. Soon after the capture of Tyre by Ramesses III., that is, in 1257 B.C., Egypt was conquered by Ninus and Sennamias.

These are the leading propositions asserted by our author; and it must be observed in the first place that they are all perfectly independent of one another. Each of the six requires to be separately proved. Let us now consider the evidence which our author tenders in support of each proposition.

I. It is not pretended that there is any direct monumental evidence of the taking of Avaris by Tutmôsis III.; but it is said that he "made conquests in Mesopotamia;" and that "the fact of his undertaking such an expedition implies that he did not leave a hostile fortified camp in his rear." It is on record, however, that Tutmôsis I. made conquests in Mesopotamia also (Stèle of the younger Aïmos of Ili-thya; Lepsius *Auswahl* XIV. A); and did he leave a hostile fortified camp in his rear? It would seem from this passage that Baron Bunsen supposed

that what he had to prove was merely that Avaris belonged to the Egyptians in the reign of Tutmôsis III.; whereas the question at issue is whether it was taken by him, or by his ancestor Ahmôsis. Now this question appears to us to be decided by the most satisfactory evidence in opposition to our author. In a tomb at Lithya, Champollion copied an inscription of Ahmos (father of the one whose Stèle we have just cited), which gives an account of his life. He was an officer in the Egyptian navy, and the inscription states that he was present in that capacity when Ahmôsis, the king, "took Avaris in the sixth year of his reign." Champollion misinterpreted the inscription, but De Rougé has clearly established the true import of this passage. He describes the text of the inscription as "clear and decisive." Baron Bunsen, in p. 111, notices this inscription, and De Rougé's comments upon it. He says, "The remarkable inscription published by the elder Champollion from the posthumous papers of his great brother, and since commented upon by De Rougé and by Birch, proves that his reign commenced simultaneously with the recapture of Memphis." Now, the inscription does not mention the capture of Memphis at all, and it is evident that this must have taken place in some preceding reign. So far from proving what he cites it as proving, it completely disproves it; whereas it proves beyond all honest question that the Shepherds were driven out of their last stronghold in Egypt in the sixth year of Ahmôsis.

But our author quotes a "passage in Josephus, containing Manetho's tradition," as establishing the proposition he lays down. Josephus lived seventeen or eighteen centuries after the events in question; Manetho, whose tradition he records, lived near four centuries before Josephus, thirteen or fourteen centuries after the events. If it were true that they told a different story from the contemporary monuments, who could attach the slightest weight to this testimony, when the monuments speak so decidedly as they do here? But Josephus does not contradict the monuments. Our author's quotation from his writings is both garbled and otherwise falsified. As it stands in his writings, it says the very reverse of what he represents it as saying.

He quotes it thus (p. 118):—"Mesphra-Tuthmôsis drove the Hyksos as far as Avaris, and shut them up in it. His son, Tuthmôsis, obliged them to evacuate it." There he stops. His explanation, or comment, is that the former king here named was Tuthmôsis II. and the latter Tuthmôsis III., "the successor (although not the son but brother) of Tuthmôsis II."

Now, the substance of the long passage in Josephus, which is thus abridged, is this:—"Alisphragmuthosis, after a long war, shut the Hyksos in Avaris. His son, Thummosis or Tethmôsis, besieged Avaris, and admitted the Shepherds to a capitulation. After their expulsion he reigned twenty-five years four months, and was succeeded by his son Chebron." Josephus then gives the other kings of the Eighteenth dynasty, down to Mephramuthosis, Thummosis, and the rest. It is quite obvious that the Tethmôsis who expelled the Shepherds was the first king of the dynasty, whom Africanus calls Amos, and Eusebius, Amosis. Josephus misnamed him, but he described him so that his identity could not be doubted. The substitution of Mesphra-Tuthmôsis, the name of the predecessor of Tuthmôsis III., for Alisphragmuthosis (a corruption, no doubt, though we cannot say of what) is very unfair; but the omission of the following words, which clearly show that Ahmôsis and not Tutmôsis III. was the king intended, is much worse. Indeed, we regret to say that the quotations in this work are not to be relied on.

We have now considered the whole of the evidence that bears on our author's first proposition. It is proved to be false by the evidence of contemporary monuments, against which there is nothing to be set but a passage from a late author, which is misquoted.

II. There is a fragment of a calendar, found at Elephantine, which was inscribed in the reign of Tutmôsis III.; on which it is stated that on the 28th of Epiphi (that is, thirty-eight days before the first day of the year), the Dogstar rose. This happened on the first day of the year in 1322 B.C., and went forward a day in four years. This would give 1474 B.C., for the date of the calendar. But an allowance should be made for the position of

Elephantine being more southerly than that where the star was reckoned to have risen in 1322 B.C. Lepsius allows sixteen years for difference of latitude; but Biot considers this too little, and allows twenty-nine, making the date 1445 B.C. The difference between the two authors is partly dependent on astronomical grounds; and there we would follow M. Biot; and partly on chronological grounds, where we agree with Lepsius. We accordingly take 1446, B.C., for the date; remarking that in this and other instances, where we infer a date from the rising of the Dogstar, Lepsius would place the date twelve years sooner, and Biot one year later. A question has also been raised whether the calendar was intended to give the day of the star's rising at the commencement of the king's reign, or at the time when the calendar was made, which might be in its middle or near its close. Our author adopts the former alternative; but we believe he stands alone in this, and we can see no rational grounds for adopting such an hypothesis. On any hypothesis, however, if the date of the rising of the Dogstar be correctly given in this calendar, the great discovery of Baron Bunsen, which is embodied in his third proposition, must be a great error. This, of course, is not to be thought of; and, *consequently*, the date must be incorrectly given. The sculptor must have carelessly put Epiphi where he ought to have put Paoni. Such is the strange reasoning of Bunsen, and we are sorry that we must add, of Lepsius also. Certainly, it is possible that this error in the date may have occurred. A similar error occurs on the Rosetta stone; and three others in the calendar at Medinet Habou, or at any rate, in Mr. Greene's copy of it. These last errors, however, we are inclined to attribute to the modern copyist rather than to the ancient sculptor. But the Elephantine calendar is at the Louvre; its reading cannot be questioned; and M. de Rougé has said that it is "Comme gravure, de la plus grande beauté; il apparait, du reste, à l'époque où les inscriptions présentent la correction la plus parfaite." (*Étude sur une stèle Égyptienne*, p. 220.) This last point is one of the highest importance. While, then, we admit that it is possible that the sculptor put one month

in place of another, we must maintain that it is extremely improbable that he should have done so; and that nothing short of the clearest evidence that the third proposition is true could justify such an assumption. Let us now see what this evidence is.

III. As respects monumental evidence, there is *none whatever*. The only authority adduced by our author is a passage quoted from Theon, who wrote in the second century after Christ; which, if a conjectured emendation of Baron Bunsen be admitted, will testify in its favour. As it stands, it testifies against it; so that we have a Greek manuscript and an Egyptian inscription, which as they stand are in perfect harmony with one another. Our author first corrects the Greek by a happy conjecture; and then corrects the hieroglyphic text to make it correspond with the Greek. Or as *we* should describe the proceeding, having first falsified the Greek text, he falsifies the hieroglyphic text so that it should not contradict the other. We must enter into details, for our readers will scarcely think such dishonesty possible. According to Theon, the years of the calendar cycle which began in 1322, B.C., are called years of Menophres. This must, therefore, have been the name of the king who reigned in that year. Baron Bunsen *corrects* this name to Menophthal, which, he says, must be Menophthal, son of Rameses II., and, as far more than 123 years must have elapsed between Tutmosis III. and him, he alters the month in the calendar, and thus throws back its date 120 years. We say, on the contrary, that the calendar is correctly dated, and that the name Menophres is correct. It belongs to the great grandfather of our author's Menophthal. Here, however, the bold statements of this writer. In p. 24, he tells his readers that Menophres "certainly is not, and cannot be, an authentic name." And in p. 74, he asks, "But where is the king Menophres to be found? No where. The time is gone by when it was admissible to get out of the difficulty by saying that Egyptian kings had several names. There never was, moreover, at any time, a king named Menophres."

The Baron writes as if he thought that by adopting this confident manner he would command universal as-

sent; but we deny all his statements. We say that Egyptian kings had different names. All Egyptologists of the present day admit that they had; even our author, who actually claims it as his discovery that the Chebron of "the Lists" was no other than Ahmôsis; being a corruption of his other name Nev-peh-ra! The family name of this king was Ah-môs; he was so called before he ascended the throne; but when he became king he adopted a throne name, that which we have just given; and by this last he was more generally known. The family name of the prince who succeeded Ramesses II. was Meri-u-Phthah; and, as the Egyptians were in the habit of dropping the *r*, they would probably call him Meimphthah. No vowel should be inserted before the *p*; and if a short one might be tolerated, a long one certainly should not. Yet the Menophthres of p. 74, becomes in p. 188 Menophthres and Amenôphis. But, we were going to say, besides the family name which has been thus mangled, this king had a throne name, Vni-ra, the Pheron of Herodotus; who, in like manner, in place of his father's family name, Ramesses, uses his throne name Sesôstris, Sesôr-shet-ra. Lepsius has found a Greek transcription, which proves that the ostrich feather expressed a sibilant, as Champollion had previously supposed; so that the second element of this throne name would be *shet* in place of *ma* or *mut*. It is, then, much more probable that the Menophres of Theon is to be looked for among the throne names of the Egyptian kings than among their family names. If a family name must be chosen, we know of none that comes so near as Meimphthah; but we do not think that it comes sufficiently near to render it unnecessary to look over the throne names; and when we look to these we immediately find a throne name which comes much nearer to it, and to which we can see no objection, other than its obvious inconsistency with our author's favourite theory, which none but "a hypocrite or an ignoramus" can question.

The throne name of Ramesses I. was Men-peh-ra. It differs from the throne name of Ahmôsis only in its first element, which is clearly *Men*. Our author, in p. 113, identifies this last throne name with Khenebron or Khe-

nephres; and it appears to us most extraordinary that it should not have occurred to him, when he had made this identification, that the other throne name, so very similar to it, might be Menophres. And yet, if this did occur to him, how are we to account for those reckless assertions of his, which we have extracted above? Perhaps, however, he would say that he rejected this identification because it would be inconsistent with "the absolute dates" furnished by the monuments. Let us see how this is. The date most to be relied on is that in the Elephantine calendar, which we have already noticed. It cannot be questioned that this date as it stands is in perfect harmony with our hypothesis. The interval between the death of Tutmôsis III. and the accession of Ramesses I. must be about 120 years. Lepsius makes it 122; Bunsen only 114. The reign of Tutmôsis III. would consequently end from 1444 to 1436, B.C.; so that the calendar might have been inscribed in one of its last years. There is another absolute date, though only an approximate one, which completely harmonizes with our hypothesis, but is decidedly at variance with that of our author. He quotes the document in which it occurs, p. 143; but omits the passage which is so fatal to his theory. In the eleventh year of Amenôphis III., the king, who had commenced the making of a great tank on the first of Athyr, had it filled, and celebrated the festival of the inundation on the 16th of Athyr. The Nile must have been then at its height. This was seventy-five days after the beginning of the year. The Nile is at its height at Thebes about 103 days after the solstice, which would thus be thirty days before the first of the year. In 1322, B.C., it fell fourteen days before it. The difference is sixteen days, answering to sixty-four years, and giving the absolute date 1386, B.C. From the eleventh of Amenôphis to the first of Menophres (Ramesses I.) is according to Lepsius seventy-two years, according to Bunsen sixty-four, which agrees with the record. But from the same year to the first of "Menophthres" is, according to the same authorities, 192 or 152 years. This disagrees with the record; and that to a far greater extent than could be accounted for by any error of observation.

Another absolute date may be obtained from the coiling of the palace of Ramesses II. It contains a series of compartments with the twelve months in them; and between the last and the first is a smaller compartment for the Epagomenæ. Under this the Dogstar is represented in a boat; from which it has been justly inferred that at the time referred to, the Dogstar rose during the Epagomenæ. This it would do between 1322 and 1301, B.C., at Thebes, where this palace is situated. Under one of the months, the sun is represented beaming on the throne name and family name of the king; the inference from which is that he was crowned, or assumed his throne name, in that month; and that the date of the ceiling is that of the king's coronation, or accession. According to our author's hypothesis, not one of the years during which the Dogstar rose as indicated, would fall within the reign of Ramesses II. According to ours, his coronation might very well fall within these years. No higher dates than the second year of Ramesses I., and than the first year of his son Seti, have been found. Lepsius gives this latter king fifty-five years, which would be 121 for a father and son, an interval which is all but impossible. Bunsen reduces this reign to twelve years; but that number is assumed arbitrarily. The obvious correction of Lepsius' number, which he took from Maschius, is to "five" years. Eusebius probably mistook an epheleystic N for a "fifty." The reign of Ramesses I. is not supposed by Lepsius to have exceeded four years. He was probably a first cousin of his predecessor, Horus; his mother being a daughter of Tutmosis IV. He would thus have come to the throne when advanced in life, the generation to which he belonged having already reigned forty-five years, according to Lepsius. If, then, his first year corresponded to 1324, B.C., the first of his grandson would correspond to 1315, B.C. From all these considerations it appears to us that the accession of Meimphthah has been placed by our author more than seventy years too early; and the substitution of Menophthes for Menophres, in the text of Theon, is a gross falsification of a passage, to which, as it stands, there are no valid objections.

IV. It is not pretended by our

author that there is any contemporary monumental evidence of the Exodus having taken place in the reign of Meimphthah. The reverend author of "the Exodus Papyri" has persuaded himself that he has found numerous references to the events recorded in the Bible in certain papyri written in this and the following reign; but no other Egyptologist that we have heard of can see these references; and Mr. Heath was equally confident that similar references existed in the beginning of the first Sallier Papyrus, until it was fully established that this Papyrus related to transactions some three centuries earlier than were mentioned in the Papyri on which he now exclusively relies. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Heath allows his imagination to run riot in the manner that he does, because he certainly possesses a very considerable knowledge of hieroglyphics, and would be a successful interpreter, if he had only somewhat more judgment and somewhat less imagination.

But if there be no contemporary evidence, on what do Lepsius and Bunsen rely? On a story, quoted from Manetho by Apion, relating to some king of Egypt, and some lepers and polluted persons, which were identified with the Israelites by Apion. The work of Apion is not extant; but we have the reply of Josephus to it, in which the story, or at least the greater part of it is contained. Manetho, however, did not pretend that this was taken from the Egyptian records from which he professed to derive the information given in his history. He merely gave this story as current among the people; and it does not appear that it was supposed to refer to the Israelites, by any one before Apion. The story may have been a pure fiction; or it may have had some foundation, so far as the king of Egypt was concerned; and yet the identification of the polluted people and their leaders with the Israelites, and with Joseph and Moses, who are represented as contemporaries, may have had as little foundation in fact as the identification of the Israelites with the Hyk-shos, in the story which Josephus put forward in opposition to it. Apion hated the Israelites, and falsely identified them with disreputable people. Josephus wished to exalt them, and to make it appear

that they were rulers, in place of servants, of the Egyptians. There is obviously no internal evidence in favour of either identification; nor is there any thing bearing on either in the monuments.

The point relied on has, however, been this: within the period during which the Biblical chronology requires us to place the Exodus, the Egyptian monuments prove that it could only have taken place at the time when, according to Manetho, this adventure of the polluted people occurred. So Lepsius and Bunsen affirm; but we maintain the direct contrary. We contend that this date of the Exodus (1320 B.C., according to Bunsen; but, as we have endeavoured to establish above, about 1245 B.C.) is absolutely inconsistent with the chronology of the Bible; and that a different time, under the government of the Hyk-shos kings, is consistent with this chronology, and with all the Egyptian data that we possess.

We agree with our author on two matters. If there be any truth in the story quoted by Apion, it must refer to the son of Rameses II.; it is impossible that the Exodus should have taken place between the time of Ahmôsis and his reign. Our author gives several reasons why it could not have taken place under Ahmôsis, or his successors; but he takes no notice of the possibility of its occurring under his Hyk-shos predecessors; and his arguments do not apply to their case. The Egyptian kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties were rulers in the Sinaitic peninsula. We grant it, but it does not follow that the Hyk-shos kings were so. Of that we have no monumental evidence. Unless some civil war or foreign invasion, such as is described in the story of Apion, had followed the Exodus, the Egyptians would have attacked the Israelites during their wanderings in the desert, and not have suffered them finally to escape. But we may naturally suppose that the escape of the Israelites from a Hyk-shos Pharaoh might be followed by a revolt of the Egyptians, and by a civil war in Egypt. We know that there was such a war, of long duration, which ended in the capture of Avaris, and expulsion of the Hyk-shos; and we have only to place the Exodus just before its commencement. The ques-

tion at issue is then a question of Biblical chronology. Did the Exodus take place about 1250 B.C., or about four centuries earlier? The date commonly assigned to it, in accordance with the present reading of the Hebrew text in 1 Kings vi. 1, appears to us, as we believe it does to all Egyptologists, without exception, irreconcilable with Egyptian chronology. Are we to throw it back, or to bring it forward? In opposition to Lepsius, Bunsen, and De Rougé on the Continent, and to the Reverends Lord A. C. Hervey, and D. J. Heath, Mr. Osborne, Miss F. Corbeaux, and others in this country, we maintain the former alternative. We believe that St. Clement of Alexandria was very little, if at all, astray, when he placed the Exodus 345 years before the renewal of the canicular cycle, that is, in 1667 B.C. Baron Bunsen sets aside the authority of St. Clement, by one of those reckless misstatements which he is in the habit of making when any of his favourite positions is called in question. "Like all similar notices, it is tantamount to the one which states that the above year was the first regnal year of Amos." We are not aware of any similar notices; but it is evident to us that *this* notice referred to the Exodus, and not to the accession of Amos. St. Clement obtained the date in the following manner. His date of the foundation of the temple corresponded to our 1028 B.C.; and he read in 1 Kings vi. 1, "Six hundred and fortieth," where the present text of the Septuagint has "four hundred and fortieth." This date of the foundation of the temple is substantially the same as what Bishop Russell, Dr. Hales, and Mr. Cunningham have obtained from a critical examination of the several numbers in the Books of Kings; and it is confirmed by a simple calculation depending on the time of the building of Carthage. This city was destroyed in 146 B.C. Solinus states, on the authority of Cato, that it had stood 737 years. Livy took the round number 700; but, of course, no critic could prefer this to the other number. Carthage was then built in 883 B.C.; 130 years (not 93, as Lévy makes it) before the building of Rome. Now Josephus states on the authority of the Tyrian annals, that the reign of Hirom began 156 years before the building of Car-

thage; that is, in 1030 B.C.; and that the temple of Solomon was founded in his twelfth year, or 1028 B.C. This is sixteen years before Ussher's date; and, the interval between this event and the Exodus, having been 160 years more, according to Clement's copy of the First Book of Kings, than it is according to Ussher's and ours; the Exodus would be placed 176 years before Ussher's date, or in 1667 B.C. It is very extraordinary that Baron Bunsen should have taken no notice whatever of the positive statement of Solinus; and should have attempted to compute the date of the foundation of Carthage from that of Utica, which preceded it by 287 years; the latter date being calculated on the very questionable hypothesis, that the building of Utica, and the consecration of its shrine were simultaneous.

A date of the building of Carthage different from any of the foregoing is relied on by Movers. Justin says that it was built 72 years before Rome. Our author thinks this to be a mistake for 62. More probably it is a mistake for 92, which is nearly Lavi's number, grounded, as we have seen, on the substitution of a round for an accurate number. Movers, however, assumes the true date of the foundation of Carthage to have been 825 B.C., and consequently that of the building of the temple to have been 969 B.C. We agree with our author that this is a decided error; but we cannot assent to his statement, that the extract from Josephus proves *nothing*. Taken in connexion with the statement of Solinus, which seems to us entitled to full credit, it establishes the date 1028 B.C. We need not discuss the question whether the true reading in 1 Kings vi. 1, is 640, 480, or 440. The last of these seems evidently to be a corruption of the first, through assimilation to the Hebrew reading; but, whether this be the case or not, it is certain that neither the second nor the third will satisfy the known requirements of Egyptian chronology. We must either adopt the first of the three, or reject them all. We prefer the former of these alternatives. But there are two other modes of computing the interval between the Exodus and the building of the Temple, which we cannot overlook. There is a series of shorter intervals from which taken together the

longer interval has to be made up; and there are different pedigrees in the First Book of Chronicles, extending through this period; and it has been imagined that by computing each recorded generation at thirty or thirty-three years, the interval can be measured more accurately than by any other means. It is on this last method of computing the intervals that our author and his associates named above exclusively rely. They throw overboard both the total interval in 1 Kings vi. 1, and the lesser intervals given elsewhere, of which this is composed. We on the contrary rely on the total interval as strictly historical, and on the lesser intervals as approximately correct; "forty years" being used as a round number for half the period of the life of man, the average of which might be fairly so reckoned. Taking the total interval at 639 years in place of 479, it is in perfect harmony with the lesser numbers in the Book of Judges, and also with the numbers used by St. Paul in Acts xiii. 20, 21. On this point, therefore, we need say no more; but we must give our reasons for considering the calculation by generations to have no validity whatever.

We admit, of course, as every one must do, that if every descent were recorded, this mode of computation would be unobjectionable; but we do not admit that the genealogies in the Bible are, as a general rule, completely given. Descents are omitted--not only single ones, but many together. What is known to have happened in one instance may be assumed to have happened in others, especially if such an assumption be necessary to the truth of a chronological statement which is distinctly made. In short, the genealogies must be rectified so as to make them agree with the recorded interval, in place of the latter being cut down to agree with the genealogies.

We will give a few instances in which it is certain that scriptural genealogies are incomplete. No one, we suppose, doubts that son and daughter are used for descendants, and sometimes remote descendants. Jehu is called the son of Nimshi; it appears from 2 Kings, ix. 2, that he was his grandson. Elizabeth is called a daughter of Aaron; from forty to fifty generations must have intervened. In St. Matthew, i. 8, four de-

ascents are reduced to one; and this is subsequently reckoned as but a single generation. We do not wish to multiply examples. Enough has been said to show that when it is said, for instance, that Salmon begot Bouz, it may be understood as meaning no more than that he was his ancestor; the number of omitted generations being left to be inferred from other texts. In one instance, however, — but in one instance only, — a complete genealogy is given, that of the prophet Samuel himself. From 1 Chron. vi. 33, &c., it appears that he was the sixteenth in descent from Korah; and from verses 22, 23, it seems that even here two descents are omitted, so that he would be the eighteenth. The sons of Korah were probably born about the time of the Exodus, or but little before it, so that Samuel would be born about 500 years after it. This agrees with the statement of St. Paul already referred to. Perhaps our readers may like to know how our author deals with this genealogy of Samuel. He divides it into two! The tenth in descent from Korah, the ninth ancestor of Samuel, was named Shaul. Bunsen identifies this Levite with King Saul, who was of the tribe of Benjamin! The remainder of the genealogy he supposes to be parallel to this half!

We cannot dwell longer on this matter of the genealogies, but we must notice an objection to the early date of the Exodus which seems to have much weight. At any rate it has been much relied on. The Israelites, it is said, built a city for the Pharaoh who persecuted them, which was called *Rameses*. No king of that name was known in Egypt before *Rameses I.*; the city must have been called from a king; consequently the Exodus must be placed under the nineteenth dynasty, and therefore (as we admit) under *Meimphthah*. To this we reply that a district of country named *Rameses* is mentioned in *Genesis xlvii. 2*, as so called in the time of Joseph; and that the city may have been called from the district, or both may have been called from some local deity. It cannot be reasonably alleged that the city *must* have been called from King *Rameses*, when it is certain that the country *could not* have been called from him.

It may appear strange, however,

that if the Israelites were in Canaan during the wars of *Rameses II.* and *III.* they should not have been mentioned on the monuments; and again, that no notice of the Egyptian invasions should be found in *Judges*. The latter fact may be accounted for by the transient nature of their attacks. They passed through Palestine on their way to more distant countries; and if they imposed tribute it would fall on the nations to whom the Israelites were subject, or would be so light as not to deserve to be named in comparison with their servitudes to their neighbours. That they should not be often named on the Egyptian monuments, was to be expected. The Philistines are but seldom mentioned, and for the same reason. Their country was simply traversed by the Egyptians, on their way to meet their enemies. It was seldom that they had to engage in hostilities south of Mount Lebanon. The Philistines are, however, sometimes mentioned, and we believe the Israelites also, though the strong prejudice which exists among Egyptologists that the Exodus had not then taken place has prevented them from recognising them. In the Egyptian historical inscriptions a people is mentioned which bordered on the Philistines, and which is sometimes represented as assisting them in battle, and sometimes as taking part with the Egyptians against them. We believe that these were the Israelites in the time of the Judges, at one time forced to serve in the Philistine army, at another, ready to assist the Egyptians against their hated oppressors. The name of this people is written with a character which was at first supposed to have the value *F* or *V*; we have then a *K*, sometimes doubled, an *R* or *L*, and a vowel termination. Champollion read it *Fakkaru*. Others, supposing the initial character to represent the Hebrew 'Ain, have identified the name with *Ekron* or *Acre*. But it has been proved of late that the initial character is a modified sibilant; and *Askelon* and *Tyre* have been suggested. We believe the name should be identified with *Issakar*, the tribe of Israel with which the Egyptians would first come in contact, when passing northward through Philistia. This might well stand for the whole nation. Having disposed of these

objections to our view that the Exodus took place in the time of the Hyk-shôa, we will now mention what appears to us a confirmation of it. The Pharaoh of the Exodus had Tanais or Zoan for his capital; and we hold this to be identical with the Avaris, where the Hyk-shôa kings resided. But no Pharaoh of the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasties appears to have had his capital there. We argue in favour of the identity of Avaris and Tanais in this manner. A city is named on the inscription of Ahmes, the naval officer which King Ahmôsis took in his sixth year. Its name is written ideographically "the house of the leg;" and Champollion read this "Tanais." We cannot but think that he had some good reason for so reading it. Perhaps he found the name in some inscription at San in such a context as to assure him that it was the ancient name of that site. M. de Rougé has since found the name, with the last element written phonetically before the ideographic character, applied to the residence of the last Hyk-shôa king. It is Hat-wari, Avaris. In the conclusion which he drew from this, that Champollion must have been mistaken, we do not think that he showed his usual sagacity. We believe that Champollion was right, and that Tanais was the city which, as Josephus says, "was called Avaris for some old theological reason." All the Egyptian cities seem to have had old mystic names, the origin of which it is not likely that we shall ever know; but which we may hope to be able to assign to their proper localities. Thus "the white wall" was Memphis; "the country of the king's sons" was Bubastis; and thus "the house of the leg" was Tanais.

We have thought it necessary to discuss this subject very fully, because it is one of the utmost importance. If it could once be established that the Exodus did not take place till the nineteenth dynasty, we cannot see how it could be argued with any plausibility that the Bible contained an authentic history of the human race. We cannot see how a reply could be made to Bunsen on biblical grounds, when he claimed for man an existence upon earth since 20,000 B.C., or to Le Sueur, when he remarked, a long way down in his chronological table, "at

this time Adam, the first patriarch of the Hebrews, was born."

V. Hitherto our author has had the support of Lepsius and other Egyptologists. In what follows we believe he stands alone. According to the Tyrian annals, Tyre was built 240 years before Solomon's temple, that is, in 1267 B.C. This was the second or insular Tyre, and our author pretends that the older Tyre was taken and destroyed by Rameses III., who must, therefore, have lived before this time. In proof of this he says that Rameses III. is represented within a fortified city, the name of which is Maka-Tira, "the citadel of Tyre;" for he says that Tira is the Egyptian name for Tyre. This, by the way, is not the fact. The character which begins the name of Tyre is always transcribed by G in this volume; and it is essentially different from that which occurs in the name of the fortified city. There is no real connexion between Maka-Tira and Tyre. Neither is *maktera* a proper name. What is written upon the fortress is *maktu in Ramesse hik On*; and all Egyptologists before our author have translated this "the migdol, or castle, of Rameses the king of Heliopolis." It was not a fortified city taken by him, but a castle built by him in the enemy's country. Our author was perfectly well aware that this was the interpretation which would be put on this passage, in which he imagines that there is an allusion to Tyre, and accordingly he has, in p. 213, inserted a note in opposition to this view. He says that Migdol has no root in Egyptian, which is no objection whatever to the received view of the matter. And he adds that there are three Egyptian words for fortress, *bekhen*, *tekha*, and *khetem*. If this were true it would be no objection to a Hebrew or Syriac word for fortress being applied to a fortress in Palestine. But the statement is false. *Bekhen* is a dwelling; temples are called the *bekhens* of the gods. *Tekha* is a town. Neither of these words necessarily implies fortification. *Khetem* is the only one of the three words that does so; and have we not in English, besides technical words, castle, tower, and fort? It is quite evident that the received translation of the legend on the fortress is correct:

that our author's objections are frivolous in the extreme, and that the reference to Tyre is altogether imaginary.

There is, however, a clear reference to Tyre in the first Anastasi papyrus (xxi., 1, 2), and it is of great chronological importance, as easily appears. The papyrus contains letters written in the reign of Seti II. (about 1205 B.C.) according to Bunsen, Lepsius, and their school, and, therefore, before the building of insular Tyre; but, according to our view, about 1230 B.C., and, therefore, after it was built. If, then, Tyre be clearly spoken of as a continental or as an insular city in this passage, the question at issue respecting the chronology is decided. Our author translates the passage thus:—"Tyre, the city on the sea, which receives fishes from the water and grain from the land." He understands this as implying that the city was partly on the mainland and partly on the island. We cannot see how, in accordance with his theory, there should be any of it in the island; but we object to the above translation as grossly misrepresenting the original. "There is a city *in* (not *on*) the sea (*en pamm*); Tyre of the Water (or of the Island) *en mure* is its name: water is carried to it in boats, and it is sustained by fishes instead of bread." If this be the true rendering of the passage, as we feel confident is the case, the reference is to the island city founded by the Sidonians in 1268 B.C.; and, if so, the chronological question is decided in our favour.

There is another confirmation of this late date of the reign of Ramesses III. His predecessor has been identified, and, certainly, with great probability, with Phuris or Nilus. We need not dwell on the grounds of this identification, because our author admits it. Now, Dicaearchus expressly says, that this king reigned 436 years before the first Olympiad, that is, 1212 B.C. This is quite consistent with our chronology, and quite opposed to our author's. But then he tells us, though Dicaearchus says this, he could not possibly have meant it. He said nothing of the Trojan war; but Africanus, possibly on the authority of Manetho, says that Troy was taken in the reign of this king. "The simple meaning," Bunsen says, "is, that Dicaearchus placed the

taking of Troy, or the Trojan histories generally, 436 years before the Olympiad." And, accordingly, instead of abandoning his opinion that this king came to the throne in 1299 B.C., he throws back the Trojan war to that date!

Once more. In the calendar at Medinet Habou, which was sculptured soon after the 11th year of Ramesses III., there is an entry under the 20th Choiak, which appears to intimate that this was the autumnal equinox. At this period the equinox would fall on the Julian 5th October; and, equating this with the 20th Choiak, we should have the 18th June for the 1st Thoth. This is thirty-two days before the day on which it fell in 1322 B.C., corresponding to 128 years, and giving the date 1194 B.C., which is in perfect conformity to our hypothesis.

In this calendar the rising of the dogstar is said to have been on the "day of Thoth," from which, as Lepsius justly observes, nothing can be inferred but that the calendar was made before the rising of the dogstar passed into the next month—which it would not do at Thebes, according to Biot, till 1163 B.C.

But there is yet another argument for the late date of this king's reign. Ramesses III. is said to have conquered a people here called "Tehen"—we need not enter on the question who these were and to have carried off some of them to Egypt. Lepsius discovered the pedigree of King Sheshonk on a stèle found by Mariette in the Serapeum, and he traces his descent from one of these "Tehen." He was the sixth in descent from him; and allowing thirty years for a generation, and supposing Sheshonk to have been twenty years older when he became king than the "Tehen," his ancestor, was when carried to Egypt, we should have 200 years between this war of Ramesses III. and the accession of Sheshonk. Phuris, according to Dicaearchus, commenced his reign in 1212 B.C. It is admitted on all hands that he reigned seven years. Consequently the war against the Tehen must have been a little after 1200 B.C., and the accession of Sheshonk was not long after 1000 B.C. The interval cannot much exceed the 200 years at which we have estimated it; but Bunsen

would make this interval 310 years, and Lepsius above 300. This would give forty-seven years to a generation.

Every thing, then, in the way of evidence that has come down to us leads to the conclusion that our author's chronology of the 18th and following dynasties is erroneous. He dates all his reigns about eighty years too early.

VI. We have one more proposition of his to deal with; but it is so outrageously absurd that it scarcely deserves a serious answer. Baron Bunsen speaks in different parts of this volume of the conquest of Egypt by the Assyrians, under Nimus and Semiramis, as having taken place in the thirteenth century B.C. He even gives the date of this event as 1257 B.C. Nothing, however, of the kind ever took place. It is a mere fiction. The pretended conquerors are imaginary personages. Or, if they ever existed, it must have been fully a thousand years before the time when they are here introduced. Not only is there no evidence either in the Assyrian or in the Egyptian inscriptions of any such conquest, but there is in both clear proof that it could not have taken place. The Assyrian inscriptions carry us back to about 1800 B.C., before the sovereigns had substituted the title "King of Assyria" for that of "Priest of Assur," which they originally bore. Tiglath Pileser I. made some conquests to the north, penetrating to the Euxine Sea; but his powerful neighbours, the Babylonians, kept him in check on the south, and in 1122 B.C. they captured Nineveh, and carried off his gods to Babylon, where they remained for 418 years, until Sennacherib, when he had taken Babylon, brought them back. There is no record of any Assyrian king having invaded Syria before the builder of the north-west palace at Nimrod, whose reign did not commence till long after the accession of Sheshonk. In respect to Egyptian records again, even if our author's chronology were correct (and much more if, as we have endeavoured to show, his dates are about eighty years too high), the Assyrians could not have approached Egypt at the time assigned for their conquest of it. From the *Stèle* lately illustrated by De Rougé it appears, that long after the date of this pretended conquest the kings of

Egypt went to Mesopotamia to receive tribute from its princes. Ramesses XII. married a daughter of one of these princes, the Chief of Baghitan (probably Bagistan, Behistan, on the frontiers of Media.) Some years after, her sister was afflicted with epilepsy; her father sent to Egypt for a physician, and on his report, the ark of a Theban deity—"Khons, the counsellor of Thebes"—was sent to Baghitan. The princess being, as it is alleged, cured, the ark was sent back, each of its journeys occupying about a year and a-half. For the particulars we must refer to M. de Rougé's work (already cited); but we will quote the conclusion at which he arrived, which, we think, no person who has not, like Baron Bunsen, resolved to listen to no evidence opposed to his favourite theories, will dispute:—"L'histoire de la princesse de Bachtan est incompatible, dans toutes ses circonstances, avec l'idée d'une suprématie Assyrienne établie sur la Mésopotamie" (*Etude, &c.*, p. 216).

But, our readers will ask, has Baron Bunsen no authority at all for what he says about Nimus and Semiramis? In the eighth century, B.C., there was a queen Semiramis, whose name occurs on a contemporary monument in the British Museum. That there was a more ancient Semiramis, and a Nimus her husband, rests on the authority of Ctesias; and these conquerors were placed by him more than two thousand years before Christ. Alexander Polyhistor, who wrote in the first century before Christ, and who is supposed to follow Berosus, who wrote in the third or fourth, is the authority for the more recent date. Polyhistor says that the dynasty of Babylonian rulers, to which Semiramis belonged, lasted 526 years; and then, he says, came Pul, and after him Sennacherib. We know, however, that, at least, three kings intervened between Pul and Sennacherib—namely, Tiglath Pileser, Shalmaneser, and Sargon. It appears, therefore, that Polyhistor's authority is of but little value; nor is it at all certain that he followed Berosus in what he wrote of this period. He quotes him as his authority for the dynasty of Zoroaster, and for the eighty-six kings who preceded him, but not for any thing subsequent to this dynasty. Our author, in p. 439, quotes a series

of dynasties from Berosus, as given in the Armenian version of Eusebius, and in *Synceilus*. But *Synceilus* does not give them beyond the two first; the remainder he rejects, following, he says, "Polybius, and Diodorus, and Cephalion, and Castor, and Thallus, and others," who gave 1,460 years (in place of 526) to the Assyrian kings (p. 92, B.C.). It is probable that Polyhistor obtained the number 526 by the same kind of calculation by which Herodotus obtained a similar number. From the generations of the kings of Sparta, Herodotus calculated that Heracles, their ancestor, lived about 1340 B.C. He identified this Heracles with the grandfather of Ninus, who must, therefore, have lived about 1280 B.C.! The absurdity of identifying the Assyrian Heracles, their god Nergal, with the Greek Heracles, is apparent: but the whole proceeding is radically unsound. The exact date of the accession of Ninus is determined, according to Niebuhr and his disciples, by counting back 526 years from 747 B.C.; which, however, was an astronomical era, which had no political signification, and which certainly fell in the middle of the reign of Tiglath Pileser, as is proved by contemporary records in the British Museum.

We have now gone over the six leading propositions of our author; and have shown that not a single one of them is supported by contemporary evidence, or by any evidence at all that is worthy of credit. Not content

with this, we have brought forward evidence bearing on the subject, which he has ignored; and we trust we have established, to the satisfaction of our readers, that every one of the six propositions is false.

There are many other statements in the volume to which we object; but we fear we have already exceeded all reasonable limits. Enough has been said, we hope, to put the British public on their guard against believing any statement, or relying on any argument of Baron Bunsen. A more untrustworthy writer we do not know. Sceptical as respects the Bible, he is credulous to an extreme as to every thing that he reads elsewhere. And so strongly is he impressed with the truth of a preconceived theory, that he is prepared to force every statement that is inconsistent with it into consistency. Arbitrary changes in his texts, gross mistranslations, confident assertions that sentences *must* mean something different from what is obviously their meaning, are resorted to, as we have shown, whenever occasion requires it. He promises at no distant period the concluding volumes of his work. They will be valuable, in so far as they will contain glossaries and translations of Egyptian texts, contributed by M. Birch; but, judging from what we have already before us, we can expect nothing good of the author's own. In place of proceeding as he has done, we wish he could be brought to see his errors and correct them.

THE ALABAMA SLAVE.

[The following verses have been suggested by the story of the Negro Milford, imperfectly related in the *Union Springs Gazette*, an American journal.]

A BEAM of unexpected sun
Had gladdened up the day :
The gangs were merry in the mills,
As if the heavenly ray
Had rained down music on their hearts,
And turned their tasks to play.

Blackly against a post he leaned,
Within the blackening shed ;
Only two glaring eyeballs gleamed
With a whiteness edged with red.
The rest was shadow—just a shape
Upon the shade outspread.

The ordinary thing—the slave
At mischief, like his kind.
The master, as in duty bound,
With scores his back had lined,—
Then chained him up; and, whistling off,
Dismissed him from his mind.

'Twas little to be chained to posts—
Be punished, and forgot.
Scarce one of those who laughed so loud,
But such had been his lot.—
And yet some stragglers, through the day,
Would venture to the spot.

Steal privily—for well they knew
The wages of that sin :—
The course the avenging stripes would take
Was mapped upon their skin.
But still, a sugar-cane or two
His comrades smuggled in :

Some water in a calabash—
Then slunk away in fear.
The wretch would or ly fare the worse
Should tricks like these appear :
'Twas charity to keep aloof
Where love might cost so dear.

The shadows, as they fell that eve
Upon his solitude,
Found him disputing with his chain
In a rebellious mood,—
Raving and rending, as though rage
Could wrench him from the wood.

But evening darkened down to night
Upon a strange distress :—
For to wrestle with a lifeless thing
Had wrought him to excess.
Behold him, stretched beside his post
In calm unconsciousness !

When he awoke, 'twas not his cramps
And agonies of limb,—
'Twas not so much his mangled back
That so afflicted him,—
As that his soul with bitterness
Was brimming to the brim !

Duly that morn into the mill
Would crowd the swarthy host :—
The toil he liked the least, would now
Be what would please him most—
Oh, had he yonder hatchet but
A hacking at this post !

Chained to a dull and senseless stick,
Within an empty shed—
Chained by a light and loose caprice
That crossed his master's head :—
Such were his thoughts—a hidden sore
Worse than the ones which bled !

Chained by a light and loose caprice—
 Black Dinah once had said
 She loved him dear—but, afterwards,
 When he proposed to wed,
 She only smiled in her master's face,
 And laughed at his woolly head !

She laughed—there was an end of it.
 He urged no suit again.
 He strove to dig her memory out
 By delving up the plain ;
 And thought he had accomplished it,—
 But fou, it was in vain.

It stuck to him, and with it clung
 A half-instinctive sense
 Of something by the planter gained
 At his—and his—expense.
 To look his master in the face
 Did him a violence.

And so it well might come to pass
 That on the Sabbath day,—
 Just as the missionary closed,
 And sent them forth to play,—
 He should be seized on, flogged, and locked
 Out of the planter's way.

All this had wrought upon his brain
 Till it was well-nigh crazed—
 But the silent hours had preached so well,
 That now he was amazed
 To think what murderous grim shapes
 His sense of wrong had raised.

Before the stars went down, his ire
 Had wholly sunk to rest :
 The lack of light had brought to light
 A glow-worm in that nest—
 The missionary's words, it was
 That glowed within his breast.

He schooled himself to understand
 That all men's backs must curve—
 That He who came to make us free
 Himself was taught to serve ;—
 And something like compunction slackened
 The goaded negro's nerve.

And thus the morning on him stole,
 And thus the day upsprung—
 The mighty day that made its way
 To the mosses where they clung
 Round the giant planes, and their cable-chains
 From the ships of the forest slung !

And as that mighty day was his,
 The wretch, in irons there,
 Contrived to kneel, and made a shift
 To pray a Christian prayer—
 A prayer, which some sad memories
 Bedabbled with a tear.

Ay—prayed !—such is the force of prayer,
 It dragged the slave to God !
 Inspiring patience under wrong—
 Submission to the rod.
 He rose resigned—when, lo—a step
 Across the threshold trod !

His master !—a great stab of heart
 Announced that it was he,
 Before the shadow of his form
 Had fallen upon the tree.
 His master walked to where he was
 Slowly and silently.

Came on—came close—looked in his face—
 A recollecting look :—
 Slid his right hand along his arm,
 Which to that torture shook :—
 Withdrew a pace—as if a space
 To cogitate he took.

Then quietly drew forth a key
 Which in his vest had lain—
 Unlocked the lock—unhasped the hasp
 Unchained him from his chain !—
 To kneel, and bless him for the boon,
 Crossed the poor negro's brain.

It might have made much difference
 To both—but, ere he knelt,
 His master leered, and touched his back,
 And asked him how it felt—
 Whether his own or Dinah's hand
 He wished upon the welt.

Up-boiled the blood beneath the veil
 Of blackness on his cheek.
 He stood crest-high, and thus did cry—
 “Massa—you strong, I weak ;—
 But to poor Milford, them be words
 You coward for to speak !”

Composedly the planter smiled—
 Then looked a gloomy look ;—
 And then the chain which he had loosed
 Within his gripe he took—
 Across the bruised and bloody back
 A savage stroke he strook.

Let no extenuating word
 For the smitten slave be said.
 To bear the sniter's blows, was what
 The missionary read.
 This blow a Christian should have borne—
 Black Milford blazed instead.

Blazing, he seized the hatchet up—
 Uttered a fearful yell,—
 And on his master, at a bound,
 Like a famished tiger fell :—
 At a single stroke his skull he broke,
 As you would break a shell !

Oh, what a monster he had grown !
 A savage beast of prey !
 He hacked and hacked the murdered man
 In a ghastly sort of play ;
 Hounding the soul with blasphemies
 Out of the hated clay !

The deed was done—and now, to run
 Abroad amid the wood—
 Better to stable with the brutes
 Than face the multitude,
 With whom 'twould be a sacred thirst
 To avenge the white man's blood.

No !—he sat down beside his dead,
 Black as his crime, and race ; —
 And there they found him, after hours,
 Motionless in his place—
 Beside his dead, and looking straight
 Into the dead man's face.

No Christian could suggest a plea
 The thing was but too plain :
 A planter by a common slave
 In open daylight slain—
 A master, who, that very hour,
 Himself had loosed his chain !

The murderer was seized, and dragged
 A stormy crowd among.
 His guilt was clear—the question was—
 Should he be burnt, or hung !
 A deafening shout—unanimous—
 Be the faggots round him flung !

If to confess could satisfy
 The relatives and friends,
 Milford's confession was so full
 It might have made amends.
 He witnessed of himself, as one
 Whose crime all crime transcends.

A sight it was to see the wretch
 Writhe in his agony ;—
 Though none expected to behold
 How soon he came to die.
 A few strong wenchers—and the corpse
 Fell over helplessly.

The crowd dispersed :—and then a crowd
 Followed the planter's hearse
 To where a touching epitaph
 Records his fate in verse.—
 But the slave's charred bones were besomed up,
 And buried with a curse.

UNIVERSITY ESSAYS.—NO. V.

Die Teufel—sprache von Luther.—“LUTHER'S DEVIL-TALK.”

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BOWAN, D.D.

Two fine passages, one ancient, from Virgil's 4th book of the *Æneid*,* the other from a modern opera,† fitly describe the power of calumny. Ages rolled between the several conceptions—in context and spirit they are wholly different—and yet there is an entire correspondence in their powerful word-painting. Each sets before us the stealthy caution with which calumny creeps on its way at first—its irresistible and sweeping progress afterwards—the assiduity with which it does its work, and the broadest profusion in which it scatters mixed seeds—“Sparse truths all dashed with lies”—over the soil of humanity—a soil ever more apt to nourish any congenial evil weed than the delicate flowers of truth.

If calumny be thus untiring in its mission, how fearfully does its power of mischief become intensified when, by a strange delusion, a calumniator persuades himself that he is engaged on the side of truth as against error, of religion as combating heresy! Such a man will often be found, in the “very” (warped, “integrity of his heart,” colouring a statement to give it effect, distorting a fact to make it hideous—or suppressing it, when the suppression enables

him to give another fact the effect of an untruth, or a lie the semblance of a verity. Some natural qualms and loathings must arise in such “filthy work;” but there is instant ease in the application of the opiate, “I do all for the best. My business is to show up error, or vice, in its most hateful form—and to fail for lack of an effective statement, would be a dereliction of duty towards a good cause.” Thus can calumny, like fury, act the part of a fiend, and, because it calls itself zeal,‡ claim the rewards of faithfulness.

These observations are introductory to an investigation of the rise, progress, and nature of a remarkable calumny, which has attained a mature age, and a respectable standing in our world. It has been repeated and circulated, in every form, from the elaborate argument of the practical controversialist, bristling with its foot-notes of reference; through the vague and flowery sentences of the compiler of popular history; down to the cheap manual, with which his “director” furnishes the poor Romanist as his preservative against Protestantism. In and through each and all of these forms, a calumny, many-eyed, many-tongued, and open-eared,

* The passage from the *Æneid* is this:—

“Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate vagat—viresque acquirit eundo
Parva metu, primò—mox sese tollit in auras
Ingrèditurque solo—et caput inter nubila condit.

Tam ficti praviqve tenax.

Et pariter facta, et infecta cauebat.”

† The other citation is from the fine aria of “*La Calomnià*,” in the Opera of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*:—

“In comincia a susurrar
Piano—piano—terra—a terra
Sotto voce—e sibillando.
Va scorrendo—va ronzando.

Dalla bocca fuor usendo
Lo schiamazzo va crescendo!
Prende forza a poco a poco
Vola già de loco in loco,

E il meschino calunniato
Avvilato col parato
Sotto il publico flagello,
Per gran sorte va a crepar.”

‡ “Anger often acts like fury, and calls itself zeal.”—*South's Sermons.*

as Virgil's monster itself, has served Roman controversialists in an unbroken consensus. It is that Martin Luther renounced "the Catholic doctrine of the Mass" in consequence of an argument between himself and the Spirit of Darkness, in which Satan prevailed; and Luther (who carefully records his own defeat) in yielding the victory, represents his antagonist as an able disputant, the strength of whose reasoning he justifies, in whose triumph over the faith of the Church he partakes, and to whose conclusion he finally subscribes, namely, that Christians were at length "freed from the tenets and practices connected with the doctrine of the Mass." This statement, taken from a Roman authority to be referred to again, contains the essence of that calumny, which I propose to track to its starting point in a misconception, equally pitiable, whether it spring from ignorance or intention.

It must not be supposed for a moment, that I proffer the result of my investigation, as though the calumny had not long since been exposed. This has been done elaborately and well in the works of "Claude and Basnage," while the popular and easily accessible continuation of "Miller's Church History, by Scott," disposes of it, so that every impartial reader at once dismisses the foolish slander. Still, when we remember that while the refutations of "Claude or Basnage" lie buried among controversies of other days, in ponderous and rarely read volumes, it is to be feared such condensed and curt explanations as Mr. Scott's are not calculated to reach the convictions of the docile children of a system which ever tries to mould opinion rather upon dogma than inquiry, and ordains that the statement of a Bellarmine or a Bossuet, or any other standard-bearer of controversy, is to be received as "the word of an

angel." Before we can expect men thus trained in an implicit trust, even to listen to our statements, we must at least tender to them evidence that the authorities on whom they pin their faith are neither honest nor faithworthy; that the purpled Bellarmine could "palter his hearers with a double sense," like any sophist; and that the "Eagle of Meaux" could stoop from his "pride of place" to practise controversial tricks less characteristic of the bird of Jove than of a roguish magpie.

Whether the calumny had emerged into light in Luther's own time is not certain. Basnage tells us that "L'Abbe Bachman" was the inventor—that "Cochleus" adopted it—while Pilon and Cordemoy, French writers about the end of the seventeenth century, each put forth a book entitled "*La Conférence du Diable avec Luther*;" close upon whose steps followed M. De Meaux (Bossuet), re-opening the case in a statement to be considered presently. Had the great-hearted Reformer been fully aware of the construction put upon his treatise, "*De Missa Privata, et Cætionis Sacramentum*," the probability is that he would have met the charge in his own peculiar and characteristic fashion. First by maintaining his belief, and the belief of his age, in the reality of personal conflicts between earnest human spirits and the spirits of wickedness. He would then have proceeded in his own biting strain of irony and invective to ridicule the ignorance of the Papalists ("æcimi theologati," he tauntingly styles them) as to the whole nature and process of those spiritual conflicts, those searchings of heart in which "the strong man armed" tries the souls of men escaping from his power. Luther's own exercise in these mental conflicts had been deep and varied, and formed, as it were, the noviciate of his vocation, when forced to stand with "God

* Luther so obviously thought these spiritual conflicts with the Evil One essential to all advance in divine knowledge, that when he found Sacramentarian Zunigliana holding what he believed to be error, he attributed it to their never having confronted or come to close quarters with Satan as an opponent. *Quando Diabolum ejusmodi collo non habemus affixum, nihil nisi speculativi theologi sumus.* It was thus that he made practical application of the Apostle's words—"We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with spirits of wickedness in high places." But the attempt is vain to induce any thorough-paced Roman controversialist to see any thing in Luther's statements on this subject except an insane confession that he conferred with the Devil, not as tempter, but as teacher.

alone for his aid," in defence of the convictions to which he had attained, against Popes, Cardinals, Emperors—a world;—and he frequently affirmed, that any one untried in such conflicts could be little better than "a tyro in theology."

Various as are the Romish authors who profess to discuss this subject, and varied as are their modes of treating it, in one particular they are all of one mind, namely, in never allowing the accused to be fully or fairly heard in his own defence. Some, indeed, profess to give the "diabolic conference" *in extenso*, to quote the "*ipsissima verba*" of the Reformer; but invariably place their hands on his mouth when about to give the most interesting evidence; others consider it sufficient to assert the fact of such a conference having taken place, and to state generally its purport and result, adding a foot-note reference, mysterious and hieroglyphic as a medical prescription, as thus: "*D. Abr. Mis. Priv. Luth. Op. T. vi. No. 26.*" Let us dispose of this last mode of quotation—according to its own nature and fashion—briefly. Of the reference above given, those who proffer it, well know that not one reader in a thousand could make use, if he would, or would take the trouble to verify it, if he could do so. While of those who profess to go deeper into the subject it is but charitable to assume that the great majority have gone on transcribing, each from some preceding authority, what they give us as the important document to which they are all so fond of referring, namely, Luther's own confession—his own original version of an affair in which he is so freely charged with being his own "lost and shameless self-accuser." That some one Romish disputant, aiming rather at triumph than truth, did go to the original, and thence made a glibbed transcript, is certain; for this is proved by the care with which Luther's narrative is invariably broken off, and his mouth closed at the very point where

he gives the key to his whole meaning, and furnishes the "*mot d'engue*," as it were, to the entire diabolic conference. This *suppressio veri*, this stifling of a witness's utterance just as he is about to tell "the truth, and the whole truth," might by possibility have happened without design in a single case; but when passing from one Romish authority to another I trace the very same in every instance, the utmost that clarity can do is to charge the suppression upon some transcript originally, and intentionally dishonest, which successive copyists may have followed in confidence. If we are to assume that each one who has professed to give Luther's own account of this affair went himself to the fountainhead for information, it would force us to the melancholy conclusion, that in all the ranks of Roman disputants there could not be found even one sufficiently truthful in purpose to say, "be this pestilent fellow what he may, he is entitled to be heard, and to speak for himself without interruption or curtailment." For the honour of humanity one would wish to find even one out of a whole array of polemics who could show thus practically that he valued fair dealing above victory.

We once thought we had hunted down this celebrated confession of Luther's to a hiding place, when in "Phillips's Life of Cardinal Pole," we found a reference to the subject, ending with, "the reader will find the passage *at length* in Appendix, No. 1." We turned with some curiosity to the place, but whether it was that the writer made his vaunting boast of quotation, presuming that no one would test it, or that when he came to quote, he found that a witness telling the whole truth would not sustain his statement; certain it is, that instead of the promised passage we discovered only the distorted summary, to which we have already referred, and which we subjoin in a note* in order that it may stand as the Romish statement of that case on which

* "Martin Luther wrote in the German language a Book on Private Masses and the Anointing of Priests," and prevailed on his friend Justus Jonas to translate it into Latin. It contains among other things an account of what passed between himself and the Spirit of Darkness on the Articles which make the subject of the work, and the arguments are set down by which the devil prevailed on him to renounce the Catholic doctrine on these heads. Luther represents his antagonist not only as a plausible sophister, but as an able disputant, justifies the strength of his reasoning, and partakes of the imaginary triumph over the faith of

we propose to enable all readers to form a dispassionate judgment.

Again finding "Audin's History of Luther and his Writings" much lauded for its candour and research, and Pillon's "Account of the Diabolic Conference,"† celebrated for having wrought the conversion of a Lutheran gentleman with arguments drawn from Luther's own statements, we procured both: but still with the same result of finding Luther silenced just at the point where he would have explained his own meaning, and confounded his calumniators.

We come to Bossuet, who, master as he was of the art of controversy, must have relied strangely upon the heedlessness of antagonists, when he could commit himself to the distorted and unfair statements which we are about to submit:

"I will not," says Bossuet, "expatiate on a matter so well known (as Luther's conference with Satan). it is enough to observe that God, in order to the confusion, or rather conversion of the enemies of his Church, has allowed Luther to fall into such judicial blindness as to avow not merely that he had been frequently tempted by the Devil,—for that had been a common case with many saints,—but what is peculiar to himself, that he had been converted by Satan's pains, and that the spirit of lies had been his instructor in one of the principal points of his reformation.

"In vain is it pretended that in this case the devil only argued with Luther to throw him into despair, by convincing him of his sin—for the dispute did not turn on this point at all. As soon as Luther appeared convinced, and left without a reply, the Evil One pressed him no further, and Luther believed that he had learned a truth of which he was previously ignorant. If this conference really took place, how dreadful to have

learned it from such a teacher. If Luther only imagined it, with what dark thoughts must his mind have been filled. If it was a pure invention of his own, of what a melancholy romance has he made himself the author."—Bossuet, "*History of Variations*."

This summary of Bossuet's is tricked out with all that "rhetorical artifice" of which he was so notoriously possessed. He describes Luther's emotion and terror ("La sueur! son tremblement"), "at the manifest apparition of the foul fiend," "at the sound of his voice of thunder" ("l'apparition manifeste du Diable, le son de son puissante voix!") but all this, and more of pure embellishment, may be put aside as the pure invention of a "glozing orator," who will be proved to stand committed to a triple dilemma similar to that to which he tries to reduce Luther; for if he read the treatise "*De Missa Privata*" through, and understood it, of what abominable perversion of truth has he been guilty! If he read without comprehending it, in what thorough illusion must the otherwise clear faculties of "the Eagle of Meaux" have been obscured! If he pretended to examine a treatise he never read at all, but borrowed at second-hand from some former corrupt copyist, to what a discreditable refutation has he left himself open.‡

From the unfairness of Luther's adversaries we turn to the indifference of friends, and find these contributing in no small measure to the wrong inflicted on the memory of the true-hearted reformer. "His own Justus Jonas," the friend, the "alter ego," to whom he intrusted the task of translating his treatise from the German original to Latin, was the first to give

the Church, which he ascribes to him, and then concludes that Christians were at length freed from these tenets and practices. He seems really possessed by that Spirit to whom he yields the victory, and through the whole narration, which cannot be read without horror, explodes the tenets, which the devil has disapproved, by the most scurrilous invectives and every kind of insult and mockery."—"*Op. Mar. Luth. t. vii., fol. 228, et seq. Edit. Wirtimbuga.*"—*Life of Pole, Appendix No. 1.*

* *Histoire des Ecrits et des Doctrines de Martin Luther, par. J. M. V. Audin. Tom. 2. Paris, 1845.*

† *La Conférence du Diable avec Luther Contre le Saint Sacrifice de la Messe. Paris, 1673.*

‡ Baunage, as slightly as truly, estimates Bossuet's treatment of this subject as less worthy an illustrious prelate than a young candidate for preferment looking for a benefice on the strength of a controversial tract. "J'avoue que la Conférence de Luther avec le Diable—relevé par un Prelat illustre—m'a sur-
pris. Ces reproches qu'on a mille fois repetés inutilement ne sont bons que pour le coup d'essai d'un jeune homme qui aspire aux benefices, et qui n'a point encore d'autres merites pour s'y elever, qui de faire quelque petit Traite de Controverse."

place to the accusers—when he might have cut the ground from under the feet of calumny had he but taken a little care to render exactly the very first passage of the work intrusted to him for translation. The mode of explanation or apology adopted by some Protestants, is a virtual abandoning of the case. "Luther (say they) said many queer things" he called Moses "a hangman," and the epistle of St. James, an "Epistle of Straw;"—he was long in a twilight state of transition from Popery, during which he put forth many sentiments not quite defensible—in short it seems a general impression that this "dealing with the Devil" will not bear handling, and that in fact, "the less said about it the better."

We propose to treat it quite differently. The flimsy apology of its belonging to Luther's "times of ignorance," when God and man went to wink at Luther's mistakes, is quite inapplicable. The treatise was not published either in its German or Latin dress, until long after the date of the Augsburg Diet and Confession (A.D. 1531-2), a period at which Luther's views upon that doctrine which he is affirmed to have there learned for the first time, must be supposed to have attained maturity, and the suggestion of "least and soonest mended" seems to recommend a mode of dealing with the charge most likely of all others to damage the Reformer's reputation.

"Martin Luther wrote in the German language a book on Private Masses and the Anointing of Priests, and prevailed on his friend Justus Jonas to translate it into Latin;" this is the statement of Pole's biographer, and is perfectly true, and the first step towards a just understanding of the case will be to consider the letter in which Luther asks his friend to perform this act of friendship towards him.

"From Dr. Martin Luther to Justus Jonas, his beloved in the Lord, grace and peace in Christ.

"My little treatise in German, concerning Unction and Papist Masses, as I learn from many, doth greatly offend

our thankless masters the Papists, as I must term them. Although this treatise was written by me more to strengthen our brethren than to annoy them—yet am I glad that they are offended, knowing that nothing irritates these people like the truth; wherefore it is evident that my treatise is true, since it is so unpalatable to these infamous and deplorable artificers of falsehood and calumny.

"You, dear Jonas, will do well to render into Latin this little tractate, so odious to the kingdom of Satan, but so much needed by our own brethren; your doing so will be the more useful, that it will encourage us to put forth more of the same kind.

"Farewell! but bear in mind my rule of translation which I have asked you to observe, namely, to render my sentiments with all freedom."

From the whole tenor of this note it is clear that Luther himself felt no misgiving of the foul perversion to which his treatise would be afterwards subjected. Luther obviously considered himself as primarily ministering to the support of the distressed consciences of brethren, by exhibiting to them in a revelation of his "own hour and power of darkness," a remarkable device of Satan, intended to drive him to "curse God and die," by inducing a conviction that in so long administering "Private Masses" he had committed an unpardonable sin.*

Had Justus Jonas acted on Luther's direction to "render his sentiments freely" otherwise than in what must at least be called a slovenly manner, a great part of the after perversion of Luther's meaning could never have had place—suppression might still have been practised—but Bossuet's phantasmagoric picture of Satan's frightful visage and terrible voice; Ulenburg's insinuation of the fiend's appearance in the guise of a "beautiful woman;" these and other figments offered for arguments to prove that Luther, who reports the conference, must have known whether Satan assailed him *personally*, in a vision, or in a dream, would all have been swept away together, had Jonas only translated more literally than freely this the opening passage of the work.

* Doctor Jermynius Weller being deeply plunged into melancholic fits and humours, Luther said unto him, "Be of good courage, you are not he alone that suffereth tribulation; I am also one, and have greater sins upon me than you and your father have, for I blasphemed my God fifteen years together, with celebrating that abominable idol the Mass."—*Collog. Mental.*

"Ich will an mir anheben und fur euch heiligen Väter eine kleine beichte thun: gebet mir eine gute Absolution die euch selbst nicht schädlich sey: Ich bin einmahl zu Mitternacht auferwacht so hing der Teufel mit mir in meinen Herzen ein solch disputacion, an wie er den mir gar manche nacht bitter und sauer genug machen kann."

Dom. M. Luther: Werte:

Von den Winkel Messe und Passenweyße.

An. 1533. Dec. vii.

It is only necessary to place the

LUTHER'S GERMAN.

"I will begin and make to you Holy Fathers one small confession; grant me a good absolution, which to yourselves will do no harm. I was once at midnight awakened, whereupon the Devil commenced with me in mine heart such a disputation as he can make sore and bitter enough, 'and did so for many nights.'"

JONAS'S VERSION.

"Ego, coram vobis, reverendis et sanctis Patribus—confessionem faciam, date mihi absolutionem bonam, quae vobis opto minime nocent. Contigit mihi semel sub mediam noctem expergisteri, ibi Satanas mecum cepit ejusmodi disputationem," &c.

The &c. of the above is Jonas's, and clearly acknowledges omitted matter of his original.

The second solution suggested by Bossuet for this remarkable confession of Luther's, namely, that it emanated from "illusions and dark thoughts with which his mind was filled," deserves a distinct notice for two reasons. first, that we may expose the uncanonically taken of Luther's mental or spiritual trials, as contrasted with the light in which hagiologists so often place the spiritual exercises of admired saints of the Church of Rome. For example, who has not read and viewed the exercises of St. Anthony set forth in all the force of language and power of painting. The Church of Rome does not denounce those representations which present the anchorite in his cave, with demons perched on every "coign of vantage," on the rocks around, hovering in air above, peering from the ground at his feet, some alluring, some terrifying, some disturbing, all trying the faith and constancy of their victim for the time. Now may we not fairly ask, why should that which was the glory of the recluse be the shame of the Reformer? And when we find the Reformer, in his distress, determining, "with repentant Peter, to betake him to Christ," is there less wisdom and Christian courage in Luther's resolve, than in the strange remedies to which, as we are told, holy men betook themselves in the extremities to which illusions of Satan could reduce them?

correct rendering of the above and Jonas's version together, to show how he has weakened its force, and by the omission of one important clause left his author's meaning doubtful; an omission of which watchful opponents have unscrupulously availed themselves to represent that mental conflict which Luther states to have been so bitter and unpalatable, as having been corporeal and audible.

But this reference to Luther's "illusions" and "dark thoughts" is worth attention for another reason, as giving occasion to introduce a solution of the whole affair offered by one peculiarly qualified to speculate on and trace the workings of a great mind, under the actings of such circumstances and influences as we know Luther to have been exposed to. We find the subject treated of in one of the Essays of that remarkable but little known work, "The Friend," of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, an extract from which, if it does not convince, will, we are sure, interest and gratify the reader.

Every known circumstance concurs to fix the scene of this remarkable diabolic conflict in that Castle of Wartzburg, to which, on his return from Worms, under a twenty-one-day safe conduct from the Emperor, Luther was, with a friendly violence, spirited away, and hidden there until the death of the Pontiff, whom he had braved and defied. It was in this retreat provided for him by the care of the Elector Frederic, that he engaged himself in the greatest of all his labours, "The German Version of the Bible;" and in the course of the engrossing work fell into that disordered habit of body to which men who give themselves to intensified thought, are so liable. Here we may not enter more minutely into that case of functional derangement, of which the details are given by Luther himself in his correspondence with Justus Jonas and Philip Melancthon, with a homely plainness utterly re-

pugnant to the fastidiousness of modern propriety, while, without connecting cause and effect, he also describes in truly affecting terms those mental sufferings and downcastings which physiologists have long since learned to refer to physical origin, and sometimes to trace to the extremities of melancholic madness, religious desperation, suicide, murder. Many a mistaken case has been wept over and wondered at in the world, in which a noble mind has been overthrown beyond the help of all moral treatment, when a timely visit to the *chemist's* might have averted a catastrophe incidental to neglect of those mysterious laws which regulate the action of mind and body on each other respectively. In Luther's case the effect of bodily disorder on his mental constitution was proportionate to the fervour of his temperament, and the giant grasp with which he held all subjects presenting themselves to his intellect. Those opinions on the nature of Satanic operation and influence which in common with the world around him he entertained, working through a disordered organization on the active fancy of the recluse in his enforced loneliness, would call up *spectra* before the vision, and cause aerial voices to sound in the tingling ear, and an ategoric hell and Satan to show themselves in the dogs and snarls of the hunting field, until . . . but instead of description of our own, let us accompany Coleridge to the Reformer's Patmos, where he, as all visitors, was shown the mark of the Reformer's inkstand, flung at the fiend's head, yet visible, as an indelible, and what the good Catholic considers a "damned spot" on the wall of the chamber; and then let us listen to this mighty master of words, while he rolls out as it were on a scroll before us the vision of the "Christian Hercules" (as he calls him), in one of the nightiest labours of his Aугean work of cleansing out "The Apostacy." He first describes

"A man of that irritable nervous system, so commonly resulting from deranged digestion in men of sedentary habits, who are, at the same time, profound thinkers, and affirms that this nervous irritability adding to and revivifying the impressions of early life, fostered by the theological systems of his manhood, is abundantly sufficient to explain all his apparitions and all his nightly combats with evil spirits."

Coleridge then proceeds to show us, in one of his powerful passages, this "great hearted man" occupying his enforced seclusion from the arena of theological conflict in that weighty work of biblical translation, by which he hoped to make the mysteries of the Hebrew text clear to "simple boor and humble artizan," and "to transfer in all their force and truth the oracles of God to the natural and living tongue of his countrymen." Truly, a high purpose.

Coleridge supposes Luther to be in the act of grappling with some obscure text—thick darkness lies on the meaning; he passes from Hebrew to Vulgate from Vulgate to Septuagint; and while from one he gets "words—and but words," he finds that into the other "the sly spirit of the apostacy has worked a phrase favouring some of those commandments of men," taught for doctrines perhaps "purgatory," perhaps "intercession of saints," or "efficacy of prayer for the dead," and ultimately the picture of the earnest atrabilious theologian, at sea for an interpretation, is worked up thus:—

"Disappointed, despondent, enraged, ceasing to think, yet continuing his brain on the stretch in solicitation for a thought, he sinks without perceiving it into a trance of slumber, during which his brain retains its waking energies, *excepting that what would have been mere thought before, the action and counterweight of his senses and their impressions being withdrawn, shape and condense themselves into things and realities*; reputedly half-awakened and his eyelids as often reclosing, the objects which really surround him form the place and scenery of his dream. All at once he sees the arch-fiend coming forth from the wall of the room, from the very spot perhaps on which his eye had been fixed vacantly during the perplexed moments of his former meditation, the inkstand which he had at the same time been using becomes associated with it, and in that struggle of rage, which in these demented dreams almost constantly precedes the helpless terror by the pain of which we are finally awakened, he imagines that he hurls it at the intruder, or not improbably in the first instant of his awakening, while yet his imagination and his eyes are possessed by the dream, he actually hurls it. Some weeks after, perhaps, during which interval he had often mused on the incident, undetermined whether to deem it a visitation of Satan to him, in the body or out of the body,

he discovers for the first time the dark spot on the wall, and receives it as a sign and pledge vouchsafed to him of the event having actually taken place."

Such is Coleridge's metaphysic solution of that one of Luther's satanic visitations for which he is most memorable. The midnight dialogue suits best the purpose of the crafty controversialist; but the ink-stain on the wall answers far better for the eccentric who shows the Castle of Wutzburg to the curious as demonstration strong as proof of Holy Writ of the Reformer's personal encounter with the fiend. As for Coleridge's view of the case, remembering the revelations we have of his own opinion-inspired dreams, and the mental conformation of the gifted author of that "psychological curiosity," *'Kubla Khan,'* no man of our age was more competent, either in his experiences or power of expression, to expound to us the philosophy of the dream-world, or the phantasmata of half-waking trances, so that this, his portraiture of the process of the mysterious and supersensual act of dreaming, has an interest of its own. Whether we receive it as an explanation of any or all Luther's encounters with the foul fiend or not, on one point no question can be raised, namely, that "the impressions of early life," "the theological systems of his manhood," "the influences of his age and country," we may add, "the nature of the conflict into which the soul of the great Reformer was thrown with all its energies," all these combined to give a substantive reality to the convictions entertained by Luther as to the nature of diabolic action, and the personal antagonism and assaults to which the sons of men were subject from the evil one. Luther's mission on earth had become, in his own assured conviction, "a daily wrestling," "a life-long conflict with spirits of wickedness under the leading of the prince of the power of the air." To

his apprehensions these encounters were no metaphorical exercises, but actual encounters with substantive entities—combatants distinct and personal as himself.

Let any one read the 35th chapter of the *"Colloquia Mensalia,"* entitled, "Of the Devil and his works," and whatever he may think of the puerility of Luther's conceptions of diabolic agency and action, he should recollect that they were the ideas of the time, and he must perceive own the earnestness in which the speaker in these colloquies received the notion of the actuality of satanic temptation in the form of direct and personal assault, and in doing so only acted according to the recognised ideas of his own age and of the ages before him. When St. Anthony described, and, from descriptions, painters actualized, those varied and terrible temptations, none either questioned the reality of those imagines of a brain wrought up by vigil, and fast, and moody musing into a state between somnambulism and insanity. When Catherine of Sienna, in half delirious extacy, imagined to herself an actual betrothal to our blessed Lord, a bestowing of a ring, and an exchange (not figurative, but actual) of His heart for her heart, and when she gave forth this mad reverie to the world, so far from offending against any recognised notions of the possible or the true, she was, and is*, regarded as a special favourite of heaven. But when Luther employs the same mode of expression to describe those "searchings of heart," those spiritual conflicts and wrestlings in which he seems to have been exercised more than most men, the ready lie of controversy represents him as engaged in personal intercourse with evil spirits of an unprecedented and unutterable kind; and the very boldness with which Luther throws his mental conflict into the shape of a dialogue with Satan is perverted into a proof of the indecent

* These "old wives' fables" are not "old stories" in the sense of being exploded superstitions. To refer again to Dr. Dixon's wondrous *"Life of Cornelius,"* we find "*Sua Sanctitas*" (the present Pope) granting, to the Presentation Nuns of Drogheda the privilege of "wearing the ring," gravely added, that "*it was very congruous they should wear the ring; that when our Divine Redeemer appeared to St. Catherine of Sienna to espouse her to Himself, He put a ring on her finger!*" Good Dr. Dixon, in a farewell audience with his Holiness, told him that "the Presentation Nuns in Ireland were most grateful to his Holiness for the concession of the ring." He smiled and made some observation to the effect that it was easy to make them grateful!

folly with which a man who had put himself to school to the devil, confessed both his teacher and doctrine to the world; and yet one would think the very grossness of the folly here attributed to one who (his enemies themselves being judges) was no fool! ought to suggest to the most credulous a misgiving that their blind guides must be leading them astray as to Luther's meaning.

But it is time to bring our witness into court, and at length afford him the permission accorded by Agrippa to Paul—"to speak for himself." Before doing so, however, a few preliminary remarks upon the style and form of this remarkable argument are necessary.

It would be as unjust as absurd to examine this piece of Luther's without taking into account the character of the writer's mind, and the modes of thought and expression of the age in which he produced it. To affirm that Luther's mind was cast in a robust, or, if men will call it so, a coarse mould, is but to say in other words, "that the man was made for the work," his Master gave him to do," and that as his day so his strength was. An able writer* says well of him—"If his indignant contumelies offended the gentle, the learned, the wise, they sustained the courage—they won the confidence of the multitude; the voice which commands in a tempest must battle with the roar of the elements." Luther's business was to stamp his views on men's perceptions in strong and indelible impressions. He who was to be the exponent of the mind of the age in a decisive protest against the corruptions of an *effeminate* and profligate system had a rough task to perform, and should neither be judged or measured in his mode of doing it by the rules of modern or even ancient refinement. When he avowed his determination to beard his foes in a council at Wittenburg, even though there were "as many devils in the town as there were tiles on the houses!" and to go through with his mission even though it were "to rain Duke Georges upon his head," no doubt such expressions "grated harshly on ears polite;" but these are the utterances which bespeak that stern

resolve of character qualifying him for his great mission. And those who look beneath the surface will see in such like expressions habitual to Luther all the fearlessness of a true man putting his statements into the strongest and most startling language; and in his disdain of rhetoric, announcing his purpose to master the convictions of men by homely sincerity rather than by courtier phraseology.

While we vindicate the Reformer's meaning, we must not hesitate to say, that the form into which he has thrown his argument seems, to say the least, scarcely judicious. The keenness and severity of his irony was probably lost on the coarser apprehensions of the age in which it appeared, while the calumniators of every age since have grasped at the pretext for representing the writer as having been literally "the devil's scholar" in his renunciation of "a capital article of the Catholic religion;" and while they thus adroitly send the calumny into circulation, they as systematically impede all further explanation or inquiry by alleging the confession of the fact by the accused.

But while we thus question Luther's judgment in having put his argument into this shape, it is but right to observe that he did nothing which in his day was peculiar or extraordinary. Allegory and veiled satire was the style of the time. To go no further for an example, the "Encomium Morie" of his great semi-antagonist, Erasmus, was a hyper-refined satire of much the same kind, the use of which its author justified by reference to many precedents of literary antiquity; and we may leave this branch of our subject with the remark that the same process of logic which, because of his satanic dialogue, makes Luther the Devil's pupil, must set down the witty and learned Erasmus as the eulogist of folly!—a conclusion which may safely be left to refute itself.

The treatise in which this celebrated dialogue between Luther and Satan occurs, is of some length, and contains much variety of argument; but the part with which we are concerned commences with that sarcastic confession to the Romish clergy in

* Sir J. Stephen—*Ecclesiastical Essays*, "Luther."

general, of which we have already given the German original, in order to show the foul advantage taken by opponents, of the omission of the key-word in the Latin version of Justus Jonas. When the German text was published is not clear, but the letter committing the translation of it to his friend, Justus Jonas, bears date in the year 1534. This document has been given and observed on already, and I now put in evidence the *unmutilated Latin* text of the celebrated conference itself, with a close translation such as may furnish those who cannot have access to the ponderous tomes of Reformation theology, with a refutation of a current controversial

slander. I venture to offer the subjoined as the first true and uncurtailed extract from an original, rather inaccessible to general readers, which has ever been given (as far as is ascertained) in the course of a succession of discussions on this subject; for while Luther's defenders have contented themselves with giving a general summary of his true meaning, his Romish accusers have either confined themselves to a show of reference which they knew could not easily be tested, or else enlarged into a show of quotation, which has *uniformly stopped short* just at the proper point of elucidation.

"De Missa Privata et Uctione Sacerdotum. Liber DOM. MARTINI LUTHERI, Germanico in Latinum translatus per JUSTUM JONAM. Anno, 1534.—*Luth. Op.* Tom. vii. p. 227.

"To you, reverend and holy fathers, I will make my confession. Grant me a full absolution, which will not, I hope, do you any great harm. Once on a time it happened to me to wake suddenly at midnight, whereupon Satan began to argue with me after this fashion—'Hark you,' quoth he, 'most learned Doctor Luther, you know that for fifteen years you celebrated private masses almost daily. What if these private masses had been so many horrid idolatries? What if the body and blood (of Christ) were not present, but that you were yourself adoring and proffering to the adoration of others, mere bread and wine?'

"To him I then made answer—'I am an anointed priest; I have had both unction and consecration from a bishop, and have officiated by the authority of, and in obedience to, my superior, why should I not have consecrated when I pronounced the words of Christ in all seriousness, and celebrated mass with full intention, as you (*Sathan*) know very well?'

"All this," retorted he, 'is true, but the Turks and Heathens, too, minister in their temples in obedience, and perform their sacred rites in all seriousness. The priests of Jeroboam, too, acted in all things against the true priests at Jerusalem, with a measure of zeal and earnestness—what if your orders were as false as the worship of the false priesthood of Turk or Samaritan is false and impious?'

"Here follow in detail arguments in proof of the folly and idolatry of the Mass, too long to insert here, but all tending to sustain *Sathan's* conclusion, that Dr. Luther, in having ministered in such a system for a long period had committed an unpardonable sin, which should send him to destroy himself with Judas, instead of repenting with Peter. The conclusion of the archfiend is this:—

"Ego coram vobis, reverendis et sanctis patribus, confessionem faciam, date mihi absolutionem bonam, que vobis opto quam minime noceat—contigit mihi semel sub mediana nocte, subito expergescere, tibi Sathan innoxium cepit ejusmodi disputationem. 'Audi inquit Luther Doctor perdocte, nosti etiam te quindocim annis celebrasse missas privatas pene quotidie,—quid si tales missae privatae, horrenda essent idolatria?' Quid si non adfuisset corpus et sanguis, sed tantum panem et vinum adorasses et alius adorandum proposuisses?"

"Cui ego respondi, sum unctus sacerdos, accepi unctionem et consecrationem ab episcopo, et haec omnia feci ex mandato, et obedientia majorum, quare, non consecrassem, cum verba Christi serio pronunciarim, et magno serio missas celebravi. Hoc nosti?"

"Hoc totum inquit est verum—sed Turcae et Gentiles, etiam faciunt in suis templis omnes ex obedientia, et serio sua sacra faciunt. Sacerdotes Hieroboam faciebant etiam omnia certo zelo et studio contra veros sacerdotes in Hierusalem, quid si tua ordinatio, etiam falsa esset, sicut Turcarum et Samaritanorum falsi sacerdotis falsus et impius cultus est?"

"When, therefore, you were a Mass-man, your unction from the bishop was to no other end than to act, through your private Masses, against the plain words and institution of Christ, contrary to the intention, belief, and creed of the Church, so that your unction is a most profane thing, having in it nothing sacred or holy; in fact, this unction is as ridiculous, and more vain and useless, than the baptism of a stone or of a dumb bell. Moreover," urged Sathan, "you have consecrated nothing, but, in heathen fashion, made oblation of bread and wine, and for base and blasphemous gain sold your work to Christians, doing service not to God, not to Christ, but to your own belly. *What kind of abomination, unheard of on earth or in heaven is this?*" This was the substance of the argument.

"Here the Holy Fathers will reply—here they will scoff, and say to me—'Are you that celebrated Doctor, and do not know how to answer the devil?'—don't you know that 'THE DEVIL IS A LIAR!'—Indeed? Many thanks to your worship for this agreeable consolation in this great perplexity—of course I could have known nothing all this while, of these three little words, '*the devil a liar*,' unless reminded of them by you, notable Theologians! Had I continued free from all temptings, a secure and smug Papist, such as Satan lets alone in the indulgence of their own lusts; then, too, would Satan have let me alone, and I show myself, like them, a Gyges, alert and brave against an enemy out of sight; but if you had to sustain the devil's assaults and audible arguments, you would soon change your note about the Church, and the ancient mode of receiving. Truly, I can see well enough, in David and the other Prophets, how grievously they had to contend, in those and similar conflicts, against the devil and his dreadful assaults. And Christ himself (though the sinless one), yet in our behalf in what tears and straits did he agonize in his conflicts against Sathan—for he presses fearfully upon the Spirit, and will not desist until repulsed by 'THE WORD OF GOD.' And truly I am persuaded that Empser, and Ecolampadius, and others, sunk suddenly under these dreadful attacks and perturbations; nor can the human soul endure this horrible and unutterable mode of attack, unless God himself be present to sustain it—for Satan, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, overshadows the whole soul with darkness and terror, and if he finds no

"Cum igitur missarius ad nihil aliud unctus sis ab episcopo, quam ad faciendum per missa privata, contra verba clara et institutionem Christi, contra mentem, fidem, et confessionem ecclesie, tunc prophanissima est, et nihil sancti nec sacri habet hæc unctio. Deinde vanior et inanius, et tam ridicula est hæc unctio, quam baptizatio saxi aut mutæ campanæ, etc. Atque ultra urst Satan, ergo non consecrasti, sed solum panem et vinum (ut Ethnici) oblatulisti, et per questum turpissimum ac blasphemum, Christianis opus tuum vendisti, serviens non Deo, non Christo, sed tuo ventri. Quæ est hæc inaudita abominatio in cælo et in terra?" *Hoc fere erat disputationis summa.*

"Hic respondebunt mihi Sanctissimi Patres—hic ridebant et dicebant—'Tu ne es Doctor ille celebris, et non nosti respondere diabolo—an ignoras "*diabolum esse mendacem*"?' Pappæ, vestro merito vobis gratias ingentes ago, pro tam suavi consolatione in re tantâ—his tribus voculis '*diabolus est mendax*'—ignorassem ego hæcenus, nisi monuistis vos eximii Theologotati.* Si Papista essem, omnium tentationum rudis, quem securum et sterentem, Satan negligeret ut ipsos negliget indulgentes suis cupiditatibus, cum tales Gyges essent, contra absentem hostem alacer et fortis—sed si vobis sustinendi essent, ictus diaboli et audendæ disputationis, non diu essetis cantilenam de Ecclesia, et veteris recepti more cantitaturi, equidem satis video in David et reliquis Prophetis, quam graviter luctentur, in his certaminibus, et similibus, contra Diabolum et horribilem impetum ejus. Et Christus ipse (quamvis sine peccato) propter nos in quantis lachrymnis, in quibus angustia, agonizat in his agonibus contra Satanam, *urget enim in immensum corda, nec desinit nisi repulsus Verbo Dei.* Et ego plane persuasus sum Empserum et Ecolampadium—et similes, his ictibus horribilibus et quassationibus, subito extinctos esse, nec enim humanum cor horrendum hunc et ineffabilem impetum nisi Deus ille adit perferre potest. Satan enim ictu oculi, repente totam mentem terroribus ac tenebris adobruit, et si nihil quam hominem incremem, et verbo non instructam invenit, quasi digitulo, totum evertit.

* This intensely diminutive term of derision seems intended to mark Luther's estimate of the theological abilities of his adversaries.

resistance, but from a poor, feeble human creature, wrought in God's Word, he overcomes him utterly with, as one may say, his little finger.

"But as to the devil's being a liar, truly his lies are not simple deceptions, but far more cunningly devised to deceive than human wit can invent. He commences in this wise—by laying hold of some solid incontrovertible truth, which he argues with such astuteness and craft, and he laquers over his lie so speciously, as to deceive even the most cautious. Thus, that reflection which smote the heart of Judas, '*I have betrayed the innocent blood*,' was a true one. This Judas could not deny—but herein consisted the lie—'*Therefore you are to despair of the grace of God*,' and yet this conjoined lie and reflection did the devil urge upon him so violently, that Judas could not resist it, but fell into desperation.

"Wherefore, good Master Papist, Satan tells no lie, when he accuses and urges upon a man the greatness of his sin, for thereto he hath two weighty and incontrovertible witnesses—God's law and our own conscience. I cannot deny that I have sinned—I cannot deny my sin to be great—I cannot deny that I am guilty of death and damnation.

"But *herein is Satan's lie*, when he further urges me to despair of mercy—even as CAIN, who said, '*My sin is more than I can bear*;' and against this lie it is, that in such a conflict we need divine and heavenly grace: and that either some brother (in Christ) be near to console us with the promises of grace from without, or else that in the heart within, the Holy Spirit (by means of our brother's exhortation) should raise, animate, and sustain the heart, so that a man may be able thus to resolve within himself—convicted by the law of God, I own, even before Satan himself, that I am a sinner, and, as Judas, a condemned one, but, *with Peter, I betake myself to Christ*, and look to his boundless merit and loving kindness, whereby he hath condemned all that horrible condemnation. *Out of Christ*, truly I should be subject to eternal death; but *inasmuch as I am in Christ*, trust in him, call on him, then is my very condemnation condemned, my guiltiness becomes guilty, and I can earnestly affirm this, that even though I be a sinner, yet am I holy and innocent in Christ. A sinner I may be in myself, and out of Christ; yet out of myself, and in Christ, holy, pure, and clean, because he hath blotted out my sins through his blood; concerning this, I doubt not; into this faith have I received baptism, absolution, and sacraments as the certain signs of the Divine

"*Verum quid hoc est—quod 'mendax ait.'* Sed ejus mendacia non sunt simplices artifices, sed longe callidiora et instructiora ad fallendum, quam humanus captus assequi possit. Ipse sic adoritur ut apprehendat aliquam solidam veritatem, quæ negari non potest, atque eam adeo callide et versute urget et acuit, et adeo speciose fucat suum mendacium, ut fallit vel cautissimum; Uti cogitatio illa quæ Judæ cor percussit vera erat—'*Tradidit sanguinem Justum*,' hoc Judas negare non potest—sed hoc erat mendacium—'*ergo est desperandum de gratiæ Dei*;' et tamen Diabolus hoc mendacium, hanc cogitationem tam violentè inst, ut Judas eam vincere non posse, sed desperavit.

"Proinde bone Frater Domine Papista, non mentitur Satan, quando accuset aut urget magnitudinem peccati, ibi enim habet duos convincibiles graves testes, legem Dei, et nostram propriam conscientiam; non possum negare me peccasse, non possum negare peccatum meum magnum esse, non possum negare quod reus sum mortis et damnationis.

"Sed *ibi mentitur Satan*, quando altro urget, ut disperam de gratiâ sicut CAIN dicebat '*magis est peccatum meum*,' et ibi tunc opus est, in tali agone, divino et celesti auxilio, ut vel frater adsit, qui te consoletur promissionibus gratiæ, foris—vel intus in Corde Spiritus Sanctus, per verbum fratris erigat et animet, et sustentat cor tuum, ut possis apud te sic statuere. Confessus quidem sum lege Dei convictus, coram Diabolo, me peccasse, me damnatum esse ut Judas, sed *verito me ad Christum cum Petro*, et respicio ejus immensum beneficium et meritum, a quo ille omnem horrendum damnationem damnavit. *Extra Christum* essem quidem reus mortis externæ, sed *qui sum in Christo, et in ipso credo, ipsum invoco*, tum jam mea damnatio est damnata, meus reus ipse reus—atque ibi constanter possum dicere. Etiam si sum peccator, tamen sum sanctus et innocens in Christo, Peccator quidem sum in meipso, *extra Christum*, sed sanctus, purus, mundus sum in Christo, quia ipse meum peccatum delivit per sanguinem suum—de hoc non dubito, in hoc accepi Baptisma, absolutionem, et sacramenta, ut sigilla ante Divinæ gratiæ."

The reader has now before him full materials for deciding on the truth and fairness of the charges brought, by a succession of accusers, against the author of the foregoing passage, which Bossuet calls "the famous discussion which he once had with the Angel of Darkness, and in which, compelled by the strength of his reasoning, he abolished the mass, which, if we are to believe himself, he celebrated with so much devotion for many years."* The reader will say, whether this be or be not a thorough perversion of the meaning of the whole passage. It cannot be said that Bossuet makes this statement unwittingly, for he seems thoroughly aware of the interpretation given on Luther's behalf to the whole transaction. Of his unworthy artistic trickery in alluding to the "Devil's shape, and air, and tones," as though a description of these formed part of the reality of the conference, we have spoken; and in the passage already quoted from his works it will be seen that he roundly affirms "that the dispute did not at all turn on the point as to whether Luther should not despair of mercy because of his long continuance in what he then held to be a deadly sin." Again, we say that we believe the English reader has now, for the first time, the full material for testing this dogmatic assertion of a controversialist as to his adversary's meaning. Bossuet doubtless calculated well as to the weight which his absolute dictum would carry with his readers of his own day, and in his Church in succeeding times; but we submit, that in any court of judgment where truth and fact can gain a hearing against sophistry and dogmatism, the plain, unadorned evidence of Luther, admitted to speak for itself, must put him down.

Nor must we omit a consideration suggested by the form of Luther's exposure of Satan's device; he shows clearly how the Evil One, laying hold of a solid truth, and glossing over his own lie therewith, tries to make men

swallow both. "You have sinned, therefore you should despair," is Satan's syllogism. Judas, swallowing the sophism, "went and hanged himself." Luther, overliving the hour and power of darkness, "distinguished the truth" that he was a sinner, from the appended fallacy, "*ergo desperandum est*," and with Peter (the Peter not of Rome, but of Scripture) "betook himself to Christ," and escaped the snare of the destroyer. Now, the devices of Satan are numberless: there are sophisms of disjunction as well as conjunction, and to discover a manifest delusion from its exposing correction is but a variety of the Satanic lie. It is well known how Holy Scripture is made to state atheism by disjoining the thing spoken from the speaker, in the "Fool's-heart Aphorism," "there is no God;" and it is thus that Luther is made to own Satanic tuition in a "capital doctrine," by divorcing his preliminary matter from the true and beautiful deduction, at which he had arrived, as the result of what may well be called a tremendous mental conflict with, at least, two of the great enemies of the soul,—a suggesting Satan, and an infirm "body of death."

From Luther's allusions to the frequency of Satan's assaults upon him Bossuet facetiously insinuates, that "to judge from the result of this conference we ought to believe that Luther had *learned* from the devil many other things besides the condemnation of the Mass;" and this taunt reminds us of a further view of this subject, without which the discussion of Luther's diabolic intercourses might be called incomplete: namely, that his assailants sometimes represent him as learning his theology from devils of different aspects and colours; "*nescio an albo vel nigro*," is an expression often boldly quoted from Luther's writings in proof of his reckless avowal that he had received a Satanic suggestion; but whether from "a white devil or a black" he was not certain. Again, referring to the uni-

* Bossuet sweeps away this flowing fallacy with a rough strength in the following passage:—"Ce prétendue conférence, elle ne roula point comme on pretend, sur l'abolition de la messe parce qu'elle étoit déjà faite. Le démon vouloit prouver à Luther qu'il étoit damné sans retour, puisqu'il avoit adoré le Sacrement pendant 18 Années. Mais (dit le Luther) Je me tourne comme St. Pierre vers Jesus Christ, &c."

versally prevailing impression of the age as to the nature and action of Satanic power, we shall find that a "plain tale," told by an unhindered witness will put this invention of calumny also to shame. A little research into the opinions then received will show that men in speculating beyond what is written on the glimpses of the invisible world given us in Scripture, had classified evil spirits, and given them names and attributes supposed to be significant of their various modes of deceptableness, among which not the least remarkable was that by which we are, in so many words, told in Scripture, that Satan is upon occasion "transformed into an angel of light."

No very elaborate examination of the Reformer's works, if made in the light of these prevalent opinions, shows his meaning in those perverted passages concerning the "black and white devil." Luther, in that diagram of the spiritual world and its warfare which he had constructed for himself, distinguishes the assaults and urgings of the Evil One into *open* and *disguised* temptations—into suggestions intended to lead men to brave and defy the monitions of conscience, and those which sought to make conscience a "*particeps criminis*," as it were,—the former mode of temptation he supposes the Evil One to practise in his *black* or undisguised appearance, the latter when he endued his *white* garb of innocence: in fact no words can explain this matter better than Luther's own quaint expressions:—

"The Devil carrieth two manner of shapes, forms, or vizards, wherein he disguiseth himself: either he transformeth himself into the shape of a serpent, thereby to affright and kill, or els into the form of a silly sheep to be and deceive; these (said Luther) are his two count colours."—*Colloquia Mensal*, c. 35.

With this clue no candid mind can miss the import of the following extracts from Luther's works, which are selected from many others as best condensing the justification of his meaning in passages of which controversial opponents have made such thoroughly dishonest use:

"No heretic," writes the Reformer

"offers himself as one in error, or as a devil. The Devil himself comes not as THE DEVIL, particularly THAT WHITE ONE,—in fact, the Black Devil himself, when urging man to open sin can prevail little against him (*operculum facit homini*).

"Satan does not like to show himself deformed and black in his ministrations, but contrariwise clean and white; and, that he may seem so, he arranges and dresses all his words in a show of truth, and of God's name: hence has originated that well-known German proverb, 'IN GOD'S NAME COMES ALL MISCHIEF.'

"Herein let us learn Satan's peculiar craft, that if by persecuting and destroying he cannot hurt us, he does this by correcting and edifying."—*Luther Op.* vol. iv. Latin edition. Jena, A.D. 1558.

I thus complete all this paper aims at—to afford materials for a judgment upon the truth or falsehood of a charge sedulously mystified and maintained against the memory of a great-hearted man. It will, I hope, be observed, that I endeavour to treat this rather as a point of literary inquiry than of theological controversy. Into the controversy I enter no further than to observe, that when we find the champions and advocates on one side of a question, in a long *catena*, carefully suppressing evidence on a particular point which they labour to establish for as much as it is worth, it is impossible to evade the presumption that truth does not lie with the party resorting to such artifices. A tricky advocate or prevaricating witness does not necessarily imply a bad cause; but a series of attempts to prevent the truth from coming out is scarcely consistent with an honest reliance upon the result of a full hearing "upon the merits;" and such a series of attempts may be traced in every work, whether historical or controversial, elaborate or trifling, in which we find the Roman authorities treating this subject. Let it be remembered that the question here is not whether Luther's doctrine be true, or his arguments convincing; but, whether Luther has ever had from his adversaries the fair construction and full hearing to which man is entitled from man.

POEMS BY JAMES ORTON.

LONDON had become insufferable; hot vapours hung over the city all day, and the moon and stars looked languid and tired of the sky all night. We dreamt of the tropics, and woke with the roar of the tiger in our ears. We sought shady places and read shady books, and feed every thing we ate; but it was all in vain. The fact was, we were determined to go to the sea coast; and so one happy day behold us on the beach, hammer in hand, for to salve our conscience, which half rebuked us for an idle fit, we mingled geology with pleasure. Certainly it was a change. Instead of the roar of carriage and hoof upon the strata viarum, we lent our rejoicing ear to the old sea as it sang its low song upon the pebbles. Instead of the deadly gray of the Serpentine, we looked out upon a clear expanse of rippling water, green where it closed upon the land, and further out melting into a glorious sunny azure till it struck upon the shores of France. Instead of a dull and weighty sunlight, the air was full of dancing waves of shining sun which shimmered in a breezy radiance on the white cliffs which rampart the freedom of our isle. Instead of labelled doors and grotesque chimneys, and all the sea of glowing houses, we looked upon the swelling slopes of the southern downs rising in grassy bluff on bluff, whence came at intervals the silver chiming of the sheep-bells and the song of chanticleer, and the loud barking of the watch-dog. There they rose, tier on tier, each an uplifted beach; and where of old the ocean broke in thunder, now the summer trees were murmuring, and the summer birds were singing, and the rivulet was rushing, and the corn was rippling in the soft breeze which blew freshly from the south over the merry sea.

Many a fossil had we laid open to the light that day with chisel and hammer; and as we spread our spoils upon a sunny rock, and lit our pipe to aid our dreaming, the new world faded before the vision of the old. Here was

a coral, and here a sponge hidden in its flint concretion. Here a sea urchin, with its spines rubbed off, and here a straight and polished belemnite, which had of old steadied an ancient cuttlefish. Here a pillared shell, which had served to float a nautilus, and here the vertebra of perhaps some fierce sea saurian. Here was the dorsal spine of a fish like the thornback of our seas, its sole defence, poor piscine mortal, against this monstrous tooth which, pointed, finely serrated and cruel, rested so harmlessly beside it now, though once lodged in the jaw of a gigantic shark thrice the size of our tropic tyrant. And as we mused on these evidences of ancient life, lo! they created for our inner sight the forms they belonged to, and the time they lived in. We saw the deep seas of the cetaceous period full of strange and vigorous existences. We watched the swift and cruel pursuit, and the headlong and terrified flight. We were told, as by a voice from those silent remains, not only of death, but of violent death; not only of quiet, but of fierce and predatory life; not only of aggression, but also of defence. We saw down into the depths of that vast sea, and beheld its coral towers and its groves of deep fronded seaweed, where the cuttlefish twisted its long arms, and a thousand thousand crustacea lived and died a million years ago.

And this is but of a picture of the mode in which an imaginative reader can create a life from a dead man's book, or can form an image of an unknown author's heart. Printing has peopled solitude. The dead are not dead. We still hang on the lips of Plato, and hear the honeyed speech of Sophocles. We still can frown with Juvenal, and smile with Ovid. The voice of Dante is not hushed, nor is the tongue of Shakespeare bound. We live and move among the pleasant souls of old. We sympathize with their joy and grief. We are touched with the same great nature and thrilled with the same devotion. They are our delicate society. We love them,

and from their books there rises then—for love is the penetrator—the distinct individualities of each. For books are fossil lives. As we sit in our library, and take down volume after volume, the pages open to us not on letters, but on lives. Broken sentences, quick parentheses, halfutterances, hide within them histories. A fierce sarcastic burst of bitterness, perhaps, in the centre of a scientific work, and we catch a glimpse of one who went through life like the ancient fish with spines, ever on the defence. A tender sentence of mild philanthropy followed by the declaration of a wholesome principle of equality, and we see into the heart of one of the sharks who glide so smoothly on their prey through this vast ocean of humanity. A dull, sensible, homelike book, and we watch the life of one of the crustacea of the race. In a thousand tiny lovelinesses—in a thousand false expressions—in a thousand low views of things—in a few grand and solemn principles told to the world with “voices whose sound is like the sea”—through scattered gleams of heart-life broken up through poems—we sit in our library and watch the race of human-kind pass by. We live with the Greek, and lodge with the Roman. We worship with the Persian on the old and orient plains, and muse with the Hindoo in the forests of the Ganges. We enter into modern life. We are at home in the salons of Paris, and we sit side by side with the glorious circle at Weimar. We traverse England from shore to shore, and are admitted silent guests to the household fire and the household joy. We step across the threshold of many a struggling and sorrow-silent heart, or chime in gladly with the song of faith and conquest.

So this little book of poems opens to our view the author's life.

A life not strange or eventful, but one deeply felt. A story common, and yet uncommon, from its being told by a curious nature. For though the circumstances which formed this life are every day repeated, yet to those who watch humanity, all human lives are wonderful from the mode in which the soul meets and influences circumstances. Unutterably strange and new for ever is each human life. Each leaf upon a branching oak appears the same to a careless eye, and

is subject to the same influences, but in itself is for ever distinct in form. Each ripple on a mountain stream seems identical with its pursuer, and is blown upwards by the same breeze, but in itself is for ever different; so each human soul, however touched by the same joys or sorrows, is infinitely unlike all others in its far recesses.

There is one poem in the book which, in a true imaginative spirit, discloses the progress and development of the author's life. It is entitled “The Three Palaces.” During a youth of loneliness he has devoted himself to the pursuits of the intellect, and followed the ambition of the mind till he seemed to have built a palace whose boundaries were lost in space.

MIND-BUILT.

“I built a palace vast,
Vast as the universe's outmost rim;
Where Wonder gazed aghast
On its huge portals, till his eyes grew dim.

“I built of crystal space
Its boundless dome, which widened on for
aye;
There was no resting place
For human sight to test its greatness by.”

And such is in youth the first tendency of the soul towards the illimitable. We aspire to the boundless for evermore, and man seeks to realize this desire which outreaches all the infinite of space in the dreams of intellect. But there is no satisfaction in this Mind-built Palace, for it ministers to but the third of our complex nature. Our author has seized this thought with truth.

“Light-sick art thou, my soul!
I see the endless whirling of my spheres,
Hear ceaseless music roll;
But deadly apathy her drowsy throne
uprears.

“Hence, pride-built pile—away!—
My voice falls dead within those depths
profound:
I yearn for woods where play
Rich shades and lights, where silent flowers
abound.

“O, for sweet human speech—
For dear love-whispers—round white arms'
caress—
Pride's peaks I may not reach,
But I may sound the depths of tenderness.”

And so the author starts to find his “heart-built palace;” but first the mind, worked at the expense of the heart and spirit, exacts its punishment, and doubt and despair of God arise

from the depths of the awakened soul.
His intellect becomes a chaos—

"Whilst monstrous thoughts swam by
And held me fast with eyes which would
not let me go."

But at last he awakes from his evil
sleep, and goes forth in the sunrise to
seek a human heart to love him, and
finding it in the valley, far from the
heights of pride and learning, he
builds a cottage-palace of the heart,
and finds that

"Grand architect is love;
The simplest art, as home, grows infinite,
Swells round, below, above,
Is kissed by morn, lies in the lap of night."

And so he reposes satisfied. But when
all seemed happiest, then, as of old, to
Jacob, Rachel is taken.

"And night came down when day had scarce
began."

Then through the treble darkness of
that mournful day, through the unmut-
terable blackness of that hour of loss,
God's hand came "soft and vibrating
with love," and led him who had
built life only on intellect and love
into the land of the true realities.

"And out upon the heights,
The Pisgah peaks of Faith, it led me on—
'Oh, valley of delights'
Oh, land of rest"—but lo, the land was gone.

"One glimpse—the dream was o'er.
But darkness fled—in Faith I saw the lands
Where strife is heard no more,
And storm lies stranded on the golden
sands."

And as the dream goes on—for thus
the struggle of those days of loss is
symbolized—he is brought to see that
the wife of his heart is not lost but gone
before. The same hand which had
smitten brings him where

"A tenderer lighted land
Stretched out its beauty in a mellow air."

"And down the perfumed shade,
Through gorgeous depths of flowers, and
tendrilled glooms,
In ecstasy I strayed
Till sweetest laughter shook the trellised
blooms."

"My guiding hand departed;
So through the latticed boughs I doubtful
crept,
And saw—all rapture hearted,
Where in the heavenly beam, my cottage
palace slept."

And there—through faith he found her
whom he had lost, and in spirit he
lived again a higher life with her, for

God gives us back what He has taken,
in a deeper manner, and with a more
perfect sympathy of union. Thus
was built the palace of faith.

"This is the palace vast,
Not made with hands, nor built with tear
or sigh:

This is the first and last,
For this is God's own home, and lit by
God's own eye.

So ends the poem, a very true and
thoughtful piece of song, and one in
which the mystery of many a life is
contained. For God saves the whole
man—mind, heart, and spirit. He
permits us to seek the whole of life
in the strife of the intellect, and then
allows loneliness to frighten, and
doubt to darken round the soul, and
so we are driven forth to seek satis-
faction in human love, and the heart
is trained to divine affection. But
this is not enough. The immortal
spirit remains, its thirst unslaked;
and so the palace of the heart is
smitten rudely; and through loss we
are led onwards to the Highest. For
these things—the joy of intellect,
wealth, prosperity, human love—are
but the scaffolding of life. We
think them the building. But
when the scaffolding falls, then we
find that God has been building all
the time the real palace of the spirit.
We discover that the agony of the
intellect, and the sweetness of human
love have not been lost; that through
doubt God has been strengthening
faith, and through love that He has
been deepening the power of loving.
Then when the spirit has found its
true home, we are surprised to see
intellect returning no longer as king,
but as a willing servant; and human
love winging her way back, no longer
to lure us along the ground, but to
assist our spirit in its flight to the
empyrean. We get back every thing
—only in a nobler fashion. It is not
loss, but glorious gain. Before, we
had used these gifts to please our-
selves, and so we lost them; now,
we accept them that we may bestow
their blessings upon God and others,
and in thus giving, we re-find them.
On ne retrouve que ce qu'on a donné.

These are the lessons which a
poem like this is qualified to teach,
and in this Mr. Orton has been a true
poet; and such as we have described
it from this poem is, we venture to
say, his life—a life which is fre-

quently touched on in its parts throughout this volume. For example, in the first poem, entitled, "Peace in the Vale," we meet again the same contrast between the heights of learning and imaginative love of nature, and the humbleness and love which adorn the valley. Here Mr. Orton describes his youth, and its aspirations after the beautiful and the intellectual, and touches with a very true perception the natural tendency of early life to pursue beauty for beauty's sake alone. It is the tendency of the age. We have escaped from gross materialism, from much of it at least, and now we are on the very point of being involved in the finer network of a delicate materialism. We begin, like Mr. Orton, by dreaming in the woods, and watching the loveliness of night and morning upon the mountains and the streams, till the witchery of all things steals into the throne of God in the spirit, and we lose the eternal beauty in the earthly. We end as the Greek ended—in sensualism:—

"Alas, that this should be"
That nature-worship should enchant our youth,
Till mirage-gleams sweep o'er the face of truth.
Till beauty's deity,
I'll quit the mountains—bow to grandeur's God;
Pride decks the mount—but peace the valley's sod."

And here, as regards this last verse, we have a quarrel with Mr. Orton. Was it from laziness, or the want of some critical friend that he was guilty of such an offensive line as this? "Till beauty's deity." No one can read it without being angry. So ruthlessly to behold the tiny affirmative copula "is" was unworthy of a peaceful grammarian who should respect it for its smallness. Mr. Orton should have recast the whole verse, rather than allow the existence of that which in the crowning couplet above all is a blot on the whole poem. But this is one of Mr. Orton's faults, whether it be cutting off a letter with an apostrophe, or contracting "I will" into "I'll" by one, or forming a genitive case by another, he is far too fond of that careless but useful superimposed comma.

Of the poems which mark Mr. Orton's hours of love and loss, the two addressed "To Julia" are won-

derful in their tenderness, and chastened in their beauty. It seems as if we heard the sweetness of his marriage bells, muffled into a deeper and more delicate sound by memory and sorrow.

In the second of these poems to Julia there are two lines which, however natural in feeling in the place that they occur, are yet worthy of note. They give a key to one great fault in the poems before us. We quote them:

"I ne'er believe that I shall see
Clut-e's face, if I behold not thee,
When grosser sense hath passed away,
Julia."

Occurring as they do in a poem written when the thought of the spiritual world was closely interwoven with the memory of his wife, we excuse them; otherwise such an elevation of the earthly over the heavenly is inadmissible; and not only inadmissible in a strict poetic sense, but even wrong. For it is a fault, when the seriousness of earth is raised to a level with the spirituality of heaven; when the beholding of the face of Christ is subordinated to the sight of one whom we have loved. It jars upon the reverence due to the Name of names. We believe, with Mr. Orton, that one of the deepest joys of the world to come will be the communion of spirits which have been united on earth; but we war with his mode of expressing it, which loses veneration in love, and in exaggeration passes the limits of poetry.

Of other poems written to express the feelings of those hours of loss, we would instance, as unaffectedly good, "The Doctor's Watch," and "Watchman, what of the Night?" Of others which represent the struggle of spirit to believe that God is love, when the very bitterness of a life bereavement struck its teeth into the heart: we are happy to be able to speak of "Peniel" as a proof that a religious poem may be poetical. Mr. Orton has grasped the meaning of that wondrous passage in Jacob's life, which has been so well realized in one of the sermons of the late Mr. Robertson of Brighton, and so beautifully sung in one of Mr. Wesley's hymns. For in all hours of loss the contest is, not to overcome grief, so much as to feel that God is love.

"Faith's Wrestling," which is a poem on the same subject, is not

worthy of the same praise. It recalls, unfortunately, the "Two Voices" of Tennyson, and the comparison which is forced on us is not to Mr. Orton's advantage. The fiend is not a subtle fiend, and neither he nor "the Soul" are poetical. On the other hand, the simple lyric called "Ascension Day," is a true poem, and we quote the following lines as a good specimen of what Mr. Orton can do:

"I see the jocund sunshine
In laughter lead the flowers!
In merry dance athwart the plains
Dear babes of April showers.

"Down lanes of flaming furze I hear
The birds in rapture singing;
In towns remote I hear the chime
Of all the church bells ringing."

The lines we have italicized are thoroughly true to the character of those wild green Irish lanes which we know and love so well. The two last lines again recall another poem of Mr. Orton's, which he has entitled "Old England's Sabbath Bells," and which written as he heard the chiming of Stoke-on-Trent, seems actually to partake of the mellifluous ringing and Sabbath cadence of those bells which send their sacred music into every orcharded cottage and grassy lane, and every pollarded river in that valley so opulent in quiet English beauty.

There is another class of poems in this book which almost altogether evades criticism. One thing they have especially—originality. They belong to Mr. Orton, and to no one else. Men on reading them are certain to say, "how strange!" We cannot exactly praise them, nor can we censure them. They belong to the man; and to change them, we should have to change the whole nature of the author. We quote the second stanza of one of these, entitled, "Pray, man, pray," and we leave our readers to form their own opinion. Those who dislike it will dislike it much, and those who like it will like it well.

"Come manhood—shorn of glory,
Care quencheth the flashes of youth,
And fled is the golden story,
Hope whispered—unknown to truth.
Hold fast! Thy God will hallow
Strong arms in the deadly fray;
Let fools look snaken and mallow,
But pray, man, pray,
Pray all the devils away."

We cannot say that there is much

poetry in this, but it is manly, and true to the author's own heart; and as such, among the crowd of pointless and sentimental poems with which our rushing press teems, is to be received with thankfulness. In the same original style, but far more poetical, is "Poor Purse," which has already appeared in the pages of this Magazine. It is a joyous, honourable, and fresh song, and reminds us, though quite distinct in character, of Lover's happy efforts.

To single out any of these poems as worthy of serious censure, seems harsh, but we cannot pass by the two whose titles are, "Ireland Past and Present," and "To certain Hibernian Ballad Writers," without the wish at least that Mr. Orton had thrown them into his waste-basket. Whether it be that the metre, which is most unrythmical, hampered him, or that the self-imposed necessity of making every verse end with such words as "industry," "futility," "passivity," choked the muse of poetry, we cannot tell, but there is scarcely a verse in the whole of "Ireland Past and Present" which we can read without our teeth being set on edge, and our sense of the poetical being violated. The lines addressed to "Certain Hibernian Ballad Writers" only touch on the worst features of Irish history; and the author, in depreciating the false spirit of the Young Ireland Poets, and in exalting the Saxon freedom and strength, seems to forget that much of the blood and bitterness, much of the rudeness and uncivilized character of the ancient Irish was due to the very government and spoliation of those Saxons whom he exalts. He seems to forget that we in ancient times repelled the Danes as nobly at Clontarf, as Harold did at the Humber. He seems to forget that Scotland was as bloody in its clanship, and as fierce in its chieftain feuds, as the old Milesians ever were, and that the reason that Scotland became civilized and Ireland embroiled was, that the former was legislated for as a part of England, while the latter was always treated as an alien and a conquered country. Ireland has had "real wrongs," though the wisest thing now is to bury the hatchet even of bitter words for ever.

Mr. Orton has a great power over words, and a great sense of the right word in the right place; and, because

he possesses this, we object to his going out of the English language to discover such adjectives as "sonical" and "edenic." We have read his former book, "The Enthusiast," and we can say with truth that this volume is in advance. His imagination has been reined in and brought to the *manège*. He has learnt to submit to the judgment of poetic choice the rush of images which suggest themselves to him, and the will of the poet rules the fancy. There is manliness

and hearty thinking throughout, and the man utters fearlessly what he believes. That very fearlessness produces often negligence and indifference both to polish and the opinion of the public; and this is the more to be regretted, as Mr. Orton shows himself thoroughly capable of mellifluous rhythm. His writing is almost always fresh, and his sorrow is not too importunate, while the poetry in which he has robed it does not expose but veils its sacredness.

ITALY AND THE FATHERLAND.

THE *Tablet* sums up the spiritual combatants in this holy war of Austria against France, as, on the one side—indulgences, Immaculate Conception, intercession of the Virgin, Mother of God, prayers for peace and the Holy See, on the other side, the Waldenses, church-robbing Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Lord Shaftesbury. That Providence fights on the side of strong battalions, was a maxim of the First Napoleon, which has not been disproved as yet in the campaign begun between the French and Austrians in North Italy. On Saturday, the 4th of June last, these ghostly aids to Austria, and *les gros bataillons* of Napoleon met at Magenta, and something like one of the incidents in one of the Homeric battles occurred, when Mars was wounded in the hand by a Grecian spear, and fled up to Olympus to get his wound dressed by Jove. The Virgin Mary was proclaimed in Vienna the "Patroness and Generalissimo of the Austrian armies," while on the same day and hour her forces were retreating over the Ticino, and leaving their dead and dying by thousands in the hands of the French at Magenta. There is a strange coincidence in these things which will set sceptical Roman Catholics and profane Protestants thinking why these Christian demigods that the *Tablet* so freely invokes to the side of Austria have fared no better than those of Homer. Trojans and Greeks fought as well without as with these heavenly allies; and so we suspect that Baron Hess (a Protestant, by-the-bye) and Marshal MacMahon (the descendant of an Irishman) will make more ac-

count of strong battalions than of all the Pope's artillery which the *Tablet* can launch at infidel France.

Still, the *Tablet* is not far wrong in calling it a war between Cavour and the Immaculate Conception. Lord Shaftesbury and the Bible Society are the ghostly allies of Sardinia as much as the intercession of the Virgin, and indulgences are of Austria.

It is a war of opinion almost, if not quite, as much as of arms; and men will range themselves on one side or the other, according as they incline to church-robbing Cavour or the Concordat--to Bible-spreading Shaftesbury or St. Peter's patrimony.

We do not blame the partizans of the Pope and Austria for taking their side and manfully supporting it. In a war of opinion there can be no neutrality. Englishmen may not be called to interfere in arms for either party; but it is impossible to be indifferent to the success of one side more than the other. Burdett's was starving between two bundles of hay would not equal the stupidity of him who cannot make up his mind whether to sympathize with the allies or Austria in the present campaign. So far from being astonished at the Brass Band in Ireland, or the *Tablet* in England, siding with Austria and against Italian independence, we consider it the natural, legitimate outcome of those who have no king but Pius, and no country but the patrimony of St. Peter. We thank the *Tablet* for so honestly taking its side, and telling Englishmen for which cause the treasures of the Church will be unlocked. We only give the *Tablet* what we ask for our-

selves, the credit of sincere partizanship.

But what shall we think of those journals that are Austrian in heart without the courage and honesty to be Austrian in lip as well? "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat in the fable." They have not the courage to proclaim themselves on the side of indulgences, Immaculate Conception, the Concordat, and Francis Joseph; but their secret sympathies lie on that side, and what they want in honest partizanship they make up in secret suborning of the opposite side, and in false witness against the French Emperor's motives and conduct. In free and Protestant England decency forbids the Devil's advocates to appear in wig and gown, and brief in hand, on the side of *civil and religious despotism*. It would spoil the cause of Austria thus openly to side with her; and this her advocates know well. Their part is, then, judiciously to palliate some of her late proceedings in Italy -- to call the Concordat a mistake, and to treat the Jesuits Jonah-like, and throw them overboard out of the ship of the *Times* into the whale's belly of the *Tablet*. But the grand stroke of Austrian advocacy is to open out in unmeasured abuse of France in general, and Napoleon III. in particular. Republicans and Royalists are invited to join in denouncing the enemy of Europe, the firebrand and assassin, who has set Italy in a blaze for his own wicked personal ends. He is the Polyphemus of Europe, who is dining on Italy to-day, and who intends to cook Germany to-morrow, and England the day after. Another artifice of the Austrian advocate is to work Germany and England to the proper punic state of a French invasion. The tetotum twaddle about 'Riflemen, form,' was a master stroke on the side of Austria. We only wonder this unknown T. (the Tyrtæus of the *Times* in one respect is like the lyrist of Greece—he is *blind*) did not propose an English invasion of France to check a French invasion of England. It is the old story of a cock and a bull, that to prevent the cock taking the bull by the horns, the bull should take the cock by the spurs. But it was not enough for France to invade England by sea, she must also invade Germany by land, and the Fatherland was

roused to a patriotic war and a campaign of 1813 over again. Alas, for the simplicity of our German cousins. The Austrian Kaiser goes to fight the French in Italy in "the name of God and the Fatherland;" it is a piece of absurdity, the same as if we invoked Schleswig Holstein during the Indian mutiny, because the Juts and Angles peopled Britain in the fifth century. The Silesians once claimed to be descendants of the prophet Elisha; and Pharamond, the first French king, was of the line and progeny of Pharaoh -- fancy France and Prussia going to war in the name of the king of Egypt and the prophet of Israel! Yet these ethnological fooleries have been palmed off on learned and simple Germany, and the long-haired Teutons of our day called to fight Austria's battles in Italy, because the long-bearded Longobardi possessed themselves of Lombardy about the time of Attila. Such serious trifling would be contemptible anywhere else but in Germany, where a great deal of learning and very little common sense are often found together. But it is the deep policy of Austria to embroil Germany with France, and to put down one nationality in the name of another. The German fatherland is roused to battle to trample down the Italian fatherland; nation is to rise up against nation, people against people—

"Man mounts on man, on camel camels
rush,
Hosts march on hosts, and nations nations
crush."

And all this that Francis Joseph may reign as despotically in Venice and Milan as in Vienna and Prague. It is bad enough to trample on the nationality of Italy, but to do it in the name of German nationality is to turn homicide into suicide.

If "the Everlasting has fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter," then to oppress the people of Italy in the name of the people of Germany, is a crime which Germany should never lend itself to. Once before Germany was thus duped, and she deserves her fate if she is duped a second time. She fought a war of liberation against the French, and having won her liberties allowed herself to be bandaged hand and foot by the holy alliances. We in England have learned at last the difference between a popular war and a cabinet war, and take good care that

the blood and treasure of England shall not be shed in any other than English interests. Prussia has so far the good sense to see that the Prussian people should not be summoned to arms except for Prussian interests; but the small cabinets of Germany have a different game to play. They are deeply pledged in the cause of absolutism; in the divine right of kings the petty courts of Munich, Dresden, and Hanover would willingly follow the lead of Vienna; and if the people of Germany are so simple as to march to enslave Italy in the name of the liberation of Germany, who can wonder if their kings make a catpaw of them for their own ends!

Nothing can be more statesmanlike than the following article from the *National Gazette* of Berlin, which we extract as indicating what the true policy of Germany should be during the present complications in Italy.

"Prussia has to choose the part which she has to play. On the one hand she was called upon to aid like a vassal in spreading Austrian influence over all the peninsula of Italy, and to seal the alliance between the Pope and the Emperor; that course would have been nothing less than completing the work undertaken nine years ago by the Congress of Brentz. But times are changed, and there was no reason to suppose that Prussia would accept such conditions. The second part was a passive neutrality like that of 1805. We have severely felt the disastrous effects of such a position, and in spite of the legitimate influence of the interest of peace we have felt bound to decline it. There remains a third mission, too ideal perhaps for any other state to undertake, and yet the easiest of all. Prussia may desire to assume the direction of a really German policy, conferring no direct advantage respecting and sparing the interests of individual states, but, nevertheless, closely uniting the whole nation, and directing its action towards those ends which may coincide with Austrian interests so far as the latter are at the same time German ones, but without in any way favouring reactionary and clerical influence. In the presence of these military governments it is the duty of Prussia to give such a direction to the present movement of the German nation as shall not lead to legitimist and ultramontane Quixotism, but shall prepare the triumph of these principles of justice and humanity which the relations of European States so much require. This last is the part which Prussia has chosen, and we trust

it will be performed with unflinching perseverance, especially towards those governments which may persist in their efforts to drag Prussia in the train of Austria, by resolutions of a majority of the diet and even to dispose of our military force."

There is yet hope that the Italian war may not grow into a European war, and that hope is grounded as much in the just and temperate conduct of Prussia as in any thing else. So long as the cabinet of Berlin act upon the liberal and enlightened policy of the present regent of Prussia there is hope for Europe. We have reason to congratulate Europe that Constitutionalism has at present the upper hand at Berlin, and that the High Church and absolute party, as represented by the *Kreuz Zeitung*, has been dismissed from power with the abdication of the doting James the First of Prussia. What mischief might have been already entailed on Europe if the Camarilla that ruled in the name of Frederick William IV. could have worked on his weak, sentimental nature to take up arms for Fatherland in the cause of Austrian absolutism in Italy? A second Holy Alliance, in which German nationality was to do the dirty work of Jesuit and absolute Austria, has flitted in vision before the majesty of Munich, Hanover, and Dresden. Reform or war is, in fact, the alternative before the petty despotism of Central Europe. Already the *Fleekers Lied*, the terrible Marseillaise of Germany, has been sung above a whisper; and even in Munich the middle and lower classes are beginning to murmur that war with France would be a Jesuit, not a people's war. It requires, then, no great sagacity to perceive why the enemies of constitutional government in Germany lean to Austria, and make common cause with her in her oppression of the Italian provinces.

To disarm liberalism in Germany, by stabbing to the heart liberty in Italy, was a stroke of policy worthy of the modern Machiavelli. It was a cool piece of audacity to call it a people's war. Such a trick would have been detected in England before the world was twenty-four hours older. My Lord Malmesbury may have wished to shuffle Reform aside, as the anonymous T. significantly hinted:—

"Let your reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts and take good aims;
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames;"

But public opinion is awake with us; the press is free; and if one or two leading journals are venal or stupid, there are several others ready and willing to tell the public so. But in Germany public opinion is torpid, and the most learned people in Europe are treated as schoolboys, and imposed upon by court lies and stratagems which a free press, if they had it, would indignantly expose. There was thus much danger that German simplicity would be befooled to play the game of absolute Austria; and even yet the danger is not passed away, if we may judge from the blustering tone of the petty courts of Germany that bark at France as little dogs do at a lion that is well and securely caged. We have reason, then, to be thankful that Constitutionalism is in the ascendant at Berlin; and have here another proof that the only hope for the future peace of Europe lies in representative government and popular institutions. So long as absolute and irresponsible rulers carry on the government on the principle, "Every thing for the people—nothing by them," wars of ambition will break out, and people will fight that kings may hold their own.

The cause of nationalities has been denounced in the *Times*, and M. Kossuth held up to ridicule for preaching a division of empire according to the division of languages, making the original confusion of tongues at Babel worse confounded. Now, we do not agree with M. Kossuth in his cry for nationalities, and we shall presently state our reasons for differing with him; but here we would ask is it not inconsistent in those who condemn nationalities to call on a nationality as such to arm on their side? Austria has done more to denationalize Europe than any of the other great Powers; her existence, in fact, is at stake on the *divide et impera* principle, and yet she calls the Fatherland to arm for her, as if she had never set Bohemians against Germans, Slaves against Croats, Hungarians against Italians. She uses, in fact, nationality as a convenient *corps de reserve*; and when she can rule no longer on the principle of balancing one against the other, she calls

on the stronger nationality to assist her in oppressing the weaker.

Writers in the *Times* either want the wit or the honesty to see the hypocrisy and dishonesty of Austria's conduct in this matter; and as sound political opinions circulate but slowly in England, and hardly at all in Germany, we hasten, while yet there is time, to remind our German cousins that Austria's nationalism is the wolf in the night-cap, and that Little Red Riding-hood had better keep out of her way. Constitutional Prussia and not absolute Austria, is the trustworthy champion and mouthpiece of the German fatherland. We have reason to be satisfied with the use of the word nationality in Berlin; we are only suspicious of the use of it in Vienna.

Now this poor abused word, Nationality, is the cry of a child in pain. Hungarian, Polish, and Italian exiles want something, they know not what, and for want of better knowledge of the difference between disease and its symptom, they call it Nationality. A sick child complains of a headache when the stomach is disordered, but no physician disregards the disease because the child is mistaken in the symptom.

M. Kossuth's mistake is this. He smarts under the evils of a despotic centralization, and he would attack the centralization in every form. Now, representative centralization we hold to be the greatest blessing, and a bureaucratic centralization the greatest curse a province or people can come under. Ireland and Italy are apposite instances: the one of the good, the other of the evils of centralization.

Sixty years ago we had a provincial legislature and a provincial executive in Ireland. At the same time municipal institutions and a local government had not died out in the Milanese, then, as now, under the House of Austria. Now mark how the fortunes of the two provinces have diverged during sixty years. The province belonging to the House of Hanover and the province belonging to the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine have tasted two opposite kinds of centralization, and the result is as follows:—

In Ireland, Pitt set to work by centralizing the legislature first. He

abolished a factious venal provincial parliament that governed the country in the interest of a caste or a clique, that was just dependent on the mother country so far as to maintain its own ascendancy, but not so dependent as to unite the two islands in one common interest. Pitt's centralization began in the right order. The legislature of the smaller island was not taken away, but annexed to the larger; and then, as a natural consequence, there has been a further centralization of the executive. The currency and custom in the two countries have been assimilated, useless offices in Dublin doing work in duplicate with offices in London have been abolished, and the general government of the two islands consolidated under one responsible head. Thus he abolished a double government in Ireland in the natural course of things, after the abolition of the worse anomaly of a double parliament; and yet, so far from the true nationality or right to self government of the Irish people being in the least abridged by that measure of centralization it has been greatly extended. Irish interests are better attended to in the British Parliament than ever they were in an Irish. The Irish members have only to wait on the Minister in a body, and state their grievance, and no Cabinet, however strong, dare slight them. An apparent loss of place and patronage is in reality a real gain. What Irishmen have been cut out of in Dublin, they have more than recovered their share of in London and throughout the empire; and now the honest Irishman, the true patriot, who is not trading on a grievance, but is desiring the good of Ireland, is he who declares for Imperialism, that honest, even-handed centralization, which takes from England her separate existence as much as from Ireland, and gives to Ireland her share of local institutions as well as to England. Irishmen have not all seen this as yet; but they are coming to understand it better every day. The cry for Repeal died out with O'Connell, who was known to have traded on it during the latter years of his life; and the Young Ireland party, who tried to decentralize Ireland more thoroughly than O'Connell ever proposed, were forced to take the

traitor's leap, and to end their political existence in a felon's dock. Since then the cry of provincialism of the mis-called national party has fallen into such general contempt, that their organ, the *Nation*, has not been worth prosecuting. Its Sepoyism and Ribandism have disgusted honest men alike of all parties, and laments about centralization have died out in the general prosperity of all classes of Irishmen. As a proof of this, a bank was founded, some fifteen years ago, when O'Connell headed the Repeal party, which was named the National Bank. Patriotic Irishmen, who would only wear Irish hats or hide their nakedness in Irish cloth, denounced centralization even in banking, and would circulate no paper but that in which an Irish maiden sat between a harp and a wolf-dog as supporters. Yet even this last stand for nationalism has failed us; for now we read of the National Bank establishing branches in London, and actually repealing its own repeal rules by countenancing centralization still further between England and Ireland. We have lost our nationality if we ever had one in Ireland; but we have got something much better—a constitutional government, in which every man is free to do what is *right* in his own eyes, but not *wrong*, too, as the Irishman once adited.

M. Kossuth must be a very unreasonable agitator if he would not willingly take such centralization as this for Italy and Hungary. If, instead of conciliations, which meant nothing, the Italian provinces of Austria had really tasted such independence and self-government as we in Ireland enjoy, our reputation for it, Francis Joseph would be as well received in Milan as Victoria in Dublin, should she grace our city with a third visit, as we hope she soon may. As for Mazzini, in a constitutional Italy, he would not be worth prosecuting. He would die of discontent or the spleen, as Smith O'Brien seems doomed to do, since he cannot rouse the British lion, or get the Phoenix dupes to sing "Riflemen, form!" to the tune of "Erin-go-bragh."

But centralization in Italy is a very different thing from centralization in Ireland. Here the executive has gone along with the legislative to the capital of the empire; the greater

took with it the less in its train. There the legislative has been suppressed altogether, and the executive taken away to a land of strangers. The bitterness of the captivity of Judah and Israel consisted chiefly in this, that the princes and honourable men were deported away, and the base and the common people only left in the land to sit under their own vine and fig-tree, indeed, but to see the increase thereof devoured by strangers. This was the centralization of the kings of Babylon and Nineveh. It was not the transplanting of a whole people, but of the heads of the people only, so that the peasantry deprived of their kings and nobles should be without leaders and unable to organize any rising *en masse* against their aggressors. Now Austrian centralization is the story of the captivity over again. The children of the captivity are the Manzonis, Collettas, Manninis—the men who have worn out their days in dungeons, like the Spielberg, or eaten the bitter bread of exiles in London. Wherever there was a leader of the people—a poet whose patriotic songs kept alive the feeling of independence, or a publicist who would not submit to the Austrian censorship, he was marked out for Austrian vengeance. Think of Tom Moore, for writing his melodies, sent to Bermuda, not to pocket a pleasant little sinecure, which he made a mess of after all, but to pick oakum or quarry stones; and we have the counterpart to Austria's conduct to the noblest minds in Italy for the last forty years. Her admirers of the English press applaud her administration in Italy. "Her taxation is a little oppressive, it is true, but the peasantry are well cared for; their material wants are attended to: and if a despotism, it is at least a parental one." A pig, if he were passing by, would give a grunt of approbation at this porcine philosophy. A pig (we are supposing the case of Toby, the learned pig, who is taught both to read and write and almost to think by an Austrian schoolmaster) is an eating animal, a drinking animal, and a sleeping animal; he wants a sty and a trough—bed and board men facetiously call it—but *voilà tout*. The parental or pig-driving government finds the peasant his bed and board; not to do so would be to sup-

pose the pig driver as stupid as his pig, and Austrian statesmen have not descended yet to the depths of stupidity which the miserable Ferdinand had reached in Naples, who almost preferred to starve his pigs than that any should grow into boars and use their tusks. We thank Austrian statesmen for attending to the material resources of Lombardy about as heartily as a Jewish exile would thank Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geslem the Arabian, for attending to the cultivation of vines and fig-trees in Palestine. It was Assyria's draw-farm, the men and cattle on it were stork that not even mad Cambyzes would think of injuring.

Till the despot can wield Circe's wand, and turn men, not in figure, but in fact, into swine, that system of government must work ill which withholds representative institutions, and does every thing for the people without allowing them a voice in their own affairs. The more perfect the machine of government, the more perfectly miserable the people will be. Centralization is thus a curse or a blessing according as it is connected or not with free institutions. And as the only cure for the false centralization of Austria, we would desire to see these nationalities called into existence which are now crushed into lifeless consistency by the governmental machine at Vienna.

To M. Kossuth's mind nationalities offer the only deliverance from the misery of absolute rule. He has not attended enough to the working of constitutional rule. Had he looked a little closer he would have seen that representative government, not the disintegration of peoples according to certain ethnological affinities, is the true remedy for those evils of despotism that we deplore in common with him. Not to refer again to our own country and the oft-quoted instance of Ireland, he would have seen another example of the same in Sardinia. Count Cavour is reported to have said that he had three Irelands to manage. Savoy, Genoa, and the island of Sardinia were all disaffected to the centralized constitutional Government of Turin. According to M. Kossuth he should have loosed these three disaffected nationalities from their alliance with Piedmont, and not forced on them the blessing of free

institutions which they were as yet unfit for. Count Cavour, on the contrary, has persevered in forcing centralization and self-government on these disaffected provinces, and, at last, has reaped his reward. Genoa and Savoy have subsided like Ireland into contented parts of one integral kingdom. Provincialism, mis-called nationality, is dying out every year; for the first time the Genoese have saluted Victor Emmanuel as *il nostro re*: and though the embers of past discontents smoulder still, all danger is over of their ever bursting into a flame. These provinces have got the equivalent for nationality—a share in the government of Turin, and a voice in their own affairs. Nothing less than this ought to content men; but this invariably will. There is only one cure for nationalities—constitutional government. The nationality cry is only dangerous to the peace of Europe because representative institutions are withheld. It is shortsighted in politicians of the *Times* school, who write in the interests of peace, not to discern that Mazzini and Francis Joseph are the counterpart the one of the other. It is a see-saw between absolutism and anarchy; and the greatest anarchy of the two is the oppressor who, by depriving them of their just rights causes them to clamour for impossibilities.

So far from centralized despoticisms becoming any check to the nationality movement, we find the two playing into each other's hands. It is Austria that is now rousing the German nationality for dynastic purposes of its own, and Russia in the same way has been coquetting with Pan-slavism. Neither despotism has any other object in view than its own aggrandizement, or scruples to use a popular cry to cover its real designs. These nationalities, then, are only dangerous because in the neighbourhood of despotic and centralized states. Weaken these despoticisms and you lessen the pretext for nationalities. Give people real liberty and they will not rush into the arms of a despot to get the counterfeit. Greece is a remarkable proof of this. The Russian court made a skilful use of Philhellenism so long as Greece was oppressed by Turkey. But now that Greece is becoming really independent, and no longer looks to Russia to back

her against Turkey, Philhellenism is out of favour at the Russian court. The Grand Duke Constantine has been lately at Jerusalem, and intriguing with the Syrian churches to ally themselves with the Slavonians, and to throw off the Greek National Church. They are taught to look to Moscow and not to Athens for the Patriarch of the East and the metropolis of the orthodox faith. Greek nationality is not so compliant as formerly; it must be replaced, therefore, by Slavonian.

The true barrier, then, to the encroachment of despotism is the erection of constitutional states as a *cordon militaire* around them.

It is as when a prairie is on fire behind you, the only way of escape is to set the prairie on fire all round you. You stop the conflagration by starving it out. So the encroachments of despotism are fed and fuelled by nationalities in a state of chronic discontent through misgovernment. Set these nationalities in a blaze of revolution for liberty and independence, and you do a double good: not only do you deliver them from their present oppressors, but you also stop the way to any foreign intervention for the time to come. Despotism, then, and nationalities are extremes, and when one prairie fire burns up the fuel of the other, then the ground is cleared for a constitutional government.

The Danubian provinces will thus, if respectably governed, be a barrier to Russian encroachment, as Greece already in a measure is. The instinct of self-preservation will keep these petty kingdoms in a state of watchful antagonism to their gigantic neighbour, as Belgium to France, and Switzerland to Austria. The independence of nations, said Sir James Mackintosh, is the end, and the balance of power the means. To destroy independent nations, in order to strengthen the balance of power, is the most extravagant sacrifice of the end to the means. And yet on this mistaken theory the treaty of Vienna was drawn up and has been adhered to ever since, till it has become one of the traditions of statesmanship. To extinguish the smaller states in one centralized absolutism has been the work English statesmen have lent themselves to. Alison, whose political ideas seem to have come to a stand-

still with Castlereagh and 1815, is possessed with a thought amounting almost to a monomania that Russian Absolutism and Red Republicanism are about to swallow up the East and West between them. The existence of Austria seems to him the only dead weight in Europe to keep the two from partitioning the world. He appears not to understand that despotism cannot counteract despotism, and that the oppression of nationalities by Austria only favours the designing patronage of nationalities by Russia. The leaden despotism of Austria, so far from protecting Galicia and Hungary from the Pan Slavism of Russian agents, actually favours it, as the misgovernment of Turkey was the strength of Philhellenism in the Danubian provinces and Greece. Independence, not despotism, is thus the natural check to Russian aggression. Austria is no barrier, but rather an incentive. Give Hungary a good constitutional king and diet, and Russian intrigues would fall into the same disfavour in Pesth as they are falling into at Athens.

To apply these conclusions to Italy. Let the Italian provinces shake off the yoke of Austria, and so far from falling an easy prey to French ascendancy, they will then resist French aggression as they now invite it. The Americans welcomed the French as deliverers, because their armed intervention paralysed the intervention of England; but Franklin, when sent as ambassador to Paris, would have scouted the thought that the States were to be henceforward the vassal of France. No more will Italy acknowledge her vassalage longer than it is necessary to set France off against Austria.

Italiani farò da sé is the deep resolve of the whole people, and they are not to be soon shaken from this by a fit of transient gratitude for French deliverance. If Napoleon has the designs so freely imputed to him, he will learn to his cost, one day or other, that people do not so willingly barter their independence; and that even the slave, who offered to bind himself to slavery to whoever would buy him off his present owner, would be held released from a contract which is void from its very nature.

On every account this strike for the independence of Italy is a mark of advance in Europe. There are few

for Austria. There are certain things about her which turn the stomach of any one but a practised dealer in human flesh. Her floggings of women at contract price in the open square of Milan—her Draco's code, with death the only penalty—her brigandage in the Sardinian provinces, which one correspondent of the *Times* admits and the other deutes under evasions which would be ludicrous if they were not immoral—these are ugly facts, which leave the Austrian partizan little to say for his client. But the grand unimpeachable argument on which the Alisonian intellect reposes, as Johnson reposed without proof on the existence of matter, is the balance of power. Austria must exist or else there will be no balance of power, as matter must exist or else that stone is not a stone. In both cases alike we answer that we do not see the necessity. A stone is a stone, matter or no matter; and Berkeley was not the fool people take him to be, as if he denied the stone's reality because he denied the hypothesis of matter. So with Austria and the balance of power. It is the balance of power makes Austria what she is, and not Austria preserves the balance of power; just as the stone proves the existence of matter, not the existence of matter the stone. The one is a reality, the other an hypothesis founded upon it, but erroneously supposed to underlie it. Take Austria out of the European system and the balance of power, or the instinct of self-preservation in states, will continue the same as before. It will, on the contrary, strengthen this instinct, for it will bring new communities now kept out of it into the European system. The kingdom of Italy and the kingdom of Hungary, so far from balancing off against Russian or French aggression, rather foster it, as we have shown above. When the unnatural federation of states making up the Austrian empire is dissolved, the parts will live by themselves. There will be one military monarchy less in Europe—one overshadowing despotism out of the way—one more asylum for freedom in Europe. Who would wish Belgium, and Greece, and Switzerland annexed to their great neighbours, France, Austria, Russia? Europe wants more, not fewer, of these small states. As it now stands, the arma-

ments of Austria call for the like armaments in France and Russia. The disabling of the one might furnish an excuse for the others disarming. What love have Englishmen to these military monarchies that we should wish to avert their downfall? We should rather wish these great images of gold, iron, brass, and clay to break up into their component elements, and not to stand erect as symbols of strength to oppress and hurt, but of weakness to promote what is good.

We do not of course predict that Italy will become at once great and prosperous so soon as the hated Austrians are driven over the frontier. Her emancipation from Austria is only one step in her regeneration, though an important one. Without this first step it is painfully evident from past experience her advance will never be made—but with this deliverance her real redemption will at once begin. Greece is only beginning at last to make good use of the independence she wrung from Turkey thirty years ago. Impatient sentimentalists, seeing no immediate result of their intervention, have despaired of the utility of all intervention in future. The *Times* has sneered at the Quixotism of delivering Italy, from the example of the ill success of the like experiment in Greece. But such sneers are uncalled for. Allowing for every drawback—the deep debasement of the people after centuries of oppression, a superstitious religion, and a sensual clergy, a court a nest of intrigue, and swarming with needy German adventurers, paid Russian spies, and trading Greek patriots; in spite of all these drawbacks, Greece has advanced more during thirty years of independence than in three hundred of slavery. And what is more remarkable, as her sense of independence increases, so Russian influence decreases. So long as her nationality was a struggle for life, the Russian protectorate was a necessity; but the more rooted the sense of Greek nationality becomes in Greece, the less she is led to look to her great Slavonic neighbour of the orthodox church for countenance and support. We augur the same results in Italy. Let French influence establish Italian nationality, the influence will decline as the nationality becomes strong and independent. It is only

oppressed nationalities that invite the intervention of powerful and ambitious neighbours. True nationality is rather a barrier to all intervention. It is the short-sighted policy of our statesmen who encourage French ambition, by leaving Italy weak and divided. So far from the Austrians keeping out France from Italy, they tempt her to interfere. It will be the beginning of the end of all foreign invasion of Italy when the Austrians are chased out, for the French will then have no excuse for their occupation of Italy—the bane and antidote will be banished together.

"Italia jura datur." Is this feasible? Can the seven states of Italy maintain a federal alliance among themselves like the United States or the Swiss Cantons? Will the one wall of nationality encircle the seven separate citadels as in early Rome?

"Septemque arces muro circumdedit uno?"

These are the questions anxiously asked both in and out of Italy. Some take for granted that union is impossible; that the States of Italy will fall out among themselves as soon as the pressure of Austria is withdrawn. Others in an opposite extreme declare that the sense of national union is now stronger in the Italian mind than that of provincial rivalry, and that Italy will become united because independent. It is too much to predict either perpetual union or disunion as the hereafter of Independent Italy. But the experiment is well worth a venture. She cannot at least be worse off than at present, even if (which we do not believe) Austrian oppression were only a chimera of Italian patriotism, not a severe and stern reality; still it would be intolerable to slight the feelings of twenty-five millions of people. We must allow for sentiment, even if it be only sentiment. It was sentiment that roused which roused Europe to the war of Greek liberation. Be it so; sentiment is then a force which it is foolish to leave out of calculation in the game of politics. The same force of sentiment is at work for the liberation of Italy; and however we may sneer at sentiment ourselves, if large masses of men act under little else than sentiment, we are blind not to calculate its force. The Crusades were undertaken in a burst of religious sentiment; they stirred the

depths of men's hearts as nothing before or since has done. An Italian crusade led on to the cry, *Iddio lo vuole*, may seem to us only vapouring sentiment, yet if it chases the Austrians out of Italy we may wonder at it, but cannot despise it. Now the French are a sentimental people, and we are not; practical is our cant-word, as sentiment is theirs. They call us a nation of shopkeepers, and we retaliate by calling them coxcombs. Our misunderstanding, then, on the Italian question, is not diplomatic merely—it goes down as deep as the difference of national character. Show an Englishman any reasonable prospect that the Italians will keep their liberties after winning them, and he will go in heart and soul with this war of liberation. Show a Frenchman, on the other hand, that it is a generous thing to aid the oppressed, and that France must march in the vanguard of glory and liberty, and French ardour is fired—the nation will march as one man to this war of Italian independence.

The loan made by the French Emperor the other day was the greatest financial *coup d'état* that the world ever heard of. In a few days the French people offered to lend their Emperor upwards of ninety millions of pounds sterling for an expensive and unprofitable foreign war. It baffles Englishmen's comprehension. We try to find cunning explanations of it, motives of self-interest, but they all fail us; we must fairly give it up. The French are not like us, a practical people. A nation of shopkeepers are not whistled out of their money to the tune of *Partant pour l'Italie*. But as there is a reason for every thing, so French sentiment is the true reason of this seemingly unreasonable proceeding. Hard-headed men make a great mistake when they judge the rest of mankind by themselves; and at bottom of all our suspicion of France there lies forgotten the true account of the whole difference between them and us upon the question of foreign intervention in Italy—that a practical people cannot understand a sentimental, or a sentimental a practical. It is like blind Faith and deaf Reason, the one all hearing and the other all sight, going through the world together, and confusing music and sunbeams, the colour red with the sound of a trumpet. So

French glory and English duty, French sentiment and English interest, are as a deaf man to a blind. We had better each act for ourselves; and if we cannot agree to act with our neighbour let us not persist in misunderstanding him by judging his conduct by our own.

A few weeks of war will do the work of months of negotiation to solve present complications in Italy. When the smoke of battle has rolled away, we shall see how the combatants stand, and whether Austria deserves our sympathy or not. At present we had better keep our heads cool as well as our powder dry, for a hot head is as bad a preparation for neutrality as wet powder itself. Now, our neutrality pledges are worth nothing if we prejudice the case against France. There will be a knot for diplomacy to untie as well as a knot for war to cut. With the Austrians in full retreat out of Italy, and the war (let us indulge the hope) speedily brought to an end, Congresses must settle the boundaries that commanders have blotted out. Italy will want two or three constitutional kings to fill vacant thrones. One King of Naples is dead, and a Duke of Tuscany fled, and Rome has a bishop waiting his *congé d'élire* to a sovereignty *in partibus* (King of Jerusalem and Pope of Rome would sound as well as the titular kingdoms of Cyprus joined to the Crown of Sardina). Europe will never allow France to play the part of king-maker over again—or Napoleon, the nephew, to follow his uncle's example in carving out appanages for his cousins and marshals from the territories of conquered Austria. If France would be king-maker England must be constitution-maker for Italy. It will thus be better for the interests of peace that we should set out on a good understanding with France. We can interfere with better grace if we do not begin by wantonly insulting France by suspicions of her honesty. Taking the liberation of Italy from Austria as a *fait accompli*, our next object is to see that Italians get the full benefit of that liberation, and that it is not a change of masters only from Austria to France. To do this, we must be neutral in the true sense of the word. The little states of Germany (*ces autres chéris* we may call them, to borrow a

French pen), may bark at France, as little dogs are wont to do when terribly frightened; but this would be undignified in a great power of Europe. Prussia scorns such ungenerous conduct. She knows well that should war break out, she, and not the petty states, will bear the real brunt of it. And her attitude is, therefore, one of dignified preparation; neither giving way to wild and cowardly suspicions, nor shutting her eyes to the danger of the war spreading from Italy to Germany. If Prussia can afford to act thus, much more may we. We have been the ally of France. We have, at least, as deep an interest in the liberation of Italy, and ought to be thankful that France has done for us what we have never seen our way to do by ourselves—get rid of the incubus of Austrian encroachments in Italy. Ever since 1815, and under cover of treaties drawn up in the interest of Austria, she has been en-

croaching on Italy. She has doctored her sick man as Nicholas doctored Turkey, and we looked on because our hands were tied by treaties that Austria kept in the letter only to break in the spirit. At last, the sick man has got Montalembert's *bain de vie*, and has started to his legs. Sardinia was the first to recover under constitutional rule copied from England, and the rest of Italy is calling out to be treated in the same way. It is hypocrisy to conceal that we are the propagandists, and not France. *There are English ideas now abroad in Italy, however the French sword may have been called in to enforce them.* We are throwing away our influence there by wasting sympathy on Austria. It is cruel to think that England should be so suspected by Italians, because a clique in London and "My Grandmother's Review, the British," believe in the Holy Alliance and Alison's History of Europe since the peace.

EVENTIDE.

Hesper, qui cælo lucet jucundior igne?

Who loves not eventide—

When great Hyperion, his long journey o'er,
Treads down the ocean wide,
Pours rich libations on the cloudy floor
From that gold chalice of Olympian wine
Which long ago he lent to Herakles divine?

A murmurous even-song

Sings the brown thrush ere he seeks his nest;
A carol loud and long
Utters the merry merle; the stained west
O'er vaults bright seas which, ere the world grow dim,
Bring to the listening shore a mighty vesper hymn.

Kneels down the weary child—

Weary of wild sport in the summer air—
Its red lips, undefiled,
Lisp forth the sweet and simple words of prayer:
Happy the dreams which hover o'er the rest
Of those young lambs who lie on Jesus' loving breast.

Then comes the mystic night,

Whose brow sublime is dinted by no scars—
Whose coronal of might
Is th' everlasting splendour of the stars:
Their royal march may no cessation know,
But ever in silent joy their glories come and go.

VOLUNTEERING—NEW AND OLD.

WHEN so much is being said and written on the subject of the present volunteer movement that it must soon be worn quite threadbare, it cannot be uninteresting to present a short selection of extracts from the songs, pamphlets, and addresses, which were published in the last days of volunteering fifty or sixty years ago. Many, we doubt not, will be astonished to find the matter was at least as earnestly taken up by our fathers as by ourselves, and that it was common to have volunteer regiments, which could, within a few days, undertake the ordinary duties of a regiment of the line.

There will, however, be two broad marks of distinction between the volunteering of then and now. First—That in the beginning of the century the object to be attained by every corps of volunteers was as near an approach as possible to the appearance of a regiment of regulars: stiff, formal, complicated drills and manoeuvres, were all that were attended to, the real use of arms of destruction being entirely neglected; whereas now perfection in the construction of the rifle and in the skill of its owner are considered everything, and drill nothing. And secondly, whereas formerly volunteer corps were uniformly modelled on the same plan, each an imitation of the other, now we seem likely to have every possible gradation, or degradation of dress, from Mr. Drummond's brave smock frocks, and Lord Elcho's "Nickerbockers," up to the smartest and spiciest *corps d'élite* which we are promised in London and elsewhere.

In our opinion, the Government would make a very great mistake if they did not encourage every man in the kingdom to volunteer in his own way, even supplying arms and ammunition to the roughest set of labourers who chose to join a corps of volunteers. Men have various tastes. Some would prefer being drilled and dressed like our regular regiments; others would dislike the drill, and prim-out clothes, and devote their whole attention to the rifle. But

both these classes would be useful as irregular troops in actual war, though each in a different way.

The "Address to the people of the British Isles," which will follow, is strangely applicable to the circumstances of the present moment. With the alteration of a couple of lines it might have appeared in the *Times* a week ago; and, as a historical parallel, a commodity just now so much in vogue, it is highly interesting. It is long, too, since the idea of volunteering, according to the prevailing acceptance of the term, has been seriously entertained by our military authorities, and acted upon by the public, and from the letters one reads in the daily papers, one would conclude most of the writers fancied they were the first men who ever thought upon the subject. Such of our friends as entertain this idea will be undeceived if they peruse the extracts which we place before them. They will find therein more sensible suggestions to those engaged in forming volunteer corps than any they have seen from recent Solons.

"PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH ISLES,

"Let none affect to despise the idea that we SHALL SHORTLY BE INVADED. Our foe has pledged himself to it. He is at this moment disengaged from every continental enemy; he is supported, he exists by warfare and plunder. Our naval victories have sufficiently taught him to despair of ever withstanding us on the watery element, and consequently the only possibility of any success rests in conveying his land forces on our shores; and that this is by no means impracticable is the opinion of the first military characters.

"Let us therefore make known to Frenchmen that whatever difference in political opinions may arise among ourselves, when our beloved country is menaced by invasion we WILL, AND HAVE RESOLVED ONE AND ALL to defend with bravery and vigour its honour, freedom, and independence."

"Death is the worst—a fate which all must try;

But for our country 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his children safe, his country free,

Entails a debt on all the grateful state,
His own brave friends shall glory in his
fate;

His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed,
And late posterity enjoy the deed."

"But let us pause and contemplate
for a moment what we have to defend.

"We have to defend from brutal
insult the British fair, whose unrivalled
beauty, so far from protecting
them, will add proportionably to their
misery. We have to defend (and transmit
unimpaired to our children) those
rights and liberties for which our ancestors
have so often bled, from time to
time, and even sacrificed their lives to
preserve to us.

"We have to defend and to maintain
such glorious privileges, as collectively,
no other nation on earth can boast of
possessing. We have a MAGNA CHARTA,
and a FREE PRESS; but, above all, our
glorious and invaluable constitution, the
admiration and the wonder of the world.

"What ardour will not the first consideration
alone inspire in the breasts of our
British youths? What hitherto unheard-
of prodigies of valour, what feats of
courage may we not expect in a CAUSE
SO TRULY GRAND—SO TRULY JUST."

"Rely on fate, whose outstretched hand
Shall still preserve thee from the hostile
steel

For scenes of future bliss. Think on the
day,

When, with a victor's emulation sworn,
Their arms shall clasp a mistress' throbbing
breast;

When tears of joy shall grace thy mother's
eye,

And rapturous smiles (to view a conquering
son)

Play on her aged brow! Oh, think,
And let the contemplation cheer thy heart."

"It is hoped and trusted, therefore,
that every individual, in proportion to
his means, will imitate the glorious
example of the merchants and others of
the city of London:—

"Those generous traders, who alike sustain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raise affliction's drooping
palm.

"A VOLUNTEER.

"Published by J. ASPETUE, 32, Cornhill.

"Price 1d., or 9d. the dozen.

"Nicholson, Printer, Clerkenwell."

As a sequel to this "address," we
give a verse or two from each of three
of the songs or ballads of the day.
Trifles of this kind help to make one
feel at home in any given year of history
with which one seeks to be acquainted.
Here are two verses from
a song, called the "Volunteer Boys,"

to the tune of "Let the toast pass,"
published in 1801:—

"Here's to the squire who goes to parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier;
"Here's to the merchant who fights for his
trade,

Whom danger increasing makes bolder;
Let mirth appear, union is here,
The toast that I give is the Brave
Volunteer.

"Here's to the lawyer who leaves the bar,
Hastens where honour doth lead, sir,
Changing the gown for the ensigns of war,
The cause of the country to plead, sir;
Freedom appears, ev'ry heart cheers,
That calls for a health to the Law
Volunteers," &c.

Then we find a Scotch one, published
at Glasgow, and called "Britain's
Contest." We give one verse:—

"The French say they are coming o'er,
To kill our king an' a' that;
They'll kiss our sweethearts and our wives,
And slay ourselves an' a' that—
And a' that, an' a' that;
But gin they come we'll crack their
crowns,
An' send them hame to claw that," &c.

And next comes "A poem on the
fashionable rite of consecrating military
colours, particularly those of the
brave volunteer bands":—

"Oh, forthwith repair to yon ground,
For many brave youths will be there,
To guard all the rights of the crown,
With sword and fuzee to a hair!

"Fine hats and rich plumes *militaire*,
Blue coats, red collars, all the rest,
From the head to the foot we appear
All gentlemen soldiers contest."

These doggerel rhymes can lay small
claim to scholarship, polish, or imagination;
but, at all events, they are patriotic,
and they have an interesting
look about them as one stumbles
upon them, pasted scrap-fashion, as
they are, into old books like ledgers
in the library of the British Museum.

We have lighted upon a very
amusing pamphlet, forty-seven pages
long, called on the title page "Four
Letters for the consideration of all
loyal Britons, and particularly for the
attention of all volunteers, showing
how Republicans act when in power,
and what underhand meanness they
are guilty of. By Bryan Blundell, of
Islington, Liverpool. Magna est veritas
et prevalebit."

These letters are highly instructive
at present. They carry us back sixty
years to show us the interior, as it

were, of an old regiment of volunteers. The story may be told, police-report-fashion, in a few words. On the 29th of September, 1798, a letter appeared in the *Sun* paper, casting reflections on "The First Battalion of Liverpool Independent Volunteers." In that letter these passages occur:—

"After being above eighteen months under arms, and since April last that you battalioned, you are yet without many appointments that other corps that have been under arms only three months are complete in; and, to your shame be it said, were you to be called before a general upon actual service, there is not an officer in the line that knows his station.

"Shall I, Volunteers, shew you only your defects, and not point out a remedy? You have but one in your power; and I know you to be men so loyal, that it only requires to be pointed out to be adopted. If you will present a petition to your gracious Sovereign, that he will be pleased to dismiss such republican officers" (as he had before alluded to) "and allow you to elect loyal ones instead, who will go hand in hand with your loyal colonel, my life upon it the business would be done," &c.

This letter was signed "A Loyal Volunteer;" but the editor of the *Sun*, on being applied to, gave up one Blundell's name as the writer. This brought the regiment about his ears, and hence these letters. At a meeting held by the regiment, "agreeable to notice," and presided over by the colonel, it was the unanimous opinion that the said letter was "*an infamous libel, consisting of the foulest calumny and the grossest falsehood*, and that the author of such an ungentlemanlike and atrocious production is unworthy of any longer remaining a member of the battalion."

But Blundell presented himself before the meeting and demanded to be heard.

"Col. Case.—'Sir, you cannot! Do you avow the letter?'"

"'I neither avow nor disavow the letter, but I beg to be heard.'"

"'But Col. Case again said, 'Sir, you cannot.'"

"'Col. Case, as the privilege of a Briton, I beg to be heard.'"

"'Sir, you cannot.'"

"Col. Case then said, 'Gentlemen, the author of this letter calls you all, he calls me disloyal.' He then proceeded to take the sense of the court or battalion, by saying—

"'Those gentlemen who are of opinion that the author of this publication, whoever he is, shall be, if found to be one of the corps, expelled with every mark of infamy and contempt, will shoulder arms; those who are not of that opinion, will remain as they are, (viz., with 'ordered arms' and 'bayonets fixed') 'It is optional.'"

"Upon the word being given, the whole, excepting about twenty in Capt. Bold's company, did 'shoulder.'"

When expelled, Blundell relates, in his account of the scene, "I again stepped forward, and said,"—

"'Col. Case, will you now hear me after you have condemned me?'"

"'Sir, I cannot say; I will consult the gentlemen. Gentlemen, what say you, shall we hear him?' (A general cry of 'hear, hear.')"

"'I then,' continues Blundell, 'stepped forward and attempted an apology for my attack upon the two majors, whom, though I mentioned no names, the cap fitted so well that they each put it on.'"

"Major Earle then said, 'Gentlemen, I am a loyal man, I am a man of property, I have a worthy wife and family, I am loyal.'"

"Major Birch said, 'Gentlemen, I claim it as the privilege, the birthright of a Briton, to think, to speak my sentiments freely on men and measures in this country. Good God, gentlemen! because I formerly thought differently of some leading characters in this country, am I, therefore, to be branded with the odious name of Republican? God forbid that ever this happy country should be a prey to the desolating system of Republican France. If ever an invasion of this happy country does take place, sincerely I hope we shall all go forward with manly hearts to meet the foe, crush him, or die at our posts.'"

"Then Blundell was hissed. Then he asked the seven captains whether it was not their jealousies which ruined the regiment, and he says they were afraid to hear him out on the subject. After a little while the Colonel said—

"'Do you avow the letter?'"

"'Sir, I do,' says Blundell.

"Then Mr. G. Crump, an officer, with his sword drawn, advanced from his station and gave Blundell 'the lie direct,' and most of the privates applauded the act; and, adds Blundell, 'he was not within reach of my bayonet, and that I might not be tempted to commit a rash action, I immediately unfixed my bayonet, and placed it in the scabbard.' And after some more details, he continues, 'I then went through the ranks, saying, God Al-

mighty bless you, gentlemen! and may you, for eighteen months to come, be the laughing-stock of all who see you." He was hissed and hooted, and when retired about ten yards, 'faced,' made them 'three of his best bows,' and said, 'Gentlemen, I thank you.' Major Earle called out, 'Drums, beat him off the field.' A private gentleman was the first to leave the ranks, seize a drum, and beat it; in a minute the drums struck up, when, marching to their time, I waved my hat three times over my head, but dared not to trust my voice to cheer them."

Thus Blundell was drummed out, and consoled himself by writing the letters from which we have condensed the above story. It may serve as a salutary warning. The same, or a similar scene might be enacted on many a parade ground in England within the next few months unless it is made a standing virtue of the volunteer of 1859 to exhibit constant good nature and forbearance, and to nip in the bud the first appearance of jealousy and backbiting amongst the members of his corps.

In another pamphlet by the same author, entitled "The Rise, Progress, and Proceedings of a Corps of Volunteers, showing how Thirty Republicans have endeavoured to make 500 gentlemen truly laughable," this first battalion of Liverpool Independent Volunteers is exhibited in a still more ludicrous light. Of their eight drummers seven had different uniforms. The facings of the companies were various. For a long time they had no adjutant, the captains in rotation acting as captains commandant for the day. Three of the companies were taught to fix and unfix bayonets with the right hand; the other four with the left; and each practised as they had been taught. In the same company some had long white pantaloons, whilst others had white stockings, white kerseymer breeches, and black half gaiters, and this was general throughout six out of the seven companies. The seventh company wore white pantaloons. The muskets, though of the same bore, were of various weights. The cartouch-boxes were equally varied, and many of them would not hold ball-cartridge. And this state of utter uselessness as a regiment was the result of petty bickerings and jealousies amongst its members.

There is an account, too, of a similar ill-feeling which existed amongst the officers of the first regiment of Tower Hamlets Volunteers. It is given in an address to the members of the corps by a Captain Fletcher, who dates his letters from Shadwell Dock. It is not worth while describing this gentleman's quarrel with his regiment. It is not by any means so amusing as was Mr. Bryan Blundell's. We hope, however, that our modern volunteers will prove less peppery amongst themselves than their fathers and grandfathers appear to have been.

"PLAN OF A FEMALE ASSOCIATION, COMPRISING THE LADIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM; BRITANNIA, PRESIDENTESS.

"We, the Consorts, Relicts, and Spinsters of this United Kingdom, whose names are intended to be underwritten, feeling ourselves justly indignant at the false and perfidious attempt of the Corsican Usurper, during a time of profound peace in sending troops of Female freebooters to this country, with characters as light as their arms and accoutrements, and with hostile intentions, prepared to open their breastworks for the invasion of our just rights, &c., have therefore entered into a voluntary association for the preservation of our said rights, &c., as we are convinced that in them are involved the good and safety of the constitution. And we do hereby engage ourselves to raise and arm our vassals for the service of his Majesty, King George, and him to defend with our tongues and hearts, our eyes, eyelashes, lips, dimples, and every other feature. . . . We do further promise and agree to annoy the enemy, whosoever he shall have the temerity to invade us, with all the flames, darts, and arrows with which nature has so liberally armed us. And we, the unmarried part of this Association, . . . are determined, in order to show the lukewarm and indifferent what they may expect, not to accept the hand of any man in a dance, nor lean upon his arm for support, who is not ready to use them in the defence of his king and country.

"Printed for J. Aspetoe, 32, Cornhill
"27th August, 1805."

There was likewise an "Address to the Women of England," which appeared in a paper of the time, called *The British Neptune*, in which was recommended the formation of a corps of ladies for objects similar to that served by Miss Nightingale and her fair assistants, in the T

the Crimean war. But by far the majority of the songs and addresses of these times refer to Buonaparte and the French. These it is unnecessary to reproduce just now.

To turn from the gay, frivolous, and amusing, to the grave *brochures* of that time—we proceed to make an extract from a pamphlet, entitled "A Dispassionate Inquiry into the best means of National Safety," by John Bowles, Esq. 1808. After inculcating the necessity of patience, constancy, and fortitude, he says:—

"But it behoves us to be aware that the cultivation of the above qualities requires a domestic struggle scarcely less arduous than that which we have to maintain with the common enemy; a struggle with those luxurious habits which have gotten such fast hold of us, and than which nothing can be more hostile to that discipline of ourselves which our actual situation so imperiously demands. There is something, however, in such habits, of so deceitful and captivating a nature, that the persons who are most subject to their influence are always the most unwilling to make an effort to throw them off. Although luxury has proved the severest scourge ever known to the human race—although its ravages have far exceeded those of famine, pestilence, and the sword—nothing is so difficult as to prevail on mankind to regard it as an enemy. It possesses such powers of fascination as entirely to stop the ears of its votaries against the warning voice of history, which proclaims aloud, in tones the most clear and emphatical, the destruction of state after state, and empire after empire, in its voracious gulph. It cannot, therefore, at any time, be unprofitable; and surely, at the present time it cannot be unreasonable to trace the operation of luxury in corrupting the morals of individuals, and in producing the ruin of states."

"... If such be the natural operation of luxury whenever it gains an ascendancy in the human mind, what must be its effects when it characterizes the manners of society? Its natural fascination is then increased, in an almost inconceivable degree, by the tyranny of fashion and the contagion of example. Instead of being liable to any restraint from the fear of shame it receives a new impulse from the dread of singularity. Desires which of themselves are but too difficult to be controlled, are then inflamed by sympathy. A spirit of emulation leads on to the most ruinous excesses. Frugality, temperance, regularity, nay, even decency itself, are laughed out of

countenance. A prevailing love of pleasure gradually swells into an universal rage for dissipation, and into an unbridled passion for public diversions, the immediate enjoyment of which stamps the national character with levity and frivolity. Amusement, instead of being resorted to as a recreation, becomes the chief occupation of life; and, whatever interrupts it is considered an unwelcome intruder. Nocturnal hours being most grateful to the feverish thirst of dissipation, are stolen from the rest to which nature had allotted them, and an arrangement of time takes place which is unfavourable alike to corporeal, to intellectual, and to moral vigour. . . .

Hence a people who are immersed in luxury are ever found to be corrupt and venal. They are always ready to sacrifice general interests to personal advantages. Their patriotic feelings are absorbed in sensual indulgences. They are willing to incur any danger rather than forego their accustomed gratifications. If it be their lot to enjoy civil freedom they soon render themselves incapable of retaining that inestimable privilege: in proportion as they are individually unable to govern themselves, they are, collectively, difficult to be governed by those who have the rule over them. Slaves to their own passions and appetites, they are impatient of every other kind of restraint, and becoming untractable, restless, fond of change, turbulent, factious, and seditious, they either plunge into anarchy, or oblige their government, for the sake of public order or for its own preservation, to assume despotic powers. . . . Breathing above all things the necessity of effort, and the pain of privation, instead of availing themselves promptly and efficaciously of the means of preservation which are still in their power, they seek to temporize and conciliate; but, far from averting, they thereby accelerate their ruin; and they speedily furnish another proof, in addition to the many with which the history of the world abounds, that luxury, by subjecting a people to the dominion of pleasure and the corruption of vice, prepares them to become an easy prey to the attacks of a foreign enemy.

"Though there are happily indisputable proofs that in this country we are far from being arrived at this deplorable state of effeminacy and imbecility, many of the symptoms above described indicate our approach toward such a state. The bent of the times is altogether to pleasure and dissipation. Voluptuous gratification and public amusements are the grand objects of general solicitude. Thanks to the manly character and qualities we have inherited from our less

the invigorating efforts we have been compelled to make for our own preservation, we are not yet enervated."

We have given the above rather long passage from this attractive pamphlet because, though published in 1806, every word of it is applicable to 1859.

There is another sensible essay in the same collection, published also in 1806. "A defence of the volunteer system, in opposition to Mr. Windham's idea of that force, with hints for its improvement." The author takes as his motto the following quotation from "Thompson's Military Memoirs": "The event of war generally depends on the superiority of talents in those who form and execute military plans. Here lies the strength of armies more than in their numbers or even their veteran discipline." His motto will indicate the writer's idea of what officers of volunteers should be. He says in the body of the treatise:—

"I consider the strongest argument urged against the possibility of the volunteers becoming good troops is the deficiency of their officers in military science, more particularly their commanding officers. This is certainly strong ground of objection, and has its rise in the very principles of the system; yet it is not without its remedy, and if that remedy were applied it would be the means of removing the greatest impediment to their progress, and probably all the prejudices against them. It is well known to all military men that in forming troops the great difficulty is not in teaching the privates but the officers their duty: and it is no less a maxim, that without confidence in their leaders men will not undertake enterprises of moment with that spirit which alone insures success. The truth of these observations the volunteer officers have themselves discovered; and their good sense will lead them instantly to adopt such regulations as shall be pointed out, calculated to remove those difficulties which at present lie in the way of their improvement.

"It must be observed that those corps of volunteers officered by young and active men are uniformly the best; and, in some instances within my observation, where a military spirit has been combined with these qualities, a degree of knowledge and talent has been displayed that would have placed in the background a great number of our regular field officers, whose lives have been passed in the service.

"To apply the pruning hook to this

exuberance (of old and inefficient officers) requires delicacy and caution; on the one hand not to give unnecessary offence to men whose only fault arises from their good intentions; and, on the other, to give that encouragement to merit, and the display of military talent, which may place the volunteers in a situation to acquire the entire confidence of the country. I should greatly rejoice to see this desirable end brought about by the officers themselves. I do not mean that they should quit the establishment altogether, for it must at all times be highly indebted to their support (these officers being men of rank in society); but that men of a certain age, who feel themselves unequal to the exertions of military fatigue, should become a sort of honorary members of the institution, encouraging the more youthful and active. With the judicious and candid such conduct must appear a very striking example of their judgment and liberality."

After suggesting that the General's inspections should be very strict, and "made upon honour," he proceeds, "The fulsome complimentary speeches of field officers, with 'cap in hand,' would no longer fill the columns of our newspapers. In their stead we should read that the Commander-in-Chief, in consequence of the report of General —, has been pleased to appoint such a gentleman Captain, or Major Commandant of such a corps; that the — corps has been placed by the same authority in class No. 1; or that the — corps has been ordered to remain in class No. 3 till further orders; or that the — corps, in consequence of an evident relaxation of discipline, &c., is ordered to be reduced to class 4, &c., &c. In short, the country would, by this means, be informed of the true state of its volunteers, who, on their part, would imbibe a spirited confidence in themselves which, in the hands of a General of experience, could not fail of being turned to the most beneficial account."

To prove that the volunteers would not be averse to such stringent regulations, he says, "They have ever shown the utmost anxiety to make themselves soldiers; have ever paid the greatest attention to the instructions given them to that end; and have, upon all occasions, been submissive and obedient. An enemy to the system might probably bring

Forward an instance or two to the contrary; but I appeal to the country whether their general conduct has not been highly meritorious."

Again, "The enthusiasm of the people in a moment of public excitement will soon subside; it is only by men of fixed views and foresight that the real danger of a country can be ascertained; and it is to their principles and exertions that every popular mode of arming must be indebted for its chief support. It is they who must keep alive its energy and direct its efforts."

It is strange how suitable many of the paragraphs in these papers are to our circumstances. For instance, after remarking "It is allowed on all hands that the volunteers are a fine body of men, and, if well officered, equal to any military undertaking," the pamphlet proceeds:—

"I believe few will be inclined to call in question the spirit and courage of the people of England. That they have every inducement to exert these qualities in defence of their country is felt by every one; and to qualify themselves for the arduous task is obviously their greatest desire. Here, then, are materials for the defence of a country, which, I believe, no other country can at present boast of. The disasters of other nations have been to us an awful lesson, which should teach us to avoid those rocks and quicksands on which their happiness and independence have been wrecked. Not a dreg, I hope, of revolutionary principle is now to be found among us. We are not, I trust, like the Swiss, divided in council, who, while hesitating about their neutrality, and while arguing on the expediency of defending their country, permitted the enemy to march into its very heart, and only called upon the spirit of the people when they had given up every natural and local advantage of situation, to expose it to certain destruction. We are not like Italy, separated by contending interests, and while one principality was defending itself against the common enemy, another, for the sake of gain, was furnishing that enemy with every necessary of war. Nor shall we, like his Holiness the Pope, admit a French army into our capital without a single effort to prevent it. We shall not, like the brave peasantry of the Tyrol, be abandoned by our leaders, left to beat the enemy without commanders, and to put an ineffectual stop to the progress of a victorious army. Nor do our Government possess that impolitic

jealousy and fear which prevent the Austrian from admitting the people to a share of its defence. Had a proper confidence been placed in the inhabitants of those countries, the battle of Austerlitz would probably at this moment have been unfought.

"Let not a War Minister of England, then, treat with levity a force of this nature. The volunteers of this country deserve other language than that of contempt. Let him rather give them that efficiency of which they are capable, and animate their zeal by honorary distinctions, which will cost him nothing, but which will have the most beneficial effects on them.

"The great stress that is generally laid upon having officers of the line to command volunteers, naturally leads one to inquire into the advantages to be derived from that source; and I believe, upon an impartial statement, they will be found to be much exaggerated. With most people the appellation of "*regular officer*" implies a perfect knowledge of all military duties, and capacity to explain and teach those duties to others. These qualifications, however, are not so generally possessed in the army as is imagined.

The routine of ordinary duties, I apprehend, is within the compass of every capacity, and that volunteer corps is in a bad state indeed, which could not undertake them in three days. But the superior qualities of activity and vigilance, a clear and extensive knowledge of field manoeuvres, a quickness in correcting mistakes, a decisive manner, the art of viewing a country with a military eye and discovering its capabilities, are to be discovered by practice only.

"We now come to the question of how far the volunteers are fit for severe service, so different from their general habits. If luxury and ease be allowed to enervate men, they will be found, upon inquiry, to have as few opportunities of operating upon this class of men as the army. I believe that two-thirds of the volunteers labour more, and are not better fed than the soldiers of the line." (Is this precisely the sort of volunteers it is proposed to raise in 1859?) "What, then, is to prevent them undergoing hardships and fatigues as well as the regulars? The duty of a soldier in the British Isles is barely exercise for him; and in most of our colonies it is little more.

"In what consist the hardships and privations of a soldier in England, I own, I am yet to learn. With double and, in some instances, treble the pay and allowances of most soldiers in Europe, with provisions sup-

plied him at a certain rate, however high the markets may be, and when sick attended with the utmost punctuality and care, he has every necessary comfort supplied him, and not unfrequently partakes of the luxuries of life. In regard to the officers of the line, however scanty their pay, I think it will be generally allowed that their manner of living betrays no want of money, and they contrive to possess every enjoyment such a country as England can bestow. They, therefore, can have no superior claim on the score of being inured to hardship and fatigue.

"How many volunteer corps have found their expectations disappointed who have had men whose lives were spent in the regular army enrolled amongst them, I will not pretend to determine; but I have been witness to many instances of this nature myself, and have heard of many more. Men of superior talent in any profession are extremely rare, and more so, perhaps, in the army than in any other, for there they have fewer opportunities of practising their duties." "In short, it is as preposterous to suppose a man is a good soldier because he has served a few years in the army, as that another shall be a complete statesman having sat a session or two in the House of Commons."

The following advice cannot fail to be useful to those engaged in forming volunteer corps:—

"And here I beg to drop a word of advice to volunteer officers—that they should pay particular attention to the appointment of their non-commissioned officers. Their chief recommendation should be a certain firmness of character, that will impel them to a performance of their duty through every obstacle. That want of steadiness, so apparent to a military eye, on the volunteer parades, is entirely owing to the want of this quality in the non-commissioned officers. If a corps appears steady on parade, credit is given to it for more cleverness than, perhaps, it possesses, as steadiness is considered the basis of military improvement. The way to gain this end is by a decisive and an impartial, firm conduct.

"There is another thing I would also strongly recommend to them (the officers), which is, at all times, to take an active part in the field with their corps. It has been too much the practice to leave the command in the hands of adjutants, sergeant-majors, &c., &c., while the officers have stood looking idly on. By this means the men have left their officers far behind in improvement,

when it should have been an undeviating maxim at the outset of the business to have grown up together. Commanding officers should incessantly practice, and insist upon the same from their subordinates; nor should a false shame of their deficiency at first deter them. If they feel at a loss let them ask questions, and let those who are deputed to instruct them be ready with prompt and clear answers. In this manner they will find themselves advancing, step by step, to a perfection they are little aware of. The fundamental principles of all military manoeuvres are extremely simple, and when they are well grounded in them, they will naturally aspire to higher flights. I have observed that teachers of volunteers are oftener more intent upon showing their own cleverness than that of the corps they are commanding. There is a sort of standing wit they acquire in the army which they cannot always restrain within due bounds. Let me advise all officers of volunteers, at the same time they make every use of their knowledge, never to suffer these people to be out of their places when under arms.

"The great misfortune attending the management of the volunteer system hitherto has arisen from the want of a due consideration of its nature and the adaptation of military regulation to time and circumstances. Military men, who have been accustomed to sit down at their ease and issue their orders, and have them executed on the instant, have no idea of a force whose convenience is to be consulted, and who, before they take up the musket, must, by their dilly industry, secure the support of themselves and families; they have no conception of a divided duty; but, having all their own wants provided for, they forget the consideration that is due to others. When the exigency of the moment required great exertion, the volunteers gave up cheerfully a considerable portion of their time to military exercises; but, when the hour of immediate danger was past, and they had assumed a regular shape, and acquired a certain expertness in the use of their arms, it was reasonably to be hoped that some plan would have been adopted that should have combined their improvement as soldiers with their convenience as citizens. But this does not appear to have been done.

"I have observed there is a point of knowledge beyond which volunteers appear not to advance. This circumstance deserves the mature consideration of those who have the direction of this branch of our defence. It arises partly from the majority of volunteer officers being unfit for their situations,

and partly from the neglect of the inspecting field officers.

"I hope to see the men taught all the duties of light troops, and to be made to understand the manner of annoying an enemy, in small parties, in an enclosed country, as well as to act with steadiness and correctness in extended lines and deep columns; to see the officers have opportunities of exercising their activity and judgment in all the leading points of real service; to see a proper attention paid to the equipment and internal management of the corps; that they might be ready on all occasions to take the field provided with every article necessary to the performance of their duty, and to the preservation of their health.

"It is in the power of Government to accomplish all these points. Let them issue a clear and concise plan of what is expected from volunteers. Let them enumerate not only the quality of the men, but the nature of their equipments, and the degree of knowledge and discipline to be attained. Let these qualifications be divided into classes, and each class have its appropriate duty in a scale of importance. Let each corps be placed in that class to which its merits entitle it. And if it should appear that any one is unfit to rank on the lowest class, and do not speedily qualify itself for such a situation, let it be civilly dismissed and others augmented, or afresh corps formed in its place."

This was volunteering in earnest, and the above was really sound counsel. It should always be borne in mind that we volunteer mainly for the purpose of deterring an enemy from putting his foot upon our shores. Supposing any enemy to meditate the invasion of England, he would be perfectly acquainted with the precise value of our volunteers; and if he knew that most of them could be huddled together and butchered like sheep, he would have no dread of them whatever. He would know that they would be more an impediment than an assistance to our own army. Therefore the above extract is well worthy the consideration of our authorities. They should know the precise equipment and state of proficiency in manoeuvring and rifle practice of every volunteer corps in the kingdom, so that they might, in case their real services were required, be put, severally, to the duties they were best calculated to perform.

We believe that it would be a grand mistake to endeavour to mould every

volunteer corps in the kingdom after the same pattern. True, the excellence of the British regular army consists, amongst other things, in the similarity and equableness, so to speak, of its battalions, which makes one regiment as good as another. But it has taken generations of the working of a regimental system peculiarly our own to effect this object amongst our regulars. It would, however, be utterly impossible to attain the same end with volunteers, especially British volunteers, called as they are from so many different classes of society, and localised in groups, surrounded respectively by such varying circumstances. Besides, even were it possible, it would be unwise to assimilate all our volunteer corps to the same standard, whether that standard be a regiment of the line, or one composed of Mr. Drummond's smock-frocks. The Victoria rifles, for instance, are formed in a manner suited to well-to-do metropolitan volunteers, Mr. Drummond's plan would answer admirably for village tradesmen and their neighbours; but there are many other classes of society who reside in many parts of the country whose circumstances are wholly different from those of either of the above-mentioned types of volunteers.

Nor would the diversity of equipments and styles of fighting tell against an army of volunteers, taken as a whole. Quite the reverse. Nothing is more puzzling or more disheartening to a regular army than to be engaged day after day, hour after hour, with a foe motley in uniform, fitful and varied in tactics. They never know whom they have beaten, or from whom they received the last repulse. They can calculate on the powers of no body of men they see before them, and war becomes a maze. We should not wonder, either, if supposing each volunteer corps took a wide licence from the established fashion of clothing and equipment, and devoted some thought and common sense to a consideration of the matter, that long standing difficulty, of finding a handsome, martial, and serviceable dress and mode of wearing arms suited to the British soldier of the nineteenth century, were at last solved. There would, at all events, be no meshwork of red tape to impede the well-meant effort.

The opinion of this volunteer of 1806 on the matter of weekly drills seems rather different from that held by our modern volunteers. He says:

"I consider the manner of drilling men for an hour or two once a-week, or a fortnight, as calculated to do them no good. These I call *useless drill days*. A corps that will apply to the exercise a week successively may be taught more than at fifty—a hundred such drills. A man no sooner begins to feel his arms, and to fit himself to the military attitude, than it is time to dismiss him; and thus he goes on from month to month without making any progress beyond the parade business. It is astonishing how fast a corps may be brought forward in a few successive days; and I am assured there are few men that would not prefer that mode of training to the present."

And on another subject of importance he makes the following shrewd remarks:—

"Much unnecessary trouble has been given hitherto to the Commander-in-Chief relative to the volunteers. The orders issued from his office to the army are uniform, and when adapted to one instance answer the purpose of the whole. Not so the volunteers. An order may be very judicious and well calculated for the purpose in one county, which will be extremely inconvenient and ill-adapted for another. It has been too much the practice in issuing orders and making regulations for the volunteer system to take those of London for a model. Great inconvenience has arisen from this practice."

Passing over some pages, we come upon a discussion of the relative values of volunteer and regular troops:

"It has been the custom," says our author, "of those writers who have intended to depreciate the value of the volunteers, to adduce instances from history of the inefficiency of raw troops to contend with veterans; but these illustrations have seldom given much strength to their argument, as, upon inspection, they will be found to bear but little analogy to the political feelings and military situation of this country. . . . It would not, however, be very difficult to select other examples from the history of any age, of troops, inferior to our volunteers, who have honourably distinguished themselves against old and highly disciplined soldiers. But who need the history of the American war, and the French revolution, in our times, (1806) can want conviction on this head?"

"In estimating our means of defence; a strange infatuation seems to have laid hold of some men's minds, that, as one battle has decided the fate of nations on the Continent, so it must necessarily do ours. The brilliant actions of Buonaparte seem to have dazzled and confounded their imaginations. A battle of Marengo or of Austerlitz may put an end to a Continental war, or to the independence of a nation solely relying upon a standing army, but never can conquer a country like England, constitutionally defended. . . .

In a country defended by the voluntary efforts of its own children, under judicious guidance, every inch of ground gained by an enemy, will prove to him a sanguinary conquest. That general should be considered as guilty of little less than treason, who suffered an enemy on English soil, an hour's repose, by night or day, till he was conquered. The fresh troops that would every moment flock to his standard would enable him to undertake hourly enterprises. A war of this description would necessarily have a speedy termination. An enemy thus incessantly harassed, when it became judicious to attack him on all points, must fall an easy prey."

"A well regulated volunteer system would present a bulwark from the centre to the extremities of the kingdom, ever watching for an opportunity to display its zeal and courage. England and Scotland would have two huge columns of men, armed in their defence, stretching from Portsmouth to the shores of Sutherland; the one facing east, the other west; and while the front of these columns were sustaining the first onset, the rear, consisting of fresh troops, would arrive in endless succession to support the attack and secure the victory."

"In forming a plan for the defence of the country, the worst possible circumstances that can happen should be provided against. With us the confidence placed in our navy should be put entirely out of the question, and we should be prepared for the attack of an enemy, as if no such formidable opposition to him existed. There should be no check upon the exertions of our fleets; they should be ready, if necessary, to quit our shores to a ship, without fear of the consequences. It is by no means impossible but that such a thing may eventually be requisite. We live in an age eventful beyond all comparison; and who can pretend to prescribe limits to political necessity. Let not any statesman therefore say the defence of the country is complete till he can bring it to this pitch."

"The question is not now whether we shall become a military nation—that is already decided."

what sort of a military nation? Whether we shall encumber ourselves with, and entail on posterity, an enormous growing expense, the natural consequence of an overgrown military establishment; or whether the same end shall be accomplished by the voluntary efforts of the people, under a plain systematic form, conducted at a comparatively trifling charge, and which, when the country shall be no longer in need of their services, it is in the power of the legislature to extinguish in an instant. . . .

"The people of England can never stoop to oppression and slavery, the effects of a successful invasion. The inhabitants of most other countries may be able tamely to bear the galling yoke, for

their necks are already partly accustomed to it. But Englishmen must be free, or they will be nothing; and to reduce them to nothing is not only the first wish of the Emperor of France" (that was Napoleon the First, the reader must remember,) "but of the whole French nation" (of that day.)

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GEORGE VILLIERS, FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

AT HOME

THE very name of Villiers calls up a host of courtly scenes to one's fancy, and seems coupled, inevitably, with aristocracy in old times, and with rank, fashion, and beauty in these our own days. For whilst many an ancient surname has become common in England; whilst Seymours, and Spencers, and Churchills, and Norths teem in every locality, and designate the humble, as well as the noble, it is remarkable that one never finds a Villiers. In France, indeed, we meet with the old name of de Villiers in families of position, and recognise the source from which sprang the Norman family, transplanted into England, of Villiers. What matters it now, however, that nobility of origin was unwillingly given by some to the great Duke who first raised the race to power, or resolutely claimed by others? That his "coate armour" according to the slanderer, D'Ewes, "was meane;" that some Sir Henry Wotton complained, amongst other pitiful malignities, "would scarce allow him to be a gentleman," though one of his ancestors was a crusader, and added by the favours of Edward I. the cross of St. George and five escalop shells to his armorial bearings—and it was grandly remarked by the historian Sanderson, that "Heraldry might blazon as large fields of his pedigree as it might concern any subject to prove?" What matters it? Grant that his family, long grazing in Lei-

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He was a gentleman, surely enough, as far as nature could make him so, for he had in wonderful perfection that gift of beauty which has shown itself through a long line of his descendants in those who bear to this day the name of Villiers.

It is said that the noble and faultless personal attributes of George Villiers were inherited from his mother, a Beaumont, and a woman of good family, nevertheless a serving-maid, some aver, in the kitchen of the Duke's father, Sir George Villiers, who had even been so infatuated as to admire the beautiful scullion during the life-time of his first wife. Be that how it may (and one must own it was like a Villiers of that day to do so) he was observed, after he became a widower, "to look very sweet" upon Mary Beaumont. He was known also to give her twenty pounds to purchase as good a dress as that sum

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would produce ; and when she came forth, attired in all her gaudery, no longer the serving-maid, but the chosen bride of the knightly widower, he was struck with so lively an admiration of her charms, that he married her forthwith ; and her attractions, her arts of pleasing, her capability of looking well in fine dress—an advantage by no means an invariable accompaniment of beauty—were transmitted to his second son, George, the ill-fated, much-abused, somewhat-calumniated, greatly-detested George Villiers.

How much has been written about him, how much was said about him, in his public life. By his contemporaries he was reviled, and yet Lord Clarendon, coming not long after him, calls him "the greatest man he ever knew." The expression is a strong one, and might refer to good fortune, or to great but incomplete desians, or to the vast influence, not far inferior to that of Wolsey, and often compared to that of Richelieu, which the Duke acquired in foreign courts, Europe seeming, indeed, to bow beneath his sway. Much has been written about him in truth, and let us say, much that is false. By his rivals, he was regarded, as a man of brilliant fortunes always is, with loathing envy. There was little generosity in these corrupt times to quell that sentiment. By posterity he has been undoubtedly misunderstood.

But let it pass. Give to the public his public fame, his merits or demerits, but let us look at him in his home from first to last, and we shall know something not only of the man, but of his times. Certainly, nature had made "her handy-work" out of him ; he is said to have been without blemish. The earliest portrait known of him is an engraving, by Simon Pass, taken in 1617, when Villiers was twenty-four years of age. He had then been created an Earl, the possible climax, as it was erroneously thought, of several successive honours. How *debonair* he must have been in a tight doublet, closed in front with a row of large pearls down to the waist, and somewhat below it, a collar of Vandyke lace round his throat, a small cloak over one arm, a short sleeve, or epanlette being shown on the other, from which emerged a richly-worked sleevelet, confined at

the wrists with a cuff, which was fringed and turned back ; and his doublet, one had almost forgotten to say, is "garded" with lace. Yet this costume was mean in comparison with others worn by the Duke : it sat well on him, however, and the slight moustache which he adopted about this period was also becoming to his well-formed mouth. What an object of attraction he must have been at Whitehall, or Hampton-court, or even at dull Theobald's, in this tasteful array, with his faultless leg, stepping forth in a measure. No wonder that the young wife, whom he so prized, yet so neglected, doated on him to distraction ; no wonder that Anne of Austria almost lost her crown, and certainly her reputation, for his sake (seeing that she was by no means sure of it before she saw him).

Those days were halcyon days to handsome courtiers. Queen Elizabeth had taught her subjects to value those personal attributes which had been of little importance during the troublous reign of her sister Mary, who had seen no beauty, good bigot as she was, save in her husband, and which had sunk low in public estimation during the short reign of the saintly and almost scraphic Edward. Essex and Raleigh, the wonder first, and then the pity of mankind, owed their early distinction to no better cause than the noble, though somewhat too marked features of the first, and to the intellectual majesty of brow and perfect symmetry of the last of these sometime favourites.

But neither of these two great, ill-fated men could compete with George Villiers. Essex had too prominent a nose ; and his face—if we accept the portrait of him in Warwick Castle as an authority, and I believe it has been there since Elizabeth's time—inclines to red ; and Raleigh, though grand in every way, had a too lofty brow ; but Villiers, both in form and face, could challenge the world, at that time, to show such another human animal. True it was, that Essex was taller, and "of an abler body" than Villiers ; but then the ill-starred favourite of James the First had, says Sir Henry Wotton, "neater limbs and freer delivery, and carried his well-poised body well," and every movement was graceful. Essex, like most people of ancient lineage, had been

celebrated for his hands, a commendation which, though, as Wotton observes, were "feminine praise, he, nevertheless, took from his father." But Villiers, as the great Olarendon tells us, exceeded in the "daintiness of his leg and foot;" and in those times, when trowsers were unknown to Christians, but confined to Saracens, or to ploughmen, that was one essential point of success at any court.

In describing Villiers one seems to be delineating a hero of romance, so perfect is the picture—a complexion smooth and clear, a high forehead, dark, intelligent eyes, full of merriment and sweetness, a face oval, not large, a delicate, yet noble, cast of features, and not a fault to be found in the whole contour, except that the eyebrows were a little too pendulous; such was Villiers in his maturity. Then he had a native refinement that seemed to fit him at once for courts, and for courts alone; he was, as a young man, the gayest, the most off-hand, frankest, yet most courteous of human beings, "with a very pleasant and vacant face," which he could assume, consummate creature as he was, at any moment, even when rocked to frenzy by debt, or broken-hearted at leaving Anne of Austria, or on the verge of an impeachment—*as if* he had not a care in the world, and no one could withstand him, he could disregard firms so gracefully, and was fond of social life, of which he could be the very soul and spirit. Nevertheless all this was not sufficient, and a man in those times might be an Apollo, and if he were not endowed with some of the minor attributes of Mars or Mercury, he was not likely to succeed.

Happily, old Sir George died, and the management of the estate, and the education of his sons, was left to his widow, eventually the Countess of Buckingham. She seems to have been a woman of no ordinary mind, and she shaped the course of her son George. The family property was, of course, left to the eldest son, so that she had the greater merit in the course she took, as her means for preserving it were limited. Her son George had, she saw, remarkable qualifications for a courtier's life, added to which a splendid constitution, and great aptness for martial exercises, gave pro-

mise of early prowess; so she sent him to what Howell, the famous letter-writer, calls "that huge magazine of men," Paris, emulating in so doing the practice then fashionable in the aristocratic circles of England. Thus she brought him up to no specific profession: he was not to serve in the army; he was not to be a churchman; he had no turn for letters in any shape; and, educated at a school at Goudby, near his home, had probably learnt Latin and Greek only to forget them. It was a bold speculation, therefore, on the part of Lady Villiers; but she counted on a return to the money she laid out in the attractions which were known to have more success at the court of England than learning or worth; and she was not disappointed.

At twenty-one the Earl-youth came back, then as handsome as Antinous, having learned to dance and to speak French, an accomplishment afterwards wondrously useful to the man who was to cope with Richelieu; an admirable fencer, a capital rider, and an inimitable dresser, not merely as expense went, but in choice and combination. The smiling, graceful youth was fashioned, too, at twenty-one into the perfectly well-bred man.

One must pause here to confess to some astonishment that manly accomplishments and polite manners should have been so prized by James I., since they must have put his own want of courage, his horror of a drawn sword, his not being able to look on the stain of blood, as well as his uncouth, distasteful northern vulgarity of deportment, to the blush. But so it was; and Villiers was as fitted for the times as they were propitious to half-educated, showy youths, like himself. Of course, we say nothing of his morals; those were, probably, not much benefited by Parisian example. One thing, however, is in favour of them, namely, that he formed, soon after his return, an honourable, though infelicitous, attachment. Dissipated men usually escape that peril. He found his family poorer somewhat than he had left them, "and he could therefore perceive no better prospect before him," says his biographer, "than to remain some time under 'the wing and counsel' of his mother, until fortune should step forth and point to the opening to favour;" and

a good mother, according to worldly notions, Lady Villiers seems to have been ; for anxious to quit the seclusion of Brookesby for the capital, she, about this time, married Sir Thomas Compton, whose first marriage with a city heiress, the daughter of John Spencer, commonly called "Rich Spencer," Lord Mayor of London, had brought him both wealth and influence.

This was the stepping-stone to all that hereafter occurred in the short career of George Villiers.

Before, however, he starts on his adventurous path let us look at him, as well as we can, through the mists of time in his native home, and before he left those "loopholes of retreat" from which he had looked out on the distant world.

Brookesby, the manor which his elder half-brother inherited, has, in later days, been returned as a decayed town. In old Fuller's age its churches were worthy of note, "especially," writes that delightful oddity, "in a country which affordeth no cathedrals ; and as for its parish churches," he contemptuously adds, "they may take the eye, but not ravish the admiration of the beholder." But Brookesby boasted of St Michael's, the structure in which George went with his parents to service, wherein he was probably christened. Above the body of this church rises a handsome tower, with noble battlements of remarkable beauty, being open-worked and embellished with a variety of shields, the most conspicuous of which is that of the lowly boy, who afterwards returned to decorate the edifice. When these armorial bearings were placed there, George Villiers was sufficiently exalted to add to his own those of his wife, the Lady Katharine Manners, whilst to both these there is an honorary augmentation, showing the descent of the Villiers' family from Edward the Fourth. Alas, poor George Villiers ! Little dreamt he, indeed, when he trudged along to church, following his lady mother, of armorial bearings or of Edward the Fourth. It seems as if amid the decay which surrounds old St. Michael's, that edifice alone remains to show the former greatness of that now extinct branch of the Villiers family, called into wild, blazing, and

celebrity by the favourite

of James I., but ceasing in the direct line in two generations after his proud and brief career. The Clarendons, the Jerseys of the present day, are descendants, not from him, but from one of his brothers—and his half-brother.

Let us picture to ourselves George Villiers, in the old manor-house, coming home full of all politeness, teeming with ambition, to a large family party, with the solid fare and coarse habits of the squirearchy in those days : he, a gallant, "careful knight," sitting down, a younger brother, at the board of the Lord of the Manor, William, who was about as ambitious and as animated as the bees in his meadows, and who afterwards with some difficulty could be persuaded to accept a baronetcy, as Nicholls states, and would hardly give the king thanks for the unwelcome and expensive honour.

Then the widowed Lady Villiers was but a dowager, with a tribe of children ; his brothers were poor, and his half-sisters without a dower. Neither did the first family look with good-will upon the intruding second progeny, who had interfered doubtless with their interests.

His mother, nevertheless, acted wisely ; she retired to Goadby, a property belonging to old Sir George, and lived during her short widowhood in the house there, upon the small jointure of £200 a-year, which was to cease at her death ; so that there must have been many an anxious thought in that scheming head of hers, until she determined on a *congé d'etot*, and accepted the widower, who raised her to fortune's pleasant paths.

Nevertheless, her handsome carpet knight, George, had his own romantic and agreeable adventures to enliven his leisure hours, whilst he dwelt at Goadby, whose spacious chambers had once lodged James I. and his retinue, when on his progress ; and this was the principal incident of his young days in that manorial abode.

A love affair, of course—honourable, hasty, and adverse. Is there a man in England who does not begin life with something of the sort ? If there be, let people take care to avoid him. It was the young daughter of Sir Roger Aston who captivated the heart of George Villiers, during a year of inaction at Goadby. Now, though

Sir Roger was only the base-born son of John Aston, of Aston, in Cheshire; he had held the by no means attractive office of barber to King James, when in Scotland, where Sir Roger had been educated. From barber he had been promoted: first, he became a groom in the royal household, and next master of the wardrobe; so he had attained considerable influence at court, and acted as many barbers were competent to do, on the secret service. For years Sir Roger corresponded with Queen Elizabeth's secretaries. Cecil got a mass of valuable back-stairs information from one who had so near an access to the monarch's person; and the barber became in due time, base-born as he was, a knight.

It was to this worthy personage that Villiers addressed the first proposals of marriage that ever made his or any lady's heart beat, and sued for the hand of one of Sir Roger's daughters. They were to have portions, for the ex-barber had laid by a fortune, being probably better paid by the state secretary, Cecil, for his letters, than by the King of Scotland for his occasional services. Moreover, Sir Roger was, Bishop Goodman, in his account of King James's court, tells us, "a very honest, plain dealing man, no dissembler"—in short, a model barber. His daughter—what her attractions were does not appear—had, it seems, that of a warm and sensitive nature; and her attachment to George Villiers, fostered amid the rural scenes around Goadby, was a very fervent one. All went on well, until the usual stumbling-block of settlements came in the way. Mistress Aston was to have an ample dower; George Villiers must needs have an adequate settlement; eighty pounds a year was demanded by the prudent father; unhappily that sum could not be raised, for the young man could, until after his rise to power, only count upon fifty pounds annually, the produce of some lands which old Sir George had settled by will upon his younger sons.

Sir Roger, therefore, barber as he had been, and knowing the world, as he thought, well, put an interdict on any more love passages. The young damsel, his daughter, passionately enamoured, remained however "fixed in her choice and faithful, but in vain."

"The gentlewoman," Sir Anthony

Weldon tells us, "wooed him so well, as could all his friends have made for her great fortune but a hundred marks jointure, she would have married him presently in despite of all her friends, and no doubt would have had him without any fortune at all." But whilst the affair was under discussion, a circumstance occurred which drew the attention of Villiers into another direction, and, as is seen every day, ambition soon compensated the suitor for lost hopes, whilst his mistress was left to sigh, and think, and wish, and despair, in the glades of her country home.

The king was to attend, whilst on his progress, a horse-race in Cambridgeshire.

Villiers also repaired to that ancient popular amusement, at which he afterwards, when Prime Minister, lost large sums. He was so poor that he could find nothing better to wear than an old black suit mended in several places; and, as if this mortification was not enough, he was turned out of the crowded room of the inn in which the race was held, and obliged to sleep in the chamber of a person of mean quality on a trundle bed. Years afterwards, Sir Simond d'Ewes, who detested Villiers, heard this anecdote from the son of the man who owned that poor chamber and the wretched trundle bed, and he relates the incident with his usual magnanimity.

It was at this horse-race, nevertheless, that King James was first struck by his appearance, and "resolved to mould the youth, platonically as it were, to his own idea." Such is Sir Henry Wotton's version of the matter; and King James's pedantry and folly bear him out well in the assertion.

Henceforth, all was brilliant, hollow, and perilous, in the career of George Villiers. The die was cast; adieu to Goadby, and to the rule of his mother—to the ill-will of half-brothers; adieu to old black suits for ever and ever; adieu to poverty and privacy; and adieu also to the simple country maiden who would have married him with his fifty pounds a-year, or on nothing at all. Yet he was destined again to be beloved fondly, unrequitedly, and disinterestedly.

The youth of his days had passed, for a courtier has no youth. Come we

to the favourite, and minister, and would-be statesman of twenty-five, and let us see how he looks at White-hall, or at York House, his own splendid abode; or at New Hall, or Wanstead, or Burghley, his country palaces, on which he spent sums he never paid, the passion of building upon other people's money, being by no means a passion of our present century only.

Yet, for the sake of linking the two periods together, we must glance at the years between.

Much, doubtless, of the rise of Villiers was owing to the peculiar and somewhat degraded condition of English society at that period. It was in the year 1616 that James I. made the memorable speech in the Star Chamber, in which he rebuked the custom then commencing among the country gentry, of deserting the country, and rushing to London for amusement. After the fashion of men, he blamed the wives and daughters of the absentee squires and nobles, and proposed to remedy the evil that he foresaw would arise by an edict of the Star Chamber. But in point of fact, whilst the squires hastened to the court, the old nobility stood aloof from the monarch who cherished the profligate Somerset and proscribed Raleigh. The tower entailed some of the noblest spirits in England, whilst the court patronized some of the basest. The downfall of the wretched Somerset, and that abandoned creature, his wife, was at hand: and at this juncture, Villiers met with what was then rare, what is always rare, a woman of the world, *grande dame*, a favourite of fortune, who was yet untainted by the world in every sense.

Such was Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, who took by one hand the youthful Villiers and presented him at the court, whilst the accomplished Earl of Pembroke led him by the other. Nevertheless, during a considerable time, the progress of Villiers in the King's favour seemed to be slow, nay, almost declining.

It had been expected that an appointment as Groom of the Chamber would have followed the first success: this place was given to Carré, a low-born musician of the Earl of Somerset. Villiers began to despair, but the game had commenced; the hopes

of future distinction had gained prodigious force since he had left the retirement of Goadby; he was willing to sacrifice everything to his ambition, and the first sacrifice that an ambitious man generally makes is the woman whom he has loved.

Amongst those who endeavoured to persuade him to woo fortune was a young courtier, named Graham. It is by their contemporaries that men are most swayed; the motherly counsels of Lucy Countess of Harrington, the fatherly advice of Pembroke, would have availed but little; but the easy talk of young Sir Robert Graham, in leisure hours, sank, it is said, into the fancy of him who listened to it. What!—marry a country maiden, however richly endowed, how faithful, how fond soever; it would ruin his advancement at the court, where the barber's daughters might come only to be the object of fine lady contempt, or the victim of King James's coarsest jokes. So it was resolved that the early attachment should be forthwith relinquished, and whether the struggle was great or transient is not in our annals. We know but the fact, and its effect on the destiny of one who might have been content to sit down in Leicestershire on his wife's fortune, if he had never known Graham—whose fate would have been respectable obscurity, instead of brilliant, and perhaps vicious, success.

It was at the recital of a Latin play, in Clare hall, Cambridge, that King James was again riveted by the surpassing figure and face of young Villiers, so that the play of *Tyrioranus*, the composition of one of the fellows of the college, named Fugghe, was scarcely listened to by the monarch, even though by his absurd conduct he offended a host of doctors, heads of colleges, and even the Chancellor of the University himself, so absorbed was the eccentric monarch in contemplating the young aspirant to his favour.

Let us waive all discussion of the court intrigues which beguiled even Anne of Denmark into their web, and induced her to contrive a little scheme for furthering her royal consort's wishes. The King and Prince Charles being one day in her chamber, Villiers was summoned thither on some trifling pretext. Queen Anne turned to her son, and begged of him to draw his

royal father's sword out of the scabbard and to give it to her; and then, kneeling down, with it in her hand, she begged of the King, as an especial favour, to knight that noble gentleman, that being St. George's Day, and the young courtier's name being George. James, at first, shrank from the drawn sword, or feigned to do so, yet willingly complying, kneeling Villiers arose from his lowly position, a knight; whilst a pension of a thousand pounds was added to this, in his case, not empty honour.

Henceforth Villiers was deemed at court, a "budding favourite." Yet, when he went, as in duty bound, to seek the Earl of Somerset, then Lord Chamberlain, and to proffer to him his duty, Somerset answered him impetuously in these words. "I shall have none of your service, and you shall have none of my favour. I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that be confident." This rash conduct hastened the fall of the wretched Somerset; yet Villiers does not appear to have added to that well-merited fate one impetus by joining in the many court intrigues that went on; nor did he take any part in public affairs until after the tragedy of Overbury's murder had been enacted, and avenged.

Whilst Somerset and his Countess lay trembling in the Tower, Villiers received a patent of nobility. He was first created Lord Blechly, of Blechly, and Viscount Villiers. "Blechly," Lord Bacon wrote to him, "is your own; and I like the sound of Blechly better than Whaddon (another property); but the name will be hid, for you will be called *Villiers*." Adding, "I do not see but that you may think your private fortunes established." And so they were. Let us behold George Villiers now a Knight of the Garter and a peer, and he was soon after made a Privy Councillor, being the youngest man that had ever received that honour. Christopher, his brother, was made one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber about the same date. Hence the satirical verse which was circulated—

"Above the skies shall Gemini rise,
And twins the court shall poster;
George shall back his brother Jack,
And Jack his brother Kester."*

Let us also look at him drawn about in the famous coach and six horses, which was imputed to him as an evidence of boundless pride. He had been the first person to irritate the public by appearing in a sedan chair, in which he had been insulted by the populace, indignant that men should be brought "to as low a condition as horses." But the sedan soon obtained a general popularity; chairmen became an essential appendage to every great house, and even until a late period in this present century continued to be so; wearing a peculiar coat and carrying most commonly to court in their coroneted vehicles, ladies whose hoops used to flap up against the windows, and gentlemen whose powder and pomatum left traces on the inside of the sedan. This even people little past middle age can remember.

Behold him anon, a marquess, suing in right earnest for the hand of the young, and fair, and well-endowed Lady Katharine Manners, the Earl of Rutland's daughter, who was probably the belle of the banquet given by the now *Marquess* of Buckingham (at your service, in Whitehall, and served up in the French fashion, upon a scale of wonderful extravagance.

"We may judge," wrote an eye-witness of the feast, "friend, by this scintling, that there were said to be seventeen dozens of pheasants and twelve partridges in a dish, throughout which, methinks, were more spoil than largesse." The repast cost six hundred pounds. Nor was feasting the only source of expense in those days. The young Marquess, gay and gallant as he was, spent two thousand pounds that year in valentines—a ceremony only then lately come into vogue, and very costly; for instance, amongst other beauties who figured at a gay masque given at Denmark House, was a certain Mistress Croftes, who had a carunclet of rubies for her valentine; what was given to the Lady Katharine Manners was not then stated.

Probably, she went without her "valentine;" for, as in every other event of the life of George Villiers, there was a sort of romance even in the advantageous marriage which his friends had long projected and desired for him.

Katharine Manners, the only daughter of the rich Earl of Rutland, had been regarded during the lifetime of her mother as the sole heiress of his possessions. She was a young lady of great wit, judgment, and spirit. Yet, over her childhood a sort of shadow had passed. Upon the death of her mother her father married again, and two sons and a daughter came to stand between her and fortune. They died, however mysteriously, under the influence, as it was then believed, of witchcraft, and a mournful good luck became the lot of the sole surviving child, the little Lady Katharine. It was this celebrated case which had convinced King James, before incredulous, of the existence of supernatural agencies, and added another prejudice to his mind. Jane Flower and her two daughters having been discarded from Belvoir Castle, where they were servants, for misconduct, had resolved, it was believed, to avenge themselves by the charms and enchantments of the black art. The first victim of their necromancy was the heir, Lord Roos, who sank, as was alleged, under the influence of their spells, but probably from childish terrors; his little brother soon followed him to the grave. Nor did the Lady Katharine escape the mental or physical torture, but her more advanced age and the spirit and courage of her nature enabled her to cope with the fiend-like powers of darkness. She alone survived. Nor does there appear to have been a shade of sorrow on her sweet and sunshiny nature in after-life. Jane, the main culprit, was apprehended, and died on her way to prison, but not until five years after the death of their innocent victims. Her end was awful. She had a piece of bread and butter in her hand, which she hoped, "might choke her if she were guilty." She attempted to eat it, sank back, and expired. Her two daughters confessed their guilt, and were hanged at Lincoln.

Thus did Lady Katharine become heiress of Belvoir, her father's possession, taking the name it from the eminence on which it stands, and whence it commands a noble prospect. The castle, of great antiquity, having been built by the first earl, and bearing of William the Conqueror, comprised in the days of Villiers's lordships, of which the

she was now sole heiress.

She was a prize, indeed, and Villiers seems to have been afraid of losing her. The contract of marriage was signed, and the young lovers might have been secure; but in those times a period of forty days was to elapse between the contract and the ceremonial, and during the interim, Villiers, either from impatience or from fear of objections on the part of the Earl of Rutland, induced the young lady to take a step which might have compromised many a reputation. She left her father's house privately, and fled to the apartments of her betrothed in Whitehall. Scandal, of course, immediately began her office. It was asserted that Villiers, after keeping the heiress for some days in his residence, returned her to her father, who compelled him to marry his daughter. From an undated letter in the State Paper Office it seems, however, that the marriage treaty had been nearly broken off, owing to Buckingham's exorbitant demands in the matter of settlements. After his daughter had left his house, the Earl wrote a letter, half indignant, half relenting, in which the feelings of a father seemed to soften the offended honour of a man. "I had noble offers for her," he wrote to Villiers, "which I hope in the end will bring comfort to us both." Then he adds, touchingly, "My daughter, indeed, deserves no so great care from a father she so little esteems, yet must I preserve her honour if it were with my life." All that the injured father desired to have was either a proof that an actual marriage had taken place, or that the contract was regarded as a marriage. He was satisfied by the assurance that his daughter's honour was untouched, and the wife-theft, as it was styled, was shortly proved to have been one of King James's numerous devices to gratify and to enrich his favourite. It was afterwards asserted also that the young lady had never been out of sight of Villiers's mother, the Mary Beaumont of Brookesby (but now the Countess of Buckingham by creation), during the perilous interim between her elopement and her marriage. It is touching to find, some years afterwards, the Earl excusing himself from attending the Court, that he might bear his daughter company at Bursleigh, in that solitude in which her husband, who was with the King at Windsor, did

not scruple to leave her at a country seat; there remote and retired, the parent's love was inalienable, although the short-lived devotion of the husband languished. Such was the beginning of his married life; let us look into its later periods.

In its exterior bearings it went on pleasantly enough. Sometimes, except when Villiers was abroad, the young couple lived at York House, --long since pulled down, and only to be traced by the names which still designate some of the streets near the Strand; but to which of his magnificent abodes he took his wife at first is not stated by the court gossips in any document extant.

They were married in Ludlev House, built on Tower Hill, by Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, on the site of the old monastery of Crutched Friars, so that memories of no slight interest attached to the spot. Whitehall, the constant residence of King James, was, at that time, in a very ruinous state; and the banqueting house, which had been very recently burned down, was then only being rebuilt by Inigo Jones. Though it stood in beautiful gardens, it was in too marshy a spot, and too public a resort, for the fastidious Villiers, the greatest builder and landscape gardener of his time, to choose as a residence the rooms he held there by favour.

Let us picture him to ourselves, then, at Wanstead, the first house that Buckingham could properly call his own. He obtained it by a royal grant, the king repaying himself for the costly gift by the enjoyment of frequent visits to his favourite. Situated on the border of Waltham Forest, Wanstead commanded a view of London, the prospect stretching still further over the fertile county of Kent. The situation was both convenient to King James and delightful. Wanstead was successively the abode of three royal favourites. Lord Rich, who built the manor house, anciently called Nakeel Hall House; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who enlarged and improved it, and left it to his widow, the Countess of Essex; and Villiers, whose personal gifts, and lavish, unscrupulous nature, might well have recalled Dudley to remembrance. At the

death of Lady Essex the furniture was valued for sale; Dudley, as Villiers did, dying after him in involved circumstances.

Those of our own times who remember the famous sale at this doomed old place, after it had been in the possession of the late Earl of Mornington, and who have a recollection of the enormous price which his furniture and valuables amounted to, will smile at the valuation of the pictures which the poor widowed Countess of Essex left to her Lord's creditors to seize. Thirty-six paintings, among which were genuine portraits of Henry the Eighth, and of his daughters, were valued at eleven pounds, thirteen shillings, and four pence. The library, containing a rare old Bible, the "Acts and Monuments" gold and torn, and of seven Psalters, at thirteen shillings. A curious fact, as showing first the indifference of antiquaries at that period to old curiosities, secondly, the paucity of literary resources in a house of first-rate style. The furniture fetched little more than a hundred pounds; but the horses were rated at three hundred. Eventually, Wanstead came into the possession, long after the death of Villiers, of the Earl of Tilney, whose descendant, Miss Tilney Long, was sufficiently unhappy in her fate to confirm the impression that a curse rested on this once splendid fabric, of which not a vestige remains, since it was again, in 1825, emptied of stores richer far than the lordly Dudley and the improvident Villiers had ever conceived it possible to collect, and then pulled down: so that not a trace exists of the once proud abode of Elizabeth's favourite and afterwards of the minister of James I.

One may conjure up, nevertheless, visions of gay doings in those once thronged and busy courts, in which King James, as a widower, played, even in his decay of mind and body, the debonnaire young man; and throwing off his weeds betimes, for Anne of Denmark, to whom he had been a kind, though most uncouth husband, appeared in his new suit of Watchet satin, overlaid with a blue and white feather; or young Prince Charles leaning on Villiers' shoulder, for the love borne to Buckingham by the father--a foolish old man's fancy

—had shown itself in steadfast and enthusiastic friendship in the sea, who mourned for the favourite in after days, as princes have rarely mourned for their subjects.

Success had now had its usual effect on Villiers, and made him rapacious. He cast his eyes upon Beddington Park, in the possession of that family, who received it originally as a gift from Queen Elizabeth. It was, however, stoutly refused to Buckingham by the then owner: otherwise, when we consider that the stately old hall has been, even within the last year, under a doom, and has been involved in the mazy affairs of Colonel Wagh, one would fancy that all that Villiers fancied had had a judgment of desolation on it. He was, however, recommended not to persevere about Beddington, but "to wait for Goshambury," which every one expected would soon fall to the Crown, seeing the disgrace of Bacon at that time. And he could afford to wait, for Burley, or Burleigh-on-the-Hill, the most splendid seat in the kingdom, because his by purchase, and he rendered it as magnificent as Belvoir. The young Marchioness of Buckingham and her mother-in-law took a great pride in this place, and cut a small river through the park, to perfect which, as the Marchioness wrote to her husband, "nothing was wanting but money." Here the king staid in one of his progresses, here Ben Jonson got up several of his masques, and the live-long days were alternated between the improvement of the place and the ambition to show it. And where is it now? All, all gone! Its very strength and its site were its ruin. During the civil war Burleigh-on-the-Hill was made into a garrison; the county committee of loyal cavaliers was held there, but it was found impossible to maintain the long line of defence which the buildings rendered requisite, and was set on fire to prevent the Parliamentarians from occupying it; the stables were alone preserved, and remained for many years a memento of the lost splendours of the house. The modern Burleigh, erected by Daniel, Earl of Nottingham, on the site, is not the house of Villiers, nor do those walls include one trace of his beloved and splendid seat.

New Hall, of all those palaces which

the favourite possessed, alone remains. York House is gone—Wanstead is gone—Burleigh is gone; but New Hall is a convent of nuns. Buckingham bought it, and thought he was buying it as a great bargain, when, in 1622, he got it for twenty thousand pounds. He found that there was a return of twelve hundred pounds a year in land, and that he could realize five thousand pounds by cutting the trees. The house was then old, so he gave it into the hands of Inigo Jones to refashion it. Nevertheless, Evelyn, who saw it in 1656, describes it then as a "faire old house, built with bricke," of only two stories, "as the manner then was," the gate-house higher than the house; a pretty pleasant court, in which, doubtless, Buckingham and Prince Charles loitered about on many a fine day, after their game of skittles in the skittle-ground, or when they came in from hawking or hunting; whilst the Marchioness—cannot we fancy it?—sat at her tapestry, and the old Countess mother-in-law, her game of ambition almost played out, was fixed at her spinning wheel. Old Evelyn commends the stair-case, which was wide to an extraordinary degree, and on the walls of which hung an excellent sea piece, one of Drake's victories in 1580. "The galleries," the owner of Wotton remarks, "are trifling, but the hall noble." Sapient old Evelyn! it must have been a rare sight to have watched him peering into every corner with his fastidious eyes, and turn at last his square-toed shoes into the garden, which he calls "a faire plot"—O rare old Evelyn!—and adds, condescendingly, "and the whole seate well accommodated with water; but, above all, I admired the fine avenue planted with stately lime trees, in four rows for neare a mile in length. It has three descents," adds the formalist, "which is the only fault, and may be amended." There was also a charming walk of lime trees at the mall, and up to the wilderness, and a tennis-court and a fine terrace, whilst the park, well stored with deer, abounded in ponds for wild fowl.

What a pity it is that, by an anachronism in fate, Evelyn could not have visited New Hall when Buckingham was there to welcome him, so singularly did their love of avenues and stately terraces agree. How was

it that the lapse of thirty years found tastes and fashions much the same? Was it not that Buckingham and Evelyn brought to their work of change and renovation refined tastes?—the taste of cultivated minds—and a comprehension of what was suitable, stately, and, at the same time, convenient?

One word more about Villiers and his love of fine places. Sir Walter Raleigh lay, at the time of his early favour at court, in the Tower. Sherborne, the unhappy man's beloved possession, was the *bonne bouche* at which all the cupidity of the age was directed.

It had the prestige of Villiers's name, and taste, and memory. It was suggested to Villiers to ask for *that*, which was, eventually, given by Charles the First to Digby, Raleigh's attainer never being reversed in favour of his son. "No," Villiers exclaimed, "not by that means shall I gain possession of another man's lands. I have no wish to stand in dead men's shoes."

For a time what a host of illustrious names might have been inscribed on the lime trees of New Hall, or left, in even more perishable characters, on the towers of Burleigh: Coke and his second wife, Lady Hatton; their fair, frail daughter, Frances; the illustrious, contemptible Bacon. Or let us call up names more pleasantly indicative of the spirit of those times when a taste for art first dawned in England. We may not impudently imagine, at Burleigh, Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the sister of Sir John Harrington, to whom that noble structure had once belonged, retracing the scenes of her youth. She was the Mrs. Montagu of that day—tamed, rather, for the protection which women of rank can give to letters by cherishing the lettered, than for her own talents. Even Grainger, though fond of the aristocratic learned, despised clever women, and accused Lucy Harrington of "buying the praise of poets." One womanly taste she had: a taste for gardening. She was the first improver of the flower-garden in England, and, celebrated for that honourable distinction, was eulogized by no less a judge than Sir William Temple; whilst Ben Jonson dedicated to her his epigrams, and Dr. Donne and Daniel praised her in verse.

Happy fate; for how many in our own times write, and receive no meed of fame; whilst she, it seems, wrote not, but left, as Lodge has well observed, "a splendid reputation, which can neither be supported nor depreciated by the evidence of historical facts." Burleigh had, indeed, been hers—a bequest from her gifted brother—and she sold it to Villiers. So one may imagine with what pride and interest she must have looked upon the modern buildings raised by one to whom she had extended, in very early life, a helping and sustaining hand.

But we must not linger upon these passages of the life of Villiers further than to remark that the King, at this time, begins to call him Steenie (Stephen) in allusion to the expression on the countenance of that martyr, whose face was as the face of an angel, and pointing, as he first bestowed this *soubriquet*, to a picture, by an Italian painter, in Whitehall, in which the story of that most holy martyr was exquisitely depicted.

When Villiers was in Spain he found himself, blazing as he was with jewels, outblazed by those haughty grandees, withold as unulated wealth in their power and on their persons. So the King's "poor foole Kate" (the Countess of Buckingham, only just twenty years of age, offers to sell her own jewels that her beloved and absent lord might be more splendid still (woman, indeed, at heart) and the King must needs interfere:—"And now, my sweet Steenie-gossips, that the poor foole Kate hath also sent thee her head-chain, which by chance I saw in a box in Frank Steward's hands, I hope I need not conjure thee not to give any of her jewels away there; for thou knowest what necessary use she will have of them at thy return here; besides that, it is not lucky to give away any thing that I have given her."

Well did the King know the nature of the faulty being whom he thus addressed, and who, whilst "Kate," fool indeed, was sending him her jewels, and passing her best days in solitude at Burleigh, busy in trying to improve an estate without money—for his means were lavished on others—was occupied with the beauty of a foreign Court—the Duchess of Olivarez. It was whispered at Madrid then, whilst later the image of Anne of Austria

was in his heart—that heart which even the devoted love of his virtuous wife could not rivet, though it seems often to have been touched with penitence when reminded of that unselfish devotion.

Few men had, however, greater temptations. Witness the brilliant and intoxicating visit to Spain, accomplished, as all the world knows, in the romantic style of a love adventure. Prince Charles, who was eight years younger than the favourite, being induced by him, went into the scheme, making the affairs of the Palatinate the plea for the extraordinary Spanish marriage, the very rumour of which gave so much unbrage to the Puritan party in England: whilst Charles, with the refined sentiment of a gentleman, delighted not only in the adventure, but in the notion of judging for himself of the charms of the “rare Infanta,” as she was styled, and flattered himself with the idea of making an impression on her heart, as, it appears, he actually succeeded in doing.

Happy would it have been if the scheme had ever been properly carried to its expected termination, for the Infanta possessed those qualities which were wanting in the future bride of Charles—the erring and intriguing Henrietta Maria. The sister of Anne of Austria, the Infanta Donna Maria, was of a far higher stamp of character than that princess. She had many perfections: was of few words, of a good judgment, free from vanity and love of dress; then she possessed that noble self-control in times of danger which our own loved Queen evinces. Her spirit rose to meet occasions of peril: when a scaffolding on which she was placed broke down, the Infanta remained calm and collected; nay more, says old Toby Mathews, she was not affrighted by thunder and lightning. Best of all, though deeply sensible of any unkindness, Donna Maria never expostulated with the unkind, but grieved in secret; and the heroic patience of Katherine of Arragon was recalled to the minds of those who knew the Infanta well.

Such was the princess for whom negotiations were thus begun; and it was the “Spanish marriage,” to use the language of the day, which wrought the destruction of Villiers. The Puritans were sadly at fault; but he be-

came, through them, the most elevated man in England. Prayers were even offered up by a prebend of St. Paul’s, beseeching that the King and prince might be preserved from any that should withdraw them from their national religion. The splendour of the Spanish court—the weak character of the young king, only nineteen years of age—the craftiness of Gondemar—the ascendancy of the Conde Olivarez—the intrigues of Villiers (imputed, at all events) with his wife—the return of Charles and the favourite to England—the match incomplete, but the Infanta’s heart really or politically touched—the disgrace of Buckingham with the people—his debts and difficulties—nay, the reports of his being mad at New Hall: have they not been carefully chronicled by watchful spectators, careful diplomatists—by Digby and Endymion Porter in letters to his wife, Olive—by Toby Mathews and Wotton?

But a few expressive lines, written by Steenie in answer to a note from the King, disclose the opening of an alliance written in the book of fate, and, probably, cherished even before Charles ever saw the “rare Infanta.”

“Sweete boyes,” the king wrote to the travellers—his son and Steenie—“the news of your going is already so blowin abroad as I am forced for your safetie to post this by one after you, who will give you his best advyce and attendance on your journey. God bless you both, my sweett boyes, and send you a safe and happy returne.”

To whom Villiers replies:—

“Paris.

“SIR,—Since the closing of your last, we have been at court again; and that we might not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known; where we saw the young Queene and Madame, little Monsieur, and Madame at the practising of a maske that is intended by the Queene to be presented to the Kinge (Louis XIII.), and in thom danced the Queen and Madame, with as manie as made up nineteen faire dancing ladies, amongst which the Queene is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a great desire to see her sister.” (Artful Villiers!) “Sir, in great haste, for we are going to bed, we humble take our leaves, and rest

“Your Majesties most humble and
obedient servant,

“CHARLES;

“And your humble slave and doge,

“STEEVEN.”

"The Queen the fairest of all" such was the first hint of the unhappy infatuation of Villiers for Anne of Austria. After his return from Spain he found his wife ill; her complaint, considering the disposition of her husband, one not to be wondered at—"melancholy"—so generalized by the physicians of the day.

Nevertheless, after the Spanish negotiations had been dishonourably broken off, behold Villiers, now Duke of (Harleian MSS., 6987) Buckingham—a luckless title—preparing for a second embassy, his heart fuller of love than politics. Whether his passion for Anne of Austria were even more than that dangerous sentiment, styled by the French "*galanterie honorable*," can never either be proved or disproved. The infatuation was, on Buckingham's part, short-lived; but the life of which it forms one prominent feature was short also. Let us, however, see him setting out on this, his last mission to the most festive and splendid court of Europe, with his retinue. Let us look into his wardrobe, and marvel at his twenty-seven shirts, more rich than comfortable, embroidered and laced with silk and silver plushes; his suit of rich satin uncut velvet, "set all over, both suit and cloak," with diamonds, four thousand pounds in value. Then look at his hat—for great occasions—whereon is placed a feather made of diamonds, so that when he danced he sparkled like a mass of glow-worms. Then his sword-girdle, and his spur, studded with brilliants—those were to be worn on his entrance into Paris—imagine his faultless form and dainty leg; then his graceful demeanour which had become of late what it ceased to be in the zenith of his power, free and affable. I suppose the world could produce nothing like him.

Then, for the wedding between Charles and Henrietta Maria, which, after wheel within wheel was worked round had been agreed on, my Lord Duke, who was proxy for the bridegroom, was to be all crimson and gold—white and Watchet had been the more modest colours for his entrance.

For the festivities of the wedding one must go through the whole of his toilet. He prepared a suit of purple satin, embroidered with orient pearl, over which he wore a Spanish cloak

—the dress just introduced. Yet, let it not be supposed that, though excelling in magnificence, there was any thing unusual in all this embroidering of pearls and diamonds, for it was the fashion of the day, Lord Kensington, the Ambassador at Paris, having attempted it on a smaller scale. Then, at his departure, he must needs have his band of musicians, eight score in number, whilst my Lord Duke's wate men, twenty-two in number, in suits of sky blue taffeta, all gilded with anchovy (anchovie) and my Lord Duke's arms, were appropriated to his own barge.

Eight noblemen, with the Marquis of Hamilton at their head, accompanied the Duke. Nevertheless, the nuptials, as it happened, had already taken place before the Duke reached the Court of France.

The object of his attraction, however, was there in all the splendour of that beauty of which the portraits of Anne of Austria give us, certainly, no impression. The admired but neglected wife of Louis the XIII.—at that time a childless queen—for Louis the XIV. was not born until thirteen years afterwards, Anne of Austria was in the degrading position to which her intriguing and clever mother-in-law, Marie de Medicis, doomed her for many years. Her character, like that of all women who are unhappy enough to be illustrious in birth, appears in various colours according to the impressions of those around her. According to Madame de Motteville, she was pious, truthful, graceful, virtuous, sacrificed to a husband wholly unworthy of her; so gentle that she always considered herself unable to guide affairs of state; so unfortunate as to be an object of love to Richelieu, who, rebuffed, became her enemy; so unhappy was she as herself to love, though her panegyrist declares innocently, the Duke of Buckingham.

Paris—Henry the Third of France has been said to have remarked:—"Paris, bright, wicked, charming Paris, was always so full of disease as to require from time to time bleeding, for the sake of safety and peace."

There must have been a plethora of evil in those days. Anne had been assailed by various suitors. Catherine de Medicis had introduced in her time

the system of what she termed Platonic attachments—a sort of veiled impropriety, but it suited well with the gallantry of Spanish notions imbibed from the Moors; and Anne was fascinated by the idea that she might receive that homage, and be safe. How many a woman has fallen into error by the same fallacy. The brave and accomplished Duc de Montmorency paid it to her, and was not discouraged. The old Duc de Bellegarde was at her feet, and not only she, but the king found diversion in the language which was lisped out by the ancient peer; but when Richelieu, the arch-hypocrite, during a conversation on other subjects, suddenly gave way to a burst of passion which might be genuine and criminal, or political, and therefore as some think, venial, she was saved from replying in terms of contempt and indignation only by the entrance of the king, her husband, into the royal closet or boudoir, where this scene took place. Henceforth, her hatred was expressed, though covertly; whilst the Cardinal exercised the terror of his influence in hopes that if love could not soften her, fear would induce her to admit his suit. He possessed at all events such a power over the mind of the king as to keep up the alienation between him and his queen. Yet it was only on the surface. "I dare not," said the weak young man to a confidant, "show the queen how much I admire her, lest it should irritate the Cardinal and the Queen-mother."

Anne was thus circumstanced when she and Buckingham first met. His appearance has been described; hers has been depicted in exquisite tints. Yet it is a somewhat artificial beauty that is described by the partial pen of Madame de Motteville—a profusion of light hair powdered and frizzed, yet falling in curls at the back, set off a complexion not so remarkable for its colour as for the rare smoothness and exceeding fineness of delicacy which caused the gossips of the day to ascribe to her a horror of linen sheets, and an intolerance of any thing coarser than cambric near her skin; yet after the fashion of Spain, she defaced this soft skin with rouge; then her nose was large and not well shaped; but her eyes were full of expression, and her glance was of sweetness; the form of her face—her fore-

head, too, was admirable, her hands and arms were celebrated for their whiteness, her lips were rosy, and never parted except to smile; all these charms were accompanied by great dignity of manner, and preserved, as was then thought, by a certain delicacy of habits which has become universal amongst well-bred people in modern days. Far otherwise was it in the seventeenth century. "If we had been present at Queen Elizabeth's toilet," Sir James Mackintosh was known to have said, "we should have been revolted;" and thus the extreme fastidiousness of Anne of Austria called down a sarcasm from Cardinal Richelieu. "Madam," observed the arch-foe to her one day, "should you incur everlasting punishment, your torment would be to sleep in sheets of Holland cloth."

Such was the queen for whom Buckingham perilled *all*, as a woman she had her faults, and those were of the time; but she had her virtues, and they were of all times. She was not only humble and affectionate, but in the last days of her brilliant joyless life, displayed a degree of fortitude in an agonizing and fatal illness, that raised her to the rank—and what can be higher—of a noble and patient domestic character.

Richelieu, meantime, whilst Buckingham in full health and beauty, was advancing towards Paris, was prepared to meet him, carried in a litter to which his infirm health condemned him, but with a retinue so enormous that the roads were often widened to let it pass, and the walls of towns to which he condescended to visit were levelled, when it happened that the gates were too narrow to let the grand cortege of the Cardinal proceed.

One longs to pause—but it must not be—to draw the parallel between Wolsey and Richelieu, which suggests itself to the mind (though our great upstart has the advantage by many a degree); let it suffice to remark that Richelieu taught Buckingham one lesson—the importance of patronizing letters—for, whilst exercising his stupendous influence over every court in Europe, Richelieu found in the society of gifted men his real solace. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction than a victory in argument, or success in a repartee.

How inimitable, when we look into

minute facts, was Macready's impersonation of this great man! The broken health and sinking frame beneath the vast mental powers—the affability to inferiors, the haughtiness to equals—the very variations of manner, one moment languid from pain and weakness—the next, gay, gallant, active—how finely that careful and judicious actor showed those characteristics. Then the burst of sudden tears, which, according to Marie de Medicis, Richelieu could command at will. Who can ever forget Macready's Cardinal! Beneath all this, too, there lay, in Richelieu's heart, a deep suspicion, if not hatred, of mankind; an unfathomable dissimulation—the smile—the extended hand being to many the sure indication of their ruin. Then, his moral life—let us not think of it. Beneath all these external pomps of religion, those deceptions of society, like amouldering fire under a house covered with roses, was grim profligacy.

To cope in diplomacy with such a demi-god as Richelieu did Buckingham come to France. Of his ability as plenipotentiary let us leave historians to speak; let us consider only his success as a man. According to Sir Henry Wotton, his good fortune extended even to small incidents. As, one day, he was treading a measure in all his magnificence, one of Buckingham's most valuable jewels fell from his dress—probably from his court suit, which was valued at £80,000—yet it was recovered the next day, although it had been dropped, as was remarked, “in a court full of paces.”

But it was not in the revels of the Louvre that the peril lay. Buckingham had escaped these; he had quitted Paris, indignantly retorting on the slight passed upon him by Richelieu, in addressing a letter to him inscribed, to “Monsieur le Duc de Buckingham” (instead of Monseigneur le Duc) by replying to “Monsieur le Cardinal de Richelieu;” and, in the merry month of June set out on his journey home, conducting the young Queen of England to her expectant consort.

It happened that Anne of Austria, in order to do the young Queen of England honour, accompanied Henrietta Maria as far as Amiens; and it was whilst resting in that city that

an ever memorable interview took place between her and Buckingham. Anne was walking in the garden of the house where she was lodged, surrounded by her suite, when Buckingham followed her. The obsequious Bretagne, her equerry, fell back, and the lovers, for such they were, turned into a winding alley. In a few moments a cry was heard by the listening attendants in the garden; Bretagne hastened to his mistress, who blamed him severely for having left her. Why the interview had been thus hurriedly ended was afterwards, when the grave had closed over Buckingham, explained by Anne. Alarmed, she declared, by finding herself alone with so reckless and fascinating a man, her fears were excited to the last degree; she uttered such an exclamation as should bring those around her, whose office it was to protect their queen. Thus, for that time, the peril, or the sin, was averted; but Buckingham seems to have been maddened by passion. On the following day he left Amiens to continue his journey; but at Calais, he, making some excuse, hurried back to Amiens, where Anne received him, this time, in her chamber and in bed, but not alone, for the Countess de Lamini, a grave, respected, and ancient lady of the bedchamber, stood, according to etiquette, at the head of the state-bed. Nevertheless, so remote was her position, that Buckingham, falling on his knees, found an opportunity of declaring his passion, and, as he did so, of kissing the coverlid of the bed. Anne, as she afterwards declared to Madame de Metteville, was now shocked at this openly proffered idolatry. Her sympathy might have been touched, but her sense of dignity was outraged. As a woman she felt—as the Queen of France she resented. A long and angry silence followed the outbreak of the bold and enamoured Buckingham; whilst the lady of the bedchamber, moving from her post, reproached him in loud anger; she bade him arise from his knees, but he, who was unused to control, laughed at her authority; he perceived, perhaps, that beneath that apparent displeasure, Anne was not really angry; and he seems not to have been mistaken, for, on the following day, Anne saw him again; and, although being in the presence of the Court, it was

looked on as merely indulgence, was so far understood or misunderstood, that when Buckingham left France it was with the intention of quickly returning to that country. Anne, however, suffered the penalty which falls on the indiscreet. Her ladies were dismissed—her good name impugned—her life rendered miserable: to what extent her indiscretion went, no human judgment can decide. Her contemporaries ascribed to this imputed scandal the birth, imprisonment, and cruel fate of the Man in the Iron Mask; but the statement has never been verified.

The "poore foole Kate," meanwhile was happier, neglected as she was, than her queenly rival. It is true that she suffered what so many injured wives suffer ere yet the tie to a reprobate is broken by long agonies of neglect—the miseries of an absence in which confidence is wanting. Balthazar Gerbier, the duke's confidential inmate, in set terms described her to his patron as the "incomparable Penelope, who comforted herself with the hope of seeing her sun return to this horizon as beautiful and shining as when it set, and was lost to her view."

The pining wife treated the matter in simpler and more touching language. Buckingham, it seems, had, with what some call candour—some might deem the absence of shame, confessed to his young wife several of his infidelities during his absence in Spain, expressing great contrition. The duchess was at that time in bad health, and threatened with consumption: and Buckingham, reflecting on his indefensible gallantries, believed that her illness might prove fatal, and be a judgment on him, and wrote to her his conviction that it would be hard that one so innocent as she was should die for one "so sinful as himself." "Dear heart," answered the young and generous woman, "how severe God had even pleased to have dealt with me, it had been for my sins, and not yours; for truly you are so good a man, that but for one sin you are not so great an offender; but I hope God has forgiven you, and I am sure that you will not commit the like again. Never was there a woman," she adds with fervour, "loved man as I do you." "Poore foole" indeed, she had rejoiced at her husband's leaving

that "wicked Madrid," as she called it; yet twelve days only spent in Paris had wrought to her even more misery than the dire but transient temptations of Spain.

He came home, however, to the fond heart, and to the endearments of two children. The one Lady Mary Villiers, "my pretty sweet Moll," as the Duchess called her; the other, that singular being, then an infant in arms, George, the second Duke of Buckingham.

He returned to her who had kept, during his absence, his picture near her bed: to a wife who blamed not him, but those with whom he had been faithless, as in the way with women: who believed in his constancy, and that he would scarcely look at her rivals: "and yet," she adds, "how they woo you." He returned to his home, his king, his various duties and lucrative appointments. He returned, however, to debts and difficulties, hampered with which, even if one's kindred were consoling angels, the mind cannot be at ease.

Henceforth the sunshine of his days had passed. Harassed by creditors, worked to death by public affairs, depressed by early broken health, obliged, in order to escape importunate suitors, to retreat from London, hated by the Puritans on the one hand for his advocacy of the Spanish marriage, abused by the Romanists for its failure, reports might well arise to account for his evident misery. The Romanists declared that he was "crazed in his brain;" "but," wrote the ever impartial Mr. Chamberlain, "the suspicion arose from his often letting of blood, only they confess he hath a spent body, and not like to hold out long if he do not tend his health very diligently."

Well might his poor wife write to her kinswoman and friend, Mistress Olivia Porter, "pray,—pray for me," and thank God that one of their many estates was sold, and express a hope that they should in time "be out of debt."

That time never came. Buckingham had one great foe—himself. His passion for building went on, and proved to him, what it has done to many a man since, that most insidious ruin which is at once creative and destructive. York House was henceforth more frequently his residence

than the cool shades of New Hall, or the more remote grandeur of Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and York House was his own by grant. There, in the very centre of that then court end of London, the Strand, he received supplicants and votaries of all kinds. An episcopal palace once, and exchanged by Toby Mathews, Archbishop of York, with the crown, it was given by James to his favourite, retaining that name which has often caused it to be confounded with York House, Whitehall.

Here Buckingham passed many a busy, anxious hour, till his death. Here, a little beyond the site of Hungerford market, not far from those stairs in Pennant's time, still styled York stairs, and still recalled to remembrance by Duke street, and Buckingham street, we must picture Buckingham's harassed precarious life, debt threatening on one hand, disgrace on the other. Lord Bacon had lived in that house before him; did his fate sometimes seem ominous to the ill-starred favourite? We can fancy him descending the steps, entering his barge, going down to Westminster, where articles of impeachment lay ready to strike at the very root of his fortunes; we can picture him to ourselves, on the very pinnacle of that ascent to which he rose, step by step, with the rapidity of a sky-rocket, but with a train of gunpowder tracking each movement; we see him as Lord High Admiral, wise too late, and learning, at last, the true end of life, and seeking to do his duty, to renovate, to revise, reform, and extend our naval forces; then we follow him as he sets out on his last fatal journey to France, deeming his pledge to Anne of Austria, that he would return to that country.

He goes forth no longer the friend of France, but its foe; amid the curses, and even threats of an infuriated people, he goes fearlessly. What though his fate had been foretold, as old Lilly tells us, not only by the anxious affection of his sister, Lady Denbigh, whose dreams foreshadowed what occurred, but by the succinct disclosure of a certain Mr. Towse, once acquainted with the great duke's

father, Sir George Beaumont, in Leicestershire, whose figure now appeared to Mr. Towse, and from whose ghostly lips, the worthy Towse, some time a linen draper, heard the caution which the duke, unhappily, disregarded. He goes, and, with the recklessness that seems to cling to the fated, with a small escort only, his nephew, young Fielding, being perhaps one of the few whom Buckingham could trust, riding near him.

He makes for Portsmouth; and as he nears the town, an old woman rushes across his path and bids him not enter *that* way. For a moment he pauses; those around him beseech him to consider the kindly meant caution. But the Duke, careless and brave, and impatient to reach the port, and spoiled, and unused to being thwarted, and, therefore, not accessible to conviction, rides on.

The gallant cavalcade are quickly surrounded in the streets of Portsmouth. Among it stands a gloomy fanatic, the Orsini of his day, whose desperate designs had become a sort of virtue in his imagination. He was a gentleman, too, of ancient name, Felton.

Suddenly the crowd is agitated; it gathers round a falling man; the first actor in that short drama has yielded to his destiny. The blow has been struck - the Duke is slain. The hand that dealt the blow was at the very first successful. He dies at once. No time allowed to that erring yet noble spirit to seek for pardon, or to exchange farewells. One sigh, and he is gone - his life a dream, a comet-like course - or what furnishes a romance, assuredly, to the last.

The country was paralyzed by the event. All public business was suspended, as if the plague had been there. The energy, the growing experiences, the will and influence that had swayed almost every thing, were closed in death.

Charles the First heard of his favourite's death whilst at evening prayers. He finished the service, which showed that genuine feeling which caused him to declare that he would be a husband to Buckingham's widow, a father to his children.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIRTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION.

By slow degrees the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, last year, reached the very profundity of bathos, their display being emphatically the worst conceivable. With one or two honourable exceptions, the eight hundred pictures there placed before the public were worthless. Conventional and puerile designs, bad colour, bad or no drawing, hideous faces, impossible draperies, and total neglect of nature, seemed to be the prevailing rule. If a few pictures were no worse than indifferent, the exhausted critic could scarce heed them, so overwhelming was the number of the simply wretched.

When things are at the worst they mend. Whether the Society discerned the verge of the ruin upon which they approached, or whether the almost unanimous voice of the press recalled them to a sense of their situation, certain it is that the present exhibition, so far from being below the average of public collections, is even rather above the ordinary scale. Bilious critics will not say next year, as they have this, that "the British Artists was the zero of the art thermometer," "as bad as the British Artists," will be now no freezing point of criticism. In short, some of the younger contributors have either improved or exerted themselves in an unwonted manner, or the council of the society have exercised with more judgment their power of rejection, cutting out acres of bad landscape, whole parishes of vile portraits, and streets, so to speak, of foolish figure pictures. The consequence is that we have a tolerable display. The energy of the Boddingtons, Williamsses, Percys, and Wheyers, has been restrained. Hurlstone is less obtrusive, the Bouviers have been reduced from thirteen to seven, no small relief, and if Mr. Gosling's pictures are in excess of one beyond their number of last year, they are so overborne by the works as to be less offensive, greatly assisted by the cir-

cumstance of their area being diminished by "many a rood" of paint.

In congratulating the Society of British Artists upon this most desirable improvement, we honestly feel it our duty to express an anxious wish that they will act upon those new principles with constant vigour. With respect to the first-named class of artists, commonly known as the "Boddington School," or the "School of Barnes," their pictures, although not without a certain degree of execution, merit, and even feeling, were so like each other, and so numerous, that it was felt the public taste was in danger of being vitiated by the ceaseless display of so many meretricious works. One member alone of this school contributed no less than eleven large landscapes to the London exhibitions of last year: the whole school produced, (we have the catalogues before us,) no less than *seventy-one* pictures in the same period. This gave an amount of production such as no human artist could sustain, if employed upon any thing like variety of theme. Consequently the entire body became mannered, and these numerous pictures were accomplished after the following fashion—so say the profession. The work was first taken in hand by one painter, who inserted his department—figures, sky, trees, water, or what not; passed to a second and received an addition of one other item, and so on to a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, until the usual still lake, barren mountains, greenish sky, long rays of the sun coming through the trees, transparent and opaque ditto, girl going over stepping stones in a brook, etc., filled the canvas. These words represent nearly the whole subject of nine out of ten such pictures. The work was framed and sent to the exhibition. But long before the last artist of the chain had commenced his portion of this novel division of labour, the second picture was following its wake in the procession.

Aburd as this bitter jest may seem, its point consisted in its perfect practicability. Such works might unquestionably be produced by these means, so monotonous was their theme, so perfectly were they echoes of each other. One year the subject was Beth-this, or Boddy-that, in Wales; the next, Glen So-and-so in the Highlands. Then followed "On the Thames," "On the Conway" - on the Oronoko, it might almost have been for all the reality there was. This could not last, and we rejoiced to observe that the distinguished critic who writes for the *Times*, in his review of the exhibition before us of last year, pointed out the mischief which was fast becoming a nuisance, in words the terseness and elegance of which were only equalled by their pointed and valuable discriminating force. This year the same gentleman, with refined sarcasm, remarked that this family seemed to be born painters. The great evil was that these artists, with that amount of power they unquestionably possess, were not only throwing away their talents, but from the popular, and to the unobservant, fascinating quality of their productions, turning the public taste from admiration of a more genuine and conscientious style of art.

To dispose of the bad pictures at once, let us call attention to "Othello and Desdemona," 226, by F. Y. Hurlstone, that scene where the jealous Moor turns the intensity of Desdemona's love for him into self-torment.

"Othello - Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady."

Des. - It yet has felt no age or known a sorrow."

Here is a huge hulking Othello, dressed out in the tawdry fripperies of the *costumiers*, having a scowling countenance, and speaking with theatrical attitudinizing to a Desdemona the dirtiness of whose skin would disgust a negro, and whose "trotting" look and dress might even justify his suspicions. This picture occupies so conspicuous a place that it is impossible to pass it unnoticed. The draperies are little else than a series of amears, the choice of colour for them evinces absolutely no faculty of regard for that splendid and indeed indispensable quality of a picture. The draw-

ing is of the coarsest and most vulgar description. The expression and design are such as we have said. Mr. Hurlstone has talents which should really be better employed. Mr. Barrauld has succeeded in producing a picture, the sickly sentimentality of which is even a step beyond those works (the opprobrium of good taste), representing charity children repeating portions of the Lord's prayer. This is "Paul and Florence Doube," 59, a theme which the great author himself only just avoided making mawkish, and in Mr. Barrauld's hands, what with shameful drawing and worse colour, it is dreadfully offensive. That any one should attempt to imitate the Boddington School took observers by surprise on seeing Mr. Tennant's "Telegraph Hill, Llandudno, N. Wales," 69. This is but a very coarse rendering of a showy and meretricious style of art. Mr. J. B. Pyne was an artist of both feeling and judgment in days of yore; but frequent repetitions "make the heart sick." His large work styled "Genoa," 167, is so purely weak and devoid of colour and tone as rather to represent a conventional drop-scene at the opera than an honest reproduction of one of the fairest of Italian views. The nearest figure is an artist painting the *local*; now his dress is partly black, but so low is the key of the picture that we have it rendered quite a muddling gray. What must the sky be, and what must the colour of the buildings be if (there being no great blaze of sunlight to produce such an effect) this is the deepest tint Mr. Pyne could venture on? Mr. W. D. Kennedy has much talent for painting, and at one time manifested such powers of execution that we cannot but express our extreme regret he can employ these gifts no better than in No. 95. "It is but a fancy's sketch," a young damsel spreading out the skirts of her dress. We must admit, nevertheless, that the title fairly represents the work, for a more *unreal* picture was never seen. These are all the pictures which, while they are evidences of some capacity possessed by the artist, yet fail from want of earnestness, feeling, or taste.

The good figure pictures are few; but those very good indeed, the best

by J. Campbell; two of which let us name first, "Labourer's Rest," 309. This is the interior of a working man's room, that was "parlour and kitchen and all." It is just growing dusk evening; he has come home from work, and sits with a pipe in his mouth relating the adventures of the day to his wife, who, deeply absorbed in the theme, rests her hands on her lap, and interrupts her task of stocking-mending to listen, which she does with a will of affectionate earnestness. Meanwhile his mouth twitches at the angles, going at times a little awry with suppressed and pleasant content, and the waxed stem of the pipe wanders along his lips very quaintly. A little boy leans his head on the father's knee, and out of his wide, still eyes there gleams a truly admirably rendered expression, just such a one as may be seen when a child nestles in fulness of happy content in some favourite's arms, and there will lie quiet for a long time, pleased only to be happy with him. Creeping close to the father's side and under his arm, hanging like a shield from him, is a little girl, older than the boy, who has also a similar expression of devoted affectionateness. The skill of the painter shows itself in the variety of these characters, ages, and sexes, manifesting the same passion, and that, be it thought, so subtle a one. The feeling of the picture is most exquisite, indeed, rarely equalled to our knowledge. There is a sort of happy "purr," if we may so speak, about the wife. The girl's face is deep of love, earnest with intensity of childish feeling; her eyes have that which is sweetly awful about them. The boy has left his toys, and clings crouching to the man, whose face might well express such full happiness as it does in the presence of all this love. The colour of this picture is beautiful, and its tone rich and fine; in some parts the drawing is equal to the best and most minute work of Van Eyck, which with the clearness of tone and good colour leads us to prize these pictures beyond that master work, if it were not for one vital or fatal objection. The feeling is intense, as we have said, but it is not so concentrated and held under control that the artist himself time gravely to

consider his design and composition, and the relative arrangement of his figures. The woman's look is at the man, it is true, but that is all which connects their respective actions; no subtleties of composition have been employed to display their unity beyond this. Take the woman away and there is the other group as perfect as before, for sympathy between these portions of the picture does not exist. The woman's figure is very badly drawn—a singular fault in an artist who can draw faces with the skill these four show. Mr. J. Campbell's other picture "News from my Lad," 113, shows an old smith, whose son has gone abroad, and just sent his father the letter we now see him reading. It has come in working hours, so the old man rests himself to get through the delightful task of reading. There is much fine expression and truthful feeling in the old man's look; his eyes wrinkle up with pleasure, and the delighted curves of his mouth tell volumes. The strong stumpy fingers seem to tremble as he holds the flimsy paper with his stiff digits that are almost all thumbs. The background is painted with extreme care and truth; the rusty, dusty atmosphere of the workshop, being capitally suggested by the dingy smoky colour employed. The same fault of want of thoroughness of drawing in his figure is to be lamented in this as in the former work. Mr. Campbell seems to be absolutely incapable of foreshortening a human limb, from the way in which the raised up knee of the leg that is planted on the anvil in this picture is drawn, also the fingers themselves, otherwise full of expressive action.

That Mr. F. Leighton should produce a fine and expressive picture will surprise no one; but all will regret with us that we see no more of his work than a single picture every year. That now before us, "Samson and Delilah," 213, has for its subject that part of Milton's drama where the friendly chorus tells the blind and shorn deliverer of Israel of the approach of his wife:—

"But who is this, what thing of sea or land?"

Some rich Philistian's matron she may
 seem,
 And now, at nearer view, no other, cer-
 tain,
 Than Delila thy wife.
 "(Samson.) My wife! my traitress! let her
 not come near me!"

This is a picture of very deep tone, erring indeed towards gloomy, hot opacity. Samson is seated and appears to have been just aroused from bitter meditation by the words of the speaker relating the approach of that hated woman; he starts erect, and with half infuriated face, turns even his blind looks from the quarter whence the voice of the relater tells him she approaches. There is a fine horror and indignation in this look that the observer will appreciate fully on careful study. The friend stands, drawn to full height, behind, and resting his hands upon the blind man's mighty shoulders, turns half askant to the corner. She appears gorgeously dressed, so as to display—not for her husband's lost sight—the beauties of her form: she crouches writhingly, and graceful as a serpent nears us, her arms crosswise on her breast, and her head sidling; the large voluptuous eyes glancing awry with an expression of that cold malice to be seen in the eyes of some brutes, and here full of meaning. Behind her are three female attendants, the composition of whose figures is extremely fine; the face of the middle one has, moreover, quite a new type of beauty and character which should be noticed.

"The Ancient Workman," 742, is a capital subject of a novel kind. One of the mediæval carvers, who united so perfectly the characters of artist and workman, is seen seated under the opening of a huge chimney, one corner of which he is working at. He is a withered old man, whose long limbs double themselves up quaintly enough. His face is full of character, as he now contemplates the flowers and birds of his handiwork. We regret the picture has not more colour and tone. The same fault should be found with "Conflicting Circumstances," 764, a little girl who carries a kitten home in a basket, and was tormented with the prisoner's efforts to escape and the violence of a gale of wind and rain which drives

against her umbrella and herself. The face of this child, despite a want of clear colour, is much beyond the ordinary mark of such pictures. Mr. F. Smallfield's "Late Supper—Full of Horrors," 727, shows a boy who after a vigorous but indiscreet attack on a pork-pie, seen at his elbow, sits up to read some terrible romance, and fascinated by the horrors and mastered by the meal, dreads to go to bed, and is overcome by the shaking of the shadows cast by the long-wick candle. This he dare not snuff, nor dares he move from the thrilling volume, but remains a monument of horror and fear, his cheek burning, and his hair stirring on his head. The colour of this picture is a little too clean and "soapy." No. 630, by R. Tucker, is a capital study of a head of a girl, in a ball dress, who waits her lover, illustrative of the lines:

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we
 come."

Messrs. Finlayson and Browne, in 632 and 698, both styled "Fruit," contribute some exquisite studies thereof. The last six works are in water colour.

With these let us close our notice of the humorous and subject pictures in general, and turn to the landscapes and the marine and coast paintings. We had occasion, in a recent review of the National Institution (Portland Gallery) highly to praise several works by H. Moore; a lesser degree of that praise must be awarded to his single picture here exhibited (14). "The Sea Birds' Summer Home," a scene on the coast, where, from a lofty sandstone cliff, we look down upon the sea, and the eye runs along the varied and broken lines of the beach, the deep splinters and scars thereupon, and above, on the summit, crowned with green grass, round which the whirls of cloud gather and break like the waves do upon the shore below. From each little headland and jutting point of rock the sea shows itself breaking, and the recoil thereof is skilfully marked by the concentric curves of the buffed waves, which retreat upon themselves in force. These glitter in the sun, and further out the wild

water looks like a huge jewel of lapis lazuli. Beyond this, the spirited representation of the water's motion, there is little to praise in the picture. First, the motive derived from a man about to lower a boy down the face of the cliff, to a space wherein the innumerable birds deposit their eggs, is evidently but an adaptation of Mr. Hooke's "Sea-boy gathering eggs," at the Royal Academy of last year. There is nothing of extra spirit added to that palpable original. Secondly, the cliffs lack brilliancy of colour and even purity of tint; there is a want of clearness and power of tone throughout. The disposition of the cloud masses is indeed good, but not remarkably so for so skilful an artist as this. Mr. H. C. Whaite is another artist whose works we had occasion to admire at the time named above. He contributes, also, one picture. "The Woods above 'Clovell,' 387: a copse of thin stemmed trees, through which we look upon the sea, the tints of the waves are given with extreme delicacy and purity, and what is of even more consequence, variety of colour; there is a soft creeping motion suggested by this part of the work, such as one may see on a summer's day after a breeze, when the long ground-swell heaves the water all together, and its surface is just cut upon by faint airs, the general appearance being what we must compare to the "engine turning" styled, ornament on the back of a watch. Any reader who will look upon the sea in such circumstances, will know what we mean, and recognise the truth of Mr. Whaite's representation. Amongst the stems of the trees is placed an old boat in and out of which some children are playing in high glee. The spirit of play evinced in the design is most creditable to the artist.

Although in some degree lacking intensity and vigour of tone, we must spare a few words of admiration for E. Hayes' (A.R.H.A.) "Bray Strand—evening," 308, a calm summer evening, when the hot sun sinks behind a bank of cloud, and dipping under the horizon, leaves cool and grey the light which hitherto formed gorgeous golden yellow. The sea lapses softly in upon the beach, whereon is hauled up a smack, as if at rest for the night. Of

this picture the sky is probably the best part, wherein there is great evidence of observation and feeling. Mr. Hayes' other work, 67, "Morning—blowing fresh off Sutton Bar," an antithetical subject to the last, shows a vessel labouring in the dead, grey sea, and a wrack of clouds racing overhead in the strong breeze of early day. There is more spirit but, we think, less finish in this than in the last mentioned work.

By A. W. Hunt, of Liverpool, is one of the most fascinatingly poetical landscapes it has yet been our fortune to meet. The work is an illustration of those beautiful lines by Keats, when he is comparing the ruined and fallen gods of the Saturnian race to

"A cirque of stones upon a sullen moor,
When the chill rain falls at shut of eve."

Mr. Hunt has illustrated the theme by the fact—a view of a desolate north country moor, where just at the head of a shallow valley a group of blind stones, all grey and overgrown with immemorial lichens, lie imbedded in the brown herbage of autumn. Some of the farther removed monuments are half hidden by a mist stealing along the hollow of the valley, soon to resolve itself into chill, drizzling rain, despite the golden going down of the sun which, on the side of the picture, tints the cloudlets of evening with fire of pale gold that only just has power to contend with the sweet, soft light of a three days' moon, whose radiance will soon hold sole dominion in the sky. There is an exquisitely poetical suggestiveness about this picture—a feeling of pathetic solemnity most unusual with landscape painters, and, indeed, requiring no small amount of poetic ability to conceive. Nor is the executive portion inferior in merit. The rocks are painted with infinite variety of colour in the changeable lichens, and their own bare surfaces, are fully represented. But most charming of all is the sky, which has a soft, dreamy brilliancy about it, such as could only have been suggested by most intimate and long continued study of the fountain of all beauty—nature herself.

Mr. J. P. Pettitt exhibits six large landscapes, of which the only one we can find praise for is 563, "The Black Pool on the Lledr, North Wales;" the

remainder err sadly in want of brilliancy and richness of colour, which, despite a broad and powerful method of execution, is fatal to works of some pretensions to care and skill. Even the picture now referred to is so black and heavy that, positively, taking into consideration the artist's conventional method of treatment, it is difficult for us to determine whether the effect here be daylight or moonlight. We incline to the former. Any way, here is a dark pool of water running under trees in a narrow valley, or rather dell, through the foliage a single beam of light streams upon the water, black as night otherwise, and showing its turbulence against the rocks of its bed by fitful glitters on a broken surface; one long bough alone of the nearest tree catches this streak of light, and that hangs against the darkness of the distant copse. In the painting of this latter portion is some fine, suggestively good work. The trunks of the trees are half lost in the gloom, and the whole slope of the river-side looks ghost-haunted and drear.

We are not without fear that Mr. West, whose spirited and original transcripts of Norwegian scenery have made him a reputation, will fall into manner—that Capua of artists—entirely through the frequent repetition of the same subject. Of his favourite waterfalls there are many examples, the best being 528, “Ystedal, Norway—Snow-water from the field.” A precipitous fall of water comes pure and blinding white, in irresistible force, through the chasm of a lofty cliff, and, falling with terrible weight, breaks itself mainly upon the air into a powdery foam, through which we see in places the rocks behind that wavering diaphanous veil; while at others—and here the skill of the artist manifests itself—the *shadows* of the trees and rocks on the hither side of the fall are discoverable steadfast upon the trembling and tumultuous sheet of half solid mist behind. We notice and lament a monotony of colour in this work which sadly mars the spirit and vigour of its conception. Surely no trees that grow by the side of water could ever be such a colour as these brownish masses of foliage that hang on the verge. The rocks, although well modelled, are devoid of variety of

colour. Surely there must be lichens and mosses even in Norway, and where they are is colour. We are fully confirmed in the lamentations of this shortcoming by comparing this picture with No. 206, by the same artist, “North Coast of Devon; Storm clearing off.” Now, here are the same faults and the same merits. The transcendent feeling for motion observable in the former shows itself in the waves of the sea here, which are surprisingly fine. One comes towards us to the foot of the cliff in a long heave that runs between some needle-shaped rocks, divided but persistent, and marches to destruction like a line of men in battle, calmly but unitedly. All the regulated confusion of the breaking waves is splendidly rendered, indeed we know no other artist who could better do this. But the cliffs that rear themselves above are too low in key, too monotonous in colour, and too weak in light and shade. The grass on their tops is so faint in green as scarcely to be recognisable and not position give means of identification. It is more like old, washed-out green baize than living and verdurous grass.

As No. 528 is a view of the Norwegian Fjord, so No. 348 is a view of that most interesting locality, the Fjord. Its title is “Upper part of the Gridvanger Fjord”—one of those deep arms of the sea which, running far into the land, are shut in by lofty mountains, and locked thereby lie still and ever calm in the narrow estuary. We see here, like wall behind wall, the bold jutting angles of the valley show themselves upon the quiet water; a few wide sailed craft creep slowly along, and upon the beach at our feet the peaceful sea lies at rest; a few gulls sweep with glancing wing from side to side—now in the shadows—now in the light—as the latter stretches from the lofty rocks on one side, to the precipitous bases over against them. Far off a mighty mountain peak shines, covered with perpetual snow, and looks down this huge natural trench. The pine grows almost to the water's edge. This is a picture of great interest, from the novelty of its subject, but it has the same faults and merits as the beforementioned works by this artist. In 468, “The Waterfall of Inversnaid, Scotland,” the

hasty stream breaks in feathery powder of water-dust, rushes fiercely in full force over the broken rocks into the pool below, all surrounded with the rocks of purplish tint that are constant with Mr. West.

No better examples could be found to demonstrate what is fine and faithful landscape painting, in contrast with mere pretentious work, than is afforded by a comparison of the works of Vicat Cole at this exhibition, with those of Messrs. Gosling, Williams, and Boddington, also here. With the first-named two, the comparison is most apt, because they have often chosen similar scenes. The one paints water like water, the other like glass. The one, rushes growing by a pool in the warm rich tints and graceful forms of nature, the other has them like oxidized copper, and in form like un-combed hairs or birch brooms. The foliage of the latter is shiny and thin, metallic in colour; that of the former wonderfully various in tint, and while solid, yet light and fragile. By Mr. Cole there are several pictures we shall describe with pleasure. They are as various in theme as they are beautiful and true. No. 34, "Spring-time," places us under a high gravel bank, where the mighty roots of a huge oak start forth like twisted serpents, and mock in number the gant boughs above. Underneath we see over the lower country, diversified with trees, and open fields, and hedges, by which a pure bright stream runs rippling. Nearer to us, is an oak just felled and stripped of its bark. The naked timber has cool reflections from the sky running along its edges; warm ones from the ground beneath; the whole most beautifully drawn. Few skies have we seen so pure as that in this picture, where the soft white clouds shine in bright newly-washed air, and are as light as spring clouds always are. An infinite variety of flowers and herbage gives character and colour to the foreground. No. 62, "A Summer's Incident," shows the margin of a wheatfield by a little oakwood shaw, in the shadow of which a boy lies asleep—beyond, the harvest-clad country; and above, the slow, large clouds of summer go past.

No. 174 will ever be fresh in our memory for a beautiful rendering of nature. It is styled "The Road over

the Heath." A rough cart track traverses a wide expanding common, all rich in purple bloom of heather and deep green grass. This stretches away to meet the cultivated land further off, where lofty poplars, and straggling pollard elms and oaks, guard fields behind fields as far as the horizon, there to meet the clouds, that seem not to stoop, but to decline in line beyond line of soft white vapour filled with light, and yet mellowed thereby. The open land spreads away to the right; but on our left the foliage of a wood gathers darker and deeper in colour. Over the road approach to us a couple of children, trudging along homewards, their long purple shadows preceding them over the ruts, and creeping past the tufts of grass in the broken path. The colour of these shadows is a worthy study, being perfectly true in tint and tone, coming purple on the orange gravel and cool green-blue on the grass. The sides of the road are diversified with all variety of heather flower and wild blooms, in richest profusion and most delicate painting. It is truly a delicious little picture. The largest, but that which pleases us least of Mr. Cole's works, is 219—"The Vale of the Llugwy, Moel-Siadod, Snowdon, the Carned David, &c., in the distance." It is a great valley, with a broad mountain stream running through it in many windings. The woods gather to the banks in many places, and touch the water. Farther off the lofty hills raise themselves in many-coloured beauty, their sides as they approach us are covered with half-cultivated land; while here and there a wide spread of heathy waste shows its devious paths, like writhing snakes, through the herbage. Overhead the clouds pass in long procession, throwing huge shadows at our feet. One most noble quality of the artist's style is here observable—namely, the intensity and yet softness of the light which fills the whole picture; also the marvellous variety of colour should be commended. However, to our judgment, this is, in this instance alone, rather in excess, the result being something like what is technically styled a "fruitiness" of effect.

For another change of subject let us turn to 255, by this artist—"A

Study at Bettws-y-Coed," a truly Arcadian locality, fair as a dream and like as life. The scene, the banks of the river that form a little rapid in the mid-distance, seem to fill the air with a soft rustling murmur of continuous sound, all in keeping with the luxurious quietude of drowsy summer air. The high islets of bright white clouds, full of lightness, seem to sleep in the still day, and only mock themselves in their bright reflections in the calm mirror of the stream. Beyond, the far-off hills sleep, also so subdued in a tender richness of varied colour that the half mist of hot air breaks upon them with a tender veil. We have called the stream a calm mirror, and so it is, beyond the hackneyed meaning of the phrase, for within it lie the perfect semblances of the trees that in one place guard the bank. The minor rocks of the foreground, and the images of the swallows that, darting across in long sweeping lines, catch the water as they drink, and break its surface with a splash radiating to a rippling circle: below the nearest of these the water yet trembles white beneath one bird, while its reflection skims along as it rises from the level surface. This is a fine point of observation; nor less fine is another notable point of careful thought. Quite in the front some low rocks stand as margin to the land and stream; now just about where the water rises on their face is a bright thin line of reflection that traces the level along the stone. This in itself indicates the perfect calmness of the fluid; but there is more to be seen: part of this bright thin line is *blue*, where it takes hue from the blue firmament above, and part *white*, where another angle of reflection sends back pure and flaming light to our eyes. The reader will see from this little matter how thoroughly the painter understands what he is about. As if to indicate still more fully the perfect stillness of the water which lies in this little bay or bight, formed by the rocks, which set back the moving stream and form under their lee a sleeping pool, some feathers lie still and motionless, unruffled by the wind and uninfluenced by the stream, which without the sheltered nook runs fast though smoothly along. No picture

could be more delicious than this. We fairly bask in the quietude, and could go to sleep in its noon-day heat, fanned by the soft summer air, and lulled by the sound of the water on the rocks passing in persistent flow.

One might "take wings of fancy and ascend," passing with the glow of summer yet upon us, from the margin of the dreamy Welsh river to the cool depths of the beechen shade Mr. Cole shows us in the next picture (350) "Beech trees in Weston Wood, Albury, Surrey." It is but across the room, in fact; and here we are asking the readers to go with us into the silent aisles of those lofty stems, where the air is cool, but heavy and still. The beams of the sun only strike fitfully in long bars of light upon the ground, making fire of the red dyed leaves that many autumns have strewn: our footsteps are silent and may not disturb the solemn repose of these giants of trees, who rear themselves in their shining silver bark like condemned Titans, motionless in their armour. There is nothing to break the long silence, only the squirrel leaping from bough to bough. The mosses are thick at the tree's feet, and the long arms of the ivy creep up their stems like quaint embroidery in bands of darkest green, their sheeny polished leaves glittering bright with cool reflections from the blue sky above, whenever the masses of foliage allow light to come; they are rich, dark, and warm whenever this is not the case. Out of the deep holes among the roots of these trees some rabbits have issued, and feed leisurely in the shadow, or frisk after one another in the spaces of light. We have dwelt lovingly upon this picture, because there is so much of the most delightful rendering of nature within it, such transcendent powers of expressing the perfect phases of characteristic beauty. If we look into the carpet of dead red leaves upon the ground we see how thoroughly the painter has been in love with his work, there is scarcely a space of one leaf's size which does not contain some incident of leaf existence, so to speak, which shows knowledge and artistic power. Some are red, some yellow, some brown, some mouldering in the decay of successive winters. The colour of the prevailing

shadow is deep orange-purple, as it should be, powerful and intense, yet cool and transparent. The mosses about the floor and on the tree stems are rich and varied in tone and tint; in some places the swelling trees have burst their armour, or rinded bark, and a long wound of a deep, tawney yellow runs up the bright stems. If we raise our sight to the massed foliage above it becomes lost almost in the wonderful multitude of leaves and the intricacy of loughs. We feel, in fact, as if brought into the spot, we do not recognise that the picture is less than nature, but seem able to

walk into the silent umbrage. This is why we begged the reader to stroll with us into it, for in a truly painter's picture, where breadth and finish are combined, such a thing seems always possible; it is only your incomplete and crude work that by somehow offending the sight and taste appears large or small as the case may be. This, however, opens to admit us, and small is the effort of fancy needed to make one think our feet moving with the dead crunch peculiar to making way over fallen foliage, while the moist, rich odour rises up therefrom at every step.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES EVER.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM Marietta Gerald heard how, with that strange fatality of inconsistency which ever seemed to accompany the fortunes of the Stuarts, none proved faithful followers save those whose lives of excess or debauchery rendered them valueless; and thus the drunken Fra, whose wild snatches of song and ribaldry now broke in upon the colloquy, was no other than the Carmelite monk, O'Kelly, the once associate and corrupter of his father.

In a half-mad enthusiasm to engage men in the cause of his Prince he had begun a sort of recruitment of a legion who were to land in Scotland or Ireland. The means by which he at first operated were somewhat liberally contributed to him by a secret emissary of the family, whom O'Kelly at length discovered to be the private secretary of Miss Walsingham, the former mistress of Charles Edward. Later on, however, he found out that this lady herself was actually a pensioner of the English Government, and in secret correspondence with Mr. Pitt, who, through her instrumentality, was in possession of every plan of the Pretender, and knew of his daily movements. This treacherous

intercourse had begun several years before the death of Charles Edward, and lasted for some years after that event.

Stung by the consciousness of being duped, as well as maddened by having been rendered an enemy to the cause he sought to serve, O'Kelly disbanded his followers and took to the mountains as a brigand. With years he had grown only more abandoned to excess of every kind. All his experiences of life had shown little beyond baseness and corruption, and he had grown to care for nothing beyond the enjoyment of the passing hour, except when the possibility of a vengeance on those who had betrayed him might momentarily awake his passion, and excite him to some effort of vindictive anger.

In his hours of mad debauchery he would rave about landing in England, and a plan he had conceived for assassinating the king; then it was his scheme to murder Mr. Pitt, and sometimes all these were abandoned for the desire to make Miss Walsingham herself pay the penalty of her base and unwomanly treachery.

"He came to our convent gate in his garb of a friar, to beg," said Ma-

rietta. "I saw him but for an instant, and I knew him at once! He was one of those who, in the 'red days' of the revolution, mocked the order he belonged to by wearing a rosary of playing dice! and he recognised me as one who had even more shamelessly exposed herself." A deep crimson flush covered her face and neck as she spoke, and as quickly fled, to leave her as pale as a corpse. "Oh, Mio Caro," cried she; "there are intoxications more maddening to the senses than those of drinking: there are wild fevers of the mind, when degradation seems a sort of martyrdom; and in the very depth of our infamy and shame we appear to ourselves to have attained to something superhuman in self-denial. It was my fate to live with one who inspired these sentiments." She paused for a few seconds, and then, trembling on every accent, she said: "to win his love, to conquer the heart that would not yield to me, I dared more than ever woman, far more than ever man dared."

"Here's to the king's buffoon, and a bumper toast it shall be," burst in the friar, with a drunken ribaldry; "and if there are any will not drink it, let him drink to the minister's mistress."

To the sudden gesture which Gerald's anger evoked, Marietta quickly interposed her hand, and in a low, soft voice, besought him to remain quiet.

"If the cause were up, or the cause were down,

What matter to you or to me;

For though the Prince had played his crown,

Our stake was a hare bawlee!"

sung out O'Kelly, lustily. "Who'll deny it. Who'll say there wasn't sound reason and philosophy in that sentiment! None knew it better than Prince Charlie himself."

"And was this man the companion of a Prince?" whispered Gerald, in her ear.

"Even so; fallen fortunes bring degraded followers," said Marietta. "I have heard it said that his father's associates were all of this stamp."

"And how could men hope to restore a cause thus contaminated and stained," cried he, somewhat louder.

"That's what Kinloch said," burst in O'Kelly; "you remember the song,

"The Prince he swore, on his broad clay-moor,

That he'd sit in his father's chair,

But there wasn't a man, outside his clan,

That wanted to see him there, boys,

That wanted to see him there."

"A black falsehood, as black as ever a traitor uttered," cried Gerald, whose passion burst all bounds.

"Here's to the traitors—hip, hip. To the traitors, for it was—

"The traitors sat in St. Cannes's hall,

And feasted merrily there,

While the tired men slept in the long, wet grass,

And tasted but sorry fare, boys,

Tasted but sorry fare."

"Oh if I'd a voice and could have my choice

I know with whom I'd be,

Not the hungry lads, with their threadbare plands,

But the lords of high degree, boys,

The lords of high degree."

"And so thought the Prince, too," cried he out, fiercely, and in a tone meant for an insolent defiance. "He liked the easy life and the soft couch of St. Germain's far better than the long march and the heather-bed in the Highlands."

"How long must I endure this fellow's insolence!" whispered Gerald, to Marietta, in a voice trembling with passion.

"For my sake, Gherardi," she began; but the Fra overheard the words, and with a drunken laugh broke in—

"If you have a drop of Stuart blood in you, you'll yield to the woman whatever it is she asks."

Stung beyond control of reason, Gerald sprung to his feet; but before he could even approach the Fra, the stout friar had grasped his short blunderbuss and cocked it.

"Another step—one step more, and if you were the anointed King himself, instead of his bastard, I'll send you to your reckoning."

With a spring like the bound of a tiger, Gerald dashed at him; but the Fra was prepared, and raising the weapon to his side, he fired. A wild, mad cry, blended with the loud report, echoed in many a mountain gorge, and the youth fell dead on the sward!

Marietta threw herself upon the corpse, kissing the lifeless lips, and clasping her arms around the motionless clay. With every endearing word she tried to call him back to life, even

for a momentary consciousness of her devotion. The love she had so long denied him, she now offered; she would be his and his only. With the wild eloquence of a mind on fire, she pictured forth a future, now brightened with all that successful ambition could confer, now blessed with the tranquil joys of some secluded existence. Alas, he was beyond the reach of either fortune! The last of the Stuarts lay still and stark on the cold earth, his blue eyes staring the strong sun without a blink.

When some peasants passed on the following day, they found Marietta seated beside the dead body, the cold hand clasped within both her own, and her eyes rivetted upon the features; her mind was gone, and, save a few broken, indistinct mutterings, she never spoke again.

As for the Fra, none ever could trace him. Some allege that he dashed over the precipice and was killed; others aver that he sailed that same night from St. Stephano for America, where he was afterwards seen and recognised by many.

Of the tragic event itself a few lines in the correspondence of Sir Horace Mann is the sole record in existence:

"Any anxiety," wrote he, "we might ever have felt on the score of a certain individual, alleged to have been the legitimately-born son of Charles Edward, is now over. He was murdered last week—killed in a drunken brawl by a friar, who, it is said, had once been a favourite follower of the Prince. Many doubted that there was any, even the slightest claim on his part to Stuart blood; but Mr. Pitt was not of this number. He had taken the greatest pains to obtain information on the subject, and had, I am told, in his possession, copies of all the documents which substantiated the youth's right. I have myself been enjoined, upon more than one occasion, to find out some channel by which pecuniary assistance might be tendered to him without his being able to trace it. This commission, I believe, originated with his Majesty. Of the youthful Prince—for as such we must regard

him—the most widely opposite accounts have reached me. By some his qualities were highly estimated; others deemed him fair, fickle, and a debauchee, corrupted by the vices of the revolutionary period, and tainted with all the worst opinions of Jean Jacques' followers; and lastly, a few there were who pronounced him insane—an opinion I am far from participating in. Indeed, many of the traits recorded of him redound no less to his moral than intellectual gifts.

"With all the acuteness that marks Mr. Pitt's mind, he has prepared for one of those eventualities, not by any means improbable under the circumstance of this youth's death; and I found amongst my official instructions a direction to have a formal document, stating the mode and manner of that event, attested by whatever witnesses there might be, and so circumstantial as to place it beyond dispute or even discussion. The possibility that another might be substituted for him, or that some adventurer would assume the name and station for mere personal objects, were what the minister feared."

Strangely enough this anticipation, after a long lapse of years, was destined to be realized; and a Pretender arose, who called himself the lawful son of Charles Edward.

The writer of these lines has himself met him, and in a society which acknowledged his pretensions, and gave him the high title of his assumed rank. There were in his case many personal advantages that favoured the illusion, and a most remarkable resemblance to the Vandyk portraits of Charles. Not impossible is it that the traits had suggested the personation, admirably sustained by all the aids of dress and noble carriage.

The imposture is, after all, a harmless one. The days of the Jacobites are over, and the cause is completely forgotten, and its interests faded from men's minds, as fully as the little cypress tree has withered and wasted that once marked the grave of Fitzgerald the Chevalier!—the last of the Stuarts!

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. IV.

"A TRAIN OF THOUGHT, AND THOUGHTS IN A TRAIN."

HERE I am at last at Southampton, after my Irish trip; but unlike most tourists, I am not content. I have travelled so much of late years, that restlessness, like the policeman, admonishes me to "move on." I shall now use my Season Ticket, going up to London one day and returning the next. It will give me what I require—change of scene and amusement. I cannot yet settle down to any occupation; but this daily routine will soon become wearisome, and when I am tired of it I shall be content to be stationary. I do not call it travelling; it does not deserve to be dignified with such a name. It is taking a daily drive with new companions; it is a mere change of place and associates. Travelling is a far more comprehensive term, and is undertaken for very different objects, and very various reasons. Some go abroad, not to gain information, but because others go, and they consider it disgraceful not to have seen as much as their neighbours. In like manner, few people read "Paradise Lost" for any other reason than that they seem ashamed to confess their ignorance and want of appreciation of the poem. Men do not like to be considered heretics, and are therefore compelled to conform to the received opinion, instead of confessing the difficulty they have had in wading through the beauties of Milton. If they dared to do so, they would say they infinitely preferred Hudibras; but alas! they have not courage to speak the truth. To people of this description "The Grand Tour" is a "customs duty," that must be paid like the Income or Property Tax. It is an incident of station. There is nothing in the prospect but heat or cold, fatigue or disappointment, extortion or robbery; bad inns, bad beds, and worse attendance; bad roads, bad wines, and a long catalogue of various sufferings, haunt them like uneasy dreams. But they have no option; go they must, or be set down as nobodies, or thrown out in conversation. It won't do now-a-days to say "England is good enough for me." It may, indeed, be

good enough for you, but *you are not good enough for it*, unless you have been abroad. The schoolmaster has gone there, so you must follow him.

When people marry fashion ordains that they should make a wedding-tour. Some go to Ireland (it is a pity more do not follow their example), and some to Paris; while others feel that a trip up the Rhine is more desirable, because they can then understand Albert Smith, and ascertain whether the German they have learned at school at all resembles what is spoken by the inhabitants. If these newly married persons really love each other, they can have but little inclination for sight-seeing; and if they don't, both matrimony and its inevitable tour must be great bores.

In my opinion, custom has ordained it rather as a penance than a pleasure, for it has in general mercifully limited its duration to a month. There is a prescribed course that must be followed. Folly presides at the arrangements and regulates the ceremony. There is a well dressed mob in the church, and a badly dressed one at the door; there is a mob of bridesmaids, and another of grooms-men, while two or three clergymen assist the over-taxed bi-hop in a laborious service that extends to the extraordinary length of fifteen minutes. The bells ring a merry peal, so loud and so joyous, one could scarcely believe they could ever toll. There are heaps of ornaments, instead of simplicity, and heaps of dresses and their concomitants, in defiance of the injunction against "outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel." There are also lots of gossip among young spinsters, and of envy among those of a certain age. The bride is loudly praised and flattered; but it is sometimes whispered she is sacrificing herself to a stupid old millionaire, or, what is no less deplorable, parting with her own large fortune, to regild a tarnished coronet. The *déjeuner* follows with its dull speeches, some of which draw tears, and others blushes; and then comes the inevitable tour.

There are new trunks, new dressing-cases, and new equipages. Every thing is new—they ought to be so, for they are to last a long time. It is a pity the bridegroom is not new also. He is a good deal worn; but, then, he is well got up, and looks as fresh as ever. The happy pair are united at last, tears and kisses are mingled.

Mixtures are apt to be cloudy or discoloured, and the current of true love does not always run smooth—at least poets say so, and they, like painters, are always true to nature, when they copy it. The experience of others is of little value, and we all hope to be exceptions to general rules. Smack go the whips, and away fly the horses—the happy couple commence their wedding tour. They will not receive company for some time, so we shall not intrude farther upon them.

This is the fashion—and fashion must be obeyed: the high and the low, the rich and the poor conform to it. Even the American negro apes his betters. When I was at the National Hotel at Baltimore, Jackson, the black butler (General Jackson, as he was called), was married with much pomp and ceremony to Miss Venus Cato—both were slaves. The wedding feast was liberally provided by the landlord, and the lodgers all attended to do honour to the faithful servants. At its close, a carriage drove to the door, and, to my astonishment, conveyed away the smiling and happy bride. "Why, General," I said, "what is the meaning of all this? Why don't you accompany your wife?" "Massa," he said, "you know de quality all take de *tower* when dey is married; so as I can't be spared (for as me and massa keeps dis hotel, we must attend to our business; dat ar a fac), I tought I d send Miss Venus by herself to take her tower, an enjoy herself. I wouldn't 'prive her of dat pleasure for nothen in de world. I scorn a mean action as I does a white servant."

Perhaps, after all, there is some sense in wedding tours. At first, the attention of the happy pair is drawn from each other by change of scene, and afterwards by the duties of life. It lets them down easily. It is a dissolving view that imperceptibly discloses a stern reality.

Then there is travelling on busi-

ness. This is work, and not pleasure. The horse does the same; he performs his daily stage, and returns to his stall at night; but neither he or his driver are much the wiser for the journey—it must be done, and what is compulsory is always irksome. There is, also, an absconding trip by the night express train to the Continent, which promises so much immunity, that a return ticket is unnecessary. Men who live too fast are apt to take sudden journeys, and travel post haste. It is an Israelitish exodus. The Egyptians are plundered before the flight, and left to mourn the spoils that were obtained from them under false pretences. The sea is placed between the fugitives and their pursuers. The air of France is more suited to *complaints of the chest* than that of England. It is vulgar economy to avoid incurring debts, true wisdom consists in evading their payment. Many a debtor is whitewashed by a sojourn on the other side of the Channel. When he lands, he has a receipt in full for all past liabilities. Several French towns are honoured by this class of travellers; and their conduct and character are such as to give foreigners a very exalted opinion of "Milord Anglais." Their expatriation is a strong proof of their paternal affection, for the reason generally assigned for their exile is, that they may obtain a suitable education for their children. They avoid the society of those they knew at home, for recognition invariably brings painful remembrances; but they are hospitable and considerate to their young and rich countrymen who visit them, and show them practically the danger of gambling, by first winning their money, and then consoling them by pointing out how fortunate they have been in not falling into the clutches of foreign professional sharpers. In return for all these delicate but most useful attentions, the only favour (and that is a very small one) which they condescend to ask or receive is, to have a bill cashed on their banker, C. Stuart, Esq., No. 1, Cockspur-street. The travellers are well pleased to accommodate their hospitable English friends in such trifling matters; it is the only compensation they can make for their kindness, and for the visit they have rendered so agreeable. What could they have done without these resi-

dents, for they were unable to understand the natives, and the French never speak English? The money is paid and received, as a matter of course, and when the bill is presented, the enlightened tourist finds that C. Stuart is the bronze statue of Charles the First, which obstructs and disfigures Charing-cross; that a bankrupt king makes an indifferent banker, and that worldly wisdom can be acquired in London as easily, and far more cheaply, than either at Nice or Boulogne.

Yankee travellers are not so easily taken in. As they say of themselves, with great complacency, "they have cut their eye teeth." "You might as well try to catch a weasel asleep as to find them napping." "You can't draw the wool over their eyes." "They were not born yesterday." "They are wide awake."

These and many other elegant phrases of the same description mutilate at once their superiority over Britishers and their contempt for them.

These English absentees and Yankee bagmen are the scum of Great Britain and America that floats on the surface of the Continent. They are avoided by the élite of both countries, and must not be considered as types of either nation. The former go abroad to avoid the payment of debts; the latter to incur expenditure they cannot afford, and both bring discredit on their countrymen. These Yankee tourists thoroughly enjoy the trip to Europe. They set apart as large a sum of money for the purpose as is compatible with safety, and when that is expended they return to America. It is a matter of indifference whether this happens in three or in six months. Money is no object, credit is capital—as long as one lasts the other abounds. If they cannot afford the expense, some one else can. John Bull will "do, or die;" Jonathan will "do, or break." That is the difference between a high and a low tone of principle. To die in the pursuit of any object is sheer folly. To fail, and then to try again, is worldly wisdom. A good bankrupt law is a great blessing; there is no sponge like a judicial one. It effaces all scores; it gives a clean slate to recommence addition and multiplication; it prevents total annihilation. Instead of utterly ruining one merchant, it diffuses the loss

over a great multitude of traders and manufacturers who have no reason to complain, because allowance is made for bad debts in their prices. The world is merely a large mutual insurance association which sustains individual losses, and pays the amount out of the premiums represented by their gains. To pay a dividend is more honourable than to repudiate a debt. The importer can afford to fail, while the loss falls on the "soft-horned" manufacturer, who resides at Manchester, Belfast, or Glasgow. The Americans, therefore, spend freely. A hotel-keeper, at Liverpool, once told me he regarded them with unbounded admiration: he said they were model travellers, for they never examined the items of a bill—they merely looked at the end of it to ascertain what Joseph Hume used to call "the tittle of the hull," and then, in the most gentlemanlike manner, gave a cheque for the amount. They go in pursuit of pleasure, and, cost what it may, they are determined to enjoy themselves. It is a great relief to get out of a country that labours under the inflexion of a Maine Liquor Law. It is irksome to keep up the appearance of morality in deference to a public opinion which will tolerate an offence, but has no sympathy with detection. Once on the ocean, the jurisdiction of the People's Court ceases, and the unwilling slave of custom asserts his freedom. He drinks, he gambles, and becomes a *fast-man*. He does not remain long in England; for though he considers himself equal to the oldest peer of the realm, his claim is unfortunately not recognised, and he quits the country in disgust. Before he leaves it, however, as he is a sight-seer, if there is a levee, he attends it, and is enabled on his return to boast of the honour of knowing the Queen. His patron, the Minister, is dressed like a butler, and sometimes mistaken for one, while he, as his protégé, assuming that the rule which dispenses in the case of Republicans with a court suite, is an evidence of royal submission to presidential orders, dresses himself accordingly, and resembles a shopman in holiday attire. A snob is always an object of aversion, but a Yankee snob is detestable. He has no pretension to be presented, for even in his own country he is not one of the "upper ten thousand;" but

his ambassador dares not refuse him an introduction, for he has influence if not position, and in revenge will proclaim him, on his return home, throughout the length and breadth of America, to be an aristocrat. He has more privileges than an Englishman in this respect; but, alas! they are more political than social; he can intrude into the presence of royalty, but he cannot force himself into society. He, therefore, goes to France, where Yankee pronunciation passes for good English, where people are too accustomed to boasting, to be disgusted at his exaggeration, where monarchical principles have no root, and where everybody will agree with him in abusing the English. Society is freer and looser there than either in Great Britain or the United States. People live in hotels and dine in public, as in America. They have social liberty, though not political: and in his own country he has neither. He has not the first, because the form of Puritanism, which has survived the spirit, exacts implicit uniformity in appearance; nor has he political freedom, because he won't either belong to one or the other of two factions, or be squeezed to death by their pressure. Whatever intervenes between scissars is cut in two. France, therefore, presents every attraction that he values. Wine, wit, and women—what a trio! Wine he can taste and appreciate, most probably he has dealt in it, and made money in the traffic. Wit when badly translated (for he is a poor French scholar), degenerates into a pun which he can comprehend, or is converted into humour, for which he has a decided turn, and he enjoys it uncommonly. French women enchant him. They have not the *mairmeischaute* of the English, or the coldness of the American ladies. They can converse in a way to charm him, and as love is the end and aim of their lives, if they do not warm under its influence they are so well versed in theatricals they can act their part most admirably. Paris is only a portion, but not the whole of Europe. Time flies, but money makes wings to itself, and flies faster. If he is to see more than that great city he must be up and doing. He is off for the Rhine, or Italy. *Luggage* is inconvenient. Two carpet bags tied together, and united by a strap to a hat box, are all he re-

quires for his expeditious journey. You may meet him with others of his countrymen in one of the river steamers: you cannot mistake him, for he is distinguishable from every other passenger. He is a tall, spare man, with a narrow chest, a long neck, and a gait that is a singular mixture of a strut and a slouch. His complexion is sallow, his cheeks hollow, his eyes bright, but sunken, and his hands small, thin, and terminating in long, taper consumptive looking fingers, of a colour that exhibits the effects of a contempt for gloves or soap. His hat is unbrushed and rests on the back of his head, his hair is long, lank, and uncared for, while his face is shaggy, and his beard untrimmied.

An Englishman has an open countenance, guarded by great reserve of manner; his is the reverse. It is not ingenuous or frank; but he converses freely, and is ready to talk with any one he meets. He is devoted to Bacchus and bucky. He prepares, in honour of the first as many compounds as an apothecary, and burns incense continually to the second. He expectorates incessantly (I use that expression, because I do not like the common term) to the annoyance and evident danger of every one round him. Bragging never fatigues him; but as this is generally a matter of comparison he makes it more odious by disparaging every thing out of his own country. A friend of mine lately steamed up the Thames with one of these gentry when he was in one of these agreeable moods. When they arrived off Woolwich he pointed to a line of battle-ship anchored there, and said, "What do you call that?" "That is the Dreadnought," was the reply, "an old man-of-war," but now used as a receiving ship." "Ah," he said, "we raise cabbages in the States as big as that *thing*."

Proceeding further up the river they came opposite to the Leviathan, which was just ready to be launched. when he put a similar question as to her. "What do you call that?" "That," said my friend, "is a great iron kettle we are building to boil the Yankee cabbages in." "Stranger," he replied, with a loud laugh, "I guess you weren't born in the woods, to be scared by an owl, was you? Well, that ere ship is as big as all out doors, that's a fact."

Of the quality of land he is a good judge; but he is indifferent to the beauties of nature; he ascends the Rhine that he may have the opportunity of boasting of a larger American river. The scenery, he says, is not worth looking at, it is so inferior to that of the Hudson. So he takes off his hat, and extracts from it a pack of cards, seats himself in the first vacant place, and commences playing with some vagrant countryman a game at *écarté*, which is enlightened by sundry expressions of triumph or disappointment, that are as unintelligible to you as to the Germans. You meet him again at Rome, where you see him coolly walk up to one of his countrymen, and taking his cigar out of his mouth, light his own by it, remarking at the same time, that "he knew he was an American as soon as he saw him," a discovery which, no doubt, many others had made before him. When he returns to his native land his friends are able to appreciate

"How much a donkey that has been to Rome

Excels a donkey that is kept at home."

Then there is the scientific traveller, who writes unreadable books which are illustrated, not with sketches, but unpronounceable words of Greek compounds, with Latin epithets—a sort of plated ware with silver handles. He is to be found in the mountains or the ravines. He is armed with a hammer, and carries a bag filled with fragments of rocks that are enough to load a donkey. He is silent, distrustful, and neglectful of his person. The police have an eye to him, as a man either weak in intellect, or assuming the appearance of a geologist, to disarm suspicion, while he is intriguing to overthrow the Government.

There is also the connoisseur traveller, who criticises pictures, statues, and architectural buildings in a way to astonish alike the learned and the uninitiated. Publishers tell him his books will not sell, but he knows better, prints them at his own expense, and loses money. The only consolation he has is, that he is in advance of the age, and posterity will do him justice.

But of all travellers, perhaps, the John Murray class is the most numerous. They buy his handbook, that enumerates the churches, hotels,

theatres, and museums they have to glance at; and, when they return, they are just as wise as if they had studied these manuals and remained at home. The character of the people, their laws and institutions, their system of education and government, their taxes, resources, domestic trade, foreign commerce, and every thing that is worth knowing, are all omitted. They cannot all be comprised in a five-shilling volume, and it cannot succeed if it is too diffuse. It is the idler's manual: a continental Bradshaw, with letter-press, a distance table with a list of prices and fares, and a catalogue of things to be seen if you have time and inclination. Such travelling, however, is not without its use: if it does not furnish much information, it supplies topics of conversation when tourists return home.

The English see more of their own country now than they did before the introduction of railways. They are also more communicative. This is particularly the case on the Southampton line, where there is always a fair sprinkling of persons who have just returned from abroad, and who freely enter into conversation with their neighbours. Just before I took my departure for London the *Pera* arrived from Alexandria and Malta, bringing a large number of passengers, some of whom were from Australia and others from India. Most of them retained the dress of their respective countries, and the whole formed singularly picturesque groups. There a man moved about, with an air of independence and self-reliance, that marked the settler in the bush, who required nothing that he could not do for himself; and there another was assisted ashore, by black attendants, without whose aid at every turn he seemed utterly helpless. Maltese dogs, Arab horses, paroquets, cockatoos, *cum multis aliis*, were landed in great numbers. They appeared to have been put on board in the vain hope that, like the homoeopathic system, one cause of nausea would neutralize another—that a singing in the head could be cured by the screams of birds—and that the vermin of a ship could be expelled by introducing animals and birds whose bodies were covered with them.

A farmer, who stood by me on the quay, after gazing in wonder at the singular appearance of these people,

their attendants, and living animals, addressing himself to me, said, "That vessel, sir, is a sort of Noah's Ark; for it contains birds, beasts, and all sorts of queer things. As soon as it touches the shore how they rush out, as if delighted to see the land again. There are some things about the ark I never could understand. Can you tell me, why in the world Noah took on board a rat, a weasel, and a turnip-fly, which were sure to destroy his corn, and his green crops?—I'm thinking they must have got in unbeknownst to him, afore the ark was finished, for he never could have taken them in on purpose. The old gentleman, you see, was six hundred years of age at that time, and it is natural to suppose that his eyesight was none of the best, especially as glasses hadn't been invented then. I suppose the rats sneaked into the stacks of corn, afore they was put on board, and that the egg of the turnip-fly was concealed in the grain, for Swedes and turnip flies naturally go together. The best way I knows on to secure the crop, is to take seed and roll it over!"—

Here this disquisition was cut short by the rapid passage of a hand truck, which, striking his legs from under him, rolled him over on it, and carried him off, minus his hat, sprawling and roaring, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. "Take that drunken man off the quay," shouted the warehouse-keeper, "or he will fall into the dock." Picking up the poor fellow's hat I followed the truck; and having released him from his unpleasant situation, restored it to him, and then proceeding with my friend Cary to the train, set out for London. Recurring to this ludicrous scene, after we had comfortably seated ourselves in the carriage, I remarked, that the man was as stupid a clod-hopper as I ever saw, but that he was not intoxicated, and added, he was "as sober as a judge." "That is rather an equivocal standard," replied Cary. "I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a judge'?" It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the Judge, "as most of those old saws are." They

are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.' Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say, 'I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop.' The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due."

"Talking of sobriety," I said, "how fares teetotalism now? for I have been so long out of England, I am hardly aware what progress it has made. In the States, the attempt to enforce the Maine Liquor Law has increased drunkenness to an alarming degree. At first, the legislature prohibited the issue of licences for the sale of fermented liquors, but this was evaded in every possible way. The striped pig was a very amusing dodge. A man advertised that he was possessed of a singular pig, which was striped like a zebra, and that it was to be exhibited under canvas, at a certain price daily. Crowds pressed forward to behold this wonderful animal, but every one who entered the tent in which it was shown, expressed his indignation at having been cheated by the substitution of a common hog, that had been sheared and painted in longitudinal stripes. The keeper feigned great regret at the disappointment and want of taste of the spectators, and begged them to accept a glass of rum and a biscuit, as some compensation for the deception. It was soon whispered about, that it was an acute evasion. The money was paid for a sight, in order to obtain a taste; it was the admission ticket that was sold, and not the liquor. 'The law,' he said, 'did not prevent a man from being liberal to his friends.'

"Another evasion was, to import from the adjoining state, where this rigid law did not prevail, a coffin, containing a tightly-fitting tin box, filled with brandy. When emptied of its contents it was supplied with a corpse, the victim of the poison it had previously concealed. To prevent these tricks, all persons were prohibited by penal enactments, from selling spirituous liquors, unless a professional order was obtained, prescribing it as a medicine. The mere production of the

order was declared to be a protection; but the Act was silent on the subject of the qualification, or the sex of the practitioner, so every man prescribed for his neighbour, and nurses ordered it into every house they attended. In short, the law was so loosely worded and so badly amended, that as soon as one hole was soldered up another appeared, and it was never 'liquor-tight.' In my opinion it increased the evil it was designed to remedy, by adding to it fraud and hypocrisy. You may induce a man to be temperate by appealing to his reason, or his sense of right and wrong, but you can never compel him to be so by legal enactments, or pecuniary penalties. If the fine is too large it creates a sympathy for the offender, and it is paid by subscription; if too small, it is added to the price of the illicit spirits. If its enforcement violates personal liberty too much, and calls in the aid of inquisitorial powers, the executive officer subjects himself to personal outrage and his property to serious depredations. In several cases I have known a temperance hall to be blown up with gunpowder, and in others manure to be exploded in the premises of the Clerk of the Licences. Wherever tried, such laws have always failed to effect the object for which they were enacted. Low duties or free trade are the only effectual checks on smuggling, and in like manner, example and persuasion can alone repress intemperance.

"I entirely agree with you," said a gentleman who sat opposite to me, "as to the inefficacy of the American prohibitory laws, and of the hypocrisy engendered by compelling people to take pledges to abstain from the use of all fermented liquors. When I was canvassing the borough of Sewer-mouth, during the last general election, many of my constituents inquired of me whether I was in favour of the introduction of the Maine Liquor Law into this country, and upon my stating my objection to it they positively refused to vote for me. At last I came to a publican, whose support I felt certain I should obtain. Ah, my friend," I said, "I feel as if I had a natural claim to your cordial assistance. Every member of the Temperance Society in Sewer-mouth has declined to vote for me, because I will

not consent to the introduction of the Maine Liquor Law; my opinion is, that it is incompatible with the liberty of the subject. If you think proper to retail beer or spirits, you have a right, as an Englishman to do so, and so forth, in the usual electioneering declamatory manner." "Stop, sir," said the publican, "if you please; I will have nothing said in this house against members of the Temperance Societies; they are the best customers I have. When one of them slips in here on the sly, he throws his ha'pence on the counter, and says, 'Give me a glass of gin,' which he snatches up, without stopping to see if the glass is quite full or not, lays his head back, and tosses it off like winking, and then passing his hand over his mouth, this way" (and he suited the action to the word), "and giving his lips a dry wipe, he goes to the door, looks cautiously up and down the street to ascertain that nobody is observing him, and then walks off as innocent as a lamb, feeling good all over, and looking at peace with himself and the world, like a righteous man that is setting a good example to all his neighbours, for conscience-sake. But your open audacious drunkards, sir, set all decency at defiance, and pride themselves on their independence. When they come here they swagger in, as if they felt they had a right to drink whatever they could pay for, and wished all the world to know they would exercise that privilege, in spite of all the temperance societies in the kingdom. I hate them; I detest them, sir; they are noisy, blustering, impudent rascals. Instead of quietly taking their nip, and walking off about their business, they sit down and jaw all day - there is no getting rid of them - they disgrace themselves and bring discredit on me and my business. Don't say anything against the members of the temperance societies, if you please, sir, for they conduct themselves like gentlemen, and I am proud to have such quiet, decent customers; they pays as they goes, and runs up no scores. Next to them, sir, I respects servants; they are both civil and liberal, and act on the principle of 'live and let live.' Like teetotallers, they study the decencies of life; they get what they want, and don't stay long. In general they comes on business, and merely takes

a glass of som'at when they are fatigued. Butlers to quality are always real gentlemen, and half the time are better dressed and better mannered than their masters. The busses and the carriers stop here, and in course servants must come for their parcels. Butlers and cooks have lots of hampers to send away, and very seldom receives any in return; a losing business I should suppose, too, sir" (and he gave me a wink, which to render it quite intelligible, was accompanied with a twitch of the corner of his mouth, and a nod of the head.) "You'd naturally think, sir, it was a trade leading to Bankruptcy, with a third-class certificate, without protection—an export commerce, without an import of the raw material, looks as if the balance of trade was again them, as those upstarts, 'Golden and Bright say, don't it!" "May it not be," I replied, "that the export is paid for in hard cash?" "I didn't think of that," he said, with another arch look; "but you know I never inquires into other folks' affairs. I have enough to do to attend to my own. I don't belong to the teetotal club, sir, tho' I have a great respect for it; but I do belong to the 'Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society,' and I find it a safe and profitable concern. When those parcels of the butler and cook are brought here, as these people have a great deal to do at home, and under servants read addresses, which leads to gossip, I puts on the directions for them, and forwards them. I said these two officials, butlers and cooks, were genteel and honourable people, sir, and so they are; and so are ladies' maids too—I loves them, the dear little creatures, for they is so refined and fashionable—how they perk up their pretty mouths when they speak, don't they! and mince their words as fine as if a big one would choke them, or crack their tender young jaws. They have little secrets of their own, too, and they knows they can trust me, tho' I am a single man, so I says nothing further; indeed mississ have secrets sometimes as well as they have, at least so their ladies tells me. *The truth is, sir, this world is a great secret, if we could only find it out.* Upper servants of nobility and gentry behaves well to me, I must say.

Instead of making me give them presents, or commissions, they scorn such conduct, and makes *me* handsome acknowledgements. Its only tradesmen they taxes, such as butchers, bakers, fishmongers, and grocers. They makes them pay a 'nad walorein duty,' as they calls it; and what government could be carried on without taxes! Why debts, sir, would soon be repugiated, if supplies was stopped. Their custom ain't much, to be sure, for they have better liquor at home nor I have; but their friendship is valuable as patrons, and they recommends my house to all their visitors, and any little forwarding of exports abroad that I does for them is liberally remunerated. They sends all their company's carriages here, with an order that their horses should have their corn wet instead of dry, which means beer and gin for the coachman, and only hay for their cattle. It is better for both. Dry oats is apt to swell in the stomach of animals that travel fast, and produce inflammation; but hay and water is cooling, while liquor gives a quick eye and a steady hand to the gentleman what drives. 'Stout,' says the butler from the Hall up there, to me the other day, when he and his friend from the Castle dined here, with me, 'Stout,' says he, 'I can't bear your wine, you ain't a judge of the article, beer and spirits is more in your line, so I took the liberty to send here some old port, wintage '23, that I ordered yesterday, as a sample to try afore laying in for our governor.' When we was discoursing it arter dinner, sais he, 'Stout, I respect *you*. You are a man of great talents, far greater talents than are a Meux or Hanbury, or any other compounder of hops and cockleus Indigus that sits in Parliament, and objects to the courts of marriage and divorce taking jurisdiction over adultery in beer, and that wants to take duty off paper, (readin being out of their line,) but won't let farmers malt their own barley. They are *bruin* by nature, and *bruin* by occupation. You see, Mr. Stout, (as our governor says, and werry properly too,) we levels down to where we be, but we don't fill the walleys up to us. It stops the water courses you see, and breeds a flood; and when the floods come, if you

haven't any high hills to fly to why you are done for, and the fishes get your precious bodies. Now that's the way with them brewers I named, they sing out for free-trade, but buys up all the public-houses, and them and their friends won't licence any that won't sell their beer; they are hypocrites and Pharisees that treat publicans that way. Your health, Mr. Stout," says he, "how do you like the flavour of that wine, it's of the vintage '25, so marked in the governor's cellar — ahem—I mean in the wine merchant's. It ain't to be sneezed at, is it?" — Then he held up his glass to the light, "See," says he, "it has the *bee* in it." "The devil it has," says I, "how in the world did it get in there, let me get a teaspoon, and take it out." He nearly laughed himself on to the floor at that, he was like a horse that has the staggers, he shook his head, reeled about, and quaked all over. When he recovered, says he, "Stout, you are a capital actor, that's the best thing I ever heard. As I was saying, I respect you: eyes to see, but don't see; hears to 'ear, but don't 'ear; fingers to pick and pry, but don't pry into what you ain't wanted to know; a tongue to speak, but that don't speak ill of your neighbour; a memory to remember what is important to retain, but that can forget what ain't convenient to recollect. It's a perfect character, for none are so blind as them as won't see, so deaf as what won't hear, or so ignorant as won't know what ain't their business to know." Well, sir, I likes coachmen also, they are discreet, prudent people; they calls to see if there is any thing come from the saddler's; and when they inquire if *that* parcel is arrived, I am to understand it is one that was expected, and called for before, and I am to entreat them (only as acquaintances, and not as customers), to take a glass, which they does reluctantly, and tells me to blow up the carrier when I see him, for not obeying their orders. That glass is to be charged, they have their reasons for what they says and does, they knows who is who, in the shop, and they wants it to be seen they came on business on that occasion, and not for pleasure.

"Footmen likewise have, or expect something by the carrier, or they want to ascertain addressees, or to inquire after all sorts of persons and

things. They complain bitterly that instead of a list being given them, they are sent several times to my house, when once would answer; in short, they talk of leaving their places on that account. All these are respectable customers, sir; they never stay long, or make a noise, for they knows what's what, and are up to the time o' day.

"Willageservants I despise; they are ignorant, underbred varmin. What is parquises of office in the upper class, is no better than priggish with them; one is what they calls superfluities, the other is low pilfering and nothing else. They toss up their heads, particularly females, as if they had been used to high life, and say they won't live with people who 'throw up and lock up.' "What do you mean by that," I said, "I never heard the expression before."—"Why, sir," said the eccentric publican, "it is where a tradesman's wife is her own housekeeper, and locks up her pantry, and has the ashes sifted, and the cinders thrown back into the fire again. They say they want to live where the gentlemen wear powder, and where their misses are 'carriage people.' I forwards no parcels for the like of them, they ain't safe customers, I leave them to charwomen, who carries messages from their lovers, and takes money from one, and money worth from the other. Them women, sir, are regular smugglers; they have long cloaks, large aprons, and big pockets; they introduces sweethearts and gin, and smuggles out groceries and provisions; and when they ain't a running of goods, they act as coast-guards; they stands sentry for them, and gives the signals that the coast is clear for them as are in to get out, and them as are waiting for a chance to slip in on the sly: they are a bad lot, sir, the whole on 'em; I am afraid of them, and I never want to see them here, for they are very tonguey sometimes, and it don't do, for the like of me to have a noise in my house. I had to turn two of them out this morning.

"They met here quite accidentally, and says one of them to me, quite loud, on purpose to be overheard, 'Mr. Stout, who is that? she is one of the 'has-beens.' 'I'd have you to know,' said the other, 'that the 'has-beens' are better nor the 'never-

wases' all the world over,' and she flew at her like a tiger. Liquor, you see, sir, acts different on different people. Some it sets a laughin', and others a cryin'; some it brightens up, and others it makes as stupid as owls. Melancholy, high-strikes, kissing, quarrelling, singing, swearing, and every sort of thing is found in drinking, when enough grows into too much, and the cup runs over. Women never do nothing in moderation. A little does them good, but when they goes beyond that, it is ruination. No, sir, take 'em all in all, as far as my experience goes, I give the preference, by all odds, to the members of temperance societies. They use liquor without abusing it. It never excites them, for they never talk over it; and it is astonishing how much a man can stand if he will only hold his tongue. I'll vote for you, sir; but don't say nothing against temperance society people in my house, if you please."

Such was the whimsical account my fellow-traveller gave of his reception by the publican, when canvassing him for his vote; and he added that he thought teetotalism, in any shape, when not founded on religious principles, was illusory; and that if attempted to be enforced by penalties, it would be successfully resisted or evaded. A relapse in the case of a drunkard he considered fatal. "It is hard," he observed, "to wean a calf that has taken to sucking a second time."

"I never hear anecdotes of drinking," said another passenger, "that I do not think of one a poor clergyman in Lincolnshire told me. He had received, for the first time in his life, an invitation to dine with his bishop. It was at once a great honour, a great event, and a great bore. He was flattered and frightened: flattered by being considered worthy of dining with those who dressed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day; and frightened at his own ignorance of the usages of episcopal palaces. Not having a servant of his own, he took his parish clerk with him to attend him, and desired him privately to ascertain from the other servants any particulars of etiquette he was to observe as a guest, and also what he was to do himself. Soon after the dinner was served, the bishop, who

was a kind and condescending, though formal, man, asked the poor rector to do him the honour to drink wine with him. To be selected for this special mark of favour (for he was the first whom his lordship had asked to drink with him) was most gratifying to his feelings. It was a distinction never to be forgotten. He bowed low and quaffed his wine, that warmed a heart already glowing with pride and gratitude. He had, however, no sooner replaced his glass upon the table, than his humble attendant, the clerk, stepped up behind him, and, leaning over his shoulder, carefully wiped his mouth with a napkin. His first thought was that all this ceremony was unnecessary, and that this luxury was effeminate, to say the least of it. It was the first time in his life his mouth had ever been wiped by another since that kind office had been performed for him by his mother or his nurse when he was a child. The singularity of the incident attracted much observation and amusement. The arch-deacon followed the example of the host, rather to ascertain the meaning of this extraordinary whim of the parson than to do him honour or indulge his own desire for another glass. They mutually bowed and drank their wine, when the clerk again stepped forward, and again wiped the rector's mouth with great gravity. Another and another tried the same experiment with the same result, but with increased merriment. The poor old gentleman was confused by this extraordinary attention of the company, and the still more inexplicable conduct of his attendant. When the entertainment was over, and he had retired to his room, he summoned the clerk, and requested an explanation of the singular ceremony.

"It's quite right, sir," said the artless man; "I inquired of the servants at his lordship's what I was to do, and how I was to behave myself, and they told me to stand near the side-board, out of their way, and to keep my eye on your reverence, and when any gentleman asked you to drink wine my duty was to wipe your reverence's mouth with the napkin, and then return to my place, and that if you called me they would attend to your wishes; but that I was on no account to stir from my post." "You are a born fool, a stupid blockhead,"

said the rector; "couldn't you see that that form was not observed to any one else at table?" "I did, sir, and when I said so to the butler he told me it was always done to every gentleman who had the honour of dining at the palace for the first time, and was meant as a great mark of favour to a stranger. He told me that every other clergyman present had been, on their first visit, honoured in the same way." The poor old parson was overwhelmed with shame; and what is worse, he has never been able to boast, as he otherwise would have been most proud to do, "of once having had the honour of dining with the Bishop of Lincoln." I have often observed that when a person tells a good story, it seems to recall to the recollections of others one of a similar nature, until the conversation becomes anecdotal. This story of the poor rector and the bishop reminded me of one told by an old admiral, since deceased. In his early days he went to sea as a midshipman, with poor Captain Hawser, of the *Vesuvius*. Hawser was a tremendous fellow for grog; worse even than Old Charley, and that is saying a good deal. Well, when they arrived in the West Indies this indulgence soon brought on a fever, and Hawser nearly lost his life; or (as they say at sea) "the number of his mess." The doctor totally inhibited the use of rum or brandy, but told him that when he found himself in a cold climate he might take them moderately; and the farther north he went, the more freely he might indulge. Shortly after they returned to England, the *Vesuvius* was ordered to the Baltic; and as soon as they sailed for their destination Hawser resumed the grog, so long discontinued. He daily asked to have it increased in strength, as they proceeded on their way, and when they reached the Baltic it was considerably more than *half-and-half*. The further he sailed, the stronger it became, until, at last, there was scarcely any water in the composition. The invariable order was given to the steward, "farther north," which meant "mix it stiffer still." One day he sternly commanded him to make it "farther north." "I can't, sir," he replied; "*you have been due north for three days*. It is no longer grog; it is clear rum." "The force of nature

could no farther go." There is a limit to libations, even when "far north," and *delirium tremens* terminated the career of one of the kindest, bravest, and noblest fellows in the navy.

Those who cannot afford good wine are apt to substitute rum, or brandy and water in its place; and if taken in small quantities, it is not only unobjectionable but wholesome. But it is a dangerous habit, and one that is difficult to keep under proper control. I have often laughed at a conversation I once heard between two old country squires. They were lamenting over the dissipation of a young friend of theirs. "Ah," said one, shaking his head, and speaking most dolefully, "they tell me the poor fellow has taken to drinking spirits." "Yes," replied his friend, with a still more rueful countenance, "yes; but that is not the worst of it," and he lowered his voice as if it was something very horrible, "*he puts the water in first*, sir; what dreadful depravity!" "I don't understand," said the first mourner, "how that alters the case." "Don't you?" said the other. "Why no one can tell how much spirits he puts into the tumbler. Concealment is a sure sign of guilt. It's the last stage, it shows he has sense enough to be ashamed, and yet wants resolution to act honestly. It's the drunkard's dodge. I consider a person, sir, who does that a dishonest fellow. He gets drunk under false pretences: he is a lost man. To drink brandy and water, sir, is low, very low; but to *put the water in first is the devil*."

"That story you told us just now," I said, addressing the gentleman who related to us the remarks of the publican upon teetotallers and others who frequented his house, "is a capital one, but it is also a melancholy sketch. The condition of servants is one that cannot be viewed otherwise than with great regret, if not with apprehension. Servitude is, at best, a state of humiliation, and we cannot wonder that it leads to a certain degree of disaffection. To view it philosophically it is, after all, a mere contract. On the one side a stipulated sum is paid for certain services, and on the other there is a promise faithfully to obey and execute all lawful orders in consideration of the wages thus agreed upon. We pay our money, and we expect the

equivalent. But although the terms are settled to the satisfaction of both parties, the master and the servant mutually desire to derive the utmost advantage from the bargain. The former wants the entire time and devotion of the servant, while the latter strives to limit his services, as far as he can, to such a moderate and reasonable discharge of his duties as he finds most compatible with his own ease and comfort. Both look to the terms of the contract, and severally interpret its clauses in their own favour. From the artificial state of society in which we live, we are both led to stand on our rights. As there is no favour conferred on either side, so there is no gratitude. If we are kind to our servants, they regard our liberality as a just tribute to their merits; while on their part, if they do their duty tolerably well, they think they have earned their wages, and are under no sort of obligation to us. Personal attachment seems altogether out of the question. I was very much struck with the observation of the hotel-keeper at Paris where Orsini lived when he made the attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon. He was asked whether he had any suspicion that Gomez (who acted as his valet) was what he represented himself to be—Orsini's servant. He replied that he had his doubts; for he had kept an hotel for thirty years, and in all that time had never heard a servant but Gomez who spoke well of his master! It struck him as a very suspicious circumstance. Can this be true? If it be, what a satire it is upon poor human nature!"

Much of the disappointment we experience in the conduct of servants, is our own fault; we are afraid to speak the truth; we dread an action for slander if we venture to state what we know to be true without being quite in a position to prove our asser-

tions. We give them characters to which they are not entitled; we pity them, and, concealing their defects, say all we can in their favour. We enable them to bring other employers to grief as they have brought us. Their former masters assisted them in deceiving us, and we aid them in imposing on others. What right have we, then, to complain? We bring inconvenience and trouble upon ourselves by our negligence or want of firmness and candour. The remedy is not wholly in our own hands, but we can protect ourselves to a great extent if we please. Knowing how little reliance is in general to be placed upon written characters, let us, if possible, have an interview with the last employer. He will probably tell us much that he will not venture to write, and, at all events, is open to cross-questioning. And when a servant either leaves our employment, or is discharged, let us give him (as far as the law will permit plain speaking) the character he deserves, whether for good or for evil. The faithful, painstaking domestic will then derive the advantage of a good character, which he so richly deserves; and the disobedient, negligent, or dishonest one will be punished in not having opportunity afforded him of annoying another master. Let us thus teach them the value of character, by showing them we consider it indispensable; and compel them to be circumspect, by depriving them of the means of deception. Strict discipline insures obedience, while kind and considerate treatment produces attachment; and a combination of *both* cannot fail to make a good and faithful servant.

"Tickets, if you please, gentlemen," are the last words we hear. They remind us that we have reached Waterloo station, and that our journey is now terminated.

FASHIONABLE FALLACIES.

"SWEET KEVL."

At a time when the eyes of all Europe were turned with deep anxiety upon the countenance of the Emperor of France as reflected in the columns of the *Moniteur*—when every one was asking, "Aurons nous la guerre?"—the whole of one morning's impression was filled with the report of a commission which had been appointed to consider the practicality of adopting one absolute standard note for the tuning of musical instruments, and regulating the pitch in the different orchestras of the universe.

It was a jocosely answer to a very serious question. Is the harmony of the Continent to be broken up, and war with all its horrors to be let loose upon fields just putting up the fresh green blade, the hope of a rich harvest to the nations? Are the braying of the trumpet and the *cappell* of the drum to drown the soft strains of the valley and the homestead? "By no means," is the Imperial answer. "There is a new standard of tone which emanates from France, and which is to be henceforth acknowledged as the only absolute exponent of musical notation." The harmony of nations is hereby secured. Sig. Cremona may walk into an orchestra in Paris, or Vienna, or even London, and find his violin in accord with the resident implements of musical sound; nay, if he should make a pilgrimage to Jericho, he will find the sabelts and psalteries, by virtue of this universally-received standard of vibration, unwittingly obedient to the law of France! Nothing but the force of English prejudice and obstinacy could accuse a monarch, thus unselfishly proving his love of harmony, of any intention of introducing discord among the states of Europe!

We commend the point to Sir F. Head, and, without giving any opinion on the similarity that exists between the present Emperor of France stuffing the official journal with a lucid report upon the construction of a new tuning-fork while practising an astute reserve upon the engrossing question of the construction of the treaty of

Vienna, and a certain Emperor who tuned his fiddle while the flames were smouldering beneath his feet and threatening to consume Rome, we shall ask a hearing of the cause of old *versus* new Tuning-fork.

This instrument, consisting of a piece of steel shaped like the letter U with a handle to it, is the best unit of sound which has been yet devised. When struck and the handle applied to any vibrant body, a clear, unvarying note is uttered. When we say "unvarying" we mean, not giving an after-tone like a bell, or becoming flatter as the vibrations become fainter. But there is a difficulty in using such an instrument for the register of an absolute note. The note given out by the fork will vary with the temperature of the air in which it vibrates, and with the state of the air as containing more or less of moisture. Let a tuning fork be adjusted to a certain note; it is necessary for the reproduction of this same absolute note that it should be known what the thermometer and hygrometer stood at in the moment of adjustment, and these conditions should be complied with every time such note is required. The use of an instrument imposing such conditions is difficult in the concert-room. A crowded audience or a thin one—a ventilated or a close room—a damp or a dry day—the very temperature of the hand of the operator—all or any of these disturbing causes may be supposed to interfere with the accurate use of the standard.

Noris this merely theoretical. True, it will be reserved for an ear of peculiar delicacy to detect such deviations, even after they have been multiplied by successive errors, each in the same direction; but the fact that such deviations have been detected, and can be accounted for in no other way, shows the necessity for some remedy. For instance, it is well known that the singer who has been trained in the Conservatoire to sing music which is written at a certain pitch, often finds in going into a strange orchestra,

whether in the provinces, or in some other great city of Europe, that he cannot reach the note which he sung with great ease at Paris. The tenor finds he requires to borrow false notes, the contra-tenor almost screams, in the vain effort to sing his favourite song.

The conditions inseparable from an accurate standard have been disregarded in correcting the tuning-forks in current use; the mistake arising from this, even under the most favourable circumstances, has been aggravated by a neglect of these same conditions when a faulty standard was employed, and thus some of the orchestras of Europe differ from one another in their reading of the same supposed note by at least a semitone.

But more than this, there is a want of uniformity even in the different orchestras of the same city. Experiments were some years ago made to determine the exact number of vibrations assigned to one standard note in the practice of the several orchestras in Paris. Let us give three of these as a sample:—The standard A of the

French Opera gave	431.34
Comie Opera „	427.61
Italian Opera „	421.17

double vibrations in the second of time, whilst the same note in the Theatre at Berlin gave 437.32 double vibrations. Between the A of the Italian Opera at Paris, and that of the Theatre at Berlin there was a difference of more than a comma. Once again, this alteration of the standard note, or concert pitch, is still advancing. It is now demonstrably nearly one whole tone higher than it was at the commencement of this century. Where will this stop? Handel's songs will change their notation, or will pass from one class of voice, and, therefore, from one style of enunciation, to another, till we may, perchance, hear "Comfort ye" handed over to a high soprano, and "He was despised" shuffled off on a tenor—a consummation not unlikely to bring the grand, but choleric old composer from his grave, to fling his wig (as once of old), in uncontrollable wrath, full in the teeth of the musical murderer.

How, we repeat, is this to be stopped? It has been often debated in the Academy of Sciences. About this time last year, a comical paper was read bearing on this question (not in-

tentionally) by M. Toubert. We have not seen the paper itself, but can depend on a *procès* of it which lies before us. He states that a sound exactly corresponding to the note *la* (i.e. A in the English notation) is heard by some persons in shaking their heads rather smartly from right to left. He supposes that the sound is caused by the striking of the *malles* upon the *incus* in the interior of the ear. Those, he adds, who hear the same note in both their ears are endowed with a perfect sense of hearing—they are musicians born. Those who hear the note in one ear only possess the sense in an imperfect degree, just as those who have one eye weaker than the other mistake one colour for another. Those whose ears emit different notes not in unison, are not only bad musicians, but they hate the art.

So far M. Toubert. Singular physical fact—if true! The only pity is that this endowment is partially distributed. If it were possessed by all musicians, we should have every man his own tuning fork. An orchestral troop, all shaking heads from right to left, and comparing notes, would be a new and attractive feature in our concerts. Or why should not a simple-minded medium be found, who would be ready, for a consideration, to permit the conductor to give him one or more smart boxes in the ear, in order to bring the *malles* into play within, and enable him to sing out a lusty *la* for the benefit of both wind and strings. It is worth thinking about. Meantime the establishment of one standard steel rod, vibrating according to theory, and in a given medium, easily, accessible, either in itself, or by multiplying registered copies in carefully manufactured steel, is absolutely necessary to arrest this rise in the musical market, and it is merely a new illustration of the "sophism of the Lexicon," when we find an ardent friend of Italy referring to competent diplomacy the settlement of this wrong done by Europe to innocent, suffering, wailing Solfeggio.

It is much easier, however, to draw up the text of a treaty than to ensure the observance of it. You might disfranchise fifteen boroughs with more impunity than brand the existing tuning-fork with the stamp of incorrectness. Ten thousand pianos will

raise their voice against such an innovation.

Let us notice here a "fashionable fallacy," which we have heard repeated a thousand times. Turning over the pages of some new music the other evening, while it was being ably interpreted by a rarely gifted player, we expressed our hearty admiration of the composition. "Oh yes," said the fair musician; "that is *such* a sweet key." A few words of explanation, for the benefit of the non-musical, before we detail the argument which we ventured to hold in refutation of this fallacy. In the construction of the octave, or series of eight notes, a half tone is twice introduced: between the third and fourth, and between the seventh and eighth notes. Thus the series is made up of seven intervals, of which five are whole tones. These whole tones are, in keyed instruments, divided into half-tones, by the interposition of an additional key between each; so that any one of these half tones may be taken as the point of departure for an octave, if it be desired to adopt a scale either higher or lower than that which would be forced on the performer in the employment of one rigidly fixed octave. Accurately speaking, however, the intervals are not pure half tones; and, in tuning a keyed instrument, it is necessary to make a compromise by which all the octaves shall be equally imperfect. A mistake is, in fact, divided, so that in every key the instrument is equally out of tune. This is called the system of *equal temperament* in tuning.

Our fair adversary took up from the table which stood near a dainty little book, and begged our perusal of a passage. We obeyed, and gave a copy of the paragraph:—

"A whole Bridgewater treatise might have been not unworthily devoted to the wonderful varieties of keys alone, and their providential adaptation, as we may say without presumption, to the various moods of humanity. A composer is now helped so far forward on his road; the ground-colour is readily laid which is to pervade his whole work. It is for him to choose between the daylight of a major key, and the soft twilight or murky gloom of the minor; to feel whether he wants the earnest, honest, grand matter-of-fact of the natural key, or the happy, fearless, youthful brightness of the key

of G, or the soft, luxuriant complaint, yet loving its sorrow, of A flat. He knows whether he requires the character of triumphant praise given by two sharps, as in the Hallelujah Chorus by Handel, or the Sanctus and Hosanna of Mozart's "Requiem;" or the wild, demoniacal defiance of C minor, as in the Allegro of the Freischütz overture; or the enthusiastic gladness of four sharps, as in the song of Di Piacere; or the heart-chilling horror of G minor, as in Schubert's "Erl King," and all the erl kings that we have known. He knows what he is to choose for anxious fears, or lover's entreaties, or songs of liberty, or dead marches, or any occasion, in short, which lies within the province of music—though exceptions to these rules must occur to every amateur, in which the intense feeling of the composer seems to triumph over the natural expression of the key. That most solemn of all human compositions, the Dead March in "Saul," is not only in the full, common chord of the natural key, but modulates through the lively keys of G and D—a magnificent device for implying the depth of the sorrow by the triumphant strength of the consolation. The adante to the Freischütz overture, too, has a deep shade of melancholy over it, which we could hardly have supposed reconcilable with the natural key it is in."

"Is not that beautiful?" asked our fair adversary.

"Beautiful, indeed," we said, but pure unmitigated moonshine. The writer of this clever and elegant essay is plainly an accomplished musician, else we should have suggested that she (it must have been written by a lady) mistakes modes for keys. The modes are capable of expressing some of the variations of feeling which she attributes to the keys, as the minor mode for the utterance of the plaintive; the skilful interchange of the modes, or even the *change* of keys may be felt to produce on a grand scale the effects ordinarily attained by mere melody; but to go no deeper, one can recall so many exceptions to her rules, that *then* might almost take the place of rules. For instance in the Messiah alone, "Comfort ye" is in the key of four sharps, which is said to express "enthusiastic gladness." "How beautiful are their feet" is in G minor, which only speaks to the heart of the essayist in tones of "chilling horror!"

But the whole theory is baseless. It goes upon the supposition that there is either an absolute pitch known and employed, or a different relation between the different fixed sounds of an instrument tuned on the system of equal temperament. Now there is, as we have seen, no such thing as a known absolute standard. The tuner comes to pay a visit to your piano. He has a tuning-fork in his waistcoat pocket. It is not quite the same as any other brother fork in the city. He takes his pitch from it, and tunes the whole instrument, suppose a semitone flatter than the piano which Mr. Balfe commences with. The air written in the "soft luxuriant," sorrow-loving A flat, and breathing all that the sensitive composer desired, when it is played on your piano descends a semitone, and it may be fairly left to your own ear, whether it thereby assumes the character alleged to belong to the absolute key of G into which it is actually transferred, and wears an aspect of "happy, fearless youthful brightness."

Again, the air is too high for your voice. What is to be done? On the theory of the essayist, to transpose is to alter the whole expression of it. Arranging what has been written designedly in the key which utters "triumphant praise," for another more convenient, you incur the risk of singing "wild, demoniacal defiance!"

The essayist, however, is not wholly incurable. She admits, nay, most suicidally specifies—a pointed instance in the Deal March in Saul, utterly incompatible with her theory. But to have an idea of the lengths to which the German authors of this hypothesis have gone, we must give a specimen of the same moonshine from an author on other points sane.

"A *requiem*, or *mass* for the dead, ought to be clothed in the hue of melancholy. The words, 'Requiem eternam da nobis Domine,' seem to have but one mode of expression."

In this all the world will concur. But remark what a confusion between "notes" and "keys"—what an utter jumble of black keys and mourning dominates the following sentence:—

"Therefore they must be set only in those keys containing flats, which lull to

rest, and are, by their hollow and languishing tones (!), admirably expressive of death. For such a theme B flat major and B minor [which by the way does not contain a single flat!], are particularly suited, as also E flat major and C minor"—

which the essayist above quoted thinks expressive of "wild, demoniacal defiance."

Now, surely, if there were any thing reliable in this theory, it would not be possible for two musicians of competence and taste to differ so widely in their estimate of the characteristics of the keys: nay, it would be almost a correction of a false standard to apply the test of expression to a fresh-tuned instrument. Has this ever been tried?

There is one standard of tone which, in these fanciful days, we marvel greatly no one has thought of, as a possible solution of the difficult problem, "How are we to obtain a fixed absolute tone?" It is the form or figure of vibration. Let us explain.

If a piece of glass be firmly fixed in a horizontal position, pinched or grasped at a certain point; and if fine dry sand, such as is used for the hour glass, be strewed on its surface, and the glass be made to vibrate by drawing a violin-bow across some part of the edge, which has been ground for the purpose, so as that the bow may not be cut, by drawing it slowly and vertically up and down on the prepared part, the sand on the surface will arrange itself in a definite figure. Or, if a membrane, suppose vegetable paper, is damped and stretched over the mouth of a finger-glass, when dry it will form a little tambourine: let the sand be strewed over this membrane, and if, at a short distance, a note be sounded on a flute or cornet, firmly and without varying, the sand will arrange itself in a definite figure. Each note will have its own figure, producible only by that note. The slightest variety will be marked by a change of figure. No feat of Herr Frickel more astounding—no experiment more easily performed in the drawing-room than this. Strange that our German neighbours have not theorized on this phenomenon! One of the forms is that of a heart; one singularly like a harp! Where is the sharp-eyed de-

tective who found out the young virgin lurking in the spotless white of C major! Can nothing be made of this single fact, that every tone has its lines of rest in a vibrating body which gives out such tone, and that these lines of rest may be made palpable by the repose of a thread of sand upon them, after a hurly-burly in which the atoms tumultuously take up their places, with a precision ever recurring on the repetition of the magic note, and rivalling the accuracy of construction which one owes to the school of Euclides? Can no tracings be furnished to the theorist, by reproducing which on a body in vibration, he may assure himself he has also reproduced the very tone which corresponds to such figure?

We invite the attention of the Academy of Sciences to the question. It is quite as elegant, and, we believe, as reliable a standard of absolute sound, as can be furnished by a shake of his musical head; and while awaiting the application of the sense of sight in aid of the sense of hearing, for the determination of the unit of sound, we would strongly recommend the philharmonic public to discourage the raising of the pitch, and to unlearn the lesson of mingled affectation and charlatanism, which is involved in the array of an army of sharps or flats on the extreme left of the musical staff, and to have the courage to confess a suspicion of the existence of "sweet keys."

THE OLD SEA LION.

THE life of Thomas Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, and Rear Admiral of the Fleet—better known by his victorious name of Lord Cochrane, has been a romance with a dark prelude; a second volume full of powder-blackened and blood-crusted leaves, ends with a burst of trumpets and a great western halo of glory.

A cruel fate made Cochrane we must call him by the well known name, a sea guerilla, fighting the cause of suffering nations, when a better fortune and a more chivalrous age might have crowned him a sea Cæsar or a Charles the Twelfth, without the cracked-brain fate of that frantic Swede, who was born struggling, and died gnashing his teeth and with his hand on his sword. He who might have shared the sepulchral honour of Nelson in St. Paul's, or have earned a dark chamber in the Abbey, has fought the fight of a mere partisan, and will go to his quiet death like any other in glorious paid-off admiral who figures at watering-places, airs himself daily on the marine parade, or frets over the naval debates in the sunny sea-side library.

But we must go back and turn over that sunburnt page of the old Sea Lion's life when exulting Freedom saw him help to consolidate the inde-

pendence of Chili and the liberation of Peru.

We give a brief history of Cochrane's daring services during this war, to show France from what a dreadful enemy happy peace preserved her fleets. If there had been war, what Englishman could ever have sufficiently regretted the vile political intrigue and injustice that sent such a dashing Murat of the sea to flitter away his life in shelling small South American forts— injustice that might have made of a worse man another Themistocles. Shame! that the combining mind and the iron courage should have been wasted in butchering hand-to-hand fights, with Mars and Saturn ever in baneful conjunction over his head.

In 1817 Don José Alvarez, a Chilean government agent, persuaded Lord Cochrane to bring a war steamer, then on the stocks, to Valparaiso (the sailors called it *Walloperator*), and to organize a naval force to free Chili from the Spanish yoke, and to sweep the Spaniards from the Pacific. The brave seaman, almost heartbroken by his unjust degradation, and expelled from the British navy, accepted the invitation, and with his usual fiery impetuosity decided not to wait for the lingering steamer, but at once, with Lady Cochrane and his two children, to embark for the seat of war.

He found the sky dark and thunderous with coming danger, threatening the young Republic. The angry Spaniards menaced Valparaiso by sea, and holding all the South Continent from Concepcion to Chiloe, were organizing the painted tribes of Indians to bear down on Chili with fire and sword. The Court of Madrid, too, was urging its sluggish workmen at Cadiz and Carthagena to fit out fresh vessels to strengthen the Pacific squadron and crush the smaller ships of their rebellious colony. On his arrival at Valparaiso, Cochrane met General O'Higgins, son of a patriot Irish officer in the Spanish service, just elected Supreme Director in gratitude for a recent victory over the Royalists. Everywhere there was an instinct of success. Brave Admiral Blanco Encalada had just brought in his victorious squadron with a captured Spanish frigate, the *Maria Isabel*, towing, with drooping flag, in his wake. Every day there were fetes and bell-clashing, and noisy powder firing; till the stern Englishman, longing for business, cried out, "General O'Higgins, I came here to fight, not to feast."

The man with the wounded heart, turning his back on unkind England, and coming to life again as it were under the soft, healing balsam of all this hospitality and welcome, made an oath he would end his days in Chili; but God willed it otherwise, and the prayer, he "demittit in aures." The very day a government commission appointed him naval commander in chief, a more meditative, worldly, and less sanguine man than Cochrane might have seen incurable mischief brewing. A Spaniard is a Spaniard whether he call himself Royalist or Patriot. Such is a Spaniard's pride. Help Spain and you are his enemy even if you met side by side in heaven. A Spaniard would rather die and be trod to mud than be helped by a foreigner, and have to recognise that help, to own it, and be grateful for it. The Spaniards have not yet forgiven us driving the French out of Spain, and never will in this world. Envy began to sow everywhere her invisible midwifing sorules. Mutinies broke out. Some calling English and American officers persuaded the Spaniards (not difficult to convince) that it was disgraceful to see Spaniards commanded by a for-

eigner; to see Republicans lorded over by an exiled English nobleman—in fact, their cry was, "Two commodores, and no Cochrane!"

Away broke the fleet at last, with all these unseen barnacles sticking poisonously and banefully to the ship's coppers. Away over the blue dancing waves, like a pack of beagles eager for the covert; white sails straining out tight and sunny; flags struggling out in rippling ribbons; boatswains' silver pipes piping; clear stout voices calling out the soundings as the fleet thread the harbour shallows, and the jagged shark snouts of the reefs.

A singular occurrence attended the weighing anchor. Lady Cochrane had come from Santiago to Valparaiso, to see Lord Cochrane off, and had just parted with tears and claspings, and gone ashore in the last boat. She had reached her house, and was listening, half out of window, to the last gun summoning all hands, sternly and imperatively for the last time on board, when she saw her little boy (only five) mounted on the capoteated shoulders of the first lieutenant, waving his cap and shouting to the excited mob, "Viva la Patria," being hurried down to the beach. Before she could cry out or interfere, the little hero, who had insisted on going with his father, was put in the boat and pulled off to the flag ship, then under weigh. Lord Cochrane finding no help for it, never looking back when he once put his hand to the plough, took him on; and the boy being without clothes, except those he had on, he had him rigged in canvas by the delighted foremast men, the sailmaker being his tailor.

Once at sea, on his own element, Cochrane, who imited the dash of Hannibal with the patience of Fabius, determined to make a swoop at Callao, during the revelry of the Carnival, to try and cut out the *Antonia* treasure ship, a galleon bound for Cadiz, in the very teeth of all the guarding forts, with their 160 guns, and in the face of two frigates, a corvette, three brigs of war, a schooner, twenty-eight gun-boats, and six heavily armed merchantmen, with a total of 350 cannon. This soldier of fortune—no buccaneer, but fighting for the cause he loved—resolved on a daring stratagem. Two American ships were expected at Callao. To

mimic these, the O'Higgins and Lantaro frigates were to put on American colours, leaving the other ships hid out of sight behind San Lorenzo; they would then send a boat ashore with despatches, and make a dash and cut out the frigates. Cochrane was always a sort of winged tiger, and this was to be one of his swooping leaps.

Unluckily accident baffled the scheme, and the genius then tried to patch it up and retrieve it. A nine day's Peruvian fog set in, and sent the vessels groping about, timid and uncertain of every movement. Some salutes, in honour of the Callao viceroy, who was inspecting the batteries, also misled them. The ships hearing the firing, and supposing an engagement had commenced, bore down to aid each other, when to 'puff' went away the fog for a moment, and they discovered themselves floundering about no whither, and a Spanish gunboat, equally surprised, close to them. They captured this, and now the mask fell from them. The viceroy, in his itinerant brig, scuttled to shore; the garrison lit their matches, and stood to their guns, and the crews of the men-of-war were beat to quarters. Now to retreat, of course? No. That was not Cochrane's manner. He knew that to produce moral effect is as useful as to win a victory; he knew that daring frightens, and that the man who first frightens the other and dazzles his eye is always the conqueror.

Cochrane was going to inflict a flesh wound on the Spaniard just as a warning. The wind falling light he did not dare to lay his flagship or the Lantaro alongside the Spanish frigates as he longed to do, so he anchored with springs on his cables abreast of the dark-huddled mass of shipping that spread in a double crescent of fire outside the forts. A dead calm followed, and Cochrane bore fort two hours a plunging fire from the batteries, but at last silenced and "chewed up" the north angle of the chief fort. Just then a breeze arose, and the English weighed anchor, standing to and fro out from and before the forts, listening to their fire, and asking them questions in flaming telegraphs. The San Martin and Chacabuco, afraid or unable, had never come within fire; Captain Guise of the Lantaro being wounded his ship sheered off, and there Cochrane stood alone, a perfect

St. Sebastian, exposed to all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Reluctantly as a lion at bay he withdrew unpursued to the island of St. Lorenzo, three miles from the forts, having been for hours under the fire of more than 200 guns. When the fog cleared away, and the bragging Spaniards found that they had been fighting, not the whole Chilean squadron, but only one rebellious, dogged vessel, they were quite chop-fallen, and instantly dismantled their war ships, forming a double boom across the anchorage as a turnpike gate that could not be passed, conferring on the dreadful stranger the name of "El Diablo."

Every being that came within the orbit of Cochrane's influence seemed to change into a hero. Such is the effect of living with a brave man, who proves to you that he despises and laughs at death. What great roads are open to the man who throws away all such fear. He then becomes a god, only without his immortality.

The hero's son had a narrow escape in this his first engagement. When the pounding began, Lord Cochrane had locked his boy in the after-cabin; but the boy wanting to see the fun, like a true cub of the old Sea Lion, wormed through the quarter gallery window, and joined him on deck, refusing to go down again. There he stood in his miniature midshipman's uniform that the sailors had made for him, handing powder tins up and down to the gunners as they worked, their faces red as fire, their arms black to the elbows. Presently a bounding round shot tore off the head of a marine next him, and squirted his brains in the child's face. For a moment Lord Cochrane thought the lad was killed, and stood, telescope in hand, spell bound in agony, but in an instant the boy ran into his arms, crying, "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me. Jack says, the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy;" and although ordered below and carried screaming to the cabin, he prayed to remain, and was finally allowed to stand on the deck during the whole action.

A few days after, three of Cochrane's launches took possession of the island of San Lorenzo, and released thirty-eight Chileans who had been enslaved there eight years. They had

leon kept at daily work under a military guard, and slept at night in an unwholesome filthy shed, where they were each of them chained at sunset by one leg to a long iron bar. In some cases the prisoners to whom the Spaniards had evinced their usual cruelty had their ankles cut to the bleeding bone by these dreadful manacles, which the slightest lining would have rendered equally safe, and yet quite innocuous. The next step of Cochrane towards victory was to establish a laboratory on the island of St. Lorenzo, where explosion vessels could be packed and stuffed. The first effort to use these floating mines was unsuccessful: a shot struck the bomb ship, and it instantly foundered—luckily for the Spaniards. The second and third attacks with mortar boats and rocket rafts were equally useless. One raft blew up and injured thirteen men and an officer. The Spanish prisoners employed to fill the rocket tubes had secretly mixed sawdust and even dung with the powder; so that with the bad soldier employed, and sticks of the wrong wood, the missiles were more deadly to Cochrane's men than to the Spaniards. Twenty men were put *hors de combat*; one brave hopeful young officer cut in two, and all the result was that the Spaniards kept close to the shore—doubled the boom and improved in their firing; as for the last floating mine they fired at it with red hot shot, so that it had to be abandoned—blowing up, hurting no one. After an unlucky attack on Puseu, where 200,000 gallons of spirits were staved on the beach, to prevent the men mutinying, Cochrane made a swoop on Valdivia, a place of great strength, approached by a difficult channel, and crossed by fires from opposite batteries. There were fifteen forts, a shore almost unapproachable from the surf, and a fortified island commanding the channel entrance. Cochrane with two vessels disguised as Spaniards, anchoring before a fort, and requesting a pilot, the Spaniard replying with some suspicion told them to send a boat on shore; Cochrane answered that their boats had all been washed away during the passage round Cape Horn. Unfortunately for this story, a boat that had been concealed under the lee of the vessel at that moment drifted astern. The guns instantly

opened, one shot killing two men and another passing through both sides of the Chilean brig *Intrepido*. Instantly, as if propelled from a gun, two launches and a gig, the first boat containing the undaunted Major Miller and forty-four marines, pushed for the landing place, and reserving fire drove the Spaniards before them with the point of the bayonet. At the first fire of the enemy the cockswain fell back wounded, and Major Miller, iron all through, taking the helm, felt a ball pass through his hat, and graze the crown of his head. In less than an hour 300 men had won a footing on the Valdivian shore. But still the forts were to be captured, and the first of the series could only be approached by a precipitous path where but one man could pass at a time: the fort itself inaccessible but by a ladder which the enemy had already drawn up. Directly it was dark, Cochrane, who never slept, arranged the attack, led by a Spanish prisoner, the Chileans cheering and firing in the air, to show that they trusted to the silent bayonet alone, the bayonets that, like shillelaha, "never miss fire." The enemy in the dark fired, but hit no one. In the meantime, under cover of this noise, Ensign Vidal got in round the neglected side of the fort, tore up some pallisades, filled up the ditch, formed under cover of some trees and suddenly appearing through a volley, put the Spaniards to flight; the Chileans bayoneted them by dozens, driving them from fort to fort to the last castle, which they also took; the enemy plunged headlong into the forest, or escaped in boats; 100 were bayoneted and 100 taken prisoners. The assailants lost only seven men killed, and had nineteen wounded. Sudden night attacks are generally successful, for the darkness enforces unity on the attackers, and strikes a panic in the assailed.

Meanwhile Cochrane's vessels were all to pieces. The *Intrepido*, neglecting sounding, grounded on a bank, was bilged by the surf, and finally became a wreck. The *O'Higgins*, crippled by a storm was put ashore to prevent her foundering. The little schooner, the *Montzuema*, was all that was left. Luckily the Spaniards, after plundering Valdivia, fled, leaving stores and magazines of immense value.

But now the *coup de grace* was to be struck. Cochrane, with a daring that seemed to calmer people little short of madness, resolved to cut out the *Esmeralda* frigate, which had on board a million dollars, from under the forts of Callao, believing that, if successful, the surrender of the capital would follow. This vessel was guarded by 300 cannon, and was crowded by sailors and marines, who slept every night at quarters. She was, moreover, built up with a strong force, by armed blockships, and a flock of twenty-seven gun-boats, with chain moorings, so that no ship could even approach her. It seemed to be an enterprise more fit for St. George or Amadis of Gaul, than a modern admiral, in such a dragon-guarded enclosure had this treasure been deposited.

On the evening of the fifth of November, Cochrane announced to his delighted men his intention of striking the enemy a mortal blow, and requested all who would volunteer for the night attack to come forward, as he himself would lead the onslaught. At once every marine and seaman in the three ships stepped forward. Cochrane chose 100 seamen and marines, who, after dark, dressed in white, with a blue band round their arms, descended into the fourteen boats, each man armed with cutlass and pistol. The Spaniards had been thrown off their guard by the clever ruse of all the ships being sent out of the bay, as if in pursuit of some vessels in the offing. At ten o'clock, the boats in two divisions, moved on with muffled oars. Cochrane led, enjoining the strict use of cutlasses. Just at midnight they neared the small opening to the boom, and were all but surprised by the vigilance of a patrolling guard boat, on which Cochrane's launch stumbled. The challenge was given, upon which, the *Lion* rowing along side, put a pistol to the Spaniard's head, and in a low hoarse voice, threatened him with instant death if he gave the least alarm. No reply was made. They pushed on, and the frigate was boarded in several parts simultaneously; Captains Guise and Crosby met Lord Cochrane midway on the quarter deck. The after part of the vessel had to be carried sword in hand.

The sentries asleep at their quarters were all cloven down. The cutlasses struck hot and fast. Still the Spaniards, furious and awakening, fought savagely and hard; they retreated in an angry clump to the fore-castle, and it was not till the third charge that they were overpowered. Then the fighting broke out like a prairie flame again on the quarter deck, where the Spanish marines fell to a man, the remaining sailors leaping down into the hold or overboard to escape slaughter.

But Cochrane, in this storm of steel, did not altogether escape. On boarding the ship by the main-chains, a blow from the butt end of a sentry's musket hurled him back into the boat, where he fell on a thole-pin, which went into his back, near the spine, causing him subsequent years of suffering. Instantly leaping up, Cochrane re-ascended the vessel's side, and when on deck was shot through the thigh, but tying a handkerchief tightly round the wound he managed, though with difficulty, to direct the victory to a close.

The struggle lasted a quarter of an hour, and cost the Spaniards 100 men, and the English and Chilians only eleven lives. Every detail of the attack was executed with mechanical promptitude. One party had been ordered to seize the tops; directly Cochrane got on deck, he hailed the fore-top and was instantly answered by his own men.

The uproar of this attack soon alarmed the garrison, who, running to their guns, opened fire on the frigate, injuring their own vessel, and killing and wounding their own men. Luckily there were in the harbour an American frigate the *Macedonian*, and the British frigate *Hyperion*. In case of a night attack these ships were to hoist peculiar lights as signals. On seeing these the *Esmeralda* ran up the same, so as to divide the fortress's fire and confuse the Spaniards. The neutral vessels finding themselves struck, cut their cables, and moved away, while Captain Guise seeing Cochrane disabled below, disobeyed his orders, let go the *Esmeralda's* cable, instead of cutting adrift all the surrounding vessels, capturing and burning all they could. The unlucky captain contended that the English had broken

into the spirit-room, and that the Chilians were disorganized by their discovering the *Esmeralda* had no treasure, but she was ready for sea, and carried two years' stores. The treasure-ship escaped.

The neutral vessels behaved very differently. The American Macedonian ship's sentinel did not hail the vessel; and the officer, in an undertone, wished Cochrane success. As for the English *Hyperion*, the captain cast loose his guns with their ton-pions out, as if Cochrane had been a pirate; and a midshipman, who clapped his hands to see the English clear the fore-castle, was ordered angrily below. The same captain, too, had hailed Cochrane's boats, when crossing, to lead to their discovery.

At Callao, the morning after this scene, the Spaniards, in cruel retaliation, murdered a whole boat's crew of the American ship.

And what was the result of these great-hearted services? The consolidation of Chilean's independence, the subsequent liberation of Peru: words—shouts—applause. Stupid clamour—nothing else—all he got, but words, was, at the end of thirty years, the miserable pittance of £6,000 in full of all claims, incurring a counter-balancing loss of three times £6,000 by litigation about the legal seizure of vessels during the war.

Nor were his Brazilian services much better repaid. Lord Cochrane, by naval force alone, wholly unaided by military co-operation, organized a Brazilian navy, and drove from the eastern shores of South America all Portuguese armaments. As in Chile, all share in captured vessels was refused him. He was after his victories dismissed from the service, and at the end of thirty years grudgingly paid only one-half the ample interest of the amount stipulated in his patents.

For years the fear of these base governments disowning his debts kept Dundonald silent. Now, eighty-three years old, he feels free to die exposing their ingratitude. Lord Cochrane not unjustly claims for himself some national thanks for having increased the South American trade of England. Before the freedom of Chile and Peru, the Spaniards and Portuguese monopolized nearly all that trade, which is now wide open to British enterprise.

The termination of this long series

of South American intrigues is thus described by Lord Cochrane himself in his recently published narrative. He says:—

"Being at the time on board the flag-ship I knew nothing of this proclamation; but as the squadron had not been paid their twelve months' wages, nor the 50,000 dollars promised by General San Martin, I went on shore on the 4th of August to make the demand on behalf of the squadron, the seamen having served their time. Being ignorant of the self-imposed title which General San Martin had assumed, I frankly asked him to devise some means for defraying these payments.

"I forbear personally to relate what passed at this interview; but as my secretary was present, and on his return to England published an account thereof, which is in every respect substantially true, I will give it in his words:—

"On the following morning, August 4th, Lord Cochrane, uninformed of the change which had taken place in the title of San Martin, visited the palace, and began to beg of the General-in-Chief to propose some means for the payment of the foreign seamen, who had served their time, and fulfilled their contract. To this San Martin answered, that he would never pay the Chilean squadron unless it was sold to Peru, and then the payment should be considered part of the purchase money. To this Lord Cochrane replied that "by such a transaction the squadron of Chile would be transferred to Peru by merely paying what was due to the officers and crews for services done to that state!" San Martin knit his brows, and turning to his two ministers, Garcia and Montegudo, ordered them to retire, to which his Lordship objected, stating, that as he was not master of the Spanish language, he wished them to remain as interpreters, fearful that some expression not rightly understood might be considered offensive. San Martin now turned round to the Admiral and said, "Are you aware, my Lord, that I am Protector of Peru?" "No," said his Lordship. "I ordered my secretaries to inform you of it," returned San Martin. "That is now unnecessary for you have personally informed me," said his Lordship. "I hope that the friendship which has existed between San Martin and myself will continue to exist between the Protector of Peru and myself," San Martin then rubbing his hands, said "I have only to say that I am Protector of Peru!"

"The manner in which this last sentence was expressed roused the Admiral, who, advancing, said: "Then it be-

comes me as senior officer of Chili, and consequently the representative of the nation, to request the fulfilment of all the promises made to Chili and the squadron; but first—and principally—the squadron." San Martin returned, "Chili! Chili! I will never pay a single real to Chili. As to the squadron you may take it when you please, and go where you choose; a couple of schooners are quite enough for me."

"On hearing this Garcia left the room, and Montegudo walked to the balcony. San Martin paced the room for a short time, and turning to his Lordship, said, "Forget, my Lord, what is past." The Admiral replied, "I will when I can," and immediately left the palace.

"His Lordship was now undeceived by the man himself; the repeated reports he had heard of his past conduct crowded on his imagination; and knowing what might be attempted from what had been already done, his Lordship agreed with me that his life was not safe ashore. He, therefore, immediately took horse, rode to Boca Negra, and went on board his frigate."*

Cochrane's services along the coasts of Spain, during the Peninsular war are as well known as his Achilles' during in the Basque Roads, and his generous exertions in Athens against the Turks. Perhaps his most chivalrous act was in April, 1827, when he repaired to the camp of the Greek general, Karaïskaki at Elousis, the old town of the festival of Ceres, opposite to the island of Salamis. The chiefs met in a ruined temple of Jupiter. There, within a green silk tent, captured formerly from a Turkish seraskier, surrounded by palikari, Lord Cochrane presented the Greeks with a sacred blue silk banner, while rewards were offered for feats of valour.

All this while the Greek garrison in the Neropolis was in danger of famine. 200 had died of thirst, and only 300 out of 5000 souls were capable of bearing arms. Cochrane and the Greek chief determined before advancing to their relief, to storm the monastery of St. Spiridon, situated at the extremity of the Piræus. Eight brigs of war first entered the harbour and expelled the Turks from their square entrenchments, and then the *Hellas* frigate, moored broadside on, and, with the attendant brigs, opened

a shattering fire. But the Turks refused to surrender, and twice fired on a flag of truce. Still, with 10,000 enemies haying round them, and pent up in a heap of ruins, with a perpetual and unceasing rain of fire falling on them day and night, these brave fanatics would not surrender, though without food and without hope.

At last, using a stratagem, and trusting to having bribed some Greek chieftains, the Turks offered to yield, and the fire ceased. Suddenly, rallying every sound man, they made a rush from the monastery through the Grecian camp, like mad wild bulls, to a post of their countrymen on a distant hill. For a moment the Greeks remained immovable, aghast, but when the Turks had swept down some two hundred yards of the road, the palikari shot down 100 of them. The ruins presented a charnel-house scene. The Greeks dug up all the dead Turks they could find, for the sake of their arms and robes. There were the burnt bones of horses the starving men had eaten, putrifying bodies, and wounded men of rank groaning, not for themselves, but for the dead. Splintered yataghans, broken muskets, burst guns, and blood stained bandages lay around.

Of Cochrane's heroic Basque Roads exploit, the best account is one little known, furnished by one of his own officers. The narrator says:—

"Our fire-ships were sent in, each conducted by a lieutenant and five men, the ships were sixteen in number, and some very heavy. When they got in, the French ships cut and split, and nine sail of the line got on shore on the isle of Aix, and the next morning we discovered them; the fire-ships having done little good, the small craft and frigates were ordered in to attempt to destroy them. The place where they lay was like Port-mouth harbour, under the fire of the two batteries, each of which had three tiers of guns, of twenty-nine each, all heavy metal; the navigation to get at them was very difficult, in some places there being only four fathoms of water. Just as we were sitting down to dinner on board the *Revenge*, our signal was made to go in and assist the gun and mortar vessels; our ship was cleared for action in fifteen minutes, and in half an hour we were alongside of three sail-of-the-line, when we opened a dreadful cannon-

* "Twenty Years' Residence in South America," by W. B. Stevenson, Secretary to Lord Cochrane, Vice Admiral of Chili, &c., &c., 1825.

ade on them, which continued for an hour and a quarter, when the *Warsaw*, a fine 60-gun ship, "and the *Aquilon*, strack to us. We were now in a very critical state ourselves, being in only five fathoms water, which was ebbing very fast. The batteries on shore having got our length strack us almost every shot for the last quarter of an hour. Luckily, a breeze springing up, we got off into deeper water and out of reach of their guns, when we anchored again, and sent our boats to take out the prisoners, and set them on fire about seven p.m. At nine they were all in flames, and at two in the morning they blew up with a tremendous explosion. The French set fire to the *Tonnire*, and the *Imperieuse* to the *Calcutta*. Three other ships-of-the-line were on shore, very much mauled by the frigates and boom-ships; some of them were on their beam-ends, and but little chance of getting off again. The captain of the *Warsaw* was on board our ship. He said they were bound out to relieve *Martinique* with troops and provisions. I went on board his ship after she strack, and the decks were strowed with dead and dying—a most dreadful slaughter. We also lost several killed and wounded, and our ship was much cut up in sails and rigging.

Lord Cochrane caused about 1,500 barrels of gunpowder to be started into puncheons, which were placed end upwards; upon the tops of these were placed between 300 and 400 shells, charged with fuses; and again, among and upon these were between 2,000 and 3,000 hand grenades. The puncheons were fastened to each other by cables wound round them, and jammed together with wedges, and moistened sand was rammed down between these casks, so as to render the whole, from stem to stern, as solid as possible, that the resistance might render the explosion the more violent.

In this tremendous instrument of destruction Lord Cochrane committed himself, with only one lieutenant and four seamen; and after the boom was broken his lordship proceeded with this explosion-ship towards the enemy's line—let it be recollected that at this moment the batteries on shore were provided with furnaces to fire red-hot shot, and then his lordship's danger in this enterprise may be properly conceived.

The wind blew a gale and the tide ran three knots an hour. When the blue lights of the fire-ships were discovered one of the enemy's line made the signal for fire-ships, which being also a blue light the enemy fell into great confusion, firing upon her with very injurious effect, and directly cut their cables.

"When Lord Cochrane had conducted

his explosion-ship as near as was possible, the enemy having taken the alarm, he ordered his brave little crew into the boat, and followed them, after putting fire to the fuse, which was calculated to give them fifteen minutes to get out of reach of the explosion. However, in consequence of the wind getting very high the fuse burnt too quickly, so that with the most violent exertion against wind and tide this intrepid little party was six minutes nearer than they calculated to be at the time when the most tremendous explosion that human art ever contrived took place, followed by the bursting at once in the air of nearly 400 shells and 3,000 hand-grenades, pouring down a shower of cast metal in every direction! But, fortunately, our second Nelson was spared, the boat having reached by unparalleled exertion only just beyond the extent of destruction. Unhappily, this effort to escape cost the life of the brave lieutenant, whom his noble captain saw die in the boat, partly under fatigue and partly drowned with waves that continually broke over them. Two of the four sailors were also so nearly exhausted that their recovery was for some time despaired of.

"The repetition of his explosions was so dreaded by the enemy, that they apprehended an equal destruction in every fire-ship, and immediately crowding all sail ran before the wind and tide so fast that the fire-ships, though at first very near, could not overtake them before they were high and dry on shore, except three seventy-fours, besides the *Calcutta*, which were afterwards engaged, taken, and burned.

"Lord Cochrane now turned his attention to rescue the vanquished from the devouring elements; and in bringing away the people of the *Ville de Varsovie* he would not allow even a dog to be abandoned, but took the crying little favourite up into his arms and brought it away. But a still greater instance of goodness was displayed in his humanity to a captain of a French seventy-four, who came to deliver his sword to Lord Cochrane, and lamented that all he had in the world was about to be destroyed by the conflagration of his ship. His lordship instantly got into the boat with him and pushed off to assist his prisoner in retrieving some valuable loss; but, in passing by a seventy-four which was on fire, her loaded guns began to go off, a shot from which killed the French captain by Lord Cochrane's side, and so damaged the boat that she filled, and the rest of the party were nearly drowned."

When Cochrane dies, the Black Sea of death will, indeed, receive another of England's OLD SEA LIONS.

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A LIFT ON THE ROAD—THE BASKER'S PARTY—A SCRIPPS'S INCIDENT

THIS Clara, then, was the grasshopper and butterfly, as he had first called her, whose deep blue eyes would persist in gazing out of the Lake of Garda upon the youth who had likened himself in contrast to a bee or a grub. Some few sunny days by the said lakeside, with long, deep, and earnest conversations upon matters which both had at heart, had forged a stronger link between these two than either of them could by any means have suspected on the first of those days when a chance had thrown them together. At the end of these first few days' acquaintance they seemed to be old friends, and to know a great deal of one another already. Indeed, they did so, though there was very much of which they were in strange ignorance; for though each knew by that time many of the innermost thoughts of the other, their singular contrasts and still more singular agreements, yet it is doubtful whether Clara knew, on the day after their parting, that her new friend's name was Mark Brandling; and beyond a doubt that she could not have told what his calling was, nor on what business he was in Lombardy. As for Mark, he was not a little surprised, the next morning, to learn from snatches of the Oxonians' conversation, who were breakfasting at the upper end of the table at which he

himself was sitting, how much information those ingenious youths had picked up concerning the young lady, of whom they had enjoyed at best a glimpse at her departure—information partly strange and unexpected to him, her friend and adopted brother.

"I wish Ingram had lost his Catullus," said Digby, pausing in his vigorous onslaught on the breakfast; "he's been hammering all the morning at translating an ode into hendecasyllables, to judge by his puzzlebrain looks."

"Wrong for once, my boy," answered the first class man; "I hate all translations, and have given Catullus no thought since last night."

"Well, then, you have been concocting an abstruse refutation of Trelawney's theory, concerning the site of the garden of the Hesperides, which he flatters himself to have discovered three miles from his father's park palings in Cornwall."

"None of your jokes upon me, Master Digby," interposed the Cornishman; "you are all abroad about Ingram now; and I'll bet any gentleman a zwanziger that I name what's uppermost in his mind this morning."

"Done," said Ingram, himself; "betting's not much in my way; but I think I'm safe this time."

"Who spied a little boat from be-
9*

hind an olive-tree! Ah, my good fellow, I give no trust; toss me your swansinger," said Trelawney, with a knowing laugh; and Ingram, slightly blushing, complied with the request.

"A fair hit," said Windlesham, as Digby laughed aloud; "so Master Ingram, you read Catullus to some purpose. Well, what did you think of her?"

"Her," answered the scholar, "who spoke of her?"

"But I spied the boatie, too, lying close up in the reeds," laughed Windlesham; "and I had a near view of the ladye fair long before she stepped so daintily on board of it, and went dancing away over the glassy swell to Desenzano. Come, Ingram, confess that you thought her charming, and in compassion I'll tell you the name of your charmer."

"How came you to know her name?" asked Trelawney; "that is a piece of information of which I thought myself exclusively possessed."

"I come to know, indeed! I got it from the landlord, thanks, as Digby would say, to my knowledge of the language. But how came you to know, for the landlord can't speak Cornish?"

"What is her name, then?"

"Donna Clara."

"Donna fiddlestick! her name's Clara Jerningham, and she's an English girl. I saw a boatman coming along with her little portmanteau, and being curious to know her name, all for Ingram's sake, of course, I tripped him up by accident when he passed me, and then politely helped to put the box on his shoulder again, after reading the name on a little brass plate. There now, Ingram! what an opening you have for a Greek sonnet: only Jerningham's a hard name to put into Greek."

"A Greek sonnet, indeed," said Ingram; "I know who is likely to be plucked for his 'great-go,' if that's the extent of his knowledge of Greek

'great-go!' quoth Trelawney, "don't embitter the 'long' with such awful reminiscences; but let Win call for the bill, if you've done breakfast, and let's have up the vetturino to the door."

The young nobleman, who was the linguist of the party, disappeared upon to settle with mine host

and order the carriage. When he entered the room again he exclaimed,

"Good news for Ingram! We shall see her again at Venice; so as far as distant admiration goes, romantic devotion, and so forth, you shall have your heart's content, old fellow; but if matters go further, I shall deem it my imperious, though painful duty to step in and cut you out, for she won't suit your book in the long run."

"Why not?" said Ingram, rather nettled at the conceitedness of this last sortie.

"Why, mark, she is a singer: the new prima donna at the Fenice in Venice, so they tell me; and I opine that will hardly jump with your views for the future, a parsonage and pupils."

It was well for all parties that Mark was no longer in the room when this was said. He had not relished the turn which the conversation had taken from the first, feeling inexpressibly annoyed at the mere mention of Clara by the young tourists. Windlesham's last sally, which had nettled Ingram, would inevitably have passed his patience. As it was, he had shouldered his knapsack, and was walking along the straight, dusty, poplar-lined road, much revolving in his mind the talk of the Oxonians, angry with himself for feeling vexed upon no just grounds. Soon the jingling of their horses' bells struck upon his ear, but not before he had himself been espied by the keen eye of Digby, who having cordially embraced the hypothesis of his being a Cambridge-man was loth to abandon all prospect of his services, in the event of some possible rowing-match, and who therefore moved that he should be requested, when overtaken, to occupy the spare seat beside the driver. There was no resisting the frank good-humour of Digby's hail; so, after one moment of hesitation, Mark found himself ensconced behind the old sun-dried leather apron of the "vettura," with his knapsack, in guise of footstool, under his feet. The driver jerked the reins and cracked the whip, the horses' bells set again to jingle, and amidst clouds of dust, under a torrid sky, they rolled on towards Verona. Those who remember the old jog-trot of such conveyances, now probably extinct in Lombardy, know right well that it was a promoter of sultry drowsiness rather

than of brisk conversation. For miles together there was scarcely one word spoken, except such as passed between Mark and the vetturino, who finding that the young man beside him spoke Italian more intelligibly than most of his countrymen on their travels, proceeded to catechise him upon the nature, mischiefs, and dangers of the railway, with which his native plains were threatened. He could not have found a better informant, perhaps, than Mark, in all Italy, and therefore much as the old fellow abhorred the heretical doctrines he evidently held in favour of that vile method of locomotion, he and his companion found plenty to talk about.

Inside the vehicle, Trelawney beguiled the time by counting the poplar-trees till he fell asleep; a moment anxiously watched for by Digby, who sat opposite, and considerably tickled his nose with a straw so soon as the desired event took place. Hereupon the Cornishman starting up struck his friend in pure jollity a blow that might have broken the ribs of an ordinary mortal, and their difference being thus amicably adjusted, both worthies coiled themselves into their respective corners and snored. Windlesham, who had lighted his cigar as was his wont, was trying hard to discover whether Ingram's eyes were also closed, and with that intent peered at him through the smoke at intervals; but the shade of the scholar's cap was so closely drawn over his brow that, after all, he could not clearly ascertain his point. If Ingram's eyes were closed, they were not closed in sleep; though for novelty and strangeness the thoughts that were flitting across his brain might well seem to him the mockeries of a dream. Close his eyes as he would, they were obstinate in following still across the heaving waters of Garda, the little boat in which Clara Jerningham had left the Albergo yesterday. Stop his ears as he would, there was no stopping the words which had so piqued him from ringing in them still. It was very true his prospects were a "parsonage and pupils," and how to reconcile such notions with the image of a *prima donna* at the Fenice was utterly beyond reach of his faculties. But the most provoking part of it was that he could not persuade himself

that no real or imaginary need existed of reconciling such notions to one another at all. A stately figure, yet graceful, dark eyelashes, and deep blue eyes, braided hair, silky and brown—these were new things for him to think about. After all, perhaps, it was the sweet nobility of that thoughtful brow which haunted his thoughts more than any other thing about her. Oh, if Windlesham, from behind the smoke of his cigar, could but guess the sad disorder of that calm studious brain opposite, poor Ingram might as well break up the long vacation party, and return forthwith to college. And, perhaps, Ingram will do so as it is; he has thought of doing so—of leaving his companions at Verona, and turning his steps homeward. If he went on to Venice he might see her again, as Windlesham truly said; might see her even without going to the Fenice, which was not a likely place for him to go to. But what if he should see her there? Could there be danger or harm in that? Besides which, Windlesham well knew that he had never been in Venice before, and longed to see that city more than any, save Rome, in Italy. If he ran away at Verona, that keen tormentor would have his suspicions; ten to one but he would guess how matters stood; and all college would hear of it next term. Well, at all events, there was no use in deciding just then; he would think about it; and so he did, long after Digby and Trelawney had waked up again and were betting noisily on the numbers of mouse-coloured oven that should pass the carriage-doors right or left.

It was late in the day when they reached the gates of Verona. The vine-dressers of the neighbouring villages were already gliding out upon the road from the thick bowers of trellised foliage on either side, and returning home in groups with laughter and singing. When they had passed the fortified entrances of the city, and were come to the open space before the Church of San Zeno, Mark, whose name and condition yet remained a mystery to the Oxonians, requested the driver to stop, not a little to the astonishment of Windlesham, who knew the town well, and was aware that they were yet at some distance from the quarter frequented by Eng-

hah travellers. He then threw his knapsack across his shoulders, and stepped up to the carriage door to thank the party inside for the lift they had kindly given him. Windlesham gave a distant nod in return for his salutation, the other two a more hearty one, but Digby, who loved to judge of a man by the grip of his hand, held out his own broad palm, and receiving in it that of Mark, shook it with good will, and had reason to be satisfied with the grip in return of his unknown acquaintance.

"What takes him down that way?" quoth Trelawney.

"A visit to Juliet's tomb by sunset," suggested Ingram.

"Hear, hear," said Windlesham; "what a Romeo our good Ingram must be to pitch upon such a suggestion. We shall catch him out in some balcony scene at Venice yet, I'll warrant—but that broad-shouldered, grimy-fisted chap wouldn't make much of a sentimentalist, even at the tomb of Juliet."

"Quiet lodgings and algebra, that's his sort, if he's a Cantab," said Digby, dogmatically.

"Very likely, shouldn't wonder," was the reply in chorus.

Arrived in Venice, some few days later, Windlesham, well acquainted with the outward aspect of the city, its monuments and galleries, left his companions to lionize themselves whilst he repaired to his banker, Signor Vantini, an old acquaintance, to take from his conversation such soundings of its present social state as might render his stay pleasant or bearable. English people he found were few—an unexpected relief—Italians more plentiful, amongst them some personal acquaintances, and some "illustrations," as the French say; of these the greatest, perhaps, Zuchetti the Maestro, and he, by the way, in Venice for the sake of an Englishwoman—worthy, however, quoth Vantini, to be a daughter of Italy—a rare artist with a magnificent organ, rehearsing the prima donna's part for Zuchetti's new opera, to be given—three days hence at the *Fenice*—her name almost as harsh as a Teutonic's—native orthography unknown—softened by the Venetians into *la Jernietta*—character said to

be peculiar in some respects, as became an Englishwoman—yet not capricious, and far above plaguing either author or manager. Indeed, the Maestro and she seemed to be bound to one another by no common bond of friendship. That very evening he was to introduce her to Madame Vantini—a few friends would meet in their drawing-room: his lordship's presence would be esteemed an honour; but, by the way, would his lordship take cash for his circular note in napoleons or florins—napoleons must lose a few wanzigers on exchange just now. Was that exact? Well then, nine o'clock, yes! *al piacere*, good morning. And his lordship regained his gondola, not a little satisfied at having thus stolen a march upon his friends, to whom he said nothing of his visit to Vantini, or, at least, of his invitation for that evening.

Ingram would, at all events, have envied him his good fortune: nothing could have been more delightful than the Vantini party: the guests were but few, the Maestro was obliged to leave soon after introducing Clara. Madame Vantini, who, by the way, was a well-bred Englishwoman, had too much good taste to press her to sing, there was therefore nothing more natural than that she, who had been so long absent from dear old England, should find pleasure in a long and animated conversation with her young, handsome, well-bred, and entertaining countryman. He knew dear Sir Jeffrey, too, slightly, and had spent a day fishing once at Wymerton; could appreciate the beauty of the Mere, and heartily admired Lady Alice's gardens and her oak-panelled sitting-room. And besides the charm of his fresh reminiscences of England, and of her English home, a freshness which gave to Clara, in conversing with him, some such sensation as the scent of newly-plucked hawthorn boughs will bring to one who is confined to his sick room in springtime—the young nobleman was well at home in Italy, no stranger, evidently, to the influences of its richly-tinted earth and sky, nor to its treasures of often-reviving art, nor to the artist's breath that glows throughout its present as well as its former existence. He knew these things, and had felt them, and although there be manifold kinds no less than manifold degrees of know-

ledge and feeling, there was enough of both in him to claim kindred with the coat of Clara's mind, and to open between her and him a possible intimacy.

The evening, however, was not spent as a perfect tête-à-tête; Madame Vantini and her daughter, Beatrice, to say nothing of her other guests, had to spell through the alphabet of acquaintance with the gifted Inglessa, whilst Vantini himself, and certain mustachioed financiers of the party, had many queries and surmises to force upon the reluctant attention of Windlesham, with regard to the railroad in construction from Padua to their own seagirt city. Despite the youthful and almost dandified appearance of the Englishman, he was in their eyes an unit of that vast aggregate of speculating capitalists, the people of Great Britain, wherefore they were emboldened to ply and overwhelm him with incoherent questions touching stock, preference shares, amalgamations, and the like, which it might have puzzled a Capel-court broker to answer to their satisfaction.

By-and-by the Maestro reappeared to lead Clara and Cousin Martha down the watersteps, where their boat was waiting. Zuchetti and the Viscount, cigar in mouth, threaded their way on foot across the narrow bridges and through tortuous streets to the Piazza.

"The germ of a great artist there," said the Maestro upon a sudden. "The germ! I crave her pardon—there is already there a remarkable development."

"I can imagine it," answered his companion, "although, of course, I have only seen to-night a simple and unaffected person, with an evident stamp of superiority."

"Ah! you know nothing as yet, how can you! So much calm and so much enthusiasm in combination are a marvel; such self-possession and such power of leaping beyond the boundary of mere individualism! Could you see the colour of her eyes by candlelight?"

"Yes; blue, deep, and fringed by very dark lashes."

"You may well say deep—their's is no mere surface colouring; and out of those depths will come up at times a stream of light—no mere flash, mind

you—but a stream of living one: such as was unknown to me till I knew this young lady. Did she sing to-night at Vantini's?"

"Not a note; but in the tone of her voice I fancy I could detect something which seemed to announce a singer."

"Well, it is no use to speak of that, since in three days' time you will hear; but let me, as a composer, beg of you to attend to the conscientiousness of her execution when you do. I am of opinion that you may tell a true soul from a false one, even by the manner in which a page of music is read off."

"Maestro, forgive me; but does your Venetian public judge of her as you do, or by the same standard? The absence of all meretricious strivings is an excellence which the play-going public in general can ill appreciate."

"Our Venetian public know no more of her than yourself. They expect, upon the faith of my judgment, to hail the advent of a great artist; but this will be her first appearance upon their stage, as it is the first representation of my new work. It was written for her expressly—she and I alike are on our trial—we shall succeed or fall together—and now felice notte!"

The Viscount and the Maestro had been pacing to and fro as they discoursed under the deep shadow which the strong moonlight was casting before the porticoes of St. Mark's. As the former emerged from it to pass along the quay to Danieli's hotel, he fancied that he recognised the figure of the young Englishman with whom he and his companions had met at Sermione: his dress was the same, a fustian jacket and trousers, with an oil-skin cap, but it seemed to be dingier than before.

"What can the fellow be?" mused his lordship; "Trelawney's guess is absurd—he is no Cambridge man. What can have brought him, too, to Venice?" questions which he had not been able to solve to his satisfaction before he was in bed and asleep that night.

It was towards the evening of the next day that the Maestro, finding Clara still studying intensely certain difficult passages in her part, an occupation in which he had left her

absorbed in the earlier hours of the forenoon, insisted upon her closing the piano, shutting up her music books, and accompanying him, with Cousin Martha, to the Lido. Nothing short of the steady fresh breeze from the Adriatic, he insisted, would brace her nerves and cool her feverish head; her eyes must be wearied, too, of poring over those crooked little imps of harmony hanging with misshapen heads between the five bars of the music-ruled pages, and she must bathe them for restoration in the mellowed purple, gold, and indigo of the sunset. Madame Vantini and her daughter would most likely join them—perhaps that amiable *mi-lordo*, her compatriot—so he hurried her into the gondola, which was soon rapidly gliding over the lagoon.

Another boat, some hour or two before, propelled by the vigorous arms of Digby and Trelawney, had carried to the same pleasant spot Windlesham and his studious friend; and after bathing in the rolling surf, the four Oxonians had made their way to the more frequented portion of the promenade. Here, as they sauntered to and fro, they chanced upon the Maestro with Clara and the Vantinis; and no little surprise was excited in the minds of Windlesham's companions when they saw him join the party, and exchange salutations with the young English lady who had challenged their admiration and roused their curiosity at the *Albergo del Gran San Giulio*.

They had but little time, however, to spend in conjectures upon his good fortune before he called upon them to share it; for having spoken a few words to Madame Vantini and the Maestro, apparently to obtain their sanction, he beckoned to his companions, and introduced them in form.

"Miss Jerningham—Mr. Ingram;" and Windlesham felt, as he had in part anticipated, that the words had sent a thrill through every fibre of the student's being. He understood that if ever a man could be thus lovestricken upon a sudden, the strange fate had befallen Ingram. He had seen his full and intelligent gaze absorb, as it were, into itself, the figure of Clara, before he lowered it and bowed respectfully, and stepped aside. In that one look lay the germ of a life's onward history.

As for Clara, she did not seem in any way to notice it. But the manliness, blended with a quaint childish simplicity, that was visible upon the countenance of the athletic Digby, caught her fancy forthwith; and when, instead of bowing formally, he held out to her his huge fist to shake hands, she laid her hand in his with a frank smiling confidence which delighted him beyond measure, and almost provoked the jealousy of his friends. Side by side, then, the whole party continued their walk: Digby with Clara and Cousin Martha; Trelawney with the Signora Beatrice, who could speak English very fairly, and upon whom he consequently endeavoured to impress a notion of the resources of his native Cornwall, and of the stern beauties of the Lizard-point; Windlesham with Madame herself; Ingram fell to the Maestro, whose heart being full of the beauty, the genius, the character of Clara Jerningham, poured out of its fulness into that hapless student's ears. Little did the good Maestro suspect what manner of listener he had thus lighted upon; but if he had, it may well be doubted whether the flow of his eloquence upon such a theme would have been checked. Why should not Ingram, why should not every one admire and love his incomparable Jernietta?

Returning in her own gondola was out of the question for Clara; Digby would not hear of it. After all, they would all spirt home together, so she might as well give him and his friend the pleasure of rowing her back. "And I'm told, Miss Jerningham, that you sing like a skylark; so you shall set us time with some sweet clear English song; and then we shall see whether Master Ingram there will still regret the Tasso of his silent gondolier. All these Venetian chaps sing through their noses."

So Digby and Trelawney led the way homewards; and Clara did sing for them sweet clear English songs, such as she used to sing at Wymerton in those old days when yet she was scarcely conscious of her wondrous gift of harmony—joyous, gushing strains at first, such as she loved in girlhood—and then by degrees, almost forgetfully, the liquid notes caught a gentle sadness from the recollections which stole across her; so

that instead of "spiriting," as he called it, the stalwart rower would scarcely dip the oar into the still water of the lagoon, lest the plashing of it should disturb her touching melodies.

The Maestro, whose gondola was thus enabled to steal up by the altered rate of Digby's stroke, was in raptures; and as for Ingram, perhaps it had been better for him if, at a safe distance, the gondolier had treated him to a nasal stave of the old poet of the Canals.

What ailed him, then? Why did this new sensation, which was filtering into the recesses of his inner heart, suddenly and rapidly, as the speedy though gradual absorption of venom from a poisoned bolt throughout the veins and into the very marrow of him who is stricken thereby—why was it felt by him, not as a mere pain, but as a pang of remorse? Was he guilty in anywise; had he, then, permitted any determination, thought, or desire to form itself definitely within him concerning this Clara, this unknown but gifted and beautiful young woman, whose feet were set in so widely divergent a

path of life? Or was the vague possibility of loving her reprehensible? He did not yet foresee what was to be revealed to him hereafter concerning himself—that his life was to become a high and holy embodiment of principle; and therefore he did not understand what manner of shock and jarring was produced in his soul by the inburst of a passion.

A passion? Did he so much as guess the advent of any thing so formidable?

There was a youth once, in the old days of chivalry, who was keeping his darkling watch by the knightly suit of armour that he was to don upon the morrow. His spirit and his race were to answer for his worthiness, for he never yet had mingled in deadly fray. Suddenly, through a loop-hole, a bolt from some hostile cross-bow caused his trusted harness to ring against the panelled wall. He started at the sound; he scarce could guess the cause of it. Yet no long time elapsed, and the glancing of a cross-bolt, or the rattle of a shaft against his trusty breastplate, in grim and earnest encounter, could startle him no more.

CHAPTER V.

ARTIST TRIUMPH—A PRISON—WELDING OF FRIENDSHIP.

"PRODIGIOUS! colossal! fabulous!" exclaimed the Maestro, as he bounded into the sitting room of the young Englishmen at Daniel's. "But why should I say this to you: you who were present one and all at this more than ovation. Ah! she is your countrywoman; she has triumphed thus in your very presence last night; and here this day is more than half gone by, this morrow of a victory, and not one of you have been to cast your wreath of admiration at her feet. Per Bacco! But the flame which consumes her must have burnt wondrously within her Italian mother's veins, unquenchable even by the flood of coldness which stagnated in the English breast of a father who was perhaps some such a man as you."

"Mercy! we cry you mercy!" answered the Viscount; "but you judge us hastily, unjustly. Digby here, and Trelawney, were for rushing to empty a wheelbarrow full of bouquets at the Jernietta's door

this morning, had I not stopped them for the sake of Cousin Martha, who would require more time than your triumphant Clara to recover last night's excitement. For such a spirit as the prima donna's the very excitement was refreshment enough, I'll warrant you; but her poor dear cousin would need a sound sleep to set her up again."

"Ebbene! but 'tis now three o'clock—yes, three struck," said the Maestro; "you have not cleared yourself from my reproaches even so."

"Well, then, if I must needs continue to exculpate us, you must know farther, that Mr. Ingram here is guilty of detaining us; we were yet in full controversy with him on the subject when you came in."

"At all events," said that personage himself, as he rose from his chair, "I decline to continue it any longer; your side has gained in the Maestro too powerful an accession. I feared an intrusion upon Miss Jerningham,

it is true ; but under his auspices, I think you may safely venture. So good day for the present. We shall meet, I suppose, at dinner."

"Meet!" exclaimed Zuchetti ; "people meet after parting. Surely you will accompany us—you, whose appreciation of Miss Clara's talent is, I am sure, none the less correct or lively for being less demonstrative than my Italian warmth seems to exact."

"Excuse me," replied the other ; "whatever may be that appreciation, Miss Jerningham will not miss an expression of it, which I think I had better withhold."

"Oh, nonsense, my good fellow," interrupted Windlesham, in a loud voice ; "you are too shy, even for an Englishman, and an Oxford first-class man. I'll answer for him, Maestro ; do you lead the way with the other two, and we will follow." Then, as they left the room, he drew the arm of his companion under his own, and whispered in his ear, "Learn to look this matter in the face, Ingram ; and at all events do not betray yourself to that musical chatter-box, who, for all his chattering, is a shrewd fellow, and peered at you through his spectacles, as if he would begin to guess that concerning you which you scarcely suspect concerning yourself, but which I have discovered already for a certainty." And with this he hurried him down stairs to rejoin the trio who had preceded them before he could debate these unexpected words in his own mind and offer resistance or an answer.

At Clara's a new surprise awaited them both. Madame Vantini and her daughter were there, which, indeed, was not strange ; but seated near an open window, in conversation with Cousin Martha, was the conjectural Cambridge man, who stood up to acknowledge their recognition, and to shake hands with the cordial Digby. This time, however, he was not arrayed in fustian ; but a jacket of finest blue cloth, with white canvas trousers, and a black silk handkerchief, twisted round his neck, might have seemed to announce a sailor, had their cut been in any way nautical, as Windlesham did not fail to perceive at once it was not. His lordship was mystified ; but as Clara had noticed the greeting between the

stranger and Mr. Digby, she did not conceive that there was need of any farther introduction.

The congratulations which were now offered she received with perfect ease and simplicity, but seemed anxious to turn them off from herself to the Maestro. "The triumph last night," she said, "was fair enough ; but to prolong her share of it beyond the moment was unjustifiable."

"Did Miss Jerningham, then, value the noisy plaudits of the crowded theatre, however justly bestowed, beyond the calmer judgments of friends and admirers expressed thus quietly in private?" Ingram ventured to inquire.

"Their noisy plaudits, by no means ! Upon these," said Clara, "I set but little price, indeed ; whereas, the judgment and approval of friends is inestimable, when bestowed upon that which may fairly challenge it. But if, by a fair triumph, you understood me to mean applause fairly won, my true meaning has escaped you."

Ingram, somewhat discomfited, found no heart for further questioning ; but Windlesham demanded forthwith to know in what the artist's triumph consisted if not in the applause of the discerning public.

"Grant the discernment of the public," she continued, "and its applause might justly rise in our esteem ; but without wishing to rebel too insolently against that great arbiter's decisions, the Maestro will agree with me in asserting that the great bulk of those who constitute the public within the walls of a theatre follow a lead too easily for us to put much faith in their discernment, as showed by their applause, unless, indeed, urged on, as they sometimes are, by one of those impulsive recognitions of the true and beautiful which burst upon men in crowds suddenly and irresistibly."

"All that about the discerning public is true enough," said the Maestro, thus appealed to ; "but your last night's triumph, in what did it consist, and why may it not, or can it not be prolonged into this day, this next week, those years to come, if need be?"

"No, my dear friend, there is no prolonging it, because the thing itself is essentially fugitive. My triumph, the triumph of every true artist—

heart, lies in the swaying of other men's emotions. It was not, Mr. Ingram, when the spectators applauded, but when they were silent, that I experienced any exultation; it was when I could feel, not merely that the power of song enthralled them, for then I was but the Maestro's mouthpiece, or his vice-regent, if you will, wielding a sceptre which was his in truth, ruling hearts but by delegation. It was when the artist power within me had fairly conquered the throbbings of their personality, and had bound it up for the moment with mine; when the pulse of that whole vast assembly's feeling seemed to beat in myself alone; when every glance, every motion of mine directed and controlled their breathless attention—oh, then it was that I felt myself queen of the moment, swaying the sceptre of my own undivided and undisputed sovereignty. You might as well talk of prolonging an electric shock as such a triumph. But positively, Maestro, I will not hear one word more concerning myself or my achievements just now. Let us rather speak of yours. What say you, my lord, of the music of this opera?"

"If I answer your question," said Windlesham, "I shall incur the risk of your displeasure, for I must needs speak again concerning yourself."

"How so?"

"Because of necessity the effect of the music, as we felt it last night, depended in a great measure upon your execution, and upon the colouring which your interpretation of it cast upon the composer's conception. You had absorbed into your own person, not only our emotions, but in great measure also the intention of the Maestro's appeal to them; you and he cannot yet be judged apart from one another."

"Neither would I, at least, wish for any such separation," exclaimed Zuchetti. "Ah, Miss Clara, you did not absorb my intention into yourself, but you generously transfused yourself into my intention, animating it with a life which I was powerless to give."

"You are too sincere, even in your enthusiasm, to pay me an unmeaning or an unbecoming compliment," said she; "but do not speak so much too unworthily of your own incomparably sublimer gift. His lordship may speak

truth; it may not be easy, just yet, to judge of your work in itself as it deserves; but mark its claim to a higher nobility, its judgment is yet to come, and will endure, as will the matter judged of. Your achievement has a life, durable, perhaps undying; mine had an existence, which now is no longer, and compared with which the ephemeris is a centenarian. Your triumph, if you obtain it, is, indeed, worth speaking of."

"If I obtain it, as you say; but tell us, then, signorina, when may it be considered as obtained, and who, in your judgment, may lawfully decree that I have obtained it?"

"It is almost too bad that I should submit," she replied, "to such an interrogatory. Yet who should speak of such things if not we! The time of your triumph, Maestro, is hard to fix upon, for it is ever renewing; it is renewed whenever they who possess intelligence to judge of your work as one whole composition, as a lyrical drama, a musical epic, stamp it with the seal of their well-merited and thoughtfully-bestowed approbation; and thus, in determining the time of its being decreed, I have mentioned one class of your judges. But there is another, equally renewed, and no less legitimate triumph for the musician, and that is when any one phrase of his poem, any one melody shall have received the stamp of genuine and true popular approbation."

"What!" interrupted the Viscount, "when the Maestro shall have mounted the proud car of the barrel-organ, and the hurdy-gurdy, whilst howling street singers and whistling tramps resound his victorious *Io triumphe!*"

"Not so, precisely, and yet you have not missed of my meaning wholly; there is a transient popular approbation which only vulgarizes; there is an enduring one which consecrates a melody; but when your musical expression of some true thought or feeling shall have passed into the hearts of the people; when some rude sailor, as he thinks upon his home and his distant love, shall, through the nightwatch, hum the bars of your love ditty; or when some mother, rocking her sick child to sleep by the cottage fireside, shall soothe it with a strain of yours; or when some sturdy blacksmith and his fellows shall, with cheery voices, time their

hammer-strokes upon the ringing anvil to the cadence of your choruses, Maestro—why then, I say, you shall have won another laurel crown, with which the most sublime composer might be proud to wreath his brow."

"Well said, Miss Clara, with truth and feeling," cried Mark Brandling, as he rose. "Thank you for those last words; they have done me good, and told me that your head is clear, and your heart sound after all."

"And thank you for your good opinion," answered she, "in spite of that doubtful 'after all,' for which I shall yet, you may depend upon it, take you to task some day."

"Well, I shall deal honestly by you when you do," he said, as he shook hands and left the room, followed almost at once by the others, who felt that the conversation was now at an end.

"Do you regret your altered determination?" inquired Zuchetti of Ingram, as they descended the stairs. "Does she not deserve your visit and your tribute of admiration?"

He answered nothing. Did he regret it? In truth he did.

"Monstrous impertinent of the Cambridge man," said Trelawney. "What did the fellow mean by 'after all?' eh, Windlesham?"

"I'll tell you what, my good friend, he is no Cambridge man, nor university man, at all."

"Then what on earth do you suppose he is?"

"I cannot say for certain, but I can guess what he would call himself if we should ask him."

"Indeed! What would he call himself?"

"A man of the people."

Mark's mystery, which by the way was none of his own making, soon received its solution. Ingram was an early riser, from old industrious Oxford habits; and from that desire for occasional solitude which will seize upon all men at the birth or during the sensible growth of a strong affection, was now much given to long and lonely walks in the morning. One day, not long after sunrise, he found himself in a part of the town little frequented at any hour by fashionable tourists, and situated at the lower extremity of the Giudecca canal.

Early as it was, the sons of toil,

and its daughters, too, were afoot in considerable numbers; some of whom were crowding into a large and clumsy six oared gondola which was to carry them across the water to the main land. To these Ingram joined himself, in listless and abstracted mood, and without stopping to inquire which point might be their destination, took his seat. Once fairly off, some five or six of his fellow-passengers began to chant an effective chorus from Zuchetti's successful opera. This roused him from his reverie by recalling to mind the speech of Clara concerning a musician's popular crown: and when he looked up towards the singers, by a singular coincidence, his eye lighted upon the young Englishman who had thanked her for it with so much heartiness. There he sat in original fustian, strong, frank, highly intelligent in appearance, and, beyond doubt, a working man.

He returned, without embarrassment or false shame, the student's greeting, and, in answer to his inquiring looks, informed him at once that he was betaking himself to his daily work upon the other side, where stood the shed under which Messrs. Brassy and Bright, the English contractors, were fitting up locomotives to serve the new Lombardo-Venetian line. He was the only English "hand," as he expressed it, employed upon the work, although the superintendent was a Manchester man, a sound practical engineer, with a good knowledge of mechanics. A Frenchman and two Germans worked with him, and several Italians. He, Mark Brandling, was foreman.

The conversation which ensued was desultory; but, even so, the Oxonian could not fail to be struck with the sound sense and shrewdness of his companion, and still more with the evident cultivation of his mind—a cultivation different in tone from that of his own, but, as far as he could judge of it upon the moment, not so very far inferior in degree.

As they landed, the bell from the workshop was ringing lustily, and Mark was compelled to hurry forward. Ingram having nothing better to do than to return to breakfast, a meal of which the absence is disquieting even to lovers in good health, went back forthwith in the boat which had brought him across.

The announcement of his discovery was variously received by his three friends at Danieli's. Trelawney doubted of such manner of acquaintances: if in a Cambridge man he might suspect a radical, might he not infer with certainty a red republican in a mechanic from Sheffield or from Manchester. Trelawney's people were County-family to the back-bone. Digby, on the other hand, who was half-fellow with every waterman of renown, from Hungerford bridge to Henley, and who, although a thorough gentlemen in feeling, cherished a profound respect for the strong-backed and sturdy-limbed confraternity of coalwhippers, had no scruples about the matter. There was a manliness upon Mark's forehead, and a determination in his eye, agreeing with his own—the muscular outline, moreover, of his forearm was unexceptionable and that finger-grip at the entrance of Verona noteworthy—Digby was all for following up the acquaintance, and resolved, at any rate, to pursue it upon his own account. The Viscount at first said nothing, but lighted a fresh cigar, towards the end of which he had made up his mind, and entirely acquiesced in the views of the last honourable speaker, assuring Trelawney, to his utter consternation, that in case young Brandling should prove a communist, he, Viscount Windlesham, would esteem his acquaintance all the more valuable, interesting, and instructive.

It being thus ruled by an imposing majority that Mark's intimacy was to be cultivated, the next point for consideration was to devise the safest and pleasantest mode of so doing.

"We must feed him," suggested Digby.

"Exactly so," replied the Viscount; "being men and Englishmen, it is necessary that we should eat and drink together in order to become friends. In proof of which necessity, did time allow, many arguments, historical and philosophical, might be adduced."

"Not omitting such classical additions as I should be forthwith ready to supply," said Ingram.

"But the question is," resumed Windlesham, "under what auspices to initiate a conciliatory banquet. There is something formal in a regu-

lar invitation to dinner, a savour of unseemly ostentation in offering him at starting what we should call 'a regular spread' in Alma Mater."

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"Capital notion; the very thing!" cried his friends in concert.

"But how shall we get at him?" said the proposer; "shall I pull over to the work-shop?"

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"What? where we have seen Miss Jerningham most evenings that we have pulled over?"

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accounted for Mark's absence from the workshed.

"We have too few such days," he said, "in England, in spite of our national proverb, 'All work and no play.'"

"But when they do occur," answered one of the party, "the people seem at a loss to know what to do with them. To a casual observer it would seem as if the better sort of working men waste them loungingly with their hands in their pockets, whilst the others do worse, and pass them in debauchery."

"We are too often judged, I fear, upon casual observation," said he, "and our character suffers accordingly: many working men can and do employ these rare days not only innocently, but rationally and profitably—the plant-seekers and insect-hunters of Lancashire to wit; and even the two classes of whom you have spoken might have a plea put in for them in mitigation."

"As how, may I inquire?"

"Why, the loungers may be said to be so thoroughly unused to a holiday that they do not know how to profit by one; this fault or its remedy can scarcely be said to lie with them."

"Very true; but the tap-room rioters?"

"Ah, gentlemen, you must not take offence if I shall plead for them, that they have scarcely yet had time to unlearn a notion which your order did much to stamp upon their minds in bygone days. I mean the notion that pleasure and intemperance are two names for one thing."

"Something, perhaps, in that; but you will allow that manners have mended amongst us in that respect amazingly."

"Gladly, and we are also sharers in your amendment; at least as I believe. And, then, these railways will do much for us on the same score."

"Excursion trains, eh?" said Tre-lawney. "My father hates them; says that nothing will tend more to demoralize the people and alter our old national habits."

"Perhaps, sir, your father looks upon the gloomy side of them—all things have their gloomy side—and I won't deny there are some ill-looking things about these trains, the Sunday ones especially."

"Well, but the good of them?"

asked Ingram, much interested in thus hearing, for the first time, upon such a subject, a genuine working man's opinion."

"What! the good of getting out of coal-smoke, out of cotton-fluff, or steel-filings, into God's pure air; that's not far to look for; is it, sir? To get a dragon harnessed to carriages, as in old story-books, who'll drag you out of dark, dull streets into green grass and golden corn; can't you see the good of that? Can't you see the good, sir! of lads and lasses running down to far off villages to spend an hour or two with mother, who's a widow maybe, or father, whom they haven't seen this three years! Ay, and without that, sir, to go pleasuring on a visit to some fine work of men's hands, or some work of their Maker's hands, grander by a deal; mayn't there be good in that which you or I might find it hard to measure? Ask your own heart, sir, for an answer; it will give you one. But I will give an instance, if you'll allow me, taken from the life. There was an old cobbler, gentlemen, whom I once knew, a man whose cobbling work was like himself, honest and true. He lived in a close and confined court in the manufacturing town where I was born. A great reader of the Bible, was this old cobbler; and few men whom I have come across contrived to put as much of that book into their lives as he did. It was an inland town we lived in; and what between church-going—for he was a great church-goer—Bible-reading, his lasts and his stall, old as he was, he had never wandered five miles from home. Now, it so happened that an excursion train was got up to take to the sea-side, for a day's pleasure, the children of a Sunday-school, in which he was a teacher. He would not desert his little disciples; and thus he found himself upon a bright, blowing day, perched upon the summit of a bold headland, in view of the open sea. He sat there, hour after hour, fairly mazed in wonderment, watching the ships which the strong breeze was driving through the roughening waves. It was like a bit of a revelation to him—so many words, descriptions, figures, familiar and yet dark, which he had found upon the pages of his well-thumbed Bible, were now become real and life-like to him for evermore; he could have cried

for thankfulness and joy; indeed I will not say but he did. Had you heard him come out with these words of the psalm: 'They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof;' and so on, for many verses;—had you seen the light in his old eye, as he repeated them, it must have touched you, sir, and perhaps have taught you something."

"Jolly old brick of a cobbler!" interrupted Digby, hearty, if not reverent in his admiration.

"Ah!" continued Mark, "I wish William Wordsworth had heard and seen him there."

"Why so?" said Ingram; "do you think the poet of Peter Bell would have enshrined the cobbler-saint in verse?"

"He might have done worse than that too! I reckon it won't tell any way against him with his countrymen in the long run, that he put us and ours into his verses either. But I was thinking of something else: of a letter he sent once to the papers against a branch line of a rail coming down his way, by the Lakes there."

"I remember it well," said Ingram, "and all its loud lamentations against the rude invasion of his favourite haunts by noisy crowds. I thought it drivelling at the time. He seemed to fear lest the quiet beauties of his dear lake scenery should be spoiled by a rush of vulgar explorers, as if an army of cockneys on Skiddaw could dwarf the mountain, or a fleet of them on Windermere dull the gleaming of its waters."

"True for you, sir; but that's not yet what I'm at."

"At what then?"

"Why you're sticking to what the men will make of the place; and I'm all the while running after what the place will do for the men. Look you here, sir: a man's bigger than a mountain for all he may be a poor little starveling cockney. Mr. Wordsworth should have thought of that now. If Nature's a book, and a poet's a master to teach reading it, why should a poet fall out with a cheap train, bringing scholars in hundreds to the school-room door?"

"I see," quoth Digby; "might as

well object to a cheap edition of his own works 'for the use of the million,' as Radical newspapers say."

By this time they were alongside of a lawn, sloping down to the water's edge, where overhanging willows dipped their green boughs in the stream—an English incident in a Lombard landscape. It was the foreground to the garden of Signor Vantini's villa; and here they landed.

In spite of the mosquitoes, the dinner went off merrily, Mark losing nothing in the estimation of his entertainers by the self-possession with which he made acquaintance, probably for the first time in his life, with the flavour of choice Silleri and of genuine Havanna. In truth, the self-respect, and the respect of his own order with which the young mechanic was penetrated served to render his intercourse with these young men of superior rank easy and unconstrained. If the whole truth were told, it surprised them not a little. Windlesham was not quite prepared for it; and as for Trelawney, he had cold qualms of astonishment and almost of remorse coming over him from time to time. What would his father say to such a phenomenon as this new acquaintance of theirs? What would his kins-folk in Cornwall think of him, could they espy him at this subversive picnic? He felt as one might suppose a shipwrecked sailor to do whom cannibals should have seduced into partaking with them of the roasted carcass of a drowned shipmate, washed ashore, and whose conscience should smite him as he detected himself every now and then, not entirely without relish for the entertainment. The Oxford "Cad"—that most unhappy type of the lower-class Englishman—was Trelawney's only concrete "man of the people," the only tangible individual specimen with whom he was familiarly acquainted. His abstract ideal was of some creature far more repugnant and dangerous—of something between a French republican of '93 and a modern lighter of "swing" fires. Now with Mark's manners, little fault was to be found in essentials; and for his mind, the young Cornish gentleman had sense to feel that his own county-family plummet would scarce fathom the mechanic's draw-well. Mark, upon his side, had ample

reason to be satisfied, some, perhaps, also to be surprised. Windlesham's perfect *savoir-vivre*, the boating-man's genial hearty roughness, the thoughtful, quiet ease of the student, gave him, without effort, a friendly footing among these "aristocrats," such as he would not have thought it possible to stand on three weeks ago.

That was a rare holiday upon the green sward under the willows: none of the young men but were sorry when its golden sun went down into the purple clouds beyond the towers and spires of the floating city.

Yet, be the reason what it may, the feeling of frank and generous companionship felt on that one day on the Brenta, like many other happy feelings, was transient. To do the Oxonians justice, they had no inclination to drop their short-lived intimacy with the young mechanic. Mark had worked in Newcastle, and had there acquired no mean proficiency in that aquatic skill, which has not seldom enabled the sons of the Tyne to carry off upon the bosom of old Thames himself, and from his favourite champions, the prize of a well-contested boat race. This was passport enough to the permanent favour of Digby. Windlesham, as it has been seen, had for purposes of his own, urged his companions to cultivate Mark's acquaintance; whilst Ingram felt, for a reason scarcely apparent to himself, drawn towards him by a powerful sympathetic tendency. But Mark, either from some of that prejudice of caste, which sunders men so grievously in spirit even where the empire of caste is nominally unknown, an evil prejudice which nestles as close under fustian jackets as under coats of the finest cloth and most unexceptionable cut; or else from some more exclusively personal apprehension of antagonism, some secret working of a possible antipathy, suspected yet unacknowledged; Mark designedly set himself to lessen opportunities for the ripening of this newly-formed acquaintance. It is true his shrinking from the society of our Oxonians, was not sufficiently powerful to counterbalance the strong attraction which, evening after evening, brought him to the Lido, where Clara and her cousin invariably took their walk, whenever her duties at the theatre did not interfere with the healthful cus-

tom. But it is no less true, that on those many evenings when, by a singularly consistent chain of coincidences, the gondola of the young "aristocrats" found its way to the well-known spot, he would, with whatever reluctance, shorten his own pleasure, and as soon as he could do so without exciting attention, make his way back to the city, and to his own remote lodging upon the lower outskirts of the great canal.

Sometimes, indeed, his simple manoeuvres would be paralyzed by some counter manoeuvre of the wily Viscount, whose keen observation had soon detected them, and whose skillful direction would contrive to frustrate them by a word or a look of Clara's, sent, unsuspectingly, at his bidding, towards the intending deserter. Sometimes, also, the honest, earnest friendliness of Ingram, and the undisguised desire manifested by him to hold thoughtful conversation, would effect the same result.

Nay, more: in this one case, Mark's determination, happily for himself, gave way, and such opportunities as his own occupation afforded, and as Ingram's manner of life with his fellow collegians allowed him to embrace, were at last made available constantly by mutual consent; and the sons of the hammer and the book, as Orientals would have called them, spent many hours in each other's company—hours, as we take it, of incalculable worth to the one and to the other. Self-taught men in Mark's position of life are apt to forget that for what they have learned, often by so much heroic mental exertion and strong individual resolve, they are after all indebted to others. Oral teaching has this great moral advantage over the teaching which books give, that the look, the voice, the tone of the teacher, convey insensibly, along with the instruction, an appeal to our feelings of respect and gratitude. We feel, in the presence and at the word of a master of the lore we would acquire, more vividly than we can ever do in presence of the book of an absent, unknown, long-gone teacher, our sense of obligation and of mutual dependence. We more readily apprehend that our acquisitions are a gift received, not a prey snatched or extorted. We are, if it may be said with reverence, more

invariably disposed to understand how, in this sense also, there is deep truth and meaning in the words of the Divine Teacher, "Other men have laboured and ye have entered into their labours." It was, therefore, amongst other reasons, good and profitable for Mark, that his self-tutored and, perhaps, therefore, too self-reliant intellect, should come into close and fruitful contact with one trained and disciplined after so different a fashion as that of the Oxford student. Moreover, Ingram, who had taken double honors, and who was thus fully able to enter into the nature and direction of Mark's positive and mechanical studies, found it within his power to suggest to the latter, from his own larger acquaintance with books, many valuable hints for future guidance in his course of self-culture; benefits, these, amply repaid to himself by an insight into the depth of thought and tone of mind existing now-a-days in so many of the men to whose social class Mark belonged.

It is, of course, by no means to be imagined that the whole conversational intercourse between two young Englishmen of their age, no matter what their social position, or what the bias of their studious tastes, should be confined to matters of serious study or research. The past and the present of either individual, adventures and impressions were freely spoken of when once reserve had thawed between the two. Nay, as the wont of young men is, there were occasional communications of hopes, fears, and wishes, so that the future was not kept utterly out of sight. But one matter there was, which, by a contradiction easy to be understood, lay uppermost, and yet undermost, in the heart of either, whereof not one direct word made mention between them. It may be remembered, however, that Ingram's attention had been directed by a remark of Windlesham's to the power of attraction which Clara seemed to exercise upon the young mechanic; and it is small wonder, that with the keen instinct conferred upon the scholar by the strong passion which had assailed him, he should have followed up the clue, until by countless indications he had seized upon the knowledge of that which Mark sorely valued in himself as the truest so-

cret of his heart. But, perhaps, it may be rather more singular and more worthy of consideration by those who like to discriminate between the nicer shades of human feeling, to know that Ingram's increasing regard for Mark was not checked in its growth by the certainty to which on this point he had attained; whereas, if the whole truth is to be told, the bare suspicion of the existence of a similar affection on the part of Windlesham, vexed, tormented, and irritated him unaccountably.

Thus then, amongst the young men, were two hearts, at least, and a third head, if not a third heart, full of Clara Jerningham: with whom, however, as the weeks went by, Digby alone appeared to become intimate. That good-humoured waterman was heart-whole, and could enjoy unreservedly frank and cordial intercourse with his gifted countrywoman. The Viscount's social subtlety could not enable him, or would not allow him to do more than appear on unreserved terms with her, whilst Trelawney, guilty of a defection, of which the nature will appear more evident by-and-by, was in a fair way to lose, upon one point, at least, the fervency of his preference of things Cornish over all other things imaginable.

It was a pleasant house, that Casa Vantini—Italian in many respects; in some most unlike Italy. One characteristic feature, anyhow, it soon put on, for all our party, save only Mark, who never crossed its threshold. It was a sort of home abroad to one and all of them. Few evenings but saw the majority of them gathered in its saloons, or on its balconies. Whether it was a blossoming orange upon one of these, and the obvious suggestion of comparison between it and the famous lemon-tree upon the south wall, at Polgarthen, which first brought Beatrice Vantini and the Cornishman into close converse, we know not; but certainly it was a rare catch for Trelawney to have lighted upon a willing listener to his descendant on the beauties and excellences of his native county. There was something very flattering in the unexpected deference wherewith his enthusiastic eulogies were heard and suffered to pass uncontradicted. And when a young lady is kind enough to listen with a growing interest to every

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detail of the minute description given by a young gentleman, who describes to her his distant home, there is a sort of grateful feeling of the fitness of things, which must end by giving her an unexpected place and right in his remembrances and thoughts of the home described.

"Ah, signorina! if you could only see the beech-wood walk, just where the break in the coppice shows the shore at Mervynstow, and the sea line beyond!...but what's the use of describing? Oh, dear, I do so wish you could only come to Polgarthen."

"Ed lo anzi lo vorrei bene," half whispers Beatrice, who might as well have spoken English, seeing it was her mother's, if not her mother-tongue.

"No, really now! really Beatrice! I beg pardon, Miss Vantim! do, pray, say that again."

"Ancora! ma perchè dunque caro signor mio?" And thereupon long explanations in such under tones as do not reach the body of the room, where louder and more confused chattering crosses each other.

"Yes, Miss Jerningham, the Rifles; and a smart rifleman the lad will make, thanks to a judicious and early applied system of drill by thrashing, administered by an affectionate, strong-fisted elder brother."

"And you join him at Corfu within three weeks or so? Well, if these calm long evenings last, you'll have a pleasant voyage down the Adriatic."

"Pleasant, I believe you; yet I shall be sorry to begin the break up of our party here. They're a rattling, jolly set of fellows. Win, and Ingram, and the Cornishman there, on the balcony—don't you think so?"

"I'm not quite sure, if I must answer the question, what you mean by 'rattling jolly.' There's Mr. Ingram, for instance, who rattles as little as any man of his age with whom I was ever acquainted; what am I to say of him?"

"Well, perhaps, rattling's not quite

the word for him; but he's no snuff, for all his book learning, and was jolly enough, poor fellow till he fell in love with— Oh! but I beg your pardon, or his pardon," stammered Digby, rather taken aback by his incautious announcement.

"One little song, Carina, one only we will ask for and insist upon," opportunely broke in the Maestro; and under cover of the interruption Digby retreated, with a vague promise of "a box of woodrocks now and then, Miss Jerningham, from Albania, by the Trieste steamer, if we may take the liberty, later in the season."

"At San Lazari! Oh yes; I spent this very afternoon there in the library, and came across a choice edition of—"

"Ze Relvey-taines, you say, milor, ver mosh obligato; zat give ze share di preferenza list too! bravissimo! Ma silenzio per la musica, signori!"...

"Better have spent the evening as well in the library of the Armenian brethren, Ingram," whispers the Viscount at the scholar's ear. "There's a tough battle to be fought within—prudence *versus* folly; and surely the latter is in training just now, gaining strength by airing itself at those open windows of your eyes."

Ingram smiled, but winced, and was ashamed at the fierce pang of something too like hate, which went through him as the other spoke. He was half inclined, however, to take the warning and go home; but had not the courage, as long as he felt that Windlesham's eye was upon him, so he compromised the matter by falling back out of the front row of the listeners to Clara's music, and settled down upon an ottoman, in company of Cousin Martha. Of all the Oxonians he was her prime favourite, although his place in her good graces was far lower than that which her plebeian heart, true to the instinct of its order, gave Mark Brandling.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESOLUTION—A DISAPPOINTMENT.

As they went home that evening in detachments, Trelawney and Windlesham lingering after most of the guests had made their bow, Digby, whose honest sense of remorse could

not otherwise be quieted, disclosed to Ingram the indiscretion of which he had been guilty. Great was the scholar's amazement and confusion; but along with them stole into his

secret heart a vague expectation, between hope and fear, that something must needs betray the sentiment with which Clara must have received the unwarrantable intimation. If she should have heard with displeasure what his friend had so indiscreetly taken leave to announce, then that displeasure would come in aid to his irresolute purpose. His wisdom said, "go;" should her's re-echo the saying, he would go, must go, could not help going: so he reasoned. But, if otherwise?—Words at the spelling of which within his imagination, throb of heart and swimming of brain became almost unendurable! If otherwise, what then? should he remain? He would not resolve the question: he could not: time must bring decision. What prodigious efforts of courage and of resolution it cost the poor fellow now to bring himself to face Miss Jerminham. Should he join the walking party on the Lido this afternoon or not? Should he accept the Maestro's invitation to spend the morning at the Belle Arti, or should he refuse, since he knew that this was one of Clara's leisure mornings, and that if she were not likely to visit the accademia, the old Maestro would never have gone picture-gazing? Should he absent himself from the Thursday evening at Casa Vantini, her presence on the Thursday being a matter of invariable course?

Ten days of the torment were making deep traces on him. He was of spare frame at the best of times, and now grew visibly thinner: there was a gray colour coming over his countenance. Even Trelawney, who saw things through a haze just now, could not help noticing it, and having taken it into his head that his poor friend's chest was going, bored him with panegyrics upon the climate of Penzance as a winter residence for pulmonary patients.

But Clara showed no consciousness, having indeed none to show. Digby's escapade had either been unnoticed by her or misunderstood. In truth his sentence had been a broken one: if she could have called it to mind, and had wished to interpret its meaning, she would have decided, in much probability, that the taciturn Ingram had fallen in love, by no means with herself, but with some

choice manuscript or Aldine impression of a classic in his dear library of San Lazari. She was as unconscious, every way, of what was passing within him as was Mark Brandling, who was less blind, however, than she, to what was passing on him. He too adopted the books and study theory of his friend's evident ailment, and would overtax his own superior physical strength, when the long day's work demanded rest for it, by protracted paces up and down upon the Lido in company with the Oxonian, whom he conceived to be dwindling for want of air and exercise. Well was it for Ingram that an unexpected event forced on him the crisis of decision.

All Venice, at least all musical Venice, had been astir for some days with expectation of a grand "field night" at the Fenice. Some passing viceroys on his way to Milan, or some "Royal-Imperial" name-day occurring in the calendar, or some such disturbance of the ordinary theatrical course, had determined an extraordinary representation. The house was to be illuminated "a giorno;" admissions on the free list cut off without compunction. Happy the legitimate and constant possessors of a "palco," not a box was to be had now for love or money. The hero and the heroine of the fête were still to be "La Jernietta ed il Maestro," his music and her melody were to have the glories of the night. The Vantinis, of course, were present, in their own hereditary box; certain cousins and kinsfolk filling it to overflowing, for this was one of those occasions when, even without invitation, the whole family claimed a prescriptive right in it. There was not a little astonishment, perhaps even not a little soreness, manifested in subdued whisperings and critical glances, exchanged between certain ladies of that affectionate group, at the unprecedented occurrence of the presence within that box of a gentleman who had no claim of kin with them whatever.

"A comparative stranger, my dear! and an Englishman to boot. Why could not that Signor 'Treloni' have been seated down there in the pit with the handsome Milorde and that 'pezzo di uomo,' that strapping Signor Digby?"

Even Madame Vantini, indulgent

as she was apt to be, was rather put out at finding that the Cornishman had slipped so quietly into a seat immediately behind that of Miss Beatrice. But no coldness seemed to chill him, nor any frown to discompose him; so, perhaps, it was best to let things be, and take no further notice of his intrusion.

Clara was in magnificent voice that evening; and more completely mistress of herself than she had been on that other critical occasion of her first appearance. The sea of heads before her strung her nerves, did not agitate them. The only thing which moved her was the applause, and that only in the way of irritation. Those trying moments, when no sound is heard but the modulated voice of the singer, scarcely accompanied by a suppressed harp or two of instrumental music, gave her intense pleasure and increased confidence. It seemed to her that her very eyesight gained steadiness and articulate distinction: it sought out and found one by one all the familiar and loving faces. The genial Bigly and the shrewd Viscount in the pit; dear Cousin Martha in one corner of an upper tier, and the fatherly Maestro near her; Madame Vautini right in front; and, we almost believe, the heads of Beatrice and the Cornishman inclining to one another in the background. She missed Ingram, and noticed Mark's absence: not knowing, that in this case, his eyes also were upon her. There had been some hitch in the scene-shifting machinery, and the head carpenter, who knew young Brandling, and his mechanical acuteness, had called him in for consultation and handiwork late in the afternoon. He was still in the mysterious shift-region when the curtain drew up; there was no help for it then but to assist at the spectacle, in fustian, at the side scenes. He was minded to slip away on one occasion as Clara came off the stage in his direction; not for shame of the fustian so much as for that sweet undefined fear of her which at times would creep over him. Nevertheless, well was it for him that he did not. All Venice would have envied him the radiant smile and sisterly shake of hand she gave him as she went by. "Evviva Clara!" You are a noble and true

bookbinder's daughter. You never suspected what the scene-shifters and their mates cheered you for so loudly then. There were lovers of music, ay, fanatics for music in their company; but they did not cheer the prima donna, mind you, that time; only the bright blue-eyed English girl, who coming triumphantly off the glittering stage, shook hands so bravely with the man that rivets boilers.

Yes! all Venice would have envied Mark that hearty recognition, had all Venice also been in the side-scenes. So too, perhaps, might the poor lovesick student, who was neither there nor elsewhere in the illuminated house; but walking up and down moodily, and somewhat morbidly, outside, in a cold, narrow street, murky enough by reason of deplorable tin lamps with rancid oil, its sole enlighteners; dampish, too, by reason of night vapours, steaming up from the canal choked with cabbage leaves, in the sultry night hours.

We will not pretend to say that he was doing himself much good by that exterior patrolling of the play-house; but, happily, though he suspected it not, there was much good, as it turned out, appointed for him to do there. The entrances, the staircases, the galleries, the "house" itself, all faced away from the direction of those little windows which looked out on the narrow street which he was pacing. Those windows gave light to corridors, offices, dressing-rooms, and so forth; and, perhaps, the knowledge that two of them lighted a little room belonging to Clara Jennings gives the secret of what drew him here to stray up and down outside. But it was round the corner of the building, in a lateral street or lane, that a strange, red, flickering glare attracted his attention. It certainly was not the illumination of the theatre which caused it, for it was wholly unlike to the strong, steady, clear blaze which streamed out at the windows near the front. Perhaps it was some gleam of fireworks lit up behind the stage for some scenic effect. But no! that thin tongue of flame, which, like a serpent's, just quivered through the darkness, from between the half-closed panels of a shutter there, surely that is another and more dangerous matter than a stage firework!

Yes, dangerous and horrible it is in a degree not measurable. That crowded house of human beings! Ah! selfish heart, unselfish! a keener pang—that house which housed his heart's own idol—there is no doubt about the matter, is on fire!

Master, if not of his affections, yet of his thoughts, and of their intensity, as becomes a student, taxer of their concentrated power, in one moment he compelled himself to think and to remember which of the many little side doors in the street would lead immediately to a staircase which once, or it may be twice, he had mounted with the Maestro, and which would lead him to the office of a certain general managing inspector, the most likely man, from his intimate knowledge with every working detail and intricacy of the building, to give the wisest and safest directions for escape and assistance. Quick as thought, and with such strength as a cool phrenzy can alone give, he had forced open that side door, darted up the stairs and along the corridor, where a little smoke was just beginning to thicken at the farther end, he had burst into the inspector's room, given him the alarm, and then plunged into the endless intricacies of the dark winding passages in the direction of Clara's room.

She was alone upon the stage, declaiming in a recitative, clear and sonorous, yet tender and full. Upon the articulate continuous vibration of her rich voice, and upon the easy, noble accompaniment of her look and gesture, her audience was hanging enthralled and eager. Just then, at least, the Maestro's assertion was true; the spell was of her own casting, and not of the composer's. A consciousness was upon her of the influence she was wielding; but she was neither absorbed in that, nor yet wholly in the realizing of the part she played. The remembrance of her first night at the Queen's Theatre, at home in England, with dear old Sir Jeffrey, had come across her, quick and clear. The recollection of her own surrender of sense and thought to the admirable artist, who let light into her own dark artistic aspirations that evening, came strong upon her, came in aid of her effort to fascinate and rivet the attention of that great

crowd. The effort was for minutes together wholly and indescribably successful, when, suddenly, there was a breaking off. The sympathetic light died out rapidly with simultaneous electrical effect from those thousand eyes fixed on her. A keen flash of some other, and seemingly terrible, emotion darted across them. She marvelled at the phenomenon, was troubled, as with an instinct caught from their altered glance: she was silent: but an appalling cry burst at once upon that silence. "Fire! fire! Escape for your lives."

How describe the tumult—the wild outburst of amazement, fear, cowardice, selfishness, energy, pitifulness, tenderness, bravery, self-devotion, despair?

The spasmodic agitation of that great mass of quivering humanity seemed for moments, or for minutes, she could never tell which, to have magnetized Clara and fixed her to the spot. But soon the sweeping of a wave of men and women, recoiling from the first movement towards the usual direction of exit, and surging up over the barriers between the stage and the body of the house, warned her that the only hope of escape lay behind her. And as thick volumes of smoke from the sides seemed to forbid it in that direction, she turned, and fled up the stage, and out towards the passages at the back, which led to her own apartment, preserving, in the hurry of danger, sufficient presence of mind to bethink herself that her windows opened upon a street and a canal, quarters whence it were not unwise to hope for assistance.

In the meanwhile Ingram had been there before her, and, distracted as he was at discovering her absence, had done that which, perhaps, as matters stood, it was wisest and safest to do. To rush on to the stage, even should he succeed in finding his way thither, could avail little. If safety were to come from escape in the direction of the main exits, his help would come too late, would have been anticipated. But, if otherwise, there was danger, momentarily increasing, that the staircases and passages here behind should be cut off by flames or rendered impassable by suffocating smoke, she might reach her room, but only to be caged there by the fire, miserably. The narrow windows were high above

the street; to throw herself down were almost certain destruction, on the pavement, or on the parapet, or in the waters of the canal itself. It was clear what should be done: to trust in the Preserver of all life: that she might be guided to her room, and himself to provide a certainty of escape if she should reach it.

Accordingly, he ran with violence down the staircase by which he had mounted, and, in the street, to his intense relief, he came at once across Mark Brandling.

"For heaven's sake, sir!" cried the mechanic; "Miss Jerningham!"

"Follow me, Brandling, quick!" replied the other, with a look so earnest, intense, and self-possessed, that Mark did not think of questioning its authority.

They turn the angle of the street, and vault over the parapet of the quay into one of the gondolas which are beginning to shoot rapidly down the canal. The boatmen understand at a sign, and, at the single word "scale," they are across in three strokes, and up the opposite parapet, and into a carpenter's yard hard by. They and the ladder, long and heavy, which, with more than common might, they seem between them to handle as a toy, are soon across again; and, amid the shouts of the people, who are now beginning also to surround the building with the living girdle of their crowd, they hoist it against the window of Clara's room, and Mark Brandling springs up. He is not one moment too soon, for the fire, making wild work of all the ropes and canvases and timber and flimsy wardrobes and prodigious accumulations of ruled paper, scribbled over with music, being the "repertory" in theatrical language, of half a century, has cut off all communication with stage or staircases; and, if there be any one in Clara's room, a few more minutes will seal their fate.

"If there be any one!" The hideous doubt conveyed in the question had almost loosened his grip upon the ladder as he sprang up, and sent him, dizzy with despair, down headlong on the mass beneath him. "If there be any one!" The bare possibility that there may not be, flushes the brain which has so good need to be cool, and dims the eyesight

which has so good need to keep clear. What is it he stumbles against as he jumps down from the window-sill upon the floor, crashing the glass of which he cannot feel the razor-cuts on hands and face? He cannot say. The smoke blinds him, bursting in as he does from the cool night air outside. His heart swells with agony, poor fellow. She may be within reach of safety though faint and dying; but he can distinguish nothing; and the shouts of the mob down there make his brain reel again. Oh, how he blesses the sudden, awful glare of the flame which now crackles in and licks up the very panelling of the opposite wall of the little room. Appalling as it is, it shows him a female figure, swooning on a chair beside him. The vigorous arm which swings hammers daily is round its waist in a second, and out again through the shattered casement goes Mark, on to the ladder, drunk with excess of joy, but sobered by the tenderness of his delight. As he comes stepping cautiously and firmly down, shouts of applause again come up; but they do not now deafen—they cheer him on. His foot is on firm ground again, and he lifts the drooping head of his precious charge, and is stricken with a tenfold horror.

He has not rescued Clara.

Ingram guessed the meaning of his look of anguish and disappointment, and understood his purpose as he turned again towards the ladder and grasped the rung above his head.

"She's safe, Brandling; safe, man! I tell you I have seen her since. Don't act like a madman. Look up there at the window: of what use would it be to mount again!"

And Mark looking up, with a fixed, stupid gaze, came to perceive, slowly, that the flames were darting out of the window, and charring the top of the very ladder on which he stood. The pain and bitterness upon his countenance were sickening to see. Ingram shook him, as one shakes a man unwilling to be roused from a bad dream in which he has been stupefied.

"I tell you, man, she is safe. Miss Jerningham is safe. Clara is safe! Rouse yourself and thank God for it."

Mark wrung his hand as he recovered himself, and with a hurried "thank God, indeed!" left all ques-

tionings or explanations for a fitter time; and as became a vigorous working man, conscious of strength and of intelligence to guide it, pushed through the crowd in the direction of the fire-engines, which by this time were in play upon the flanks of the theatre. There, conspicuous by his size and energy, foremost among the most helpful, was the bouting-man Digby, bare-headed, stripped to his shirt, or rather to the jersey which he wore in lieu of it. His braces, hastily converted into a belt, and knotted round his muscular loins, supported a fireman's axe of which he had somehow possessed himself. It would have done any one good to see and hear him. His cheery shouts and objurgations, ringing out for the more part in his own English mother tongue, with occasional admixtures of guide-book Italian, and stray morsels of Dictionary Latin, were yet perfectly comprehended and willingly obeyed. No man took his imperiousness ill, not even the light, active, swarthy Venetian captain of the fire brigade. A brave man he too and a ready. A single glance exchanged between him and the Englishman had ratified a treaty of alliance for the occasion. There was work enough for both of them to direct, and for every willing and able helper to execute under their direction. For the fire made furious head against all their exertions. Flaring out across the whole narrow street in one direction, which thus became impassable; and running along the topmost parapet in another, it seemed likely to set the roof-tops of the whole neighbourhood in a blaze. That fiery train must be cut off at whatever cost; so saw fire-captain Ceccho, and so saw Digby; and whilst the former, with cat-like agility, was clambering from knot to knot of a dangling rope which his firemen had hooked to a projecting cornice, the latter, followed by several of them, was rushing up a ladder. Mark, astride upon an engine, whose heavy stroke his tread on this or that lever was alternately regulating and assisting, looked up, and could not help admiring the bold, strong bearing of the gentleman. What firmness in his footing there, aloft, close upon the blazing rafters. What keenness of accuracy in his eye, measuring the

coming stroke; what supple, swinging power in the delivery of that stroke when it fell. It was just the very thing to win a craftsman's heart, to see the twinkling of that flashing axe-head rise and fall.

"Look out old cock, there, with the brass pot on your head! Look out, you muff, confound you! Mehercle! Fate il piacer! There's everlasting smash for you—procumbit humbles!" And down comes a shower of hot stones, and sparks, and cinders, and great wooden beams. And the man in the jersey springs aside with a bright smile which you can almost distinguish from below, and a joyous, hearty laugh which is heard above all the crash and noise.

"A glorious fellow," thought Mark, and that quainter Nemesis, avenger of absurdities—who will often lash them and crack her whip as the cut comes, no less sharply than her more awful sister, avenger of crimes—gave master Mark a welt or two, neatly laid on, for certain trashy spoutings about "aristocrats, now bloated, and now puny," at some young mechanics' debating society, whereof, in other days, she reminded him that he had been guilty.

Six months ago, perhaps, if Mark, on one of his vaunted excursion trips, had run down into Warwickshire, and, in company with a detachment of holiday sight-seers, had gone the round of the old Digby manor-house, under guidance of its elderly and eminently respectable housekeeper, he might have sniffed and snorted at the series of old family portraits, which clothe with hereditary associations its time-honoured walls. He would have held, perhaps, as one long string of usurpations, that "catena of command," exhibited from the days of "Gervase Digbie, Esquire, Bearer of ye Standarde of the most valiente and gentle Earle Philip of Chetwynde, in ye yeare of grace, 1486," portrayed in plate armour, with bristling beard and grey moustache—through the times of Churchill Digby, Esq., in flowing periwig, cantering upon a noble bay cart-horse in view of the field of Malplaquet—down to those of Colonel Digby, C.B., 100th Slashers, under whose portrait hung the sword of the French governor of Fort Hermance, surren-

dered to him in 1813, when detached from the force under Lord Lynedoch (then Gen. Graham), after the fight of Barrosa.

Chetwynde Digby, on the flaming parapet up there, was wonderfully like that portrait of his father, they said. And though Mark knew no-

thing of that, nor had ever paid the Manor-house a visit, yet one thing he was forced to acknowledge, that the heir of it, hollering to the fireman, was a horn leader and comrade of men, wheresoever and whensoever manly deeds were to be done.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S METAPHYSICS.

BY DR. M'COLL.

WHAT are we to make in these times of Metaphysics? It is quite clear that this kind of investigation has lost, we suspect for ever, the position once allowed it, when it stood at the head of all secular knowledge, and claimed to be equal, or all but equal in rank to Theology itself. "Time was," says Kant, "when she was the queen of all the sciences; and if we take the will for the deed, she certainly deserves, so far as regards the high importance of her object matter, this title of honour. Now it is the fashion to heap contempt and scorn upon her; and the matron mourns forlorn and forsaken like Hecuba." Some seem inclined to treat her very much as they treat those *de jure* sovereigns wandering over Europe whom no country will take as *de facto* sovereigns—that is, they give her all outward honour, but no authority; others are prepared to set aside her claims very summarily. The multitudes who set value on nothing but what can be counted in money never allow themselves to speak of metaphysics except with a sneer. The ever-increasing number of persons who read, but who are indisposed to think, complain that philosophy is not so interesting as the new novel, or the pictorial history, which is quite as exciting and quite as untrue as the novel. The physicist, who has kept a register of the heat of the atmosphere at nine o'clock in the morning for the last five years, and the naturalist, who has discovered a plant or insect, distinguished from all hitherto known species by an additional

spot, cannot conceal their contempt for a department of inquiry which deals with objects which can neither be seen nor handled, nor weighed nor measured.

In the face of all this scorn we boldly affirm that mental philosophy is not exploded, and that it never will be exploded. Whatever men may profess or affect, they cannot, in fact, do without it. It often happens that a profession of contempt for all metaphysics, as being futile and unintelligible, is often an introduction to a discussion which is metaphysical without the parties knowing it (just as the person in the French play had spoken prose all his life without being aware of it); and of such metaphysics it will commonly be found that they are futile and unintelligible enough. Often is Aristotle denounced in language borrowed from himself, and the schoolmen are disparaged by those who are all the while using distinctions which they have cut with sharp chisel in the rock, never to be effaced. There are persons speaking with contempt of Plato, Descartes, Locke, and all the metaphysicians, who are taking advantage of the great truths which they have discovered. Perhaps these individuals are telling you very solemnly that they prefer the *practical* to the *theoretical*, or that they care little for the *form* if they have the *matter*, and are profoundly ignorant that they are all the while using distinctions introduced by the Stagyrice, and elaborated into their present shape by the scholastics. But surely, they will tell you,

the discovery of a new species of an old genus is a more important event than all your philosophic discoveries; and they will be surprised to learn that we owe the introduction of the phrases genus and species to Plato or to Socrates. Or perhaps they boast that they can have ideas without the aid of the philosophers, forgetting that Plato gave us the word *idea*, while Descartes and Locke brought it to its present signification. "Ah, but," says our novel reader, eager to discover whether the heroine so sad and forlorn in the second volume is to fall in with her lover, and be married to him before the close of the third, "metaphysics are associated in my mind with a dreary desert without and a headache within;" and is quite unaware that he is able so to express himself, because philosophers have explained that ideas are associated. We could easily show that in our very sermons from the pulpit, and orations in the senate, and pleadings at the bar, principles are ever and anon appealed to which have come from the heads of our deepest thinkers in ages long gone by, and who may now be forgotten by all but a few antiquarians in philosophy. Our very natural science, in the hands of such men as Faraday, is ever touching on the borders of metaphysics, and compelling our physicists to rest on certain fundamental convictions as to extension and force. The truth is, in very proportion as material science advances, do thinking minds feel the need of something to go down deeper and mount up higher than the senses can do; of some means of settling those deeper questions which the mind is ever putting in regard to the soul, and the relation of the universe to God; and of a foundation on which the understanding can ultimately and confidently repose.

In the volumes before us a master-spirit has spoken, and will command attention. We see that the circulating libraries in London are placing "Hamilton's Metaphysics" at the head of their advertised list of popular books. The Bampton Lectures, on the Limits of Religious Thought, by Mr. Mansel—one of the editors of these lectures—an avowed application of the philosophy of Hamilton to theology, has reached a third edition quicker than "Adam Bede," "What

will he do with it," or the most fashionable novel of the season. It is a matter of fact, that a well written work on philosophy will command a surer sale in this age than in any previous one in our country; and all this arises from the felt wants of the times, which requires a metaphysics to help it to determine those deeper problems which are beyond physics.

We have a pretty full memoir of the late Sir W. Hamilton, in an article by his pupil, Mr. T. S. Baynes, in the "Edinburgh Essays, by Members of the University." He was born at Glasgow, in March, 1788, and was the son of Dr. W. Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy in the University, who was a lineal descendant of Sir Robert Hamilton, the commander of the Covenanters at Drumclog, and through him of the Hamiltons at Preston, who claim to be descended from the second son of the progenitor of the family of the Duke of Hamilton. Having lost his father in early life he was boarded for some time with the Rev. Dr. Summers, the parish minister at Mubadder; was afterwards at a school at Bromley; entered as a student the University of Glasgow, and was sent from it in 1809, on the Snell Foundation, to Balliol College, Oxford. On going up for his degree he professed every classic author of mark, and in the department of science all the works extant in Greek and Roman philosophy, including "the whole of Aristotle, with the works of his early commentators, and the whole of Plato, with the Neo-Platonists, Proclus and Plotinus; to say nothing of the fragments of both earlier and later philosophic doctrines preserved by Laertius, Stobaeus and other collectors." In 1812 he went to Edinburgh, and in the following year he became a barrister—*Scottice*, an advocate. It does not appear that he was eminently successful at the bar, and so every one rejoiced when in 1821 he was appointed Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, by the Faculty of Advocates, the patrons of the chair. From 1826 to 1828 he wrote papers against phrenology and its supporters, Spurzheim and Combe. In 1829 he published, in the *Edinburgh Review*, his famous article on Cousin, and on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned; and that was followed in 1830 by an

article on Perception, and on Reid and Brown; and in 1833 by an article on Whately and Logic. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, and proceeded to prepare that course of lectures which he, or his assistants for him, delivered each successive session till his decease. As a professor, he had a large class of students, numbering perhaps from 120 to 150, some of whom scarcely understood him, but others of whom were greatly stimulated by the instructions he gave and by the spirit which he kindled. Having occasion to prelect on Reid in his class his labours led to his edition of Reid's *Collected Works*, with Notes and Dissertations (unfinished) in 1846. In 1852 the articles in the *Edinburgh Review* were republished, with large additions, in the "Discussions on Philosophy." Some years before his death he had a stroke of paralysis, which partially affected his speech and his power of using his pen, and his lectures had to be read, in whole or in part, by an assistant, while his amiable lady acted as his amanuensis. A second attack carried him off, after a few days' illness, on May 6, 1856.

He has left a body of ardent disciples, who may be said to constitute a school adhering more or less faithfully to his peculiar views—most of them copying his manner and employing his favourite nomenclature—some of them prosecuting topics of curious research, or endeavouring, with but indifferent success, as it appears to us, to throw farther light on those profound metaphysical topics on which their great master was for ever pondering; but none of them, so far as we know, taking up, with Hamilton, an inductive psychology, and seeking to advance it, as he did. In Oxford there are a few choice spirits who have felt his influence, and are turning his metaphysical or his logical speculations to profitable account. His posthumous *Lectures on Metaphysics* are edited by an Edinburgh pupil—Mr. Veitch—already favourably known as translator of portions of the works of Descartes, and as having completed the beautiful edition of Dugald Stewart's works, which Hamilton had commenced, conjoined with Mr. Mansel, the well-known editor of "Aldrich's Logic," the author of the

"*Prolegomena Logica*," of the article, "Metaphysics" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of the "Bampton Lectures for 1858." We may expect, in due time, to have his Lectures on Logic unfolding fully his New Analytic of Logical Forms, which his school declare to be the greatest advance made in formal logic since the days of Aristotle, with the exception, perhaps, of the scientific reduction of the science by Kant, who made logic the science of the necessary laws of thought.

The intellectual features of Hamilton stand out very prominently. A discerning eye might have seen from the beginning that his independent and impetuous mind would impel him to follow a course of his own; and that while, probably, destined to lead, he would not be led—certainly would not be driven by others. He is evidently moved by a strong, internal appetency to master all learning. Along with this he has an unsurpassed capacity of retention and power of arrangement. His skill in seizing the opinions of the men of all ages and countries—the ancient Greeks, the philosophic fathers of the Church, the schoolmen, the thinkers of the age of the Revival of Letters, such as Scaliger, and of the continental metaphysicians, from the days of Descartes to about the year 1830, and in putting them under appropriate heads, so as to bring out their minutest shades of difference, has never been equalled by any British philosopher. His powers of logical analysis, generalization, and distribution, are scarcely surpassed by those of Aristotle, or of the Angelic Doctor of the middle ages, or of Kant. We have to add, that, while he has as great powers of observation, he has, like most metaphysicians, often over-ridden and overwhelmed them by logical processes, and hastened, by dissection, division, and criticism, to construct, prematurely, a complete system of philosophy—such as is to be built up only as systems of physical science are formed by the careful inductions of successive inquirers continued through successive ages. In this respect he has imbibed the spirit of Kant, and has not followed the examples set him by the more cautious school of Reid and Stewart.

It is not difficult to find out the in-

fluences under which these native powers were made to take the particular direction which they did. We are convinced that a wholesome tone was given to his mind by the philosophy of Reid, the metaphysician of his native college, and who died six years after Hamilton was born. Had he been trained exclusively in Oxford he might have spent his powers in mere notes and comments on others, and we should have been without his profound original observations. Had he been reared in Germany his speculative spirit might have wasted itself in a hopelessly entangled dialectic, like that of Hegel. To Glasgow and to Reid he owes his disposition to appeal, even in the midst of his most abstract disquisitions, to consciousness and to facts. To Oxford we may trace his classical scholarship and his love of Aristotle, the favourite for long ages with technical Oxonian tutors. We only wish that he had been led to drink as deep into Plato as he did into Aristotle; it would have widened his sympathies, and rubbed off some acute angles of his mind, and made his philosophy less cold and negative. A third master mind exercised as great a power over him as either Reid or Aristotle. In prosecuting his researches he was necessarily led beyond the narrow scholarship of Britain into the wide field of German learning, and while ranging there could not but observe that there was a constant reference to the name of Kant. The logical power of the author of the "Critique of Pure Reason" at once seized his kindred mind, and he eagerly took hold of his critical method, and adopted many — we think far too many — of his distinctions. Fortunately he fell in, at the same time, with the less hard and more genial writings of Jacobi, who taught him that there was a faith element as well as a rational element in the human mind; but, unfortunately, Jacobi thought that faith was opposed to reason, and had no distinct views as to the nature of faith, or as to the harmony between faith and reason. To this source we may trace those appeals which Hamilton is ever making to faith, but without specifying what faith is. To his legal studies we may refer somewhat of his dry manner and his disputatious spirit. His reading in connexion with the chair of history enabled him to

realize the precise condition of the ages in which the opinions of philosophers were given forth. The catholic views which his extensive reading led him to adopt set him in determined opposition to the miserably narrow Sensational school of France, and to Professor Mylne, of Glasgow, and Dr. Thomas Brown, who had given way too much to that school. The lofty spiritual views which he had caught from Reid and Kant set him against materialism, and his medical studies, to which his father's profession may have directed him, enabled him to meet phrenology, and to give an admirable account of the physiology of the senses. Such was the course of training which he had gone through when he was asked to write *pace* to Cousin, and found him the Abbe with the philosophy years later, solute; and when, a few of lectures he had to prepare a course on the Union logic and metaphysics — a course which variety of Edinburgh, a great those of him, no doubt, meant to exp. the same Brown and even Stewart use of Reid, University, and to rival the University Smith, or Hutcheson, in it of Glasgow.

He died always, as along with M. Cousin, metaphysician the most distinguished passing away. of the age now past or to come. In contemplating these two eminent philosophers it is difficult to say whether one is most struck with their resemblances or their differences. They are alike in respect of the fulness, and the general accuracy of their scholarship. Both are alike distinguished for their historical knowledge and critical power. Even here, however, we may observe a contrast — Cousin being the more universal in his sympathies, and Hamilton being the more discriminating and the more minutely accurate in his acquaintance with rare and obscure authors. Both, perhaps, might have had some of their views expanded, if, along with their scholarship, they had entered more thoroughly into the inductive spirit of modern physical researches. But the age of universal knowledge is past, and it is vain to expect that any human capacity can contain all learning. Both are original, vigorous, and independent thinkers, and both are distinguished by a Catholic spirit in philosophy; but the one is more Platonic,

and the other more Aristotelian in his tastes and habits. The one delights to show wherein he agrees with all others, the other is more addicted to show wherein he differs from all others. Both are clear writers; but the one is distinguished by the eloquence of his composition and the felicity of his illustrations; the other by the accuracy and expressiveness of his (at times) harsh nomenclature. Cousin is, undoubtedly, the man of finest genius and most refined taste; the other appears to us to have been the man of coolest and most penetrating intellect. The one makes every subject of which he treats iridescent by the play of his fancy; the other bands it into a structure of great solidity by the quality of his logic. Both are admirers of the German as well as the Scottish schools of philosophy; but Cousin's predilection was towards the latter; he has become more attached to the latter; whereas Hamilton started more in the Scottish spirit, and swung latterly towards the German method. The two came into collision when the Scotchman reviewed the Frenchman in the *Edinburgh Review*. But when Hamilton became a candidate for the chair in Edinburgh, he received powerful and generous aid from his rival, and when Hamilton published his edition of Reid, he dedicated it to M. Victor Cousin.

The manner and style of Sir W. Hamilton are very decided and very marked. Any man of sharp discernment could easily recognise him at a great distance, and detect him under the most rigid *inogudo*. To some ears his nomenclature will sound uncouth or crabbed, being borrowed from the Germans, or coined fresh out of the Greek; but these persons forget that chemistry, and geology, and anatomy, have all been obliged to create a new terminology to set forth the distinctions which have been discovered. Hamilton is certainly without the power of poetical or oratorical amplification, for which Brown and Chalmers of the same University were distinguished; and he is deficient in the aptness of illustration, in which such writers as Paley and Whately excel; still his manner of writing has attractions of its own to many minds. His phraseology, if at times it sounds technical or pedantic, is

always carefully explained and defined, is seldom employed except in one sense, and is ever scholarlike in its derivation, and articulate in its meaning. His style is never loose, never ambiguous, never tedious, never dull; it is always clear, always accurate, always terse, always masculine, and at times it is sententious, clenching, and apothegmatic in the highest degree. The reader of these lectures need entertain no fear of being led into a Scotch mist, or of being met by a fog from the German Ocean. Not unfrequently dogmatic, at times oracular, resolute in holding by his opinions, impetuous in defending them when attacked; and on certain occasions, as in his assaults on Luther, Brown, Whately, and De Morgan, giving way to undue severity and passion, he is yet, at the same time, open, manly, and sincere. He uses a sharp chisel, and strikes his hammer with a decided blow, and his ideas always stand out before us like a clean-cut statue, standing firmly on its pedestal between us and a clear sky. Indeed, we might with justice describe his style as not only accurate, but even beautiful in a sense, from its compression, its compactness, its vigour, and its point. His thoughts, weighty and solid as metal, are ever made to shine with a metallic lustre. At the places at which his speculations are the most abstract and his words the baldest, he often surprises us by some apt quotation from an old forgotten author, or a sudden light is thrown upon the topic by rays coming from a hundred points. If we have not the flowers or the riches, we are, at the same time, without the sultriness of a tropical climate; and in the more arctic region to which he carries us, if the atmosphere feels cold at times, it is always healthy and bracing, and the lights in the sky have a bright and a scintillating lustre.

In comparing this posthumous work with the writings published during his lifetime, we find it in some respects inferior to them, and in others of higher value. It cannot be expected that in lectures written for a promiscuous class, there should be the same condensation of thought and exhaustive scholarship as in the elaborated notes to Reid and the Discussions. The Dissertations appended

to Reid, and especially the famous Note A on Common Sense, will ever be esteemed by scholars as his most perfect work, being unsurpassed in the English language for logical precision, for critical acumen, and a learning which brings a thousand lights to bear on the present topic. It must ever be matter of deepest regret that these *Dissertations* were not finished; and this regret will be strengthened by the conviction that no man will be able to complete what he commenced. But on the other hand, these lectures will ever be reckoned as the most valuable of all his works by the great majority of students. Here we have at one view his whole system unfolded in clear and not too brief language; here, too, we have the key to explain hints of the most provoking brevity thrown out in his other writings in notes, or notes appended to notes, over which students have been poring for the last twenty years, as admiringly and as doubtfully as ever the heathens did over the responses of their oracles. For years to come these lectures will constitute the best book in our language on mental science, and will be regarded in all coming ages as one of the works which have done most to promote and advance the study of the human mind.

It is but justice to the editors to say that they have shown themselves thoroughly qualified for their work, and performed it in a most admirable manner. The references have been fully and accurately supplied, often by means of a very erudite research, and always by an immense amount of labour. The editors, meanwhile, have kept themselves carefully out of sight, being evidently anxious to give the honour to their great master in philosophy.

The first of these volumes is on philosophy generally and on mental philosophy in particular. He begins by recommending the study, gives the definitions, unfolds the divisions, explains the terms with amazing erudition and unsurpassed logical precision, and dwells largely on consciousness, its laws and conditions. The reading of this volume will prove as bracing to the mind as a run up a hill of a morning on a botanical or geological excursion is to the body. We especially recommend the study

of it to those whose pursuits are usually of a different character, as, for example, to those who are dissipating their minds by light literature, or whose attention has been directed exclusively to physical facts, and who have thus been cultivating one set of the faculties which God has given them, to the neglect of others, and have thus been putting their mental frame out of proper shape and proportion - as the fisher, by strengthening his chest and arms in rowing, leaves his lower extremities thin and slender. There is a fine healthy tone about his defence of the liberal as against the more lucrative sciences, which latter Schelling called *Brodwischenschaften*, which Hamilton wittily translates, *the bread and butter sciences*. He quotes with approbation the well known sentiment of Lessing, "Did the Almighty, holding in his right hand *Truth*, and in his left *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one I might prefer - in all humanity, but without hesitation, I would request *Search after Truth*." But we can concur in such statements as these only with two important explanations or qualifications; the one is that the search be after truth, which we must value when we find it; and the other is, that it be after attainable and useful truth. It has been the great error and sin of speculative philosophy that it has been expending its strength in building in one age ingenious theories which the next age takes down. We maintain that such activity wastes the energy without increasing the strength. He who thus fights is like one beating the air, and his exertion ends, not in satisfaction, but in weariness and restlessness. The admirable test of Bacon here comes in to restrain all such useless speculation, viz. - that we are to try them by their fruits. Had this been the proper place we could have shown that Bacon's doctrine on this subject has often been misunderstood. He does not say that science is to be valued for its fruits, but it is to be tested by its fruits; just as faith, which, however, is of value in itself, is to be tried by the good works to which it leads. Thus limited and thus understood, there is profound wisdom in the caution of Bacon, which will not discourage an inductive inquiry into the human mind, its laws

and fundamental principles, but will lay a restraint on the profitless metaphysical theories which have run to seed prematurely in Germany—where thinkers are sick of them, and are now being blown into our country and scattered over it like the down of thistles.

This volume is full of brief and sententious maxims. Take the following as examples:—

"It is ever the contest that pleases us, and not the victory. Thus it is in play; thus it is in hunting; thus it is in the search after truth; thus it is in life. The past does not interest, the present does not satisfy, the future alone is the object which engages us." "What man holds of matter does not make up his personality. They are his, not he;

man is not an organism,—he is an intelligence served by organs." "I do not mean to assert that all materialists deny or actually disbelieve a God. For in very many cases this would be at once an unmerited compliment to their reasoning, and an unmerited reproach to their faith." "Wonder has been contemptuously called the daughter of ignorance; true, but wonder we should add is the mother of knowledge." "Woe to the revolutionist who is not himself a creature of the revolution! If he anticipate he is lost, for it requires what no individual can supply, a long and powerful counter-sympathy in a nation to untwine the ties of custom which bind a people to the established and the old."

The following is his tabular view of the distribution of Philosophy:—

Mind or Con- scious- ness.	[Facts, --Phænomenology, Empirical Psychology,	{ Cognitions, Feelings, Conative Powers (Will and Desire), Cognitions, -- Logic, Feelings, -- Aesthetic, Conative Powers, { Moral Philosophy, Political Philosophy.
	Laws, -- Nomology, Rational Psychology,	
	Results, -- Ontology, Inferen- tial Psychology,	
		{ Being of God, Immortality of the Soul, &c.

We set little value on this division. The same topics would require to be discussed under more than one head. In these lectures Sir William has taken up only one of the three grand general groups, viz. Empirical Psychology, and even this he has discussed only in part. A portion of the second group will be treated of in his Lectures on Logic. On the others he never entered.

It will be seen from the above table that he followed Kant in giving a threefold distribution of the mental faculties into the cognitive, the emotive, and the conative. This is an improvement on the old division by Aristotle into the cognitive and mo-

tive, or of that of the Schoolmen into the understanding and the will. Still it is not complete and exhaustive. He is obliged to include the Imagination in the first head, and yet it can scarcely be called a cognitive power, though, of course, it implies a previous cognition. The Conscience comes in under the conative powers; but, in fact, the conscience partakes of the nature both of a cognitive and conative power. It is one of the defects of the arrangement that it does not allot a clearly separate place to the conscience.

The following is his division of the cognitive powers:—

I. Presentative,	{ External = Perception.
II. Conservative, =	{ Internal = Self-Consciousness.
III. Reproductive,	Memory.
IV. Representative, =	{ Without Will = Suggestion.
V. Elaborative, =	{ With Will = Reminiscence.
VI. Regulative, =	Imagination.
	Comparison, -- Faculty of Relations.
	Reason, -- Common Sense.

The account of the cognitive powers in the first 232 pages of the second volume, down to the regulative powers, not included, will be regarded in the end, if we do not mistake, as the most valuable part of Sir William Hamilton's *Metaphysics*. His pupils

will probably fix on the very part we have designedly excepted, viz.: the regulative faculties, as being the most important. Farther on in this article we mean to show that he has greatly misapprehended the nature of these regulative powers.

while, we are to take a look at the account which he has given of the other mental faculties!

We need not dwell on his doctrine of Sense-Perception. His views on this subject have long been before the public in his article in the *Edinburgh Review*, re-published in the *Discussions* and in his *Notes to Reid*, and this in a more elaborate and erudite form than in these lectures. He adopts the view of Reid, and states it with greater precision, and defends it with a logical power and an amount of erudition of which Reid was not capable. He maintains that, whatever processes may come between the bodily object and the mental act prior to sense-perception, in the perception itself, the mind looks intuitively and immediately on the object itself, without any idea or image, or any other *tertium quid* coming between. This is the simplest view; it is the natural view, and is the one encompassed with fewest difficulties. The other view that the mind contemplates an impression or idea and not the thing, is, at best, an hypothesis, and an hypothesis which explains nothing. We agree with him, too, as to the nature of our original perceptions, they are, probably, only of our organism, or of objects in immediate contact with it. On one small point, however, we differ from him. Our original perceptions through the eye cannot be of points of light, but of a coloured surface affecting our organism, but at what distance we cannot say, till experience comes to our aid.

Sir William Hamilton has been much lauded for the view which he has given of Consciousness. In this we cannot concur. He avows that he uses consciousness in two distinct senses or applications. First, he has a general consciousness treated of largely in the first volume. This he tells us cannot be defined (vol. i. p. 158). "But it comprehends all the modifications,—all the phenomena of the thinking subject" (p. 183). "Knowledge and belief are both contained under consciousness" (p. 191). Again, "consciousness is co-extensive with our cognitive faculties." "Our special faculties of knowledge are only modifications of consciousness" (p. 207). He shows that consciousness implies discrimination, judgment, and memory (p. 202–206).

This is wide enough; still he imposes a limit, for consciousness "is an immediate not a mediate knowledge" (p. 202). Already, as it seems to us, inconsistencies are beginning to creep in; for he had told us first that consciousness includes "all the phenomena of the thinking subject," now he so limits it as to exclude "mediate knowledge," which is surely a modification of the thinking subject. Consciousness is represented as including belief; and yet it must exclude all those beliefs in which the object is not immediately before us. He stoutly maintains what no one will deny, that this general consciousness is not a special faculty; but when he comes to draw out a list of faculties in the second volume, he includes among them a special faculty, which he calls consciousness, but to which, for distinction's sake, he prefixes self, and designates it Self-Consciousness. It is the office of this special faculty to "afford us a knowledge of the phenomena of our minds" (vol. ii., p. 192). He justifies himself in drawing a distinction between sense-perception and self-consciousness on the ground that, "though the immediate knowledge of matter and of mind are still only modifications of consciousness, yet that their discrimination as subaltern faculties, is both allowable and convenient.

Such is the doctrine and such the nomenclature of Hamilton on this subject. We confess that we have great doubts of the propriety of applying the phrase consciousness, both in this general and specific way. In the first sense "consciousness constitutes, or is co-extensive with all our faculties of knowledge," and he speaks of us being endowed with a faculty of cognition or consciousness, in general (vol. ii. p. 10), and says that "consciousness may be regarded as the general faculty of knowledge." Now it is certainly desirable to have a word to denote our faculties of knowledge, or of immediate knowledge; but why not call them knowing powers, or cognitive powers, and their exercise or energy, knowledge or cognition, and then the word consciousness would be reserved unambiguously for the cognizance which the mind takes of self in its particular states. The word (from *con scio* to know together with)

seems the appropriate ~~name~~ to denote that knowledge of self which co-exists with all our other knowledge of things material or things spiritual; and indeed with all our other mental exercises, such as feelings and volitions. It is certainly in this sense that the term is employed by Hutcheson, by Reid, by Stewart, by Royer-Collard, and all Hamilton's vehement criticisms of these men are inapplicable and powerless for this very obvious reason, that they use the word consciousness as he uses self-consciousness, acknowledged by him to be a special faculty. It is an inevitable result of using the phrases in two senses, a wider and a stricter, that we are ever in danger of passing inadvertently from the one meaning to the other, and making affirmations in the one sense which are true only in the other. We rather think that Hamilton himself has not escaped this error, and the confusion thence arising. He is ever appealing to consciousness, as Locke did to idea, and Brown did to suggestion; but we are not always sure in which of the senses, whether in both, or in one, or in which one. He is ever ascribing powers to consciousness, which he would have explained, or modified, or limited, if the distinction had been kept steadily in view. Thus he is often announcing that consciousness is the universal condition of intelligence: if this is meant of the general consciousness, it can mean no more than this, that man must have knowing powers in order to know; if meant of the special consciousness, it is not true; it is rather true that there must be some mental exercise as a condition of the knowledge of self. He calls the principles of common sense the facts of consciousness, emphatically, whereas these principles, as principles, are not before the consciousness as principles at all. The individual manifestations are of course before the consciousness (though not more so than any other mental exercise), but not the principles themselves, which are derived from the individual exercises, by a reflex process of abstraction and generalization. He speaks everywhere as if we must ever be conscious at one and the same time of subject and object—meaning external object; whereas we may be conscious of the subject mind thinking about

some state of self present or absent. His *quondam* friend, Professor Ferrier, carried the doctrine a step farther, and maintained that a knowledge of self is a condition of all knowledge of not self, whereas it is merely a fact that the one co-exists with the other in one concrete act, in which we know not self to be different from self, and independent of self.

The Conservative, Reproductive, and Representative faculties might all have been included, we think, under one head, with subdivisions. The account which he gives of this group is upon the whole the best which we have in our language. Still there are oversights in it. Thus, in order to make the analysis complete, we should have had the Recognitive power, or that which recognises the object recalled as having been before the mind *in time past*. Had he given this power a separate place, he would have seen more clearly than he does how the idea of time arises. Along with the mere representative power he should have mentioned the Compound-
ing or grouping power of Imagination, which combines the scattered images into one new whole. He refers at times to man's native power of using signs; why not specify a Symbolic Power, enabling man to think by signs standing for notions.

In explaining the nature of the Conservative or Retentive faculty, and elsewhere, he has unfolded some peculiar views which we consider to be as correct as they are profound, but he carries them to a length which we are not prepared to allow. What is the state of an idea when not fading at the time under consciousness? this is a question which has often been put. Thus having seen the Crystal Palace of 1851, the question is put: what place has that idea in my mind, when I am not precisely thinking about the object? Is it dead or simply dormant? We must of course answer that the idea can have no existence as an idea, when not before the consciousness. Still it must have some sort of existence. There exists in the mind a power to reproduce it according to the laws of association. The writer of this article having had occasion, not long ago, to pass over the plains of Lombardy, is not therefore always imaging them, but he has the power of recalling them, and finds

that they are recalled every time he hears of a new incident in the wars between the Austrians and the Allies. It is a great truth that the mind is ever acquiring potency, is ever laying up power. We have something analogous in the physical world. Thus a power coming from the sun in the geological age of the coal-measures was laid up in the plant, went down into the strata of the ground, and comes up now in our coals ready to supply us with comfortable heat in our rooms, and with tremendous mechanical force for our steam-engines. This is the doctrine of Sir John Herschell, and of all advanced physicists in our day. But there is a similar laying up of power in the mind, of intellectual, and we may add of moral or immoral power. Aristotle had certainly a glimpse of some such doctrine, and spoke of a *Dunamis*, an *Entelechia*, and an *Energie*, the first denoting the original capacity, the second the capacity in complete readiness to act, and the third the capacity in act or operation. Modern mechanical science is enunciating this doctrine in a more definite form, and distinguishing between capacity and potential energy and actual energy. Sir W. Hamilton, taking the hint from Aristotle, has adopted the views of the German Schmid (who again had certain speculations of Leibnitz before him), who declares that the energy of mind which has once been, cannot really be conceived as abolished, and that "the problem most difficult of solution is not how a mental activity endures, but how it ever vanishes" (vol. ii. p. 212.)

So far we can concur; but when he maintains that there are in the mind, acts, energies, and operations, of which it is not conscious, we hesitate and draw back. His doctrine on this subject is founded on the views of Leibnitz, as to there being perceptions below consciousness. The class of facts on which he rests his opinion, seem to me to be misapprehended. "When we hear the distant murmur of the sea, what are the constituents of this total perception of which we are conscious?" He answers that the murmur is a sum made up of parts, and that if the noise of each wave made no impression on our sense, the noise of the sea as the result of these impressions could not

be realised. "But the noise of each several wave at the distance, we suppose, is inaudible; we must, however, admit that they produce a certain modification beyond consciousness, on the percipient object" (vol. i. p. 351). He speaks of our perception of a forest as made up of impressions left by each leaf, which impressions are below consciousness. There is an entire misinterpretation of the facts in these statements, and this according to Hamilton's own theory of the object intuitively perceived. The mind is not immediately cognizant of the sound of the sea or of its several waves; nor of the trees of the forest and their several leaves. All that knows intuitively is an affection of the organism as affected by light or sight. The impression of a distant object is on the organic sound when the impression is made by the strong on the organism, and called into exercise, and insufficiently organic affections argue the mind is external and distant and from there is no proof of a mental object of which we are unconscious. Thus

He explains by these operations conscious acts a class of phenomena with which every un- has ever reflected on the of each of his own mind is familiar. They walks in a brown study from a house to his place of business; they must have been many mental operations performed on the way, but they are now all gone. The question is, were they ever before the consciousness? Hamilton maintains that they never were; Dugald Stewart maintains that they were for the time, but that the mind cannot recall them. Notwithstanding all the acute remarks of Hamilton, we adhere to the theory of Stewart. We do so on the general principle that in devising a theory to explain a phenomena we should never call in a class of facts, of whose existence we have no other proof, when we can account for the whole by an order of facts known to exist on independent evidence. Hamilton says—"When suddenly awakened during sleep, (and to ascertain the fact I have caused myself to be roused at different seasons of the night), I have always been able to observe that I was in the he was often scarcely certain of more than the fact that he was not awakened

from an unconscious state, and that we are often not able to recollect our dreams." He gives, as the peculiarity of somnambulism, that we have no recollection when we awake of what has occurred during its continuance (vol. i. p. 320-322). Every one will admit that we are often conscious of states at the time, which we either cannot remember at all, or (what will equally serve our purpose) more probably cannot remember, except for a very brief period after we have experienced them. We have thus an established order of facts competent to explain the whole phenomenon without resorting to a Leibnitzian *exakte*, which has been applied by several later German Pantheists to show how existence may rise gradually from deadness to life, and from unconsciousness to consciousness.

On page head of the Reproductive - on person. As two profound lec-

ture on the association of Ideas. In the edition of Reid there is a quotation on the well-known of Aristotle, in which he says that his usual brevity, a law which regulates his thoughts. Hamilton says that passage as to make one generic law of the special ones. We are unjust to our authority against a scholar as Hamilton; we have often looked into that and can find no evidence of it having resolved all into one.

In the same note Hamilton had begun to expound his own theory, but broke off, and closed the book in the middle of a sentence. Most readers will feel that the account given in these lectures, though somewhat fuller, is far too brief, and illustrated by too few examples to be easily understood. His pupils could be more profitably employed than in unfolding the doctrine of *rationes* on this subject, and applying it to explain the well-known phenomena. He thinks that the whole facts can be explained by one great law, which he calls the law of Redintegration, which he finds incidentally expressed by Augustine. This law may be thus enounced—"Those thoughts suggest each other, which had previously constituted parts of the same entire or total act of cognition" (vol. ii. p. 230). He again quotes Schmid:—

"Thus the supreme law of association—that activities excite each other in proportion as they have previously belonged as parts to one whole activity—is explained from the still more universal principle of the unity of all our mental energies in general" (p. 241). We are inclined to look on this as, on the whole, the most philosophical account which has been given of the law of association. It at once explains the cases of simple repetition in which one link of a chain of ideas which had previously passed through the mind, being caught, all the rest come after; as when we have got the first line of a poem committed to memory, and the others follow in order. It easily explains, too, all cases in which we have had a variety of objects before us in one concrete act—thus if we have passed along a particular road, with a certain person, observing the mountain or river in front, and talking on certain objects—we find that when any one of these recurs it is apt to suggest the others. It is thus if we have often heard in youth the cry of a particular animal, goose or grouse, turkey or curlew, the cry will ever bring up all the scenes of our childhood. It is more doubtful whether the law can explain a third class of cases, when it is not the same which suggests the same, but an object suggests another object which has never been individually associated with it, but is like it, or is otherwise correlated with it; as when the conqueror Alexander suggests Julius Caesar or Buonaparte. It needs an explanation to show how the law can cover such a case, which, however, we rather think it can, though we are by no means inclined to admit the explanations of the Hamiltonians proceeding on their narrow and peculiar view of correlates. This leads us to refer to the next faculty the Elaborative, equal to Comparison—that is, the Faculty of Relations. The phrase elaborative is an expressive epithet, but is not a good special denomination, as there is elaboration in other exercises as well as in this. Comparison, or the correlative faculties, or the faculties of relation, is the better epithet. Under this head he has some learned and acute remarks on the abstract and the general notion, and on language, and is terribly severe, as usual, on Dr. Thomas Brown. We are of opinion

that Brown's views on this subject are, in one or two points, more enlarged than those of Hamilton himself, who has overlooked essential elements. "In so far," he says, "as two objects resemble each other, the notion we have of them is identical, and, therefore, to us, the objects may be considered as the same" (vol. ii., p. 294). We cannot give our adherence to this doctrine of the identity of resembling objects. Altogether his account of the relations which the mind can discover is narrow and exclusive. He might have seen a much broader and more comprehensive account of the relations which the mind can perceive in Locke's Essay (b. ii. c. 28); in Hume's Treatise on Human Nature (b. i. p. i. s. 5); or in Brown's Lectures (lecture 15). We are surprised he has never made a reference to such relations—on which the mind so often dwells as those of Space, Time, Quantity, Properties of Objects, Cause and Effect, and Moral Good; but we shall be in better circumstances to judge of his doctrine when we have his full view of judgment unfolded in his Lectures on Logic. All that we at present hint is that there may be found some narrowness or oversight in his view of the relation subsisting between the subject and predicate of a proposition.

We have now only to discuss the Regulative Faculties of the mind. We like the phrase regulative, only we must dissociate it from the peculiar sense in which it is used by Kant (from whom Hamilton has borrowed it), who supposes that the mind in judging of objects imposes on them a relation not in the objects themselves. The epithet expresses that such principles as substance and quality, cause and effect, are "the laws by which the mind is governed in its operations," (vol. ii. p. 15), which laws we may add—but Hamilton would not—are not before the consciousness as principles when we exercise them. In calling them faculties he acknowledges that he uses the word in a peculiar signification (p. 347). The truth is Hamilton does not see the relation in which they stand to the faculties; they are not separate faculties, but are involved in all the faculties, being, in fact, the necessary laws which spontaneously and unconsciously guide their exercise. His

treatment of this subject in a more elaborate manner, in the "Conditions of the Thinkable Systematized, or the Alphabet of Human Thought," appended to the Discussions, and in a somewhat more popular manner in these lectures, was probably regarded by himself, and is certainly regarded by his admiring pupils, as the most important contribution made by him to philosophy. We, on the other hand, look on the system as being, on the whole, a failure. In the construction of his philosophy of the relative or conditioned, as he calls it, he has expended an immense amount of logical ability; but he has lost himself in Kantian distinctions, giving in to Kant's theory as to space and time, making them, and also cause and effect, merely subjective laws of thought and not of things; and the system which he has reared is an artificial one, in which the flaws and oversights, and rents are quite as evident as the great skill which he has shown in its erection. We dispute three of his fundamental and favourite positions.

We dispute his theory of Relativity. We acknowledge that there is a sense in which human knowledge is relative. There is a sense in which all thinkers, except those of the extravagant schools of Schelling and Hegel, hold a doctrine of relativity, but this is not the same as that elaborated by Hamilton. —

"From what has been said you will be able to understand what is meant by the proposition that all our knowledge is only relative. It is relative—first, because existence is not cognizable absolutely and in itself, but only in special modes; second, because these modes can be known only if they stand in a certain relation to our faculties; and, thirdly, because the modes thus relative to our faculties are presented to, and known by, the mind only under modifications determined by these faculties themselves" (vol. i., p. 148).

In these three general propositions, and in the several clauses, there are an immense number and variety of assertions wrapped up—to some we assent, from others we as decidedly dissent. We acknowledge—first, that things are known to us only so far as we have the capacity to know them; in this sense, indeed, even the Divine knowledge is relative. We acknow-

ledge—secondly, that we do not know all things—nay, that we do not know all about any one thing. Herein human knowledge differs from the Divine; but the word relative is not the phrase to attach to human knowledge: in order to point out the difference it would be better to say that man's knowledge is partial or finite as distinguished from perfect or absolute. We may admit, thirdly, that man discovers external objects under a relation to himself and his cognitive mind. So much, then, we freely allow. But, on the other hand, we demur—first, to the statement that we do not know existence in itself, or, as he expresses it elsewhere in Kantian phraseology, that we do not know the thing in itself (*Ding an sich*). We do not like the language—it is ambiguous. I doubt whether there be such a thing as “existence in itself;” and, of course, what does not exist cannot be known. If he mean to assert that we do not know things as existing, we deny the statement. Every thing we know we know as existing; not only so, but we know the thing itself—not all about the thing, but so much of the very thing itself. Then we demur secondly, to the statement, which is, thoroughly Kantian, that the mind in cognition adds elements of its own: as he expresses it elsewhere—“Suppose that the total object of consciousness in perception = 12; and suppose that the external reality contributes 6, the material sense 3, and the mind 3: this may enable you to form some rude conjecture of the nature of the object of perception” (vol. ii., p. 129). I allow that sensations, feelings, impressions associate themselves with our knowledge; but every man of sound sense knows how to distinguish between them; and it is surely the business of the philosopher not to confound them, but to point out the essential difference. To suppose that in perception, or cognition proper, the mind adds any thing, is a doctrine fraught with perilous consequences; for, if it adds one thing, why not two things, or ten things, or all things, till we are landed in absolute idealism, or, what is nearly allied to it, in absolute scepticism?

We dispute his doctrine of Causation. It is so lamentably defective in the view taken of the nature of cause, and so perversely mistaken in the

theory grounded on this view, that several of his most distinguished disciples have been obliged to abandon it. The following is his account of effect and cause:—“An effect is nothing more than the sum or complement of all the partial causes, the concurrence of which constitutes its existence.” We remember no eminent philosopher who has given so inadequate a view of what constitutes cause. It leaves out the main element—the power in the substance, or, more frequently, substances, acting as the cause to produce the effect. It leads him to represent the effect as an emanation from previously existing elements, a doctrine which he turns to no pantheistic use, but which has, undoubtedly, a pantheistic tendency. Taking such a view it is no wonder that he should represent creation as incommensurable, for the only creation which he can conceive, according to his theory, is not a creation of a new substance by God, but a creation out of God. Thus defective is his view of cause in itself. His view of the internal principle, which leads us, when we discover an effect to look for a cause, is equally inadequate. According to him it is a mere *impediment* to conceive that there should not be something out of which this effect is formed; and, to complete the insufficiency of his theory, he makes even this a law of thought and not of things. Surely all this is in complete opposition to the consciousness to which he so often appeals. Our conviction as to cause is not a powerlessness, but a power; not an inability, but an ability. It is an intuitive and necessary belief that this effect, and every other effect, must have a cause in something with power to produce it.

We dispute his theory as to our conviction of Infinity. “We are,” he says, “altogether unable to conceive space as bounded—as finite; that is, as a whole beyond which there is no farther space.” “On the other hand, we are equally powerless to realize in thought the possibility of the opposite contradictory—we cannot conceive space infinite or without limits” (vol. ii., p. 369, 370). The seeming contradiction here arises from the double sense in which the word *conceive* is used. In the second of these counter propositions the word is used

in the sense of imaging or representing in consciousness, as when the mind's eye pictures a fish or a mermaid. In this signification we cannot have an idea or notion of the infinite. But the thinking, judging, believing power of the mind is not the same as the imaging power. The mind can think of the class fish, or even of the imaginary class mermaid, while it cannot picture the class. Now, in the first of the opposed propositions the word conceive is taken in the sense of thinking, deciding, being convinced. We picture space as bounded, but we cannot think, judge, or believe it to be bounded. When thus explained all appearance of contradiction disappears: indeed all the contradictions which the Kantians, Hegelians, and Hamiltonians are so fond of discovering between our intuitive convictions, will vanish if we but carefully inquire into the nature of these convictions. Both propositions, when rightly understood, are true, and there is no contradiction. They stand thus:—“We cannot image space as without bounds,” “we cannot think that it has bounds or believe that it has bounds.” The former may well be represented as a creature impotency; the latter is, most assuredly, a creature potency—is one of the most elevated and elevating convictions of which the mind is possessed—and is a conviction of which it can never be short.

It will be seen from these remarks that we refuse our adherence to his peculiar theory of relativity, and to his maxim that “positive thought lies in the limitation or conditioning of one or other of two opposite extremes, neither of which, as unconditioned, can be realized to the mind as possible, and yet of which, as contradictions, one or other must, by the fundamental laws of thought, be recognised as necessary” (Reid's Works, p. 743). It fails as to causation and as to infinity, and he has left no formal application of it to substance and quality, where, as Kant showed, there is no such infinite regressions, as in infinite time and space or cause. He would have found himself in still greater difficulties had he ventured elaborately to apply his theory to moral good. As we believe him to have been on the wrong track, we scarcely regret that he has not completed his system and given us a doctrine of rational

psychology or ontology. Indeed we have no faith whatever in a metaphysics which pretends to do any more than determine, in an inductive manner, the laws and faculties of the mind, and, in doing so, to ascertain, formalize, and express the fundamental principles of cognition, belief, judgment, and moral good. The study of logic began to revive from the time that Archbishop Whately constrained it to keep to a defined province. The study of metaphysics would be greatly promoted if the science would only learn to be a little more humble and less pretending, and confine itself to that which is attainable.

In parting with this great man, now gone from our world, it is most satisfactory to notice what was the professed aim of all his philosophy—it was to point out the limits to human thought, and thereby to teach man the lesson of intellectual humility. It is instructive to find that this has been the aim of not a few of the most profound philosophers with which our world has been honoured. The truth is, it is always the smallest minds which are most apt to be swollen with the wind engendered by their own vanity. The intellects which have come out with greatest power to the farthest limits are those which feel most keenly the barriers by which man's capacity is bounded. The minds that have set out on the widest excursions, and which have taken the boldest flights, are those which know best that there is a wider region beyond which is altogether inaccessible to man. It was the peculiarly wise man of the Hebrews who said, “No man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.” The Greek sage by emphasis declared that if he excelled others it was only in this, that he knew that he knew nothing. It was the avowed object of the sagacious Locke to teach man the length of his tether—which, we may remark, those feel most who attempt to get away from it. Reid laboured to restrain the pride of philosophy, and to bring men back to a common sense in respect of which the peasant and philosopher are alike. It was the design of Kant's great work to show how little the speculative reason can accomplish. And now we have Sir W. Hamilton showing within what narrow limits

the thought of man is restrained; and the metaphysician, *par excellence*, of Oxford has, in the Bampton Lectures of last year, employed this philosophy to lay a restraint on the rational theology of Britain, and the speculative theology which is coming like a fog from the German Ocean. It is pleasant to think that Sir W. Hamilton ever professed to bow with reverence before the revelations of the Bible, and takes delight in stating it to be the result of all his investigations, "that no difficulty emerges in theology which had not previously emerged in

philosophy." In one of the letters which the author of this article has had from him he proceeds on the great Bible doctrines of grace; and from all we know of him personally, we are prepared to believe in the account which we have heard from what we reckon competent authority, that the prayer which came from him at his dying hour was, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." It is most instructive to perceive the publican and the philosopher thus made to stand on the same level before the All Righteous Judge.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

MR. STAPLETON'S account of "George Canning and his Times" is a welcome addition to our materials for estimating this great statesman. We believe that if England is ever to take her place at the Council table of Europe, at the head and not at the tail of the great powers, it must be by reviving the policy of Canning. Twenty years, it is true, have made a great change in our foreign policy. The despotic powers that thwarted us then have either ceased to exist, or have turned their thoughts in other directions; still there is the same ground plan of policy to be traced. England must hold up her head as the greatest of Constitutional States, not as the weakest of Military Monarchies; and therefore we revert, at this crisis of European affairs, with peculiar pleasure to the foreign policy of Canning, as teaching our Minister for Foreign Affairs, whoever he be, a lesson which it would be well for him to learn.

We do not purpose to relate the particulars of Canning's life, or even his political opinions in general. It is on his foreign policy alone that we intend to touch, and therefore may dismiss all the preliminary matter, and take up this account of Canning and his times at the year 1822, when he became for the first time Minister of Foreign Affairs.

But to comprehend aright Canning's foreign policy we must glance

back eight or nine years to the Treaty of Vienna, and the rise of the Holy Alliance.

On the 20th of November, 1815, Viscount Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington, on the part of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, put their signatures to the definitive treaty between France and the Allied Powers. That treaty was for the object of restoring between France and her neighbours those relations of reciprocal influence and good will, which the fatal effects of the Revolution, and the system of conquest had for so long a time disturbed. In this celebrated treaty there was a manifesto, not only against contending nations, but also against contending principles. The great powers that signed the Treaty of Vienna not only allied themselves against the system of conquest pursued by France, but also against the doctrines of the Revolution. The peace between contending nations by no means secured peace between contending principles; on the contrary, the war against Jacobinism, as it was called, was waged all the more vigorously because the war against Napoleonism was over. Hence there grew out of the Treaty of Vienna another treaty, never finally sanctioned by Europe, but which nevertheless became the law of Europe for fifteen years, at least—the Holy Alliance, as it was profanely

called, of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. The service which Canning rendered to England was this—that he delivered her from her illicit and unnatural connexion with the absolute powers of Europe. From his accession to office England rose at once from a place at the tail of the despotic monarchies to that at the head, as leader of the constitutional party in Europe. In five years Canning not only broke through the meshes of absolutism, which had entangled Castlereagh, but he also broke up the Holy Alliance itself. He died only too soon to see the fruits of his spirited foreign policy. Had he lived another three years, he would have seen the Holy Alliance disappear altogether, and the Western Alliance take its place. The age of the Anti-Jacobin was over, and Canning, whose early days were passed in repressing the revolutionary phrenzy, took the lead in his later life in steaming the tide of reaction. In the inscription which Mr. Stapleton had prepared for a statue of Canning, these two tendencies are well expressed as follows.

“GEORGE CANNING,

“Born April 11, 1759; died August 8, 1827.

“By the happy union of transcendent genius with inflexible integrity, he raised himself to the highest offices in the State.

“The contest between the rival spirits of unlimited Monarchy and unlimited Democracy was the leading feature of his time.

“On the European Continent each in its turn prevailed, with its own peculiar mischief—the whirlwind of Revolution in France establishing anarchy and terror; the meddling oppression of the Holy Alliance generating universal discontent.

“With a consistency not the less steadfastly adhered to because it was studiously misrepresented, George Canning stood forth the undaunted and uncompromising opponent of these two spirits of evil.”

The Holy Alliance took its rise, it is said, in the sentimental mind of Alexander, Emperor of Russia. It was an alliance, in its origin not unlike that of Deborah the prophetess of Lapidoth with Barak, the son of Abinoam. In the salons of Paris, in the year 1815, there appeared in the train of Alexander a “white-robed innocence,” a Madame Krud-

ener. She is described by Gay as “clothed always in white. Kl... in the oratories, she seemed one the Druidesses, whose wonderful words commanded the elements.” This modern Deborah, by her mystic utterances, had acquired the greatest ascendancy over the mind of Alexander. Before setting out for the campaign of Leipzig she appeared to him with a prophecy taken from the Ninety-first Psalm—“Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shall thou tread under thy feet.” The lion was Napoleon, and the adder Democracy; and Alexander was the Messiah of modern Europe, that was to vanquish the one and trample on the other. A convocation was accordingly concluded at Paris on the 26th September, 1815, between the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, in which they solemnly declare that “the present act has no other object than to publish in the face of the whole world their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective states, and in their political relations with other governments, to take for their sole guidance the precepts of the holy religion of our Saviour—namely, the precepts of justice, Christian charity, and peace, which, far from being applicable only to private concerns, must have an immediate influence on the counsels of princes, and guide all their steps as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections.”

Out of this sentimental manifesto there grew the Holy Alliance, into which the Bourbons were admitted as soon as the cause of Legitimacy was again in the ascendant in France. Then began that remarkable and systematic reaction towards Absolutism throughout Europe, in which England was dragged along as an unwilling accomplice, until Canning had the courage to break through the traditions of the Foreign Office, and distinctly repudiate for England all complicity with a league to which no constitutional country could honourably become a party.

The guiding spirit of the alliance was Metternich. The “pious clauses,” if we may call them so in the above manifesto, may have emanated from Alexander, writing under the inspira-

tion of Madame de Krudener; but the real conduct of the whole cabal against the liberties of mankind lay with Metternich. He was its directing genius. To the wily Austrian minister a constitution was a thing to be hunted down like a beast of prey. Jacobinism and French principles were not more truly the abhorrence of our Eldons and Sidmouths than a Parliament and a Representative Government were to Metternich. His policy was that of *Thorough*; he was the Strafford of a reaction as direful for Europe as that of Charles for England. That he never understood the English Constitution is evident from his attempts to obtain influence over George IV. through female and back-stairs intrigues.

Canning, in 1825, communicated to Lord Granville, then ambassador at Paris, his private and confidential opinion of Metternich. He writes:—

"In the first place you shall hear what I think of him: that he is the greatest r—— and l—— on the Continent, perhaps in the civilized world. In the second place you shall learn that I have evidence which I entirely believe, of his having been, for the last twelve-month, at least, perhaps longer, at the bottom of an intrigue with the Court here—of which Madame de —— was the organ—to change the politics of the government by changing *me*. Recently, very recently, he is convinced that this intrigue has totally failed, and that there is no chance of renewing it with advantage. Prince Esterhazy has arrived at this conviction some time ago: but he could not so easily impress it on his principal. Metternich's instructions to Prince Esterhazy were to keep himself safe; to let Madame de —— do all; to watch the impression made, but not to commit himself or his government."

The above is not complimentary to Metternich. Probably there was no love lost between him and Canning. The two men understood each other. There could be no *rapprochement* between a British and an Austrian minister so long as both were true to the principles of the government in whose name they acted; and Canning was not the man who would sink the British statesman in the diplomatist. He was made of very different stuff from his predecessor, Castlereagh. To understand and appreciate Canning, we must understand the foreign policy of Lord Castlereagh.

Robert Stuart, Viscount Castlereagh, had been Foreign Secretary since 1812. Like Canning, he had been bred a statesman, and had held office since 1802; but the two men were cast in a different mould. Castlereagh was a cold, matter-of-fact man, with a great reverence for prerogative in all its shapes, and an unbounded abhorrence of every thing revolutionary. To say that he was a great statesman would be to say more than even his admirers ever claimed for him; but he was an able administrator of the Pitt policy, as far as he understood it, and only fell into the mistake that second rate minds are too prone to, viz. — to prolong a policy into another age and generation, forgetting that with altered circumstances an altered policy becomes essential. The narrowness of Castlereagh's intellect had not been improved by an extended and liberal education. His tropes were the joke of his age, and a Castlereagh metaphor has added to the stock of *bulls* which still are imported from Ireland, and still are racy of the soil. Wilberforce wrote of him in 1818, when he despaired of bringing over the English government to his views on the slave question, that "he conceived Castlereagh to be a fish of the cold-blooded order. But," he goes on, "you have hit on the bait for him, if he be to be caught at all, by the exhibition of political considerations affecting our own interests rather than any prospects of general philanthropy. Such was Lord Castlereagh, the foreign minister of England for ten years, during which period, with hardly an exception, British influence never ranked so low in Europe. The Treaty of Vienna was the first great act in which the interests of Great Britain were sacrificed to those of the Continental despotisms.

Canning, who was at Lisbon while the treaty was being negotiated, often deplored the reckless abandonment of the cause of Constitutionalism in Europe for that of the Holy Alliance. Castlereagh does not seem to have perceived that under cover of this Treaty of Vienna there had sprung up a silent but steady aggression upon the liberties of Europe. The treaty was construed to relate to the internal affairs of nations, as well as their external safety. According to Metter-

nish the treaty was not only an engagement to maintain the present status of Europe as against France, but also to maintain that status against any internal revolution within these states. It involved a theory of legitimacy as well as a matter of fact about present boundaries. It provided not only that the map of Europe should not be disturbed, but also that its court almanack should not have to be re-written. Canning clearly enunciates the difference between England's view of the Treaty of Vienna and that of the Holy Alliance:—

"Prince Metternich," he writes, "contends in effect, it not in so many words, that the alliance was framed against the dangers of internal revolution; he admits, I presume, that it was framed against ambitious aggression from without. We contend that it was framed *wholly against the latter danger*, with the single excepted case of a Buonaparte revolution in France; and that exception was founded on the experience that such a revolution and external aggression were synonymous; and yet Prince Metternich expects of us, not only neutrality (for that does not content him), but partiality for the invading power against the invaded, in a war originating in that construction of the obligations of the alliance which we deny and disclaim."

But this high view of British neutrality between the rival spirits of Revolution and Reaction seems not to have been understood by Castlereagh. His mind was diplomatic, not philosophical; it stood on the letter of treaties, it could not interpret their spirit. Acting on the letter of the Treaty of Vienna he stood by and witnessed it broken in the spirit year after year. Because England diplomatically only recognises foreign countries through their sovereigns, he took no notice of popular feeling in Europe. As long as kings acted in concert all was well. If one king, worsted in a conflict with his subjects, called in the assistance of another king, still England would not interfere, for by the Treaty of Vienna Europe was a *parterre* of emperors, kings, and grand dukes. To these potentates British ministers only were accredited, and as long as their High Mightinesses kept at peace with each other, there was no cause for British intervention.

When kings fell out, and five kings went up against four, as in the Valley

of Siddim, then a *casus belli* might arise; but for the battle of liberty, the struggle of a people to wrest a constitution from their rulers—as this was not provided for in any extant code or treaty—here Castlereagh stood on the ground of neutrality. It is true that the Holy Alliance was not neutral. It marched in its troops to trample down constitutions in Spain, Portugal, Piedmont, and Naples; but what of that? It was simply one king inviting another into his "possessions." The people belonged to their rulers, might be disposed of by them, bartered, exchanged, sold, gambled for at the *rouge et noir* table of battle. In all this there was no cause for intervention; the sacred rights of sovereigns were not infringed; the Treaty of Vienna stood unbroken; and this satisfied Castlereagh. It is evident that he could not have understood the country whose foreign policy he pretended to guide. In Metternich this ignorance was excusable:

"Prince Metternich," says Canning, "has taught himself to believe that the House of Commons is merely a clog and impediment to the free action of the Crown, that its prejudices are to be soothed, its waywardness to be soothed; but that, in fact, the tenor of the Government is in effect independent of its impulse—that it is, in short, to be managed but not to be consulted. He is mistaken."

This specimen of Metternich's ignorance was almost equally true of Castlereagh, but without Metternich's excuse. It is a dangerous thing for a foreign minister to be a good diplomatist, but a bad debater; to understand the tactics of foreign courts, but not those of the House of Commons; to have one hand on the pulse of the continent, but not the other on that of the country he represents. This was Castlereagh's feeling; partly from original want of sympathy with popular assemblies, and partly from continued intercourse with statesmen of the Metternich school, he failed to represent England in his foreign policy. He would have been a respectable foreign minister to Saxony or Hanover; but in a first-class power, and that, too, the only constitutional country in Europe, he was out of his element at the Foreign Office. He forgot what Canning so well understood—that by subservience to the

Holy Alliance he gained nothing, not even the respect of these despotic states to whom he sacrificed our independence.

"What is the influence," Canning says, in a letter to Sir Henry Wellesley, "which we have had in the councils of the alliance, and which Prince Metternich exhorts us to be careful not to throw away? We protested at Laybach, we remonstrated at Verona. Our protest was treated as waste paper; our remonstrances mingled with the air. Pretty influence, and much worth preserving! No; our influence, if it is to be maintained abroad, must be secure in the sources of our strength at home, and the sources of that strength are in the sympathy between the people and the government; in the union of the public sentiment with the public councils; in the reciprocal confidence and co-operation of the House of Commons and the Crown."

Admirable sentiments, but far above the comprehension of the Castlereagh school. "Our influence to be maintained abroad must be secure in the sources of our strength at home." The foreign policy of England must be that, not of the Cabinet or the Court, but the nation at large.

There is nothing that John Bull is so jealous of as the suspicion of Germanism in our foreign relations. For a century or more we were plagued with little Hanover, that like a poor relation was always pressing a visit on us when we were otherwise engaged, and begging a loan of us at inconvenient seasons. We paid dear for the connexion, and were glad to be rid of it by the ready fiction of the Salic law which raised George V. to the throne of Hanover, with sun-dry crown jewels and perquisites which were heir-looms in the male line. Our Court has now no excuse for the German leanings that are so freely we think unjustly—attributed to it. But for a minister to support the Court in its family leanings to Cousins-German, crowned or uncrowned, is to betray the true interests of England. The high independent ground, neutral not only between contending nations, but also between contending principles, is the only policy worthy of a foreign minister. This ground Castlereagh had not the spirit to take. He acted in a very useful subordinate to Met-

ternich; he kept on good terms with the Court, and served loyally and well his royal master's German sympathies and dynastic partialities. But he understood nothing of that sympathy between the people and the government, the reciprocal confidence and co-operation of the House of Commons and the Crown, on which Canning relied for success in his foreign policy. There have been a few great statesmen who have thrown themselves on the people, and have carried through their foreign policy on the broad shoulders of popular support. Not to speak of Elizabeth and Cromwell, this was the statesmanship of the great Chatham during the seven years' war, and of his great son, William Pitt, during the war with revolutionary France. It was a people's war, not a Cabinet or a Court war. The Foreign policy was guided by the Home they never forgot they were constitutional ministers. "Woe be to the minister," says Canning, "who should undertake to conduct the affairs of the country upon the principle of settling the course of its foreign policy with a grand alliance, and should rely upon carrying their decisions into effect by throwing a little dust into the eyes of the House of Commons." We cannot believe that Canning is slyly satirising the policy of his predecessor in office, and yet the description suits to a nicety. Lord Castlereagh was the Anti-Jacobin foreign minister, and therefore the partizan avowed or implied of the Holy Alliance. In his recoil from revolutions he fell back into the arms of absolutism. It is said that those who have once experienced an earthquake never recover the shock—they lead a *determined* kind of life, always expecting the earth to open her mouth and swallow them up. The French revolution had this effect on some. If the intellect of Burke reeled beneath the shock and lost its balance, can we wonder that minds less strongly knit should have been shaken to pieces? Eldon, Castlereagh, and Sidmouth were statesmen of the second or third order of intellect, and to the day of their death (and they long outlived the French revolution, and even saw the frantic reaction of the Holy Alliance spend itself in vain), they never seem to have advanced beyond the principles of their earlier days. They mumbled in toothless age the lessons of boardless youth. French principles

were the terror of their life, through its seven ages: to resist these, the one mission of statesmen. It was evident that the men who survived the earthquake of Lisbon were not the men to rebuild the city on its ruins. And so the Castlereaghs and Eldons, who had lived through the phrenzy of Jacobinism, were Anti-Jacobins, and that only all their lives.

Canning was an Anti-Jacobin, when the danger lay in that direction, and even after the reaction had set in he indulged his playful fancy in caricaturing an extravagance that was no longer formidable. But his intellect was cast in a more capacious mould than theirs, and therefore he not only survived his Anti-Jacobinism, but even lived to inaugurate a policy of Anti-Absolutism. He was the Pitt of a second coalition of the constitutional states of Europe against their great oppressor, the Holy Alliance. If Pitt broke the charm of Napoleon's name, and robbed him of victory at Acre and Alexandria, created divisions against him and desertions from him, roused up the spirit of national-ity in the peasantry of Calabria and La Vendée, and thus prepared the way for victory, though he never lived himself to see the victory won, the same may be said of Canning. He was the inexorable enemy of the Holy Alliance as Pitt was of Napoleon. He believed that the alliance was the enemy and usurper of the liberties of Europe, quite as dangerous as the Corsican Usurper had been, and he set himself as resolutely to cross its path, and work its downfall.

His tactics were very nearly those of Pitt. The noble sentiment which he uttered in 1808, amid the applause of the House of Commons, the principle that "any nation of Europe that starts up with a determination to oppose a power, which, whether professing insidious peace, or declaring open war, is the common enemy of all nations, whatever may be the existing political relations of that nation with Great Britain, becomes instantly our essential ally," was the principle by which he broke up the Holy Alliance. Fourteen years after he was called to repeat these sentiments, though against a very different enemy. When he thought Napoleon the enemy of Europe, he hailed the revolt

of Spain, and embraced that country at once as an essential ally. In the same spirit, when the Holy Alliance was overshadowing Europe, and threatening the liberties of mankind (a fact which Castlereagh could not see through the thick haze of his Anti-Jacobin prejudices), Canning again stepped forward, and hailed constitutional Spain and Portugal as our essential allies. There was the same manly frankness, the same prompt "let us march against Philip" in 1826 as in 1808.

The expedition to Portugal was a marvel of despatch. The first tidings which the oppressed constitutional party in Lisbon got of the promised support from England was the sight of the British transports in the Tagus. The troops arrived in time, the Spaniards slunk off, and the constitution of Portugal was saved. How many protocols a minister like Castlereagh would have issued before he acted on the measure it is difficult to say. To touch the principle of legitimacy, or destroy a constitution, were widely different things in the Castlereagh scale of *casus belli*. He would probably have roused England to arms for the one; he would have endured almost any provocation before he would have drawn the sword for the other. Not that Lord Castlereagh was quite satisfied with the Holy Alliance. To do him justice, he protested as loudly as his Anti-Jacobin fears would allow him at Laybach and Verona against the gross violation of the rights of independent states, which the Holy Alliance showed in marching its armies to put down constitutions. But Metternich knew his man; he knew what his protests were worth, and politely bowed the Duke of Wellington out of the council at which King George of England was looked upon as only a younger brother of the family of legitimate kings. We must not think of Lord Castlereagh as a traitor to his country; he would not have sold it like the shameless ministers of Charles by another Treaty of Dover. But there are many degrees between the lowest *bolgia* where the traitor to his country sits in the everlasting ice of infamy and that upper air serene, where statesmen like Chatham, Pitt, and Canning are raised by the love and gratitude of a country. Castle-

reagh must lie in the *linbus infantum* with those angels which were neither fallen nor faithful.

"Non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa."

If Canning had wanted a foil upon which to lay the clear azure of his own reputation, he could not have succeeded more happily than by holding the seals of the Foreign Office after Castlereagh. Subsidiency to the Holy Alliance had brought England down from the first to the fifth power in Europe. She, who ten years before alone had made head against Napoleon; the only power whose capital had never been taken, whose armies had never laid down their arms, and whose fleets had swept the seas of every hostile flag—England that might have dictated peace to Europe instead of merely accepting it—fell in ten years from the first to the fifth place.

"Enough, no foreign foe could quell,
Till from herself abased she fell."

It was at this low-water mark of English influence that by an occurrence which we must call providential Canning was called to succeed Castlereagh at the Foreign Office. It was the eve of the Congress of Verona. The sovereigns there assembled were to confer nominally on the affairs of Greece; in reality to combine to put down liberalism in Spain and Naples. It was a family compact that France was to stamp out the "Barcelona Fever,"—so constitutionalism in Spain was euphuistically called—and Austria was to do the same kind office for Naples. Castlereagh would have hinted a few tame protests which Metternich would have taken for what they were worth, and so English neutrality between Revolution and Reaction would have continued the same halting, purposeless course, always protesting but always ending in supporting reaction as most opposed to French principles.

It is the month of August, 1822, and Canning is at Liverpool bidding his constituents farewell. He is bound for India, where he has accepted the Governor-Generalship. The news arrives that poor Lord Londonderry had committed suicide. The overtasked man had long been refused rest, and now has taken its revenge. India

can spare Canning. Lord Amherst knows the East, and can be sent there; but Canning knows the House of Commons, and the state of Europe as no other man of his age, and therefore to the Foreign Office he must go. This will much disconcert old Lord Eldon—who looks upon Canning as far too progressive for a sound Conservative. His party have long had their suspicions of him, and the king is not his friend; so that altogether he would be kept out if another man could be found; but as there is no substitute at all eligible the necessity must be submitted to, and Canning becomes at last Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Forty-eight hours after Canning's instalment in office, the Duke of Wellington set out for Verona. Apparently there was no change in the conduct of affairs, but the difference was felt. There was a decision in Canning's language which Castlereagh would not presume to use. When Castlereagh disliked a measure of the Holy Alliance, he appealed *ad misericordiam*. Russia, for instance, was entreated in 1815 not to swallow up Poland; no British minister could face the House of Commons who put his hand to such a treaty. But the last hopes for Poland were extinguished in spite of Lord Castlereagh's feelings. Alexander's pity for the one was about on a par with his pity for the other. But Canning was made of sterner stuff than this. His instructions to the Duke of Wellington were clear and decisive:—

"If there be a determined project to interfere by force or by menace in the present struggle in Spain, so convinced are his Majesty's Government of the uselessness and danger of any such interference, so objectionable does it appear to them in principle, as well as utterly impracticable in execution, that when the necessity arises, or rather, I would say, when the opportunity offers, I am to instruct your Grace at once frankly and peremptorily to declare that, to any such interference, come what may, his Majesty will not be a party."

At Liverpool, on the 30th August, 1822, Mr. Canning thus explained his foreign policy:—

"Gentlemen,—In the times in which we live (disguise it how we may) there is a struggle going on between the principles of monarchy and democracy. God

be praised that in that struggle we have not to take any part. God be praised that we have long ago arrived at all the blessings that are to be derived from that which alone can end that struggle beneficially—a compromise and intermixture of these conflicting principles. It is not, as it appeared to me, the duty of this country to side either with the assailants, when they aim at too much, nor with those who stand upon the defensive, when they will grant nothing. England has only to maintain herself on the basis of her own solid and settled constitution, firm and unshaken, a spectator interested in the contest only by her sympathies; not a partizan on either side, but for the sake of both, a model, and ultimately, perhaps, an umpire.

This declaration of neutrality, which is remarkably like the voice of the country during the present Italian war, was not likely to please either extreme. The democratic party for the days of John Bright and peace at any price had not yet dawned on the liberal side; would have desired to see England engage in a crusade for the liberties of mankind, while the school of "Continental statesmen," as they were called, who were friendly to the Holy Alliance, would have preferred to see her supporting the intervention of France in Spain, to put down the constitution in the cause of law and order. Canning's policy was equidistant from either extreme; it was a policy of neutrality, but a high-minded and honourable one. It betrayed no secret leanings and sympathies to absolutism; no preference of pure monarchy to pure democracy as that of Castlereagh's did. It would never have involved the country in war for either party; but, on the other hand, it would not have tamely stood by to see the liberties of mankind extinguished by that Atræpagus of the Holy Alliance that pretended to sit in judgment on constitutions and parliaments as the secret societies do on kings and emperors. He had the courage to denounce the one as boldly as the other. There was none of that sycophancy to power as such, which has brought some of our foreign ministers into embarrassing alliances with despots, whether democratic as in France, or legitimate as in Austria. His speech at Plymouth, in 1823, is too well known to bear quotation, in which he reminds his hearers that one of the blessings of neu-

trality was that the resources created by peace are means of war:—

"Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of these stupendous masses—now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon upon any call of patriotism or necessity it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awake its dormant thunders. Such is one of these 'the efficient machine' when springing from inaction into a display of its 'latent' such is England herself in foreign affairs—passive and motionless. A taste concentrates the power in a foreign nation an adequate occasioning him. For a

The adequate occasion on smoothly to Canning, it is true, he holds the balance to right the balance of Asia against the French out of Spain, against Austria. He dipped in this intervention, and Alliance in the affairs of a century years' country like Spain, it would not only made the confusion worse, but would have found if constitutional England had taken up arms for the constitution, of absolute France had against it. His policy was of another kind, but not the less decisive. It can only be told in his own words:—

"Might not compensation for disengagement be obtained? If France occupied Spain was it necessary in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation that we should blockade Cadiz? No. I looked another way. I sought materials for compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old."

He refers to his recognition of the revolted republics of South America. It is true that this boast of calling in the New World to redress the balance of the old has not turned out as Canning expected. Spanish America has never become a counterpoise to the weight of absolutism in Europe. Still the attempt was none the less generous or statesmanlike. The cause of

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This declaration of neutrality, which is remarkably like the voice of the country during the present Italian war, was not likely to please either extreme. The democratic party for the days of John Bright and peace at any price had not yet dawned on the liberal side; would have desired to see England engage in a crusade for the liberties of mankind, while the school of "Continental statesmen," as they were called, who were friendly to the Holy Alliance, would have preferred to see her supporting the intervention of France in Spain, to put down the constitution in the cause of law and order. Canning's policy was equidistant from either extreme: it was a policy of neutrality, but a high-minded and honourable one. It betrayed no secret leanings and sympathies to absolutism; no preference of pure monarchy to pure democracy as that of Castlereagh's did. It would never have involved the country in war for either party; but, on the other hand, it would not have tamely stood by to see the liberties of mankind extinguished by that Atræpagus of the Holy Alliance that pretended to sit in judgment on constitutions and parliaments as the secret societies do on kings and emperors. He had the courage to denounce the one as boldly as the other. There was none of that sycophancy to power as such, which has brought some of our foreign ministers into embarrassing alliances with despotisms, whether democratic as in France, or legitimate as in Austria. His speech at Plymouth, in 1823, is too well known to bear quotation, in which he reminds his hearers that one of the blessings of neu-

trality was that the resources created by peace are means of war:—

"Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of these stupendous masses—now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon upon any call of patriotism or necessity it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awake its dormant thunders. Such is one of these 'efficient machines' when springing from inaction into a display of its power, such is England herself—entirely passive and motionless. A taste concentrates the power of a foreign mission on an adequate occasioning him. For a

The adequate occasion on smoothly at Canning, it is true, on the four great to right the balance of power against the French out of Spain, Austria. He cycled as this intervention, and Alliance in the affairs of twenty years' cent country like Spain, it would only made the confusion worse, ungrounded if constitutional England of taken up arms for the constitution of absolute France had against it. His policy was of another kind, but not the less decisive. It can only be told in his own words:—

"Might not compensation be obtained? If France occupied Spain was it necessary in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation that we should blockade Cadiz? No. I looked another way. I sought materials for compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old."

He refers to his recognition of the revolted republics of South America. It is true that this boast of calling in the New World to redress the balance of the old has not turned out as Canning expected. Spanish America has never become a counterpoise to the weight of absolutism in Europe. Still the attempt was none the less generous or statesmanlike. The cause of

the failure of Constitutional Government in Spanish America was not explored then as it since has been. We knew less then than now of the incurable pride and self-will of the Spanish character. There is so little cohesion in these new republics that they break off from the parent state on the slightest provocation. But, in Canning's days, the experiment of free government in Spanish America was to be tried. The conception was at least, a statesmanlike one, however it succeeded. We detected in Mr. D'Israeli's speech at Aylesbury in April last a reference to the bold policy of setting off the New World against the Old, to right any threatened disturbance of the balance of that world by the present war. It may be seen an unconscious plagiarism, Europe first, was. If so, it is another fell in ten years sparks which fly off the fifth place, of genius carry fire

"Enough, no foreign light even a distant
Till from herself about thought cannot

It was at this shape or another it English influence after many days. Hence which we of Canning to reverse Canning when of Castlereagh was not reach at the out the serious opposition the eve of King George IV. had long The sovereign from his early dream to confederalism, and had settled down Green to the retrograde Toryism of the Eldon and Castlereagh school. We therefore find that in 1825 the king addressed a communication to his cabinet in which the following appears:—

"The Liberalism of late adopted by the King's Government appears by the King to be a substantial part of that creed which was hailed by the House of Commons in those revolutionary days when it required all the talents and firmness of the late Mr. Pitt to put it down. And the support which that great statesman received from the King's revered and excellent father, gave him the opportunity of using his great abilities with such effect as enabled him to resist successfully the desolating storm. . . . The King has too much reason to apprehend that the separation from our allies so justly and so honestly referred to by the Emperor of Austria, will very soon lead to consequences which will end in disturbing the tranquillity of Europe. Why was the Quadruple Alliance formed? To carry into execution not only the maintenance of the treaties of peace connected with the settlement of Europe (just then concluded), but also for con-

trolling the jealousy and ambition of the great powers themselves in relation to each other. The Jacobins of the world, now calling themselves the Liberals, saw the peace of Europe secured by this great measure, and have therefore never ceased to vilify the principles of the Quadruple Alliance. The King desires, therefore, distinctly to know from his Cabinet, individually (seriatim) whether the great principles of policy established by his Government in the years 1814, 1815, and 1818, are, or are not, to be abandoned."

To this strange document the cabinet returned a collective reply, in which, while they profess their adherence to the general policy of the Quadruple Alliance, they remind the King that there already has arisen a divergence of opinion between England and the other great powers on the principles of the Holy Alliance. So early as 1818 that divergence arose in the conference at Aix-la-Chapelle, and events since have only tended to widen it. With this reply the King professed himself satisfied; but Canning thought it right to send a special rejoinder, on his own behalf, upon which the King desired the matter to be dropped. Mr. Wynn conjectures that this demand on the part of the King arose wholly from foreign influence. Metternich was the moving spring of these intrigues.

One of the manoeuvres of the Holy Alliance was to read a proxy kind of sermon on the principles of legitimacy in the shape of a despatch. How Canning played off these holy sermonizers against each other, and put perplexing questions about little flaws in the title of some of the legitimate kings of Europe, are very amusing to read in his letters to Granville.

Another piece of state craft, in which Canning excelled, was in pitting the members of the Holy Alliance against each other. When Russia threatened intervention in Turkey in 1825, in the cause of law and order, the alliance was dumbfounded—they had nothing to object. France and Austria had acted on the principles of intervention in Spain and Naples, and therefore could say nothing against Russia doing the same in Turkey. Canning saw his advantage, and worked on Polignac's fears. In a letter to Lord Granville he relates a conversation with Polignac, in which he points out to the French minister

that Russia, in invading Turkey, was only following the example that France had set her by invading Spain in 1823. The alliance was a combination of the great powers to preserve the peace of the world by not only preventing the conflict of nations with each other, but quelling or crushing in the bud their internal dissensions. The Emperor of Russia intervenes between Turkey and peace precisely on the same pretext that Austria intervened in Piedmont and Naples, and France has intervened in Spain.

"I do not see how it is possible for *vous autres* members of the Holy Alliance, and especially for you France (who, as I say, were sent into Spain by the Holy Alliance, where, by the way, you still remain), to avoid following out the principles of Laybach and Verona, in a case, which, if once admitted, they are to the full as applicable as in either of the preceding ones. We who protested against the decision of Verona, and in some sort of Laybach, are at liberty to protest against the Emperor of Russia's march to Constantinople in a representative capacity, as in his present one. The Emperor of Russia, *quod* the alliance, is right."

Polignac was silenced. "It is some satisfaction," Canning adds, "to find the members of that illustrious body coming over one by one to confess that he alone can help them out of their difficulties." One by one the members of the alliance were detached from it, jealousies arose which Canning was not slow to foster, and he had the satisfaction before his death to witness the break up of one of the most pestilent coalitions of despotism against the liberties of Europe. Canning's foreign policy, indeed, marks an era in English history which the historian who is worthy to write his life will not fail to mark.

That Sir A. Alison neither comprehends Canning nor his policy is not to be wondered at. This laborious chronicler of contemporary events is too full of stale prejudices to appreciate the great Conservative, whose policy never truckled to Reaction through fear of Revolution. Canning was misunderstood in his day. For ten years he was kept in the cold shade of a subordinate post through the suspicions of the Tories of the Eldon school. Men of that stamp could not see that Conservatism to last in a progressive country like ours must have

new blood infused into it from time to time. If true Conservatism has ever been able to make head against the encroaching spirit of democracy, it has been because a new school of Conservatives has arisen who derive their descent from Canning, not from either Eldon or Castlereagh.

The peculiarity of Canning's foreign policy was this, that it sprang so entirely out of his home. He was a great foreign minister, not because he was a diplomatist, or Metternich's match in *fin de*, which he was not; but because he led the House of Commons and relied for support on the hearty sympathy of the English people, not on the favour of this embassy or that, or by playing one Court against the other. It cannot be too often repeated that our home must dictate our foreign policy, and not the reverse. A taste for diplomacy may ruin a foreign minister, instead of serving him. For a while all seems to go on smoothly at the Foreign Office. He holds the balance adroitly between the four great embassies, pitting Russia against France, Prussia against Austria. He gets a name on the Continent, and becomes the friend of thirty years' standing of this or that absolute potentate. But he is playing a dangerous game. He forgets the House of Commons and the newspapers. He thinks he can throw dust in the eyes of a troublesome member of opposition, and for some time he succeeds in this—for the majority of Englishmen understand as little of Continental politics as of the interior of Africa. There are a few weak-headed men of one idea, like David Urquhart, who blunder so outrageously that the minister strengthens his position by ridiculing their blunders. But all at once a turn of affairs comes, when the confidence of the embassies will do no longer; when the ear of the House of Commons would be worth a friendship of thirty years' standing, and the alliance of all the four powers besides. The minister finds himself between the two stools of public opinion at home and diplomacy abroad fairly floored, and he regrets too late that he leaned on the broken reed of Continental complications instead of the stout oak cudgel of the House of Commons.

The rock our ministers for foreign affairs so often split on is that *entente cordiale* between constitutional Eng-

land and the absolute states of the Continent which they take such pains to establish. Tory and Whig alike fail in this. During the period between the peace of Vienna and the revolution of July, with the brilliant exception of Canning's five years' tenure of the Foreign Office, there was an *entente cordiale* between England and the Holy Alliance, which represented, not the voice of the country, but that of a clique of courtiers and placemen. On the other hand, the Whigs attempted, after the revolution of July, to establish an *entente cordiale* between England and France. The Western Alliance was the guiding principle of our foreign policy after 1830, as the Holy Alliance had been before that date. But the latter was as unreal as the former. There was only the show of an *entente cordiale* with the government of Louis Philippe—the substance was wanting. France pursued her ends without consulting us, and took care to call us *peuple Albion* if we ever paid her out in her own coin and did a little business on our own account. The quarrels of lovers are the renewing of love, said the poet who reduced love-making to an art; but we have had too many of these lovers quarrels with France during the reign of the citizen king. Friendships are much safer passion than love. There is no jealousy in friendship—no friend does not disparage another—lovers must be all-in-all to each other—with friends on the contrary the rule is, the more the merrier. International friendships for this reason are safer far than international loves. So long as France is our friend we are on safe terms of intercourse. We may make friends with Russia or Austria and no offence is given. There is no room for jealousy. We are spared those scenes which take place when lovers quarrel. The *entente cordiale* is a delightful but dangerous policy to adopt to our Continental neighbours. It is to pass an existence of alternate transports and torments—the bliss of folding the Tricolour and the Union-Jack in a kiss of peace, and the rage of awaking to find angry colonels threatening to invade this den of assassins. No, let us have less of the love of the turtle and we shall have less of the rage of the vulture. Between the nations of Europe and ourselves there may be and there ought to be a good under-

standing: confidence and indulgence are required on both sides. But we cannot forget that nations have each a different mission. We have a history of our own, and a constitution which has grown out of our history, in which there is hardly a fact or a theory imported from abroad.

It is a noticeable fact that attempts to import ideas from abroad have always failed. Jacobinism would not take root in England sixty years ago. There were many who tried to spread French opinions, but a Birmingham mob showed their sense of the matter by sacking Priestley's house who had taken this Gallican mania, and tried to inoculate his countrymen with it. So the Pope's Nuncio tried to persuade the subjects of James II. to go to mass with their king. But even the courtiers escorted him to the door of the mass-house and left him there, as sturdy no-Popery men as ever. Cardinal Wiseman tried to bring us a new religion from Rome the other day, but it would not do. He would have done more wisely never to have left the Flaminian gate than to try thus to pitchfork his Romanism upon us. It has not succeeded; and if he had known Englishmen better he would have known that we are stubborn islanders, who like to think for ourselves. What the mistletoe is to the oak—on it, but not of it—that foreign ways and ideas are to the true-born Briton. The tradesman class may worship this parasite, clinging as it does to the upper boughs of society, as his ancestors worshipped the mistletoe. In May Fair they may dine *a la Russe*, and pray *a la Romaine*, but the kickshaws of Paris and Rome are alike the aversion of plain John Bull; the middle classes, who are neither *gourmets* nor *aesthetic*, will have none of them, and, therefore, in the end, we must go our own way, and, after our island fashion, fear God and honour the king.

It is our own home policy, thus, that must guide our foreign. We must not attempt a diplomatic *entente cordiale* which is out of character with our political and social isolation. Not that we would foster this John Bullism. Far from it; we have much to learn from as well as to teach foreigners. All we mean is that our foreign policy should be the natural, honest expression of the amount of cordiality

felt from congeniality of institutions. Suppose, for instance, a state like ours were to start up on the Continent—a Little Britain—a younger sister of Great Britain—here would be a fair case for the *entente cordiale*. The home policy of both states would be so congenial that their foreign policy would naturally coalesce. They would be attracted to each other as two rose-leaves are on a sleeping pool. Each state in proportion as it was true to itself would draw to the other.

Sardinia is, to some extent, such a state. Count Cavour was a pupil of Peel, and desired to erect a Little Britain in Italy. How far he has succeeded time will tell. But the experiment has been a noble one, and deserves our warmest sympathy and support. The Foreign Office, in promoting an *entente cordiale* with such a state, could never be tempted to betray the interests of England. No minister will ever play false to England who represents her to foreigners as she is. This was the distinction of Canning's policy. It stands out for this reason alone in the history of the last half century. His was no entangling agreement with the Holy Alliance which Lord Castlereagh himself at last grew ashamed of, and tried to shake off, but could not. Canning's likes and dislikes were intelligible. He liked what was like England, and disliked what was unlike. Hence his hearty enthusiasm for Portugal. It was not only that she was our ancient ally, and that we had spent our blood and treasure in her defence, in 1808. These traditional reasons were but the dust in the balance—the real make-weight was Portugal's Constitutionalist. She was a child of our own—the Little Britain of the Peninsula. To touch her was to touch the honour of England. With all Burke's chivalry, Canning made a thousand swords to leap from their scabbards to avenge an insult to her maiden constitution. A British fleet in the Tagus taught the Holy Alliance a lesson they never forgot, and gave,

we should hope, the Foreign Office a precedent which they should never neglect to follow.

A great Foreign Minister is not given us oftener than once in a century. There are no succession of Cannings to be looked for in Downing-street. But if we cannot have the great man, we can have the same policy that he so distinctly marked out for others to pursue. An eloquence and a command of the House of Commons like his are so rare that there is not a public man of our day who can approach him in these high qualities. But in that in which he is imitable we have a right to expect our Foreign Minister to tread in his steps. We have a right to expect the same lofty patriotism, the same unswerving loyalty to the Constitution, and the same resolve not to put on false appearances, or to make things pleasant with other states unlike our own; the same resolve to make our foreign relations represent our home Constitution, and to draw towards what is like, and draw off from what is unlike that Government of ours where duty is the rule, and privilege the exception; where the great political problem of *maxima* and *minima* has been solved, if it ever can be solved on earth, given the greatest amount of personal liberty to allow the least amount of public licence. In our foreign policy we are not to act as propagandists even of this greatest political blessing, a constitution like ours; but we are certainly not to ignore it. As with Christianity, because we do not proselyte to it we are not, therefore, to proscribe it, as the Company in India did. So with constitutionalism; in our foreign policy we should recognise every government that is *de facto* a government; but we should look on none as *de jure* entitled to close and cordial alliance with ourselves, unless one that is either a child of our own, a Little Britain on the Continent like Sardinia, or an adopted one as Belgium, Portugal, Switzerland, or Prussia.

RECENT TOURISTS.

A BRITON in Brittany, and a lady artist in the Canary Islands, are the authors of the two books that head our chapter. Let us take the Briton first.

Mr. Jephson is the Rector of Hutton, a retired agricultural parish, who in August, 1858, fatigued with parish duties and wanting a month of muscle work after eleven months of brain and nerve work, set out boldly for the Celtic province of France, in conjunction with Mr. Reeve and some other photographers, whose box of stereoscopes now serves to illustrate this scholarly and pleasant book.

It was the burning month, let us Homerically sing, when London paving-stones are burnt white, and there is not air enough even to fan the red and black lettered play-bills on the boards at the tobacconists' windows; costermongers, with damp red faces, are asleep upon their burdens in shop doors; knapsacks hang invitingly for sale at the lintels; the red hand-books of Murray are so many baits to the overworn worker; wicker-work guarded flasks remind you of icy mountain tops, of blue rivers, and of cliffy terraces, which July's hot hand has turned into waving flower-beds, and a bee nursery in every flower. The Thames is a highway of lava mud; the streets smell like Angean stables; the very blue air seems tainted; we long, we pine to be away and to be at rest; we dream of crisp waves, feathered with frost, of snow-steeped sails, of red-brown country faces, of meadows thick with flowers. "We must go somewhere" is the hourly cry. The barrister, in his grey helmet, throws away his black gown, and seeks the Alpine roses with chivalrous eagerness; the rector (like Mr. Jephson) docket his last month's sermons, and putting a pocket Horace in his carpet-bag, starts for Naples; the doctor burnishes his instruments with wash leather, and starts for a ple-

sant week among the fever cases in the Maremma; the editor "polishes off" some reviews with unusually long extracts, and starts for Vesuvius, the parturient mountain, to study the seat of war at a safe distance. The cabs are piled with trunks; the stations are encumbered with *impedimenta*; Troy burning never saw such a packing up and a flurry, though in this *count omnes* no Mrs. Creusa is found wanting.

If we were to stop now here to discuss why this is, we should never get to Mr. Jephson's book. Ours is an age of nerves and valetudinarianism; every one now has a "stomach," and the human machinery seems finer and more attenuated than it was in the slow old days. Perhaps we work our brains too much, or do too much, or fret too much; or it is the tea instead of the beer, or it is that likely we really get more crowded and unbearable; but the long and the short of it seems to be that we now all of us work too hard nine months in the year, in order to get time to idle the other three. Was not, perhaps some people think, the old, quiet, equable way the wiser, easier, and happier. It never struck us formerly that we were all shut up in our island. Shakespeare's age had its apoplexy and sanguineous diseases; Pope's time, its gastric disorders; now we come to exhaustion, want of blood and vital power; we are etiolated, and want three months a-year ~~to be~~ ^{to be} ~~winding up, or we don't go at all.~~

Mr. Jephson, whose mind is pleasantly stuffed with delicious recollections of Chaucer, Froissart, and Rabelais, declares that we Great Britons being a stalwart race must work even in our pleasure; dominoes and sugar water will not suffice us; our pleasure is not idleness but change of work; when our brain stops our muscles cry out to be used. To gratify them we swim, climb, shoot, fish, ride, drive,

Narrative of a Walking Tour in Brittany. By John Mounteney Jephson, F.S.A.; accompanied by Notes of a Photographic Expedition. By Lovell Reeve, F.L.S. Reeve.

Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands. By Mrs. Elizabeth Murray. Hurst and Blackett.

or, as Mr. Jephson did, walk. Now, the one word, *travel*, implies all these things. Field sports we cannot have, for the people have no free land left. Monopoly has long since swallowed up all that, and cries for more. Just as April set the Chaucer folk pilgrimaging, so July now sets Englishmen gadding. We make up for the narrowness of our world by the annual change.

Mr. Jephson, though perhaps too disposed to look pleasantly on every thing, quite proves his case when he says that the jaded Englishman, with limited time and means, panting to escape from dark offices, brief ledgers, postmen, and turnpike roads, would find in Brittany, a beautiful and accessible province, interesting for its legends and ballads, its Celtic and mediæval remains, its traditional manners, and picturesque costumes.

On board the mail steamer Mr. Jephson first discerned the intense difference of English and French manners. In the ferry steamer men talked to each other in a subdued business voice; here they seemed like equals out on a party of pleasure. There will always be a difference between a people who live indoors and one that live in the open air—in fact, between a people of society and a people of families.

Perhaps one fault of Mr. Jephson, as a traveller, is, that he is almost too well crammed with scraps of Chaucer or Rabelais, and seems determined to find Chaucerian customs and thirteenth century illustrations everywhere. He was not long lauded before he finds the Chaucer *quene* cakes, and observes one, a Breton farmer washing his hands in the Albert Durer manner, and sees a peasant woman, in mediæval dress, as the Angels bell struck out, kneeling at a wooden cross above St. Malo bay.

Much worried by inquisitive gend'armes in cocked hats, Mr. Jephson plunges into Breton scenes—old churches, Roman battle fields, Druidic circles, village weddings; all is game for him, for he travels with health, learning, cheerfulness and geniality.

Whether he meets the amusing, wiry *Pillever*, or ruggan, on his lean pony, or exchanges jokes with a party of out-ankled Breton girls; whether he ransacks an old castle or visits a charnel-house, he is equally well read,

ingenious, and genial—granite cottage or mud cabin, he is equally at home; and a clergyman soon acquires the knack of making the poor of any country at home with him.

Mr. Jephson contrasts his home scenes unfavourably as compared with those of Brittany. He likes the cupboard beds—the *lits clos* of the Breton farm-houses, the massy chestnut wood wardrobes, the clean, sweet linen, the dresser shining with brass skillets, bright as new sovereigns. There were no album and no piano, it is true; and the only chimney-piece ornament is generally a row of buckled shoes for the family's holiday use.

The skull box nailed up to the wall of the church is often seen in Brittany. It is an exhortation to the peasant to pray for the dead, and is in the shape of a small, cozy pigeon-house surmounted by a cross. Through a heart-shaped hole you see the dead man's skull. On each side of the box are painted white tears. The pilgrimage feasts Mr. Jephson, unfortunately for us, misses; but he gets to a Breton wolf-hunt. He is surrounded by peasants in trunk hose, with sash, black gaiters, long hair, and sky-blue jackets. The huntsmen flourish about with immense rusty French horses, white jackets, carbines, and trousers tucked into their boots. The cover is drawn first by a single slow hound, and the scratch pick is only uncoupled when the wolf is found. Mr. Jephson thinks French hunting a tame and dull business.

The hounds do not know each other, never keep together, are slow, and have no pluck, steadiness, nor dash. To be an accomplished sportsman you must know more than forty times on the French horn. Still, with mutton outlets and bowls of milled Bourdeaux, the thing becomes very learnable. There is some science in it, too, of a certain sort, and the French huntsmen accustomed to wolves' haunts show you their kitchen or feeding place, and their play-ground or *salle de danse*.

Mr. Jephson is very great in customs and manners; but how far he is indebted to M. Villenarqué's book we do not know. We must, however, candidly allow that he is liberal in his acknowledgment. The Cornarville wedding he sees is worth redescending. The Kernewoto is a gay fellow, who celebrates every social event, not merry with a flask, as with us, which may

be selfish, but with a dance, which must be social. The village poet is always the tailor—the ugly, solitary tailor, who croons over his rhymes as he sews, and sews, and stitches—“stitches, sews, and sews.” He is the go-between of lovers and the gentleman-usher at marriage ceremonies. When he carries the proposal of a bashful lover he presents himself at the lady's door with a green bunch of broom in his hand. If there is a delay in inviting him in; if she holds a pancake before the fire on the tops of her fingers, or if the brands are placed upright on the hearth, he returns at once a rejected and hopeless herald.

If the contrary happens, a long struggle of diplomacy takes place between the girl's mother and the messenger. If all goes fair, the marriage is fixed for a month from that day. In the meantime all is chatter and preparation. The bridesmaids and groomsmen are next chosen, and on a Saturday night the ceremony takes place at the parsonage. A supper follows, and next day at the high mass the banns are published. The tailor herald is now intrusted to go round and invite the neighbours to the wedding, and being generally a gourmand, he usually contrives to come, striking thrice at the door, and crying, “health and happiness to all in this house—I come, the herald of a wedding,” just as the family are sitting down to dinner. He, too, is then invited, and amid smiles and jokes he delivers his invitation, giving names and time. But here Mr. Jephson himself must come to our aid:—

“When the appointed day has arrived the yard belonging to the bride's house is early filled with a merry cavalcade. At its head is the bridegroom attended by the ‘best man.’ At an appointed signal the *bazvalan* alights, ascends the steps, and improvises a song, which is answered from within by another singer on the part of the bride. These songs are always founded on the same traditional theme, but the manner of treatment varies with the taste of the poetical tailor. Formerly, within the memory of some persons, the rival poets claimed to be the present incarnations of celebrated personages of old; for the bards, of whom the tailor is the successor, held the doctrine that ‘the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.’ In

one of these songs the *bazvalan* says—‘I am Samson, who killed the Philistines,’ and so on in the same same strain. The *brentair*, or bride's poet, replies—‘Knowledge is better than strength. I received the law from God on Mount Sinai. I am Moses. It was I who recovered the Holy Scriptures which were lost when Jerusalem was taken. It was I who made the poems attributed to Theocritus. I was Virgil, the friend of Augustus.’ This curious relic of an exploded faith was, no doubt, symbolical, and intended to assert that strength was the excellence of man, and prudence the excellence of woman. That it is founded upon very old tradition is proved by the fact that Taliesin, a bard of the sixth century, is represented in the ‘*Myvyrian*’ as speaking in the same strain—‘It was I who gave Moses power to pass the river Jordan. I saw the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. I was Alexander's standard-bearer. I know the names of the stars from the west to the east.’ I am not aware that Shakspeare's commentators have observed the analogy between Owen Glendower's boasting vein and these national poems of the Bretons, whether of Wales or Armorica. In every hole and corner of literature one comes across proofs of the great master's extraordinary accuracy in depicting national as well as individual character. But to return to the *bazvalan*, the following may be taken as a specimen of the ordinary dialogue carried on between him and the *brentair*, or bride's poet, on the morning of the wedding:—

“*Bazvalan*.—In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessing be upon this house, and joy, more than has fallen to my lot.

“*Brentair*.—And what is the matter with you, my friend, that your heart is sad?

“*Bazvalan*.—I had a little dove in my dove-house, with my pigeon, and the sparrow-hawk came like a blast of wind, and frightened my little dove, and I know not what has become of her.

“*Brentair*.—You seem very spruce for a man in such affliction. You have combed your fair hair (the tailor's hair is generally red), as if you were going to a dance.

“*Bazvalan*.—My good fellow, do not mock me. Have you not seen my little white dove? I shall never enjoy a moment's happiness until I have found my little dove.

“*Brentair*.—I have not seen your little dove, nor your white pigeon either.

“*Bazvalan*.—Young man, you lie (*bazvalan* is not very polite, it must be owned). The people outside have seen her fly towards your yard and alight in your orchard.

"*Breutaër*.—I have not seen your little dove, nor your white pigeon either.

"*Bazvalan*.—My white pigeon will be found dead if his mate return not. My poor pigeon will die. I will go and look through the key-hole.

"*Breutaër*.—Stop, my friend, you shall not go. I will go myself and see (he goes into the house and returns). I have gone into my orchard, my friend, and I have not found your dove, but quantities of flowers, of lilacs, and of egg-lantines, and above all, a pretty little rose, which blooms in a corner of the hedge. I will go and fetch it to you, if you like, to gladden your spirits (he again goes into the house, and leads out a little girl).

"*Bazvalan*.—Truly a charming flower! Beautiful, and fit to gladden the heart. If my pigeon were a drop of dew, he would drop upon it. [After a pause]—I will go up to the garret, perhaps she has flown in there.

"*Breutaër*.—Stop, my friend; stay a moment; I will go myself (he returns, with the mistress of the house.) I went up into the garret and I found no doves; I found only this ear of corn which has been left behind after the harvest. Set it in your hat to console you.

"*Bazvalan*.—As many grains as are in the ear of corn, so many young shall my little dove gently cover with her wings in her nest, and she in the midst (after a pause)—I am going to look in the field.

"*Breutaër*.—Stop, my friend, don't go. You will dirty your fine shoes. I will go instead (he returns with the old grandmother.) I can nowhere find a dove; I have only found an apple—only this old withered apple—under a tree amongst the dry leaves. Put it in your pocket and give it to your pigeon to eat; he won't cry.

"*Bazvalan*.—Thank you, my friend. A good apple, though wrinkled, loses not its savour; but I don't want your apple, your flower, or your ear of corn. I want my little dove. I must go and look for her myself.

"*Breutaër*.—Good lord, how cunning he is. Come, then, my friend, come with me. Your little dove is not lost. It was I who kept her in my chamber, in an ivory cage, of which the wires are of gold and silver. There she is, all gay, all pretty, all beautiful, all dressed out.

"The *bazvalan* is admitted; he sits down at table for a moment, then goes to fetch the bridegroom. As soon as the bridegroom appears the father presents him with a horse-girth, which he passes around the bride's waist.

"It is *de rigueur* that she should now shed a few tears. The first bridesmaid raises her up; the *breutaër* places her

hand in that of the bridegroom, makes them exchange rings, and pledge their troth one to the other. Then he intones over them the Lord's prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Hundred and Thirteenth Psalm, beginning "Out of the deep have I called to thee."

"The bride is now led to the door by the 'best man,' with as many braids of silver on her arm as she has thousands of francs for her dowry. Next comes the bridegroom with the first bridesmaid. The *bazvalan* leads up the bridegroom's horse, and holds it while he mounts. The 'best man' lifts the bride up behind the bridegroom. When all have mounted the gates are opened, the whole party start off for the church at a gallop, and he who arrives first receives a sheep for a prize.

"In some places it is the custom for the bridal party to follow the parson into the vestry after he leaves the altar, the 'best man' carrying a basket covered with a napkin. From thence the parson takes a white loaf, and making the sign of the cross over it with a knife, cuts a slice, which he divides between the bride and bridegroom. This is probably the origin of our wedding-cake. He then takes out a bottle of wine, and pours it into a silver goblet, from which the bridegroom drinks and passes it on to the bride."

"When the bridal party leave the church, lions are let off in their honour, and all return to the bride's house, preceded by bag-pipes and tambourines. Here they find the rooms carpeted with white cloth strewn with garlands, and numerous tables are laid both inside and out. At the end of one of them is placed the bride under a canopy of green branches and flowers. Some old man recites the Litanies, and each course is ushered in by a tune of the bag-pipe and a dance. After the dessert the guests remain at table till bed-time."

The song of the father over, the herald invokes God's blessing on the bride, her saints and ancestors, down to her grandfather, at whose feet he then kneels.

At midnight the couple are put to bed in presence of the whole company. A milk-soup is then served to them, with walnuts and cakes. Sometimes they fill the bed with young children, emblems of a fruitful union. The bagpipes play the tune of "*Soupe au lait*," the young men and women singing the words.

Next morning all the beggars of the district, dressed in their finest rags, meet, and are feasted on the scraps. The bride waits on the women, the

bridegroom on the men. Then follows a dance, the boldest haggard leading off the bride; the fairest beggars pairing with the new-made husband. They then depart, singing a song in praise of the bride, and praying for the souls of the family's ancestors.

On the Breton superstition, which Mr. Jephson calls the mist of religion, he is, as in most other subjects, sensible and amusing. The dolmens, or chambers of granite blocks, supposed to have been at once altars and tombs, are imagined to be haunted by hideous little dwarfs, who carry about with them purses of gold, like the Irish *leprechauns*. Every Wednesday night they dance round the dolmens, in company with the *korriganes cherr-caous* or female fairies. They dance round and sing a song, of which the perpetual unchanging choruses, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday." If a passing traveller were to cry out, "and Saturday and Sunday," and thus make up the week, that would destroy their spells for ever. This also is an Irish superstition. The Breton, like the Irishman, believes also in changelings and in the same means of destroying their machinations. The female fairy is supposed to be the same as the ghost of the Druidess (this is our banshee, ten to one), who haunts the mossy well of old attractions, perhaps that now oozes up near the Dolmen.

After much pleasant chat, and some shrewd suggestions befitting a wide-thinking, thoughtful, English parish priest, on his travels, our author comes to the Druidical remains of Brittany. The country of Vannes is the special seat of these. Scattered over the wide and arid plains of Groennel there are all sorts of cromlechs, dolmens, menhirs, galgals, and feulvans. At Peterkin there are more than two thousand menhirs; but the strange and gigantic monuments of Carnac, Plonharnel, Loe Maria, Ker, and the isle of Gair-Minn are the most remarkable. There is, however, a sameness about them, and an utter want of art—vastness and simplicity is their only merit. Here Druidism made its last stand, till in 685 the Council of Nantes ordered the altars to be broken; still in Groennel they find torques, celts, flint arrow-heads, beads, and ring-money. Festivals are even now sometimes held round these dolmens.

The unmarried youth meet in June; the youths wear green ears of corn in their hats; the maidens posies of flax flowers. The dance is opened by a youth, who wears in his button-hole a favour of the old Druidical colours—blue, green, and white. He chooses a partner by slipping a ring on her finger; and the dance is the old religious round. The youth on these occasions holds his partner always by the little finger.

Mrs. Murray's Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Morocco, Spain, and the Canarie Islands, is an exceedingly pleasant book, written in a bright, picturesque manner. On Morocco she is not very original, in Spain she stops only a few weeks, but on the Canarie Islands she is both original and agreeable. Still, though accurate and complete enough as far as they go, the book seems but a superficial handle of sketches after a sixteen years' residence. Many a keen observer we know could have seen as much, and described it as well after a two months' visit. It seems, indeed, to have been written without notes, or an afterthought, for many of the closing chapters are mere abridgements of old Spanish historians, and relate to the easy conquest of the islands.

"There is living out of Britain," Mrs. Murray makes us think, as she dilates on the gay outdoor life of these favoured islands. The road from Orotava to Porte, where Falstaff's "Cannysack," on which Shakspeare's mother wit mellowed so in Fleet-street and Cheapside taverns, came from, leads down to the sea along once a path of myrtle flowers and blossoming vines, is now covered by a hideous growth of prickly pear, that gigantic type of the curse of Cain. Yet still the delighted eye swooping down, past zig-zag sorry camels and merry country girls, carrying loads of grass, and fruit, and pottery, wanders over cheerful white clusters of villages set in frames of emerald shadow. This once happy part of the island has never recovered the dreadful lateral eruption of the Peak of Teneriffe in 1706, when the happy valley was scorched, the houses destroyed, and the harbour of Sarachico filled up. In 1811 the yellow fever swept like a hurricane of death

through Orotava, and bore away with it 751 out of the 1,800 who dared to remain and brave its fury. The town is now an upper-air Pompeii, and grass muffles your footsteps in the principal streets—you might practise rifle shooting in them. Yet at certain times, this corpse-like town throws by its shroud and assumes a sudden epileptic gaiety. The 23rd of June, St. John the Baptist's day, is one of the greatest feasts. All persons of the name of John are fêted and loaded with presents. Even Don Juan might get a chance of being respected. The country people flock in with baskets of flowers and palm branches; the staid canals pass through the streets. Night comes, but only to begin the sport again. Bonfires are lit every where—every one carries a lighted torch—every house where is a Don Juan is illuminated—you see the fires diminishing up the hills till the highest seem small as glow-worms. The night is spent by the maidens in love divinations. Catamites' plan is, directly the bonfires blaze up, to run to the window, and listen to the first Christian name she hears a passer-by pronounce, for it will be that of her lover. Another way is to throw a nosegay out of the window, and ascertain the name of the man who picks it up. Others break an egg in a pan of water, and believe that in the night it will congregate into symbolical shapes. St. John's Day is also chosen for talismanic cures; and the herdsmen choose that day to wash their goats in the sea. It is also the kindly custom to construct arches of flowers over the bedroom doors of the lucky Juans, and to hang to them live pigeons, rabbits, fruit, and eokes.

The Canary people who are superstitious, and believe in sweating pictures and other priestly marvels, retain many of the aboriginal Indian customs, and make great use of flowers in their religious festivals. On the 3rd of May, the day of the elevation of the Holy Cross, they hang garlands to the road-side and in-door crosses. The church pillars are twined with them, and they also cut flower leaves into small pieces, and strew the floors with them in patterns. At their holiday making the peasants amuse themselves with wrestling, cock-fighting,

card-playing, and dancing, which is accompanied by singing. They all strum on the guitar, beat the tambourine, and play on cane pipes. One of the great street sights is the illuminated procession of the *Pandorga* by night. The performers wear white shirts, and carry white paper lanterns on their heads, connected by ropes and forming two lines on either side the street, they give room for the masquers and musicians to walk unjostled and undisturbed. The giants, planets, and animals represented are borne by men, who carry the cane frames, strained over with white paper—the hobby-horses in fact of our own old Christmas games. Every now and then, at the corner of a street, the mummers stop to get up a cotillon or a short tournament. The only danger is, that sometimes the covering of the concealed dancers catches fire.

But the great feast of all is the burning of Judas on Easter Sunday in a large square near the sea. This is the square that in rough weather is strewed with skrapes which the surf washes in. The day begins with bell ringing and the following of guns. The houses are hung with crimson and yellow damask. The streets are strewn with flowers. Then comes the procession, the crimson banner, the priest under a canopy, the lay brotherhood in scarlet silk, the Mayor, everybody carrying lighted tapers, the drums play a slow march, the priest's bed tinkles, the townspeople and ladies in black mantillas crowd after, the poorer women follow, wearing their straw hats bound with broad ribbons, or having their heads tied with red and yellow handkerchiefs. The men have their leaping poles, their clean shirt sleeves and jackets over their arms; above the fruit and liquor stalls, the din and trample, rises the Peak, robed in its April dress of snow. Here, at the lower end, from a huge stem, hangs the effigy of the hated Judas, thirteen yards long, with a wig made of five black sheepskins covering his head. The costume of the wretch is not antiquarianly correct, for he wears a black cut-away coat, yellow pantaloons, and Hessian boots. The whole figure is netted over with fireworks, which are now, with a spit, and hiss, and flare, solemnly lighted. All the while it explodes

the mob pelt Judas and his mother with every curse and term of abuse they can think of.

They then drag down the charred body of the traitor and tear it through the streets, beating it to pieces with clubs and poles. The residue is towed out to sea, and even there pursued by boats of cursing and furious peasants.

Of course Mrs. Murray went up the Peak that travellers have ascended for so many reasons— one to see if the white violet really grew up there; another believing it was a place specially adapted for prayer; a third to boast at an English country ball that, so many nights before, he had been on the top of the Peak. You ascend through chestnut groves, treading under foot wild herbs, and bursling against ferns, and blooming cistus; you pass some charcoal burners and rabbit hunters, and ascend to the flower districts, where the bee hives and their warder are rising; to tracts of pumice-stone, where the wild goat lurks, next comes a slope of huge

blocks of obsidian on which the sun beats with fearful violence; and here and higher, where the path zig-zags between lava heaps, the traveller is often seized with sickness. The path winds on through ashes till you reach the *alta vista* above the *Estancia*, and there you have to leave your mules and mount *pur sang*, tackling to it. Now, all is a chaos of lava rocks, and is called the Mallais from dangerous chasms, and here the wind gets icy cold, and respiration is difficult. A great wind announces the summit, which can be seen 153 miles at sea, so that walking round the top 800 miles of sea lie before you. The crater is an oval bowl, still streaming and strewn with decomposing lava, pumice-stone, dust, and obsidian.

We quit Mrs. Murray's book with regret, for it is a happy book, fresh and cheerful; and it describes new scenes and new manners with bright warmth and a vivacity that is original without being Amazonian or unwomanly, like our peculiar antipathy, the "Unprotected Female."

HIS DREAM.

BY ELICIA SAPHRO JONES.

I saw, last night, the straw-roof'd cot,
Where oft she turn'd her wheel,
I saw the gable where we sat,
And felt what young hearts feel,
And I had thrown my years away,
And felt once more a child,
While she, who was my night and day,
Hung o'er me there and smiled.

I looked, and lo! at length she sat,
In holy childhood too,
And though a woman ere we met,
I'd swear that likeness true;
But while 'mid all that Christlike youth,
Wherein her beauty slept,
She sang a song of "Changeless Truth"—
I only watched and wept.

I took her offered hand in mine,
And looked far down her eyes:—
Ah, God, within their saintlike shine,
What fearful mysteries!—
Again gushed forth her song of "Truth";
But, 'neath its wild'ring strain,
I leaped from out my blinding youth,
And all was but a dream.

PASSAGES IN IRISH ETHNOLOGY—RELATIONS OF THE IRISH TO THE
NORTHMEN.

BY R. G. LATHAM, M.D.

CHAPTER IV.

PASS we now from the special history of *Snorrio* to a continuance of our criticism, and a consideration of the pretensions of the Elder Edda. Those who think but little of the Younger make much of this. The prose is but so much rhetoric or logography, but the verse is poetry and myth. Are not the earliest effusions of rude nations metrical? and is not the very fact of any thing being in verse *prima facie* evidence of its antiquity? Are there not the artless lays of simple peoples, and the vigorous epics of strong ones? We are told of all this, and more; yet, notwithstanding the common-places to the contrary, verses may be both modern and artificial, whilst prose may be old and natural. If the Elder Edda had been different in its form it would have passed for something of a very moderate antiquity. But verses make hymns, and hymns may be sung at solemn festivals. They may form, too, part of a liturgy, with priests and seers to match. They may stimulate the imagination and mislead the judgement in more ways than one. Quite enough has been made of the claims of the Elder Edda to be the representative of the religious feelings excited by the heathendom of Pagan Scandinavia. It has, however, more than one mediæval, scholastic, and Christian element.

Edda is a name for a collection of lays and narratives, the form of which is far from uniform, and the subjects of which are numerous. Different editors have arranged them differently. The present is no scientific arrangement at all; it is merely a polemical one. It deals with the parts according to the extent to which they confirm or invalidate the received doctrine. It disposes of a great section at once; a section which is, beyond doubt, other than indigenous—taking the rest as its parts recede from the standard heresy suggested.

Nearly one out of three large quarters is devoted to a set of narratives which no one can mistake for any

either truly Eddaic (whatever the word may mean), or even poetic; the Edda in view being the metrical Edda. It begins, indeed, with a lay, or myth, which may possibly be Norse, but which is, probably, Angle or Saxon. It is certainly English; but it is, probably, Angle as well; by which is meant the English of the Angli of Tacitus and Germany—the English of the Continent as opposed to the English of the island. It is the story so well known to the readers of Scott's novel, *Keithworth*, and so fully illustrated by the notes as that of Wayland Smith. To give it a local habitation go to Berkshire; follow it further and it appears in Westphalia. This suffices to make it both Angle and English. Further, as a local legend it is not to be found to the north of the Baltic, yet the very first of the Eddaic lays of the class in question is the *Völundar Lay*, or the Lay of Weland. Like all the lays of the division to which it belongs, it shows signs of recent origin in the North. *Snorrio* gives his narrative, and supports it by reference to certain poems. The *Völundar Qyda* has a framework of prose; and although the greater part of it is in verse, the verse is, in reality, an expansion of the prose. It is written, sandwich fashion, so much bread, so much meat; so much verse, so much prose. However, it is the story of Wayland Smith, which is certainly Angle, and which only may possibly be Norse.

The rest of the volume is of undoubtedly non-Norse character. It has two heroes, Sigurd and Atla. Each has more than one saga. There is one lay for one portion of Sigurd's life; one for another. Atla, too, has so many songs (mixed with prose) for one part of his deeds; so many for another. Now, Sigurd is the pre-eminent German hero, Sigfrid; Sigfrid of Xanten, on the Rhine; Sigfrid of the Frank and Burgundian legends; Sigfrid the hero of the first part of the *Nibelungen Lied*. The Nibel-

ungen Lied is a poem of the 13th century. It is not believed that the Eddaic lays of Sigurd are absolutely taken from this. It is only maintained that both are derived from the same mass of mythological, or semi-mythological, historic, or semi-historic, statements. The story of Sigurd is Anglo-Saxon as well; it appears in the Anglo-Saxon poem Beowulf. It is clear, however, that the Eddaic account is as little taken from Beowulf, as Beowulf is from the Nibelungen Lied. There was one common source. The point to bear in mind, however, is this, viz., that it was a German, and not a Norse story originally.

If the hero of one half of the Edda be other than Norse, the hero of the other half is equally so. If Sigurd be Sigfrid the German, Atla is Attila the Hun. His cotemporary Didrik (Theodoric), and numberless details, besides the name and current opinion, show this.

In one way or another the compiler of the Hun portion of the Edda knew, either directly or indirectly, at first or at second hand, Jornandes, and, probably, Paulus Diaconus. He knew, too, something that told him and the English of a Sigurd and a Wayland Smith. There is neither originality here, nor any honest pretence to it.

The next batch of Eddaic is gnomic. Two poems go together in this division—the Havamal and the Rigsmal. The Havamal is said to mean high lay. The Havamal deals with human nature. One stanza puts you in mind of Solomon; the other of Sam Slick. It may be of any nation or any time. It looks, however, wonderfully like Ecclesiastes adapted to pagans. At any rate, Ecclesiastes, Theognis, Phocylides, and the Havamal come under the same class.

Rigsmal has a greater show of originality. It is Hesiodic; and Hesiod, from having few imitators, appears to be more isolated, and, consequently, more original than he really is. It accounts for the different orders of men; and in the Rigsmal an order is very nearly a caste. A divinity makes a journey on earth, taking his pleasure meanwhile. Where he dines he sups; where he sups he sleeps; where he sleeps he begets children. When he dines with an earl, his children consti-

tute the race of earls; where he dines with yeomen, yeomen come to light. The poem is curious; and, as an element in the history of society, the most interesting of all contained in the Edda; yet it has bookish elements. In the first place, the social organization which it illustrates is one of *caste*, as truly caste as that of India or Egypt; yet caste is the very antipodes to the Norse system, which is, *par excellence*, allodial. Again, the very name of the poem itself is suspicious. What is *Rigsmal*? *Rigis mælos*—word for word, etymology for etymology; yet *Rig*, meaning *ree*, is no true Norse word. It is not German. When we talk of a bishopric, we have *ric* meaning *regnum*; but kingdoms and kings are different things. The *ric* in *Alara*, *Genseric*, and the like, cannot be shown to be truly German. The truth is that *ree*, meaning *king*, is, like so many other terms besides, Lithuanic, Latin, Indian—Indian, Latin, Lithuanic—but not German or Norse. And now comes a notice of Snorro's, to show that the word was a peculiar one. Snorro writes that at a certain period men ceased to call their kings *drött*, and began to call them *rig*. This is as if a writer on Anglo-Saxon England said that, "in the reign of—, men ceased to call their head *cyn-ning*, but honoured him as βασιλεὺς!" What is the fact! That a new and foreign title is assumed and recorded.

Let the Havamal be Gnomic, the Rigsmal heraldic and allegorical. The Voluspa comes next. This is Cosmogonic. I do not quite commit myself to the doctrine that, word for word, though not exactly syllable for syllable, *Volu* is *Syllab*, because I am not ready with the letter-changes, &c., and which account for the loss of the *sp*. Let me see my way to this, and the *fall* is *not*, and *vise versa*. So much for the title. In respect to the contents:—a singer of a song, wrapt and over-wrapt, Pythonesque fashion, in immortal verse, rushes forward, and asks a miscellaneous congregation "whether they hear or do not." If they do, she will tell them what the gods did. They went to their seats and took counsel together, as to what they should make. They agreed to make this, that, and t'other. They made the sky, and went back to their seats. Deliberated again and made the earth. Went back to their seats

(the usual translation is *stool*, as being more poetical), and deliberated again. Went on making and making, till at last they made every thing. Read the making of all things by the thoroughly-holy gods of the Volunga, and then read the first chapter of Genesis, and ask whether the latter is not Moses in disguise. Then read the end, where the general conflagration is described, and the end of the world accordingly. Having read this, compare Revelations.

The Solar-Lioth (Sun Lay), the next of the Eddaic poems in the way of Natural Theology, is admitted to be more or less Christian, possibly to be the composition of a monk. The present doctrine is, that this monkishness is the rule rather than the exception.

Nevertheless, as Christianity never excludes metaphysics, we have in the Volunga three Fates, Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld; Been, Becoming, and Should; or Past, Present, and Future; as conditional as Kant, and as regular as the Latin Grammar. Who believes that these are pagan spontaneities?

Again, as Christianity never excludes classics, where do these thoroughly holy gods live and meet? where stand their stools? On Mount Ida. Is this the Edda or the Iliad? In the history of municipalities Troy is less than old Sarum. In the history of fiction (and this means the history of the mind), Troy is as great as Rome. The Maelstrom and the Hellespont are connected by the Edda. It is a paper connexion, nevertheless. It is a fact in the history of legends; nothing more.

In Fin Magnusson's translation the Vafthrudnismal follows the Volunga; both passing for religious, theological, or cosmogonic poems. The opening of the Vafthrudnismal repeats itself several times in German and other mythologies. All the the world over, man and wife say to one another a great many things which they don't say to the world at large. They have opportunities for doing so, and they avail themselves of them. Upon these inter-conjugalities more than one tale turns, not in Norway only, nor in Sweden only, but everywhere.

A moderate form of husband-and-wife-ship appears in the Vafthrudnis-

mal. The husband merely wants to do something dangerous, and the wife merely dissuades him. Odin, the husband, is determined to try the skill of Vafthrudnir, a sorcerer, and Frigga, his wife, tells him that he will do so at a risk. Taking the name of Gangrade, Odin visits Vafthrudnir. Some Asiatic, and most European languages give us the context. King Solomon had his trials of wit. Marcolt the same. Scoggins the same. Intellectual gladiations are ubiquitous. So Odin, under the name of Gangrade, visits Vafthrudnir, and asks him questions. Who brings the Day? Answer—Delling. How are his horses named? Answer—Skinfaxe and Hinfaxe; and so on. All is Norse, all mythologic. Still there are two points worth noticing. The classical mystery was *quid Jupiter cum Juvenculo locutus est*? This is the last question asked. It poses the man to whom it applied. As to whether the asker could answer it, there is no evidence. It is generally made final by some omniscient in disguise. So Vafthrudnir asks Gangrade (Odin) what

"Odin said
In Balder's ear
As he lay on the pile."

answers, and Vafthrudnir is

Meanwhile, a curious mixture of the Goths spiritual and the Goths temporal, appears in the answer to the question

"What is the river
Which flows between
The Goths (Goths or Gods) and the Jutes?"

Answer, the Ithng. Now the Ithng is the Vistula, as truly as the Xanthus is the Scamander; and the Goths are the Gothones, Gythones, or Guttons of its banks, as truly as the Englishmen are Britons. However, the Norse mythology always makes gods out of men, and the similarity of the words Goth and God accounts for some confusion.

Akin to the Vafthrudnismal is the Grimnismal, or the *meal*, *mel-os*, or song, of Grimnir. Just as before—man and wife—two favourites. Odin the husband backs his man; Frigga, the wife, backs her's. "Try," says Frigga, "my friend Geirrod." "So I will," says Odin. "Be careful," says Frigga. "So I will," says Odin,

"I shall advise him," says Frigga.
 "Do your worst," says Odin.

Odin calls himself Grímnir, and undergoes a fiery ordeal. He tries the man who is his wife's *motegé*. The dogs won't bark at him. His wife has kindly notified this beforehand; so that when the traveller unsaluted by any canine latrations enters the hall of Geirrod, the fires are lit. Between two of these Grímnir is placed. For eight days he bears the blaze. On the ninth he wants some drink. The son of Geirrod brings it. He drinks and sings. His song forms the bulk of the poem. It tells us who is who, and what is what, in the world of Asas, especially it tells us where each divinity resided. For all its paganism it has strong marks of a scholastic origin. Its author was no unconscious poet, but one who knew metre and prosody *as such*, *etc.*, who knew them as certain branches of learning. What should we have said to a notice of dactyles and spondees in the *Iliad*? What would be our impression of a poet of the heroic age who talked about his hexameters? Should we not think one of two things, either that the age was too artificial to be heroic; or that the antiquity of so grammatical a versifier was exaggerated? Now, in the Grímnismál, the names of half the heavenly residences begin with the same letter as the name of the deity who resides in them: just as it in Greece, Phoebus lived in Philipopolis or Philadelphia, Pallas in Pella, Ares in Attica, and so on through the alphabet. Thor in the Grímnismál lives in Thrúlvang, Balder in Breidablick, Heimskall in Himinbjorg, Freya in Folkvang, Njord in Noatun.

I love my love with an A because he is Amialle.

I hate him with an A because he's Artful.

This is the fashion of the gods under notice. Whatever be the first letter of their name, the same is that of their residence. Who believes that the popular belief develops such alliterations as these? Who believes that they are accidental? They are simply metrical. The Norse metres, like the Anglo-Saxon, are alliterative, requiring that in every two lines, three words shall begin with the same letter. This necessity it is

which gives us the names in question. If Balder and his house are to be mentioned together, the name of the latter must begin with a B. Skade lives in Thrymheim, but not as the original occupant. The original occupant bore a name beginning with Th, viz.: Thiasse the most Keltic of the Norse divinities—Thiasse, Dusius, or the Deuce.

Other names are made for rhyming purposes, though rhymes are less common than initial alliterations. However, when a *Bergþrumr* appears he has an *Augathrumr*, and a *Heerþrumr* to accompany him. Again, the hog *Serrumr*, is cooked in the kettle *Herrumr*, and eaten in *Andrumr*.

Towards the end of his song, Odin, who has hitherto called himself Grímnir, takes an opportunity of saying, who he really is, adding to his declaration a long list of names by which he was known. Two of these are suspiciously Christian—Almdier, or the Father of All, and Jafnar, or Equal to the Highest. This term, however, has already been noticed.

The *Alvismál*, like the Grímnismál, is again redolent of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Just as certain rivers and heroes of ancient Greece had two names, one mortal like Scamander, another divine like Xanthus, so had certain objects in the Edda, double, triple, or even quadruple denominations. The Asas, for instance, call *þru* or *þrútr* by one name, the Dwarfs by another, the Vanas by a third. We know, *a priori*, what will come of this. The old story of the alliterations will repeat itself. To such a degree does it do this that the Vana language seems to have no initial but V. *Earth* by the Vanas is called Veyr; the Sky, Vindvögr; the Clouds, Vindlader; Fire, Vag; Ale, Veigh; and so on.

Such are the suspicious elements of three of the songs of the Elder Edda. It is not necessary to go through the remainder; which are chiefly narratives. Two of them, the *Vegtams Qvída* and the *Thryms Qvída* are well known, the former being the original of Gray's Descent of Odin, the latter the narrative of the loss and recovery of Thor's hammer, expanded into a poem by the late Dean of Manchester. The *Hymis Qvída*, and *Ægis Drecka*

require a fuller notice. In fact, Hymer seems to be Yumala, the great Fin Deity, whose name under the following modifications is found in all the languages of Northern Europe and North Western Asia—Jummal, Estonian, Yumal, Lap; Jemel, Zirimian; Yumia, Teheremiss; Jum, Samoyed. In like manner Zögir is Ukko the name of a Fin, and not the name of a German, deity. The story told in these two poems is that of Loke and Balder. Loke a sort of Momus, Thersites, or Mephistophiles, the gilder and seer of Valhalla, kills Balder the son of Odin, Balder the White, Balder the god of the brightest day, Balder the emblem of light and life; Loke, in his other capacity, being the god of darkness. With the manner in which this story of Loke and Balder has been rationalized, with its meteorological aspect, in which it is read as the conflict between Winter with its low nights and Summer with its long days, we have no present concern. The foreign origin of the story is the question under notice; for foreign it is, partly Fin, partly Slavonic. Loke appears in the former mythology as Louhi, whilst Balder the White has the etymology of his name in the adjective *bielq*; a word which in all the Slavonic tongues is what *albus* is in Latin, and *white* in English. In England but little is said about Balder, and equally little in Germany. Mr. Kemble is struck with the unimportance given to him in one country as compared with his prominence in another. He remarks that except as Baldag, a son of Woden in the Anglo-Saxon genealogies there is no mention of him at all. Strange that the Phœbus Apollo of the Edda should be wanting in the Pantheon of England. Save, however, in the genealogies the name does not occur. There is Phol, or Pol, mentioned along with Odin, in an old High-German MS. which Grimm has identified with Balder. In Scandinavia Balder himself is a foreign god, with a foreign name. The absence of an Eddaic deity in England and Germany is, of course, a presumption against its being truly and wholly Teutonic.

The next class of compositions are the Skaldic poems of which the Sagas give us so many fragments.

In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as is well known, the events of each year form the staple of the narrative. This is for ninety-nine hundredths in prose. Here and there, however, we have a sample of metres sometimes as a substitute for an ordinary notice, sometimes as a piece of evidence. More than one poem of considerable length is thus preserved, the one on the battle of Brunanburg being the best known. In the Norse Sagas the mixture of prose and poetry is the same; except that the quotations are more definite. In the Chronicle all the poets are anonymous. In Snorro, at least, and in most of his fellow Saganen, the name of the Skald is generally given. There is the prose account, and there is the piece of verse on which it rests. In many cases the latter would be unintelligible without the former, for, as a general rule, Skaldic poetry is obscure, artificial, and naïve, full of forced and unnatural metaphors, full of ingenious, but unpoetical circumlocutions. Here and there a truly fine image is to be found. Upon the whole, however, the compositions are more like riddles than narratives.

It is something to know that Norse authorship begins about the reign of King Stephen, and that its earliest sources are no older than that of Athelstan. That both the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish were lettered Christians long before this no one need be told.

Between 1000 and 1035 Christianity spreads itself rapidly under Olaf, the son of Harold, or St. Olaf, whose reign is, to a great extent, concurrent with that of Canute in England. In 1030, however, Canute deposes him, and assumes the title of King of Norway. Soon after this, a reaction takes place in favour of Paganism, and the battle of Stikklestad, resulting in the death of the king, for a while arrests the progress of the purer creed—only, however, for a while. Christianity prevails. Meanwhile the crown has reverted to a native king, and Magnus the Good is succeeded by Harold Hardrada. His relations to England we know. He was killed in the battle of Stamford Bridge, a few days before that of Hastings. Olaf Kyrre reigns quietly; indeed his name is translated *Olaf the Quiet*.

It is, however, suspiciously like that of Olaf Cuaran, the Danish king of Dublin.

Under Magnus Barefoot, the contemporary of William Rufus, the action of both the English and the Gaelic portions of the British Isles upon Norway becomes conspicuous. He harries the Orkneys. The Orkneys, however, are simply Norwegian. He harries the Hebrides, which are partly Norse and partly Gaelic. The miserable and affrighted natives fly before him—some to Cantire, some to Ireland, some to take service under the king himself. Lewis, Uist, Skye, Tiree, and Mull are mentioned by name as the scenes of his murderous exploits. Fierce, however, as he is, he respects the sanctity of Iona, for when he "came with his forces to the Holy Island, he gave peace and safety to all men there." It is told that he opened the door of the Little Saint Columba's Kirk there, but did not go in, but instantly locked the door again, and said that no man should be so bold as to go into that church hereafter, which has been the case ever since." Then he harried Islay; then the Isle of Mun.

Meanwhile the King of England is employed in a war against the Welsh, when, writes Lappenberg, "unforeseen, like the lightning's flash, there suddenly rose up to the Welsh a helper and an avenger; yet, also like the lightning, without further influence on the course of events." This was King Magnus the Barefooted. He had married an Anglo-Saxon lady; he had also married an Irish one. However, when he came to Anglesey he was opposed by an army led by two earls, each named Hugh: Hugh the Brave and Hugh the Stout, according to Snorro; Hugh of Montgomery and Hugh of Chester, according to the English authorities. King Magnus shot with the bow; but Hugh the Brave was all in armour, with nothing exposed except one eye. "The king let fly an arrow at him, as did a Halogeland-man, who was at his side. They both shot at once. The one shaft hit the nose-ecren of the helmet, and the other hit the ear's eye, and went through his head; and that was found to be the king's. King Magnus gained the victory in this battle, and took Anglesey Isle, which was the farthest south the Norway

kings of former days had ever extended their rule. Anglesey is a third part of Wales." Lappenberg remarks that this was the last collision between the English and the Northmen.

From Wales to Scotland—the Scotch king, Melkorf (Melcolm) is outwitted. King Barefoot strikes a treaty with him, in which it is agreed that all the islands between which and the mainland a ship could be steered should belong to Norway. Now, the Mull of Cantire is no island, but a long promontory, with a narrow neck. Over this King Barefoot had a vessel dragged, himself sitting in its stern, and holding a rudder. In this way he manufactured an island, and won Cantire for Norway.

From Scotland to Ireland—Moriartak Murtough is King of Connaught, father to a daughter named Bradmynea. Between her and his son, Sigurd, (afterwards famous as Sigurd Jorsalfarar, or Sigurd the Crusader), he contracts a marriage. He also set his son over the Orkneys and Hebrides, returning himself to Norway.

We have seen that this famous conqueror was named Barefoot (Barefods). Why? Snorro gives the following reason:—"People say that when he came home from his Viking cruise from the western countries, he and many of his people brought with them a great deal of the habits and fashions of clothing of those western parts. They went about in the street with bare leg, and had short kirtles and overcoats, and therefore his men called him Magnus Barefoot, or Bareleg." So old, at least, is the absence of knee buckles in the Highlands.

In the ninth year of his reign he started afresh for the west, ravaged Orkney, ravaged the Hebrides, ravaged Scotland, landed in Ireland. His son's father-in-law, Murtough of Connaught, joins him in an attack upon Dublin, and (mark the form) Dublin-shire. They also overrun Ulster. A fray arises out of some cattle; and Magnus Barefoot, speared through both thighs, is finally killed by an Irish axe on Irish ground. King Sigurd, when he heard of this, left his wife and sailed at once to Norway, over which, in conjunction with his brothers Olaf and Eysteinn, both of whom he survives, he reigns many years; not, however, without a rival—a rival who is eventually his suc-

cessor. This is the king, whose name has already been mentioned—Harold Gille, the Irish King of Norway, and the founder of a line of Hiberno-Scandinavian princes. He is introduced somewhat suddenly. After a full account of the deeds of Eysteinn and Sigurd, Snorro writes thus :—

“Halkal Huk, a son of John Smiorbalt, who was tenderman in Macre, made a voyage to the west sea, all the way to the South Hebrides. A man came to him, named Gille Krist (Gilchrist), and gave himself out for a son of Magnus Barefoot. His mother came with him, and said his other name was Harold. Halkal received the man, brought him to Norway with him, and went immediately to King Sigurd with Harold and his mother.”

He is questioned as to his birth and to the evidence of it, and finally committed to the ordeal of fire, accompanied with the condition that, even if he escape unhurt, he must make no claim to the crown of Norway during the life of either Sigurd himself or his son. These were the right hard terms. Harold, however, submitted to them. The ordeal itself was the greatest ever made in Norway, for the ploughshares, red hot, were nine in number, and Harold's feet were bare. However, he was attended by two bishops, and he invoked the name of St. Columba. “Then,” said Magnus, the son, “he does not tread on the irons in a manly way.” To which Sigurd, the father, replied, “Evil and wicked is thy speech, for he has done it admirably.” However, he did it (though he lay in bed for three days after the trial), and Sigurd admitted the relationship.

Sigurd dies and Harold succeeds him. This was when Henry I. was king in England. His character at the beginning of his Saga, or chapter devoted to his reign, is drawn in colours too favourable to last. He was affable, generous, and mirthful; one, too, who listened to good counsel. Many men became his friends and partisans, so that the oath by which he had bound himself, to attempt nothing during the lifetime of Magnus, is held to have been forced upon him and to have become null and void. Half the kingdom is assigned to him, and Magnus is compelled to acquiesce in the allotment. So he reigned and mar-

ried, had a son called Sigurd, and married again. Meanwhile, Magnus divides his subjects against him, and there is civil war. This brings another Irishman on the stage—Kristna, the uterine brother of Harold, who fights with unusual bravery and effect, cutting down all before him, and penetrating into the very midst of Magnus' army. However, he is killed by a man of his own side, who, raising his spear with both hands, drives it through the back of Kristna, so that it comes out at his breast. When asked why he did so foul a deed, he replied that Kristna had killed his cattle, robbed his house, and forced him to follow him to the field.

Kristna being dead the battle goes against Gille, who flies to Denmark, where Eric, who was his sworn brother, was king. Assistance and a second battle is the result. Success attending Harold, whose bearing now changes for the worse. He owed, indeed, little enough to King Magnus, who had ever hated, insulted, and tried to injure him. So he deposes him, cuts off one of his feet, puts out both his eyes, and otherwise mutilates him.

The sons of Harold were named Sigurd and Inge, and they succeeded him as kings of Norway. His daughters were Briget and Maria. The first of the three husbands of Briget was the king of Sweden. Harold was the founder of a royal line.

The narrative now changes and becomes very perplexing. *Montatus mutatis*, the story of Harold Gille, is repeated in the person of Sigurd Skimbadeakn, or Sigurd the Bad Deacon, who, claiming descent from Magnus Barefoot, undergoes the ordeal of fire. The credence, however, which Harold found with Sigurd the Crusader is by no means given to the Deacon, though, as a holy man, he passes through the fire unscathed, and has five bishops for compurgators. He treats Sigurd as an enemy, and lives to be murdered by him. His sons, however, succeed him, and are succeeded by their sons, all, for some time, of the blood of Harold Gille, the possible son of a Norse father, the actual son of an Irish mother. He spoke Gaelic as his mother, was a good king in the eyes of the priests, and a bad one in those of the laymen.

Under Magnus Erlendsson, who reigned over Norway during the

troublesome reign of King Stephen in England, a band was famous and terrible under the name of Birkbeiner. In the opinion of the present writer, *Birkbein* meant what was meant by *Barfod*, i.e., a bare leg, after the fashion of the Gaels. In the case of Barfod this is specially stated to have been the case. It should be added, however, that *Birkbein* is as specially stated to have another origin. The followers of Eystein, being poor in money, robbed all around, and so harassed the peasants and the farmers that the people of the country rose up against them, overpowered them by numbers, and drove them away to the forests and hills, where they lived till their clothes were worn out, when they sought for a substitute in the bark of the birch tree, out of which they made stockings, boots, greaves, or leggings of some strange sort or other, from the use of which they were called *Birkbeins* (*Bark-legs*). They often rushed down from their hiding places, and, after winning three victories in the parts about Viken, made their way northward.

In following them through the rest of their career, the great likelihood of their having been mercenaries from either the Gaelic parts of Scotland or the Hebrides becomes clear. They got themselves ships and sail along the coasts, gathering goods and men. They sail from south to north, most of them (a fact against the previous hypothesis) being said to have come from Tellenmarken. On the other hand, they have so far the appearance of being foreign mercenaries, if they appear in Norway just as the employer, Eystein, returns from foreign country, Sweden, whence had been supplied with money.

It is not necessary, however, to make much of such a fact as the fact of mercenaries more or less. A simple fact of such a dynasty as that of Harold Gilla (earlier than which we have no approach to a history which is, at one and the same time, both native and contemporary) is sufficient to show that the reciprocal between Norway and the Gaelic coast

A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.—THE REJECTION

"I WONDER, Julia, how our mysterious neighbour will turn out. His supercilious contempt of the gentry is unbearable. I have a great dislike to him."

"You are always too rash, Caroline, in forming your judgment. If you were of a lighter character I would not so much mind; but you allow your feelings to carry you away, and are capable of loving and hating too deeply. Trust me, there are other things beside feelings to guide us in our journey through life."

This advice was received with an impatient toss of the head; and rising from her chair, Caroline walked to the window, saying, "Julia, never speak to me about my feelings. I cannot control them."

Receiving no answer, she turned towards her friend, and saw her looking timidly and anxiously at her.

Dashing over and throwing her arms round Julia in her naturally-impulsive way, Caroline said, "You ought not to be angry with me, for you have the warmest love I can give. But, Julia, you do not trust me—why are you so afraid of me—you know how fond I am of you."

"I know that, Caroline. Yes, I am sure you love me; but I often tremble for you. Your nature, so different from mine, I cannot understand it; but it seems to me that with such a passionate and proud nature your path will be surrounded with dangers."

"Proud," said Caroline smiling, and standing erect as she glanced at her figure in the glass. "Was there ever a Digby that was not proud? My mother, she was proud too, I hear. I cannot help it; it is my nature, and I never will submit tamely to incivility."

to show proper respect to his neighbours, I will show him that!"

"Caroline, you judge Sir Alfred very rashly. You know the young man has really done all that civility required; he, perhaps, wishes to live retired, and has formed no intimacy in the neighbourhood. We are not alighted more than any other family. He returned your father's visit immediately. You are vexed," she continued archly, "that so handsome a man as Sir Alfred has not been more sensible to the attractions of the accomplished daughter of Colonel Digby." So saying, she threw her arm round her cousin Caroline. "Come, let us have done with Sir Alfred," she said, "and resume our reading."

Caroline Digby, the younger of the two ladies, was the only child and heiress of Colonel Digby, a man of ancient family and large fortune. His wife, a native of the south of Italy, died when his daughter was but five years old, and thus she was left to the sole care of an indulgent parent, who never refused her the gratification of a single wish. She was young and beautiful, a tall and slight figure, with a small Grecian head, well set on her neck and shoulders. Her features were classical, the outline clear but not sharp, the short curved upper lip, together with the way in which she carried her head, suggested the thought that she was proud. A dark olive skin showed she inherited with the warm blood of the south its strong passions.

Julia St. Laurence, the cousin and companion of Caroline Digby, was a contrast to her in every particular. She was of low stature, fair hair, her face pale and of an expression as if she had suffered much. Her eyes were light blue, and accompanied with a frightened look. She never seemed to be free from the idea that some dreadful shadow was following her. In speaking, she never looked at the person whom she addressed, but kept her eyes lowered, and twitched her fingers nervously. She was the daughter of a sister of Colonel Digby, who had married Major St. Laurence, a profligate spendthrift, who had broken his wife's heart a few years after their marriage. Some years after her death Major St. Laurence married again, and Colonel Digby proposed to adopt his sister's children. This offer was

gladly accepted. And for many years Julia St. Laurence and her brother resided with Colonel Digby. The sorrows of her childhood tended to make her of a subdued, almost melancholy temper. She was of a cautious and distrustful nature, loving very few, and only unreserved to her brother. She loved Caroline, but she also feared her; she could not at all comprehend her warm, impetuous nature, which was so opposite to her own.

Julia's brother, Charles, some years older than his sister, was cunning, and keenly felt his position as a dependent upon his uncle's bounty; but as an inmate in Colonel Digby's house he soon saw an easy access to the summit of his most ambitious hopes. Caroline's beauty attracted his admiration. To mould her character, to obtain her hand and fortune, was the aim to which he directed all the powers of his mind. His uncle's consent *must* be obtained. Here was a difficulty; but his cleverness assisted him in this dilemma. He discovered that the disappointment of Colonel Digby's life was his not having a son to represent him. To supply a son's place was his object. With an artist's skill did he study the weakness of his uncle's character, and made himself at length necessary to the old man's existence. He insinuated that in his veins flowed his uncle's blood, and that the near relationship that was between them might yet be drawn closer. Once Colonel Digby seized on this idea it became the darling object of his life, that Charles should marry his daughter, and be his heir. Caroline was only fifteen when these arrangements were entered into. The question of *her* consent had not, indeed, been thought of by either party. Her father never for a moment thought that his daughter could hesitate to accept any suitor he chose for her, and Charles had enough of self-esteem to think that there could be no difficulty in obtaining her hand.

Charles requested his uncle not to mention their plans to his daughter, as he wished to win her love. But Charles St. Laurence was not one who could in any way influence Caroline. Wearisome lectures on the duty of controlling her feelings—feelings she was conscious he never could un-

derstand—only exasperated her untamed nature; her proud spirit rebelled against his usurped authority, and she lost no opportunity of escaping from his presence. As she grew older and felt that his interest in her was actuated by a tenderer feeling, her dislike gradually assumed the bitterest hatred she was capable of feeling.

Woodstock, the family residence of Colonel Digby, was situated in one of the southern counties of England. The house was built in Elizabethan style, but various additions had been made from time to time, without much regard either to taste or congruity. It was situated on rising ground at the foot of a range of hills; a deep and rapid river swept round the southern extremity of the demense on its progress to the sea, into which it emptied itself about two miles distant. At one side of the river were high and sloping banks, thickly planted, intersected by a winding walk that led to a waterfall at some distance. This walk was a favourite one of Caroline's, and to it, as a retreat, she often fled from the persecutions of her cousin.

About five years before the conversation related in the beginning of this story, Charles St. Laurence had received an order to join his regiment on foreign service. It was an evening in the latter end of October, that he was expected on a hurried leave-taking. Caroline dreaded this visit; but the prospect of his final departure the following day decided her in hearing with him. At the hour when he was expected she strolled out unobserved to the walk already described, stopping now and again to look at the rapid current of the river which was much swollen from heavy rains. She had not proceeded far, when, by a turn in the path, she started suddenly, facing her cousin. He at once joined her, saying—"Believe me, Caroline, that this unexpected order has greatly annoyed me. I had no idea of leaving the country. This move has disarranged all my plans; but though I must go as far as Malta, I shall endeavour to exchange into another regiment, and to avoid going to India."

"I think that would be a very unwise arrangement. You have often

complained of the want of a larger income, and an exchange under your circumstances would imply a heavy

"Oh," said he, "circumstances have altered now, and that consideration does not weigh with me."

"Indeed," said Caroline; "has your father"—

"Not mine, but yours."

She stood still, and turned round to him. "What do you mean? I cannot comprehend."

"I know you do not, Caroline, and to explain all to you is the object of my present visit."

In an agony of apprehension, but without one outward sign of it, she walked on while her cousin continued:

"Your father wishes me to superintend his property. He finds age creeping on, and feels disinclined to attend to the various duties that such a large estate require." Then advancing closer, and seizing her hand, he said: "And you, dear, will give me the right to fulfil my duties in a nearer relationship."

Suddenly drawing away her hand, she said: "You know how distasteful this subject is to me. If you wish that we should part friends, do for ever drop this hateful theme."

"That, Caroline, I can never do. We have been together so many years. I have lived and grown under the conviction that you are to be my wife."

"Charles, be just. From the hour that I was capable of understanding your attentions, by every means in my power I showed my disapproval."

"You are hardly more than a child," he replied, "and cannot know your own mind. I only ask you to receive me as your future husband, and time, I have no doubt, will produce tenderer feelings."

"Charles, do be generous; I have tried. I wish that we may part as friends, as cousins, more I never, oh never can be. Cease this, it is persecution, for your sister's sake. My father's"—

"Your father's! For your father's sake hear me. I have reason to believe that it is his wish that we should be married. You know his sentiments on the way in which a daughter should receive a father's commands on such a subject. He also wishes his pro-

party to be represented by a blood relation, lest it pass into the family of a stranger."

Caroline was for a moment struck dumb with astonishment to find her father in the league against her. She knew but too well that her cousin spoke the truth about his opinions with regard to a daughter's duty. She had now a clue to hints that he had for some time been throwing out. Making a violent effort to recover her self-possession, she answered, with heightened colour—"And is it possible, sir, that you expect to gain a woman's affection by telling her you value her chiefly for her money. This outrage has confirmed the aversion I have always felt for you."

Charles perceived his rashness, but his temper was so exasperated by the bitterness of her reply, that, losing all command over himself, he whispered, "I want both, and shall have both."

"Unmanly persecutor," she replied, feeling how impotent she was, alone, her father, all against her, how sure he seemed of accomplishing his purpose. Trying to intimidate him, and

gaining courage by her boldness, she continued, fiercely, "don't defy me; you are not the first that has been made to tremble at a woman's vengeance."

"I do defy you," he whispered, enraged beyond endurance.

"Let me pass," she cried, as he attempted to detain her, and bursting from him, she hurried to the house. As she passed the shrubbery, skirting on the walk, she thought she perceived the figure of a man hastily retiring amongst the trees. For the moment she felt an unpleasant sensation, lest her conversation might have been overheard, but her state of excitement prevented her from dwelling on the subject, and hurrying into the building, she was annoyed at finding her maid in the hall. As she wished to escape to her room unobserved, the servant addressed some observation to her, but not heeding it, she dismissed her, and desired that she might not be interrupted that night. Taking refuge in her own room, she did not make her appearance during the evening.

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERY.

AFTER a restless night, passed in broken slumbers, Caroline awoke with a horrible sensation that she should have to meet her cousin again. There was an unusual stir in the house, but thinking it was caused by preparations for his departure, she lingered in her room; but it had so long passed the usual breakfast hour, she began to think something extraordinary must have occurred; and yet, what in so quiet a household could have happened? While thus debating with herself, she was attracted by voices under her window, raising it, she was surprised to see several people belonging to the house talking together in scattered knots; she hastened down. As she entered the breakfast-room, her cousin Julia sprang towards her, and throwing her arms round her, she cried—

"Oh, Caroline! Charles, poor, dear Charles."

"What! what of him?" she answered.

"He has not been heard of since last evening; he was to have met the

steward in the village, to arrange some business about one of the tenants, and left this, early, to keep the appointment, we expected him back to sleep here; but as it was getting late, and he did not return, we concluded he would not come till this morning. About six o'clock this morning, Thompson came up, looking for Charles, as he had not met him last night, as settled upon."

Caroline's first sensation, on hearing this, was one of intense relief; but concealing her feelings, she asked—

"Where did he go? Who saw him last?"

"We have not been able to find out; it seems he has not been seen by any body."

Caroline suggested the dragging of the river.

"The river!" said Julia, horrified, "oh, no! he could not have gone there. Did you see him? Why do you think he went in that direction?"

She answered with embarrassment, "I thought—perhaps—the new plantation—he might have gone to

see that, and the bank is steep, and in this weather the ground slippery. An accident might have happened."

Just as she spoke, Colonel Digby entered, looking very depressed. Both girls at once cried—

"Any news?"

"None, none," said he; "every spot has been searched, and no trace found."

Julia said, hesitatingly, "Caroline was thinking, perhaps, near the river."

He shook his head. "The river has been searched, as well as the heavy floods would allow; his footsteps have been traced on the bank, but almost confined to one spot."

"Were there any other footsteps?" said Caroline, hastily.

He looked up surprised. "Others? No. It was difficult to discover his; the rain had almost obliterated them. I have sent to London, in case his friends there might have heard something of him, but alas!" He threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands, he groaned with deep emotion, "My poor boy, I fear I have lost him; I feel he is gone, gone, for ever."

Julia was in an agony of grief, but in her quiet, undemonstrative way, hardly gave any outward token, except in the nervous clasping of her hands, and the twitchings round her mouth.

And Caroline, how did she feel in this great family affliction! The only sensation in her heart was one of freedom! Liberty was very sweet. She need not now fear; she was safe; but hating herself for not being able to sympathize in the deep sorrow around, she quitted the room.

When alone, the scene of the previous evening presented itself to her mind vividly. Gradually the thought of self gave place to better sentiments. She was horrified to think of the terms in which she had parted from her cousin, perhaps for ever; her feelings at that hour had been so overwrought, that she would have accepted freedom from his persecutions, even at the sacrifice of his life; and now that her prayers for liberty had been answered in a way she did not expect, what would she not give to recall the past. These feelings, combined with the reluctance she had in mentioning her refusal of her cousin's offer of marriage, prevented her from

alluding to the interview of the preceding evening.

As the conviction of Charles St. Laurence's death became more definite, Caroline was haunted with inexpressible terror at the recollection of the figure she had seen creeping along the shrubbery, which had made so little impression on her at the time, but now, as her mind dwelt on every minute particular connected with that fatal night, she could not hide from herself that the man wished to escape observation; perhaps he was there for some dreadful purpose; he might have had some ill-will against her poor cousin, and was watching his opportunity of finding him alone.

She felt this, she ought to communicate to her father. But it was impossible; she did not do it at first, and now it was too late. Besides, she argued, the darkness prevented her from seeing the man's face. Mentioning the circumstance would only raise suspicions that could never be realized. She determined to examine the spot herself, in hopes there might be some clue that would lead to the unravelling of the mystery.

Quitting the drawing-room at an early hour that evening, on the plea of fatigue after the terrible excitement of the day, she hurried to her room, dismissed her maid, and waited impatiently for the hour when, as she knew, there would be least chance of her meeting any one on her way through the house. When the clock struck ten she descended softly to the hall. The main door was fastened, but there was a small glass one at the opposite side of the hall, which led into the garden, and this was open; the garden, however, was walled, but there was a private wicket leading from it into the open grounds, and the key of this being, with a number of others, in the hall, securing it Caroline closed the glass door as she left the house, crossing the garden she passed the gate, and before she well knew what she had done found herself beyond the limits of the house. For a moment she paused; the night was dark, with heavy rolling clouds; a chill wind blew upwards from the river, to which the path she was on led. Should she go on? A fierce impulse of curiosity and terror drove her forward. She hastened, almost ran along till she reached the shrub-

bery. It was a few paces from the place where she had last seen her cousin; just at the spot where the mysterious figure had entered. The moon was shining with an uncertain radiance, so that the walk behind her was clearly illuminated, while all before her was lost in obscurity; but she did not give herself time to think; she dared not; she felt like one urged on by some power over which she had no control, till she glided to the fatal spot of her cousin's departure, when she asked herself what had brought her there? What did she expect to find? What might she not meet? She looked around fearfully; her imagination recalled her cousin's features and attitude so vividly that she was terrified lest she should see him returning in some unearthly form. She heard a slight noise, as if caused by a movement amongst the branches, and held her breath with terror. Slightly turning her head she saw a dark shadow thrown on the ground at some distance behind her, creeping stealthily along; but she had no power to move, she found herself rooted to the spot, and clinging to the tree her cousin had leant against the night before, the horror of seeing *him* was even exceeded by the unutterable dread of encountering the murderer, whom she was conscious was lurking near. Her sense of hearing was painfully acute, she listened intently: the sound she heard before was repeated; and now she distinctly heard a footstep. With more of the instinct of self-preservation than of thought, she darted forward, and with the utmost speed flew towards the house; still the footstep followed; she was pursued. With a bursting heart, and maddened with terror, she rushed through the garden-gate. As it clapped behind her, she knew she was safe, and then fell insensible on the ground.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself still in the same position. Collecting her remaining strength she crawled home and flung herself exhausted on her bed.

Braydon Hall, the residence of Sir Richard Baker, was only separated from Woodstock by the winding river we have before noticed, over which there was a wooden bridge connecting the two estates. Old Sir Richard, as he was called, had but lately taken up his residence at Bray-

don Hall. He was a man of eccentric habits; he had never married; and though it was generally supposed he intended that his nephew should be his heir, yet he never had invited the young man within his doors. Indeed, there was some doubt as to whether he had ever seen him; he held no communication with him, and seemed perfectly indifferent to his pursuits and pleasures. The only instance in which he had ever recognised his existence, was in expressing a wish, put more in the way of a command, that he would engage as his valet a person whom Sir Richard recommended.

Sir Richard's age, together with his strange habits, contributed to render him an unsocial neighbour. Beyond the usual courtesy of return visits there had been little intercourse between him and Colonel Digby's family.

About the time of Charles St. Laurence's mysterious disappearance, old Sir Richard died; and by his will it was discovered that his nephew was left sole heir of his large property; but the young man did not seem to be much elated by his new honour, as he had allowed nearly five years to elapse without having come to Braydon Hall. It was a few months before the opening of our narrative that Sir Alfred Douglass had taken up his abode at Braydon. He seemed inclined to lead the retired life of his uncle, as he had declined all advances from the surrounding gentry, and had continued in perfect seclusion.

Some days after Caroline's indignant remark, with regard to her "mysterious neighbour," as she called Sir Alfred Douglass, the young ladies were engaged to accompany a party to the races, to take place some miles distant from Woodstock. Colonel Digby had a horse to run, and Caroline was interested in the success of her favourite. The day was bright and cloudless as the party set out, some in carriages, others on horseback. Among the latter were Caroline and her cousin. The road to the town where the races were held was flat, lying parallel to the sea; but at some distance inland, and by curves, now and again skirting close to the shore. Along the road there was a good deal of traffic, and on this particular occasion it was crowded with vehicles, all wending their way in the

direction of the enticing goal. The town resembled more a straggling village, situated on high cliffs, overlooking the sea. There was a winding path that skirted them on one side, guarded by a low wall, between which and the precipice there was about a few feet of grass plat; at the other side, a flat plain extended to the racing ground. This path commanded a beautiful view of sea and valley, as well as an extended sea prospect.

The racing ground presented a very gay appearance: the fiery, spirited horses pawing the ground, eager to start; the riders, with their bright coats shining in the sun; the carriages closing in the scene, glittering with youth and beauty. As the party from Woodstock arrived the attention of all was directed to "Sunshine," Colonel Digby's horse, which was just starting. Caroline's excitement knew no bounds, as she bent forward, fearing her horse should lose, and now hearing with uncontrolled delight from those around her that he had won. Her spirits quite carried her away, and the horse she was riding seemed to partake of his mistress's excitement, as he became very restive. Sir Alfred Douglass, who had been near, though unperceived by her, now leant forward and said that she had better be careful of such a spirited animal, and offered to lead her out of the crowd, if she would allow him. Politely declining his offer she answered, "she had almost been reared on horseback, and was not at all afraid;" and now she rather prided herself in managing the irritated animal; but he was fast getting beyond her control. Turning him, to get clear of the crowd, something started him; he reared; but she kept her seat, when giving a sudden dart, he made straight across the plain to the winding path, between which and the high cliffs the low wall was the only protection. Some gentlemen made a vain attempt to check him; he had cleared the wall, and was but a few steps from the precipitous cliffs, when one man darted from the crowd, and with a heavy stone struck the animal a well-directed blow on the forehead. There was a breathless silence for one moment, as all expected man, horse, and rider to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

It was the work of an instant, as the horse, stunned with the blow, stood and shivered, to snatch Caroline from his back, when the poor animal fell over. The burst of applause from the crowd showed how this gallant deed was appreciated. Caroline was carried to the nearest house. Except the great shock, she had met with no injury; and when she turned to thank her preserver, what was her astonishment to discover that it was Sir Alfred Douglass who had so bravely endangered his life to save hers.

This accident was the commencement of an acquaintance between Sir Alfred and the family at Woodstock. Colonel Digby was profuse in his gratitude; his reiterated invitations impossible to resist; and though, with apparent reluctance, Sir Alfred Douglass became a constant visitor. Caroline, in spite of her determination to dislike, felt greatly interested in him. His manly courage, contrasted with those around her on the occasion of his rescuing her, made a deep impression; but she was piqued and irritated with him; his visits were short and hurried; he seemed unaccountably embarrassed and awkward, which was quite incompatible in a man of his high bred manners and noble bearing; it was as if he called against his will; and yet his visits increased. There was a strange contradiction about him, which excited Caroline's imagination, and contributed to create a sort of fascination which she found it difficult to resist.

She hardly knew herself: she who had always been so proud, to find herself drawn towards, almost humbled now to a man who evidently cared not for her. At last she thought she had gained a clue that might, perhaps, account for his reserved manner. It was Julia he feared; and he must naturally consider her as an intruder. This thought made her cheek burn with indignation. Why did it never occur to her before? Had she, by word or look, betrayed her feelings towards him? She resolved, when next he came, to let him see that she was as indifferent to him as he was to her. As she came to this determination a half suppressed sigh, and a tear quickly brushed away, showed that her words belied her heart.

Caroline had not long to wait, for

the next day presented an opportunity which tested the strength of her resolution. As she and her cousin were sitting together Sir A. walked in. After some common-place remarks, Caroline rose, and pleading an engagement, hastened to leave the room. Julia, who looked surprised at this sudden move, inquired "where she was going." She answered hastily, "that she had promised to see a poor person who was sick in the village." "You had better go through the park, then, as you will be too late on the road alone," Julia said.

Inclining her head to both parties Caroline left the room. She took her hat, which hung in the hall, fretted and vexed with herself for thus voluntarily foregoing the society which was now becoming so interesting to her, perhaps for a mere fancy. She languidly walked across the lawn; but she had not gone far when she heard a step behind her, which made her heart bound. As Sir Alfred overtook her, he asked in a cheerful tone would she object to his accompanying her. The look, manner, voice, all so changed from a few moments before, that she gazed up at him to convince herself of his identity. "When I heard you were going to take this long walk alone," said he, "I hastened to join, as I must take care of the life that I flatter myself I saved; perhaps another danger might cross your path." The allusion, and the glance which accompanied it, made her blush deeply; and with downcast eyes she allowed him to draw her hand within his arm.

This walk was the first of many others. Every day Caroline and Sir Alfred, in a most unaccountable manner met accidentally in some part of the domain; and these meetings led to rambles of hours' continuance,

hours the most delightful Caroline had ever spent.

In all their walks Caroline had carefully avoided the shrubbery: it recalled too painful recollections; and now she could not bear a cloud to pass over the sunshine of her happiness; but one day unexpectedly as they came to the path leading to the river, Sir A. suggested their turning down it. "Let us rest here," he said; and drawing her down beside him, his face brightened with joy, he poured out his protestations of love. Sir Alfred was the first to perceive the sun sinking in the distant horizon. "You will be late home," he said; "we must part; to-morrow let us come to this walk; it is the prettiest in the place. How is it we have never been here before?"

"It was once my favourite haunt," said Caroline; "but of late I have shunned it. It is connected with the most sorrowful period of my life."

"Sorrowful! have you had sorrow, and never told me?" he answered, looking down upon her with a sad smile.

"Oh no," she said, hesitatingly. "Oh no," she said, six years ago, I "but it was here, that sin; he never parted from my side."

"He was heard of after," him; he was She looked up, pained unable to ghastly pale, and leaning against a tree; speak he was lean. Dear Sir Alfred, she was terrified. "Almost gasp—are you ill," she seizing her wrist for breath, and in a voice, he said, with the pressure of a hand, did you love "Your cousin, Caroline."

that cousin! "Love him," said she, blushing deeply; "no; I wish I could even liked him." The answer seemed an immense relief; little more passed between them.

CHAPTER III.

MATRIMONY

WE must now pass over an interval of some months, and introduce Caroline as the wife of Sir Alfred Douglas. She was not in the least disappointed in the estimate she had formed of his character—he was generous and noble, high-minded, and an enemy to all meanness. His fault was want of moral courage in facing danger. This was a strange deficiency in one who

possessed such physical courage as he did; but even this fault Caroline did not see. He repaid the love she bestowed on him ardently, passionately; perhaps, he even loved her more entirely than she could love him. Her family, her father were dear to her; but he stood alone; his world, all was centred in her. He had lived retired; his nature was not one that

sought companionship; he had avoided all intimacies. Since his arrival at Braydon he had led the life of a recluse. When he had first seen Caroline Digby she seemed to shine upon him like a vision; her face and form haunted him; he felt he ought to shun her, but was irresistibly drawn towards her; and when he had saved her life, then it was that fate seemed to decree that to him belonged the life he delivered. They lived in and for each other. She was full of life and joyous as a bird. It seemed as if she had laid aside the pride and dignity of demeanour that was so remarkable before her marriage. She clung to and caressed her husband more lovingly and confidently than one of a softer disposition would; but if by chance, or by word or look, the least disrespect towards him appeared, then the fire darted from her eye, the erect figure and brightened colour soon discovered the Caroline Digby of former days.

now was this quickness, this jealousy, light from the husband should not be had won. Her soul, that first led Catherine away, and the certain respect of it seemed to be of her domestic distress's excitement, as the son of the restive. Sir Alfraydon. Sir Richard had been near, twice, adopted this by her, now leant was, long before he that she had better at Braydon Hall, a spirited animal, or, had cured the her out of the creed to the property, allow him. Polished himself most offer she answered efficient, so when Sir been reared on to reside at Braydon, not at all afraid was getting too old for prided herself, was provided with the tated and a settled pension. His son beyond, Sir Richard placed as valet with his heir, Sir Alfred Douglass, in whose service he had now been for many years. It was not for the familiarity that a servant, many years in a family, might acquire, that Caroline objected to in James Forest—this was not in her nature; but an undefined influence, a degree of superiority he assumed, which could not be explained. She could not lay a finger upon any one act or word; he was respectful, outwardly, rather obsequiously so, but she felt he had a power over her husband which she could not bear; but if ever she expressed a wish to have him dismissed, Sir Alfred calmly remarked that he was a

valuable servant; and she knew, though her husband never said it, that James was fixed there—and James was a valuable servant. He could make himself useful in many ways; there was nothing he could not do; he knew exactly what was required in the land-steward of such a property, and never allowed his master to be wronged; he could detect the least default in the work of a labourer, or in the price of an article that was charged above its value; he was honest in his own dealings, as well as watchful over the conduct of those under him—*honest*, that is in the strict acceptation of the word; he would not cheat his master of a shilling—this was quite beneath him, and would not at all suit his purpose; he was never detected in a falsehood, and seemed by instinct to know whenever there was an attempt to pass one on himself or his master. He had an extraordinary control over himself; no one had ever seen him lose his temper, or heard him use an angry word; yet whosoever had once offended him, was sure to suffer either by losing their situation or in a worse way. No one could trace any complaint that *he* had brought against them; *his* hand could not be detected in their misfortune, but once they crossed his path their sun set. The poorer classes regarded him with a sort of superstitious awe, considering it unlucky to speak a word against, though he was not popular amongst his own class. The extraordinary reserve in his manner caused a restraint they could not understand; his personal appearance was, at first sight, in his favour: his figure was manly and well proportioned, above the middle height; his features regular; he was bald, and this added to the height of his forehead, which was unusually high, but his face was perfectly expressionless, the same bland, unmeaning smile; whether he addressed his superiors or dependents, the control he exercised over his actions seemed to have extended to his very countenance; he never was surprised out of this impressibility, but he could please when it suited his purpose. There was one in Sir Alfred's household who looked favourably on him, and this was Caroline's maid, who had been living with her for years; it was a source of great annoyance to Caroline, but she knew nothing unfavourable

of James Forest, and she felt that it would be unjust to prejudice her maid against him. Her own feelings she could not control; she never liked him, and highly disapproved of the influence he had gained over her husband.

Caroline's life was bright and happy; but at times light clouds flitted across the sunshine, which, though they passed away quickly, made her sometimes pause and think. Her husband, she felt, had moments of uneasiness, of which she could not fathom the cause. The sudden changes of mood and countenance, though ever gentle to her, yet at times he even shunned her companionship, and would dart, as if driven by some irresistible impulse, from her. She would watch him with beating heart as he paced the walks through the woods, but feared to intrude on him. She longed, burned to ask him to let her share his sorrow, and comfort him; but she feared that he would then

feel her presence as a restraint. Once she ventured, and followed him.

"Alfred, why leave me!" she said; "let me be where you are."

"Dearest," and throwing his arm round her, passionately, he said, "I am cursed; why have you linked your bright existence to mine, to blight your sweet existence by the poison of mine?"

"Oh, hush! dear Alfred. What are you saying?"

"Nothing, darling, nothing; I am sometimes gloomy;" and then with an effort he roused himself, and tried to be interested in her pursuits.

Her fears were realized; she saw that if she remarked his gloom that she would only restrain him in her presence, and so resolved never again to allude to the distressing subject.

And so time rolled on, as it does with us all. Caroline happy and contented, he happy with her, loving her deeply, but at times this dark shadow cast long shadows.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE evening, it was getting late, and Caroline rose to retire for the night. As she was leaving the room, her husband rung the bell and ordered James to be sent to him to arrange some accounts.

Some time after Caroline left the room, she remembered that there was a note she had particularly wished to answer, and had forgotten it in her husband's study. She desired her maid to fetch it; but not recollecting exactly where she had put it, she called her back and said she would go herself to look for it. She took a candle, and ran down stairs. As she walked up a long corridor that led to the study, she heard loud voices raised in anger. Not being sure from what direction they proceeded, she stood to listen, when she discovered it was from the library. She waited for a moment without moving, and heard distinctly repeated the name of her cousin, "Charles St. Laurence;" but she could not recognise the voice of the speaker. Still standing, she hesitated should she go on. Advancing a few steps, then, she changed her purpose, and returned hastily to her own room, in a state of great excitement. She repeated to herself,

"Charles St. Laurence," a thousand and a thousand times. She only heard the name once, and she could hear nothing more of what was said; but she was convinced she had not been deceived, it was no freak of imagination. She had ceased to think of him altogether, there was no one further from her thoughts at that moment than he was, there was no doubt the name *was* said, and that clearly, distinctly; but then, again, she argued, who had known Charles St. Laurence in that house? None, but herself and her maid. Whose voice was it she heard? Could any stranger have come to her husband after she had left him; but this could not be; there lay the keys on the table; the doors had been locked an hour before. Alfred was in the library, and who was with him? Then it dawned on her recollection that she had met James going into the room as she left it; but what could James mean by speaking of her cousin? He *had* known him certainly, years ago, before he went abroad with Sir Alfred; but would he mention him, even if he did speak of him, so disrespectfully as "Charles St. Laurence." Then, again, whoever spoke was in furious anger;

James never was known to raise his voice; the more she thought, the more bewildered she became. "There is some ill-luck follows me, connected with him," she said, distractedly. Then in vain she tried to calm herself and think of other things, but involuntarily her thoughts recurred to her cousin, and what she had just heard. She could arrive at no satisfactory solution. What forced itself on her mind, with vivid conviction, was that her cousin was *living*. Where or in what manner she could not conjecture, but alive he was, she felt sure.

At first this gave her joy, but the reflection, "there must be something very strange about it," she thought. Why should he remain concealed, or, perhaps, worse—be deprived of his liberty; guilt there seemed connected with his absence, be it in *himself* or *others*. The labyrinth was becoming more involved. Her arguments only seemed to draw her husband into some indefinite crime. "Oh! it was better, far happier, that Charles had been, as we thought, drowned." Stopping herself—"What am I saying! how dreadful!" She walked up and down the room in nervous excitement till she heard her husband's step; then, snatching a book from the table, she seemed intently absorbed by the perusal, determining that he should not see a trace of the uneasiness she tried to conceal. He expressed surprise at seeing her up so late; and then drawing a chair to the fire sat close beside her, and in great spirits entered into a detail of some altera-

tions which he was about to make. She looked at him in surprise; there was not a trace about him that would lead her to think he had been engaged in any thing extraordinary or unpleasant. She longed to turn the conversation on James, but hardly knew how to accomplish it. Her dread that this man was in some way connected with what she had heard prevented her from recurring to him, and yet she longed to know all. Her husband suddenly turned to her, and said—

"Caroline, did not your father mention a steward he could highly recommend?"

"Yes," she said, "a man of very good character. I wish we could get a situation for him. Do you know of any one that he would suit?"

"I want him for ourselves," he replied.

"Ourselves," said Caroline, in astonishment; "where is James going?"

"I think he is going to Australia. He has a great deal of money saved, and is ambitious. There he would soon become a rich man."

"Then, I suppose," said Caroline, "my poor little Flora goes with him. I regret very much to lose her; but there is no doubt she is very partial to James."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Sir Alfred, placidly. "Do not let her, if you can help it. James Forest is not at all the man calculated for that nice, gentle, young woman."

This was the first time Caroline had ever heard him speak disparagingly of James.

CHAPTER V.

A DISCOVERY

THINGS went on in their usual course. Caroline heard no more of James's emigration, and she never broached the subject to her husband; but a change came over her from the night she had heard her cousin's name so mysteriously mentioned. She lost her spirits, and became silent and abstracted; for ever she was repeating those two words, and in vain divining a cause for their utterance. She once thought of making Flora discover from James what he knew about her cousin, but this again she scorned to do; her husband must know something about the subject, and he had never even given her the least hint of it. He did

not wish her to know, if there was any thing to be known; and she would trust him—she could entirely depend on him, but her health gave way. She got thin and pale; but now her mind was turned into another channel, which at the time roused her, and directed her thoughts from that which only tended to make her miserable. Her husband was taken ill, attacked by a fever that had been for some time prevalent in the neighbourhood. All her attention and care was to nurse and watch him. She never resigned her place by his side, or allowed any one to relieve her in her charge. Often, in the delirium of fever, he fancied

himself in some distant land, totally unconscious of all around him, and not at all recognising his wife; then again he would think his father was by his bed; and now he would call, "Charles St. Laurence." Caroline started and sprang towards him, but the incoherency with which he spoke prevented her from understanding aught but the name. She would walk up and down the room, with her hands clasped in terror and dismay, while her husband would continue one moment calling on "Charles" in a loud voice, and then sinking into a low, melancholy murmur.

She determined, let the consequences be what they might, when Sir Alfred recovered, that she would tell him all she had heard. There was more distrust in keeping her breast locked up from him, as she had of late, than in explaining all, and leaving the solving of the difficulty to himself. This determination strengthened her: she was enabled to attend him with more composure of mind than she could have done after he had thus involuntarily alluded to the subject that had for so long made her unhappy.

After some weeks Sir Alfred gradually improved, and with returning health his spirits revived. Caroline had never known him to be so continuously cheerful—the sudden starts and moody looks all disappeared. At first she did not think he was strong enough for her to venture on a subject that she could not divest herself from the idea but that it had been connected with his former depression. And then, as time advanced, and he seemed to have forgotten the past, she felt reluctant to introduce a topic which might revive old recollections, with all the unhappy effects attendant on them, combined with an indescribable horror that she had of finding the clue to the mystery which prevented any further allusion either to James or her cousin as in any way connected with him.

An invitation to join a shooting-party in the north of Scotland, which Sir Alfred received, determined him on leaving home for a time, as his medical adviser wished that he should strengthen himself by change of air. He was very reluctant to go alone, as Caroline thought it advisable to remain at home. Her father's health

had been failing of late, and she feared, at his time, of any sudden change taking place in her absence. By persuasion and entreaty she induced him to accept the invitation, and Caroline, for the first time since her marriage, was separated from her husband. For the first few days she gave way to great depression, a shadow seemed to be hanging over her—a dread of some unknown approaching danger.

Amongst the changes Sir Alfred wished to make in the house, one was to open a door in the library, that would connect it with Caroline's room, and so prevent the circuitous round that was now necessary to go from one room to the other.

These improvements Caroline now decided that she would have completed before his return, and so give her husband a happy surprise. The door in the library she intended to have first begun, as she knew it was what he was most anxious about. She ordered the workmen to be ready to commence operations on the ensuing morning, and the day before prepared the room for them. Knowing her husband's peculiarity of disliking his books and papers to be disturbed, she arranged them all herself; she felt lighter and happier than she had done for many a day, as she went into the library to make these necessary arrangements. She had collected his books and papers, and had them carried into her own room; and now the only thing to be removed was an old-fashioned bureau, that was placed exactly where the door was to be opened; so dismissing the servant who had assisted her, she put his letters in this desk previous to moving it. While so doing, in raising the lid to pack the papers closer together, to enable her to lock it, she pressed a spring, a drawer flew out at the side, which surprised her, as there had been no appearance of one from the outside. She went round to close it; but from the small portion of it that was open, she saw it so covered with dust, and a cobweb formed across it. "Here was a private drawer, in this old piece of furniture, that had been in the family for years, and no one had known of its existence," she thought. "How astonished Alfred would be to discover it." And so thinking, she drew it out further, when she saw far, far back, a small dirk, and a little

cloth, discoloured and stained. She took them out, and went over to the window, and examined them. The blade was spotted and rusty; she turned it round and round; the handle was a curious one, with figures raised on it, but so discoloured she could hardly discern them. There was a small plate on the hilt, close to the joining, where the blade was inserted, and here she looked for some mark to discover its owner; but the plate was almost black, and she could see nothing. Looking round to find something to rub the plate with, she saw a glove lined with chamois lying on the table. "This is just what I want," she said; and turning out the inside of the glove, she breathed on the plate and rubbed it hard. By degrees she saw the form of letters appearing; she traced them—C.S.L., "C.S.L.," she repeated two or three times; "whose can it have been. There never was one of Alfred's family had those initials. I wonder for how many generations it has been lying here;" and then taking the little cloth she held it up to the light. "Why, this is a pocket handkerchief," she cried. Turning to the corners she saw on one letters. "This must, of course, belong to the owner of the dirk; and perhaps the letters are plainer." Drawing nearer to the window, as the daylight was fast fading, she saw in raised letters C.S.L. "The same letters, I declare; it must be some Charles," she said aloud. The sound of the name seemed to recall some latent thought, for she seized the handkerchief and riveting her eyes on the letters, then with a low cry, "ST," she said. "Yes, the ST. are together; it is one word—St. Laurence." She sunk down on the nearest chair, speechless, crushed; the dirk fell from her hand; she heard an echo as it resounded on the floor; she could feel nothing; a void; she looked round the room; all seemed strange: she was too much stunned for even the sensations belonging to grief; it was as if a weight had fallen on her, and deprived her of strength. Mechanically she rose, left the room, fastening the door; she took the key with her. She was like one walking in sleep; her eyes staring, without being conscious of seeing any thing. She never rested or sat down for a moment; up and down stairs from one

room into another, never thinking her mind was vacant. If a servant addressed her, it seemed an effort to comprehend what he said. But when night came, and all was dark, she had to confine herself to one room. By degrees she felt consciousness returning; she gave way to a natural burst of grief, and sobbed aloud. This relieved her; she was enabled to think. "How cruel, cruel, just as I thought all was right." Her arms crossed on the table before her, and her head raised, she was the picture of despair. "He must be dead," she moaned, "and how dead." She shuddered all over. "It *was* James; it *must* be," she groaned, as if her heart would break; but though she mentioned James's name it was too plain a deeper thought lay hid, which she dared not even breathe to herself; then she started up, and wringing her hands in black despair, wildly walked up and down. In so doing she came opposite her husband's picture. She darted from it, and covering her face with her hands, she cried, "I shall never look at it again; I must leave him, and never, never see him more." She felt so utterly alone; all her world had been centred in her husband; he had been her ideal of honour, truth, and uprightness, how she had trusted in him; looked up to him in every thing. And now what had he done! The idol was shattered, and her happiness lay withered beside it. The dream was over; there was a gulf between them. This thought was more bitter than all. She groaned in utter misery; her head sunk on her arm; and in this state, thoroughly exhausted, she dropped asleep. The present was forgotten; she dreamt of days gone by; of the happy day she and Alfred walked by the river's side; his love and tenderness for her; those words to which she had listened, and to which her heart responded with burning emotion—all was impressed with vivid reality.

It has been remarked that dreams which represent scenes in the imagination or fancy are easily dispelled when one awakes; not so with those that revive feelings or sensations—they retain their influence with a tenacity that it is difficult to shake off. And so it was with Caroline. As she awoke from her slumber, she closed her eyes to recall the sweet sensations

she had experienced, and stretched out her hand to feel was her husband near. The movement recalled her, she opened her eyes and looked round frightened, when she remembered all; but she had undergone a change—she clung now as much to the thought of her husband, as before she had turned from him. What was the world to her without him? Was he not *her husband, her own*? He loved her as ever—there were his letters, the eager, longing, burning desire to be with her again. “We are all to each other,” she said. “If he has done wrong, concealed another’s crime—or—done worse—I will share the consequences with him—I will weary heaven with prayers for him, and *I will guard him with my life.*” Grasping this thought: “yes, this will be an object to live for; weak and woman as I am, I will—I must save him.” So saying, she lighted her taper, and opening the door, she listened if all was hushed; then she crept down stairs, and noiselessly opened the library door. All was as she had left it. Not hesitating a moment, she steadily closed the drawer of the bureau, locked the desk, snatched up the dirk and handkerchief, and left the room; there she concealed and waited till morning. What a new existence did she rise to. Every thing seemed altered, even her very appearance; there was nothing to remind her of the past, except her love to her husband—this increased. She longed so ardently for his return, and yet she would not ask him back;

she feared his remarking the alteration in her. “He must not see me changed,” she thought; “he must never suspect that *I know*”—Sir Alfred did return. He clasped her in his arms; she could not restrain herself; her feelings overpowered her, and in a flood of tears her head sunk on his shoulder. Sir Alfred was alarmed; he held her from him, and parting the hair on her forehead, he looked at her.

“My poor child. Caroline, dearest, how altered you are! You must be ill—suffering when I was away, and not let me know—I must never leave you again.”

“Promise me that,” she cried eagerly, “wherever you go take me; let me be always with you. Alfred, dear Alfred, promise me that.”

She never could bear him out of her sight; even if he went out to ride alone, she was in an agony of apprehension till his return. The nervous excitement, and the effort she made to conceal her grief, and exert herself before her husband, caused a violent reaction in her when she had not the restraining influence of his presence. She, who had been always active, and the life of the house, now became perfectly listless, resigned all domestic arrangements to Flora, and became quite passive in her hands, even as regarded her personal adornments. This great change in her mistress was observed by Flora, but she assigned another reason, little dreaming of the shadow that hung over her.

CHAPTER VI.

A LOVER'S QUARREL, WITH OTHER MATTERS.

ONE day as Flora was going up stairs, she met James just as he was leaving his master's study; he did not at first perceive her; he seemed to be greatly annoyed, and was muttering something inaudible. He started as he came close to her, and asked her would she turn into the housekeeper's room, as he wanted to say a word to her. At first she was reluctant, for of late she had, according to her mistress's advice, rather avoided him, but, on his pressing her in an excited manner so unusual to him, she complied. As they entered the room, he clapped the door angrily, saying under his breath, “I can stand this no longer, and will leave him and his affairs for

ever; that cursed woman is the cause of all this change.”

Flora, astonished, said, “James, has any thing happened to annoy you? I never saw you put out before.”

“Annoy me!” he answered. “There is nothing but annoyances from morning till night; a man cannot do his business without interference. I *will* not stand it; I have made up my mind to leave this immediately. What I wished to ask you, how soon could you be ready for us to start for Australia?”

“Oh! James,” she said blushing, “I don't think that could be.”

“What,” he cried, “you did not object when I mentioned it some

months ago; what has made you change your mind now?"

Poor Flora looked very timidly down, twisted the end of her apron in her fingers; she seemed afraid of hurting James's feelings, or that he should think she had treated him badly. In a hesitating manner she said, "When you spoke of Australia before, you said nothing, positive; and, besides, things are changed. I could not—would not leave my lady, ill as she is now."

James darted across the room, and seizing her arm as in a vice: "Tell me, girl," he shouted, "has *she*, your mistress, been tampering with your feelings towards me? You are not the same as you were two months ago."

She looked up at him, frightened terribly at his manner, so extraordinary in him. He seemed to perceive this, for he immediately changed, let go his hold of her arm, and said quietly, "You know, Flora, she has crossed me in every thing, turned my master against me, and now *you*."

She saw him tremble as he said this; but he turned his back towards her and went to the fire-place, and covered his face with his hand. She felt greatly for him. That she loved him she could not deny; and it was only her mistress's constant entreaties to her lately that had induced her to alter her conduct towards him. She thought that, perhaps, it was James's manner that was the cause of Lord Douglass's dislike, and if she could only persuade him to court his mistress, all might yet go on well. She could not bear the idea of narrying him against her mistress's wish; but, in time, if James would only be led by her, Lady Douglass would then see him as he really was. With this idea in her mind she went over to him, and gently laying her hand on his shoulder,

"James," she said, "you judge my lady too rashly. Why should you think she has turned Sir Alfred against you?"

"Because I know it," he answered, without moving. "He has never been the same since she crossed the door."

"It was only yesterday," she continued, "I heard her begging off Jones, though he stole the oats; but the moment he acknowledged it, she made Sir Alfred forgive him. There

never was a gentler or kinder being than she is."

"Why," said he, turning towards her, "it is not long since I heard you, yourself, say that you never saw any one so altered as she is. Ay, and I remember you were crying, too, after one of your very gentle mistress's scoldings."

Flora stopped for a moment to remember.

"Oh, altered," said she; "so she is, indeed. I don't think she was ever the same, exactly, since her cousin's death, or disappearance. I can never forget that evening; she was like one distracted."

"Her cousin's," he said, with interest. "Why, what had *she* to do with him?"

"I don't know, I am sure," she said. "Perhaps she liked him; but no, that she did not—much, at least. It is her naturally gentle disposition; and her kindness to his sister after, that was more than I can describe."

Just then the bell rung, and she left hastily to answer her mistress's summons. After she had quitted the room, James stood in the same position without moving a limb. A bystander might have observed a variety of expression passing over his countenance. He was wrapped in deep meditation, and occasionally a triumphant, fiend-like sneer passed over his hard chiselled lips; then, clapping his clenched hand on the mantelpiece—"It will do," he said. "The first step is taken in the road that leads to—;" and, with a hoarse laugh, he left the room.

James determined to renew his conversation with Flora at the earliest opportunity. He must get a decided answer. Her refusal, and the reason she assigned for it, enraged him to the last degree. He loved her really; and, in the selfishness of his nature, had long looked forward to being won to better things by her gentle influence. James had to wait, for "the earliest opportunity" did not occur till nearly a week after his last interview. On the following Saturday evening, as he was crossing the passage, the door of the house-keeper's room was lying open, and he saw Flora arranging some linen that she was lifting from a basket into one of the presses in the room. He advanced and offered to assist her, saying—"I hope, Flora,

you have thought over what I said to you the other day."

"I have," she answered; "but, James, it is out of the question. It would be more than ungrateful of me to leave my lady now; she depends on me for every thing."

"Again at that," he said; "Flora, you don't know how much hangs on your decision; beware, before you make up your mind. It is not *you* I blame. It will be the worst day *she* ever saw that decides you against me. No! don't try to deceive me; I know well enough. Don't you recollect the day I met you crying coming out of her room; it was some of her cursed advice, as you call it—trying to set you against me."

"Oh! James," she cried; "indeed it was not at that I was crying. She never breathed your name to me then. I can tell you the whole circumstance. I was arranging my lady's things in her wardrobe, when I saw a paper parcel wrapped up, which felt heavy. I thought it must have been some of the silver spoons that had been put in there in mistake, and I opened the paper to see—it was an old-fashioned little dagger and a" —

"A what!" cried James, interrupting her.

"Nothing but a small dagger," she said. "Not one she was going to kill herself or any body else with. You need not look so astonished, for it was an old, rusty thing. But, as I was saying, she was angry at my opening the parcel that was tied up, and spoke more sharply to me than she had ever done before. That is the whole truth."

When she looked up she perceived that James had not been attending to the latter part of her sentence at all; but he looked black as midnight, and had his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Don't look so, James; you frighten me," she said.

"Flora," he said, excitedly, but with a great effort of assumed calmness; "once more—will you come with me immediately? There can be no delay. We can live very happily far away from this. Come. Refuse me, and"

— He seemed to hang on the answer she would give. She was silent a moment; he bent down, not to lose a word of what she might say.

"No, James," she whispered; "I cannot—I dare not."

He never answered, but walked up and down the room; there seemed to be some terrible struggle within him. At last, as if his resolution was taken, he muttered, "I am driven to it. It is *her* own doing." He stood before Flora a moment, as she was stooped over the basket—

"Flora, will you do one thing for me—don't mention my wish to go to Australia, or your—your refusal of me, to any one!"

"James, how could you think I would?"

"And will you just let me see that dagger, only for one moment?" he continued, hesitatingly.

"What dagger?" she said, quite forgetting. "Is it that little, old thing I saw the other day?"

"Yes, yes, that very one," he answered, impatiently.

"What on earth do you want with it?"

"Nothing particular. There was a valuable one lost that belonged to Sir Alfred's uncle, some years ago; a poor fellow, too, was accused of taking it, and suffered for it. I only want to look at it; it can do no harm," he said.

"I don't like," she said, "taking any thing out of my" —

"Oh! I knew that. Well, Flora, beware; you are always putting your mistress between us;" and he turned to leave the room.

"Oh! James," she cried, "you make me miserable. I will do this for you; but I feel—I know—I am doing wrong."

So saying she left the room to get what he had asked for. As she left him, James walked to the window. His face was deadly pale; he looked like one who was held back by some invisible hand on the threshold of a fearful danger. Another step and he was past hope.

"She has taken all from me," he said, bitterly; "and now the last—the only one that could have made me a better man—the one being in the world I cared for. It is too late—too late."

He heard Flora's step and went to meet her at the door.

"Quick, quick," she said; "I am called;" and, leaving the parcel in his hand, she ran back.

THE IRISH ART EXHIBITIONS OF THE SEASON.

THOSE gay annuals which at each recurring spring open their many-tinted beauties to the admiring gaze of connoisseurs in the English metropolis are fewer and less vigorously developed in Dublin than in most large cities. The Royal Hibernian Academy's exhibition was for many years the only annual of this species which struggled, for it can scarcely be said to have flourished, upon Irish soil. Occasionally it shot forth promisingly, but more generally it was a stunted plant, which once or twice threatened to become biennial.* Lately a second exhibition has taken root amongst us in Ireland. Several exhibitions of ancient art have been already held by the Irish Institution; the nucleus of a permanent National Gallery has been formed, and the building in which it is to have a local habitation and a name even now commences to rear itself in front of the new Museum of the Royal Dublin Society. Its sixth exhibition, which only closed a few weeks ago, was principally composed of Lord Harberton's collection, and contained 140 works. Many of these were of large size, and undeniable excellence. Every possible facility for study was afforded to art students and amateurs, of which a number of persons availed themselves, a large portion being of the fair sex. Whether studying from the works of the Old Masters is of that immense advantage which the admirers of ancient art contend, may be questioned; but it is certain that considerable acquaintance with them is necessary. The study of nature is now regarded as more essential, and practically useful than the copying of old pictures. Of course, the process by which an artist reproduces upon paper or canvas the effect of nature, is in a great degree conventional, and a study of the means by which the greatest masters of the art overcame the same difficulties that have to be met by the aspirant, becomes also-

lutely necessary. Yet, too close a study of their works may beget a false rendering of nature; for there is too much reason to think that these paintings by the ancient artists are not now in the same condition as when they left the easels of their painters. We freely avow that our taste is more in favour of modern art; but we do not, therefore, find ourselves called upon to quarrel with those who prefer the Old Masters, or, at least, what are supposed to be their works. The recent inquiry on the London National Gallery is not calculated to increase our orthodoxy in these particulars. The following paragraph from a pamphlet lately published upon this subject† may, perhaps, moderate the ardour of the too industrious copyists at the Irish Institution who are oblivious of Dr. Johnson's celebrated axiom "that he who follows must necessarily be behind."

"The Krugler pictures stood alone in grotesque absurdity. They were like Falstaff's recruits—'No eye had seen such scarecrows.' This batch of barbarities, taken off the hands of a foreign proprietor, apparently to prove the limitless extent of British (or) generosity, being brought home, were found absolutely too bad to be hung up, with the exception of one. The rest were sent to Christie's, two only were sold, and the residue kindly bestowed on Ireland."

It is not our intention to enter into a disquisition upon the merits of the several works which were exhibited by the Irish Institution. To question their superiority would, indeed, only entail upon us the wrath of all devotees at the shrine of ancient art, who are but too ready to anathematize those who dare to differ from their cherished belief. Besides, these works have the stamp of public opinion upon their side. Their claim to rank is all but universally acknowledged. They are not upstarts of yesterday. They are respectable.

* For a more detailed account of the early Irish Art Exhibitions, see *University Magazine* for August, 1858; Art., "A Glance at Irish Art."

† "The Royal Academy and the National Gallery—what is the state of those Institutions?" By S. P. Davis. London, Ward and Locke.

Large sums of money stand invested in their names, and each could buy a score of the modern pretenders that flaunt in gay hues and parade themselves at exhibitions.

Nothing is more frequent in critiques upon pictures than to find the writer carried away by his own imagination from considering the picture as such to describe the sensations which arose in his mind while beholding it. Thus we are often given a poetic description of what has no existence in the painting reviewed; and which might equally arise from a contemplation of the fire, the earth, a stormy sea, or a sunny hill. Suppose a critic of this kind before a picture representing a night scene on a flat dreary expanse. He will tell you that the tempest-driven clouds seem to move across the sky; that momentarily he expects the obscured moon will emerge from behind the thick, black mass which now intercepts the pale, cold light of the chaste orb; that the wind howls across the desolate waste, and that not a vestige of man or his works is visible. If there be a spot of orange on the picture, to represent a light in a distant cottage, you will have a description of the inmates seated round the cheerful hearth. A belated wayfarer will be conjured up to do battle with the hurricane, looking to this solitary glimmer as his beacon; or perchance the critic will exhaust the traveller, and tell you how he perished miserably upon the moor. In nine cases out of ten this will pass for an admirable analysis of the story of the picture, and possibly be thought a fine piece of writing. There are other critics, again, who, when they have told you the incident the picture illustrates, and described the objects it contains, think they have achieved all that is necessary or expected. We hope to avoid these tendencies in the following observations.

An exhibition of Sketches from Nature was open during the early part of the present year, in connexion with the Dublin Art Union; but the precise object its promoters had in view was not made very clear. Nor is it evident how the Art Union could be advanced by it. Only a small portion of the resident artists were contributors; the majority of the works came from England; and several were finished

pictures instead of sketches. Amongst the latter were many evincing much ability, though it must be added that the general character of the works exhibited was not above mediocrity. Sketches, in fact, are not calculated to form a very attractive exhibition. Their purpose is to serve as material to the artist, from which his finished works may ultimately be elaborated. Rough notes they are, for purposes of study; but unfit for public display. Exhibitions of sketches might, if frequent, have the effect of inducing artists to make pretty, instead of *useful* bits for study, and of creating a hasty, loose style, as well as a careless method of execution. Their effect, therefore, might not unfrequently be compared to plucking the blossom, instead of allowing the fruit to ripen. It has often been a remark that artists who were distinguished for their sketches, were never distinguished for any thing else. We would strongly counsel young artists not to be ambitious of making clever sketches, but rather to cultivate the habit of producing useful ones. There were exhibited about 240 works at this exhibition, the larger portion of which were landscapes. A sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer, and some water-colour studies by H. Mapleton, J. G. Philipps, and J. H. Henshaw, were among the most remarkable. Several anatomical sent works. Of the Irish artists, Mr. M. Kendrick, Mr. Edwin Hayes, and Mr. G. Sharpe, were the principal contributors, and Mr. Marquis contributed his clever sketches in Norway. Premiums for the best sketches were to have been given; but we have not heard that any adjudications took place.

In May, the thirty-first annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy opened. The exhibition of this national institution, considered solely as a collection of paintings, is unquestionably above the average; but as an exhibition of the Academy, we would be slow to admit that it is any thing like the best seen for some years past. The fine pictures, those in fact which make it really attractive and interesting, are nearly all Belgian and Dutch. The total number of works amounts to 365; of these forty are portraits, and thirty-seven sculpture or architectural designs, the remaining 288 being historical,

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landscape, and figure subjects, of which one-fifth are foreign. £3,500 is the amount placed upon these foreign works, for they are all for sale. It may be asked, Is it fitting to turn a national institution into a mart for the disposal of Continental pictures, deducting 5 per cent. on the sales effected? Is this the Academy's method of encouraging their "young rising artists?" There are thirty-three paintings by English artists; and the fourteen Academicians, and ten Associates who form the body, contribute but sixty-nine out of the 365 works exhibited!

Naturally, the works of the members of the Academy will claim our attention in the first instance; afterwards we will consider those by the resident artists outside the body. As to the English pictures, they have been, for the most part, already criticised in our pages, and, we really think that the foreign productions are so much out of place that, excellent though they are as works of art, we must decline to enter upon their merits at present.

We cannot avoid remarking that errors are disgracefully frequent in the catalogue—there are ten numbers either wanting a title, or the name of the artist. It is also a most ridiculous proceeding to have the subjects of nearly sixty paintings printed in the French language; and such French! Surely some one possessing a little knowledge of that language ought at least to have been obtained to correct the proofs: we counsel that in future the Academy eschew foreign tongues, and foreign help, and stick to the vernacular.

The preponderance of portraits strikes the eye upon entering the rooms; and although they really are not as numerous as in former years, still, as there are several of large size, they appear prominent. The portrait painters, for the most part, seem to think that flesh should be painted very pink, with cold white lights and staring grey shadows, and their drawing is very often faulty, especially in the extremities. To a spectator familiar with the appearance of foreign galleries, the scarcity of sacred or historical subjects will appear remarkable.

Mr. Catterson Smith, the newly elected president, contributes only

four portraits, of which the principal is that of the Countess of Eglinton. For many years Sir Martin Archer Shee, an Irishman by birth, was president of the Royal Academy of London; and now it happens that an Englishman presides over the Royal Hibernian Academy, a sort of give and take between the countries which is highly gratifying. The portrait gallery at Dublin Castle contains a number of Mr. Smith's works, and he well merits the patronage he enjoys. The portrait of the Countess of Eglinton is painted with his accustomed felicity, and is very successful; the picture, however, bears some marks of haste, and the satin is crude and unpleasant in tone. The rest of the drapery is finely painted, especially the cloth of gold tissue, which is masterly in execution, but engrosses too much of the picture, and makes the rest weak in tone, especially the shadows upon the flesh. Mr. Smith seems a little afraid of shadows, and as a consequence his works often appear to want relief, and give us the idea of a Winterhalter diluted. In this picture the intense purple-blue of the sky is, to say the least, very unnatural, if a dark background is required, something else besides a sky ought to be selected. Such a glaring departure from nature and probability always offends. We would also instance his "Posthumous Portrait," No. 70, as erring in this respect; it strikes one as utterly at variance with probability that a fair lady, with dishevelled locks, should have attired herself in a rich, white satin ball-dress to wrap a crimson mantle about a shivering child, clad only in scanty night-shirt—they are in the open air, too, and by the side of a fountain.

Martin Cregan, R.H.A., contributes two pictures, the principal a whole-length portrait of Alderman Atkinson, in his official robes as Lord Mayor. The various details of court dress and insignia are unsuitable for an effective picture, and have been rendered with rather too scrupulous an exactitude. The treatment is also deficient in breadth of shadow.

We are glad to observe the reappearance of Mr. Cregan's works upon these walls, where, for so many years, he has been an exhibitor; and it is honourable to him that he has consented to merge his personal feelings

in a general co-operation towards the sustainment of our National Academy.

There are others whom also we would have wished to have seen as exhibitors, but whose works are absent. Doctor Petrie has resigned. We do not find Mr. Angelo Hayes' name in the list of members or exhibitors. Mr. Burton, Mr. Brocas, Mr. John Mulvany, and Mr. MacManus, all R.H.A.s, contribute amongst them—“An Ash Tree.” Mr. Burton is this year a distinguished contributor to the Old Water Colour Society's exhibition in London; but he sends nothing to the Dublin Exhibition. He does not even attach the three mystic letters R.H.A. to his name in the London catalogue, as if he was ashamed of the connexion. Of the ten associates Messrs. Edward Hayes and William Kirk are non-contributors, and Mr. George Sharpe has but one work. Thus, from internal dissensions and other causes, a third part of the members of the Academy refuse to co-operate with the rest, and our National Exhibition is, as a consequence, deprived of their works. We cannot help thinking that the motto from La Harpe, which they have placed on the cover of their catalogue, is singularly infelicitously chosen.

“Les Artistes, sont les enfants de la Patrie, ils sont bienfaisants comme elle, et c'est elle qu'ils prospèrent.” Certainly, late events do not show much evidences of *bienfaisance*.

The half-dozen portraits exhibited by Thomas Bridgetord, R.H.A., and Charles Grey, R.H.A., are inferior to their last year's works, and almost puerile. In No. 40, “The Lost Stag,” by Mr. Grey, the dogs are excellently delineated, and their tired appearance well portrayed; but the hair of the animals is too wiry, and the marking of the brush too evident, not only on the dogs, but on other portions of the picture. The scene is a bare peak in the forest of Glenisla. George F. Mulvany, R.H.A., contributes only three commonplace portraits, feebly executed, and evincing little power or manipulative skill. It would be well that artists bore in mind that in these photographic times portraits are not the important contributions to an Exhibition they formerly were. A portrait to interest now must show originality of treatment, and be not only effective in its arrangement but superior in

its execution. The portraits by Mr. B. Mulrenin, R.H.A., are wretched—painted upon marble, too, as we are informed by the catalogue, just as if that were any excellence. Not long ago Mr. Mulrenin read a paper before the Photographic Society descriptive of his process of painting upon marble, and it appeared from it that a preliminary photograph is essential, which, laid face downwards upon the marble, is transferred, a faint but distinct impression being left from the photograph. On this the painting takes place. Mr. Mulrenin expatiated, we believe, upon the advantages of this process, as affording a correct outline and a true indication of the shadows! Mr. Mulrenin's portraits in the present exhibition have all character and development quite stippled out of the faces, so that only a peach-like roundness is left, most inertistic in its effect. Painted or touched up photographs should surely not be admissible in an exhibition of fine art.

As to his picture of “Faith, Hope, and Charity,” No. 267, it is impossible to have any faith in the talent of an artist who could produce such a work; any hope that he will ever improve; or any charity for the work itself.

J. R. Kirk, R.H.A., the only sculptor in the Academy—except Mr. Farrell, elected an associate a few months ago—contributes three busts; that of the late Sir Philip Crampton is a very happy effort, either considered as a work of art or as a likeness; this latter is the more remarkable as it is a posthumous one. And it is highly creditable to Mr. Kirk that, from the few photographs and pictures which alone he had to guide him, he has produced such a striking resemblance, recalling to us Sir Philip in the prime of his life, before the traces of advanced old age began to develop themselves upon his handsome and intellectual features. Mr. Kirk has a singular felicity in executing posthumous busts; his bust of the late Mr. Guinness, for instance, was a marked success, and we believe his “Marble Bust of the late O'Bryan Bellingham” in the present exhibition is also posthumous. His remaining work, a small bust of Dr. Manning, No. 327, is beautifully executed. It is a pity that Mr. Kirk's large model of the bas relief intended for a panel in the Wellington Testi-

monial is not exhibited here, where it might be seen to so much advantage. It is decidedly his best work, and cannot but add considerably to his well-earned reputation.

Mathew Kendrick, R.H.A., exhibits three sea-coast sketches, and a very excellent picture, No. 35, "Luggers in a Breeze," which was purchased on the opening day by the late Lord Lieutenant. The rough sea and dashing foam on the crests of the waves are rendered with great truth, and all the accessories are most artistic and effective. Mr. Kendrick is usually happy in his skies, and depicts turbid seas with marvellous fidelity and power; but we have rarely seen a more successful effort of his pencil than the present. The lugger seems to toss upon the wave, and heel over to the breeze; and it is not difficult to persuade oneself that it is a real scene which one views as through a lunette.

Of the associates, Mr. Bradford is the largest contributor. His best work is No. 300, "Tintern Abbey." It is careful and effective, and in this respect much superior to the greater portion of his smaller works, which are too sketchy, and want texture. No. 300, "Morning at Lakelands," is not open to this objection, and would be excellent but for the large white cloud which hangs upon the mountain, or rather was intended so to appear, for it is more forward than the foreground objects, and quite spoils the effect of an otherwise very good picture. We must add, that being in water colours, these works are, with some others, much injured in their effect by the oil pictures hung indiscriminately amongst them. The works by Edwin Hayes, A.R.H.A., are all clever. No. 135, "Wind on Shore—Ostend," was purchased by Lord Eglinton, and is a very fine example of this artist's power; we are glad to know, that he is rising rapidly into notice in London as a marine painter. His works are generally well composed; and he has a good eye for colour and arrangement; but he lacks a certain decision of touch, the want of which occasionally gives a feebleness to his works. Andrew Nichol, A.R.H.A., sends several works in water colours, which are handled with considerable skill. This gentleman is particularly successful in sea-

coast views, which he seems to paint *con amore*. James Mahony, A.R.H.A., exhibits two Spanish views, interiors, both good. The peculiarly decided and firm touch visible in all the works by this artist, gives them a charm. George Sharpe, A.R.H.A., has but one picture, "A Man and a Boy," which has been altogether omitted from the catalogue; but we recognised it as Mr. Sharpe's work from the peculiarity of his very bold free style—too free for our taste indeed. He has formed his manner very much after that of Juskip. Modern taste is, however, decidedly in favour of more careful handling and elaboration of detail; but Mr. Sharpe has the power of giving great breadth and excellent effect to his works, which are generally well composed.

Terence Farrell, A.R.H.A., contributes two very good models of boys at play, which have been executed in marble for Lord De Grey. This nobleman, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took a warm interest in the promotion of Irish art; and it is gratifying that when his official connexion with this country ceased, his interest in its progress continued, for Mr. Farrell is not the only Irish artist whom his lordship continues to patronise.

J. J. McCarthy, A.R.H.A., is the sole representative of architectural art amongst the Academical exhibitors. Of the two designs he sends, the best is No. 353, "Tintern Church, co. Waterford," excellent in its proportions, and admirable in the arrangements of detail. This gentleman has made Gothic architecture his peculiar study, and has inaugurated a most desirable reformation in the ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland, or, at least, in the Roman Catholic portion of it, where, indeed, the exercise of correct taste and judgment was deplorably absent.

We have now gone through the Academic exhibitors, and dwell upon them at greater length than the merits of their works strictly demanded; but as they are a representation of the talent of the country, it was worth while to investigate their claim to this distinction. The major part of their works are portraits. There is not a single historical work contributed by them; and of the genre subjects, with the exception of at most some half dozen, all

the rest are insignificant productions, rather sketches than paintings. Thus, if the Exhibition depended upon the exertions of the Academicians, it would be a poor show; but these gentlemen appear to have hit upon a much easier method than working to sustain the character of their art or their Exhibition. They import pictures from far and near, and having thus collected a sufficient number of works to cover their walls, rest from their labours with the self-satisfied air of men who feel that they have deserved well of their country.

The works of the resident artists form the next portion of the Exhibition which claims our notice as representing the young talent of the country. These painters, although contributing the largest quota of works, are outside the Academy, and, most probably, wish that they were inside. We dare say the fact is, that most have put down their names in the book as candidates.

In the Exhibition are the works of four very young men, showing much power and ability. They seem to be the leaders in a new school of landscape painting that is rising up amongst us. We allude to Messrs. Duffy, Falkner, Marquis, and Watkins.

The most industrious seems to be Mr. Falkner, for he contributes nearly a dozen works, all remarkable for detail and elaborate execution, and bearing evident impress of being carefully studied from nature. The chief defects in this young artist's works are, to some extent, traceable to his painstaking study in the open air. He copies nature too closely. As a consequence, he is deficient in breadth and in effect. He has yet to learn that in art, to seem natural an artist must sometimes be unnatural. It is this which constitutes art in its true sense; for if it consisted merely in the copying of nature, it would cease to be art. Mr. Falkner is just in the position that a little study of the Old Masters would materially improve. No. 59, "In the Woods, Charleville," for instance, although the trees and foliage are exquisitely handled, and the detail given with wondrous fidelity, still wants effect. It is too much like a real scene put into the frame. This may seem very like praise; but every true artist will know how rarely

in nature a perfect picture is found; and photography shows us how easy it is to get nature—how hard to get a picture. What is termed in art atmosphere, or aerial perspective, is also very often absent in Mr. Falkner's works, and is a quality more difficult of attainment in oils than in water-colours, but one which gives a great charm to landscape paintings, and the absence of which causes that hardness exemplified in his picture of "Bushy Park, County Wicklow," No. 139. It has also too much bright colour, and the trees are too palpably green. Very bright colour in small portions is beautiful when contrasted with masses of a neutral tone; but if too much of the former is used, the charm of the effect is gone. We are inclined to consider No. 262, "Glencree Valley and Barracks, Early Morning," as Mr. Falkner's best work. It is both poetically and beautifully treated, representing the scene as before sunrise—when the air is pure and the sky clear. The foreground is extremely good, and the rendering of the heath admirable. "The Needle Rocks, off Howth," No. 113, evinces much vigour, and is bolder than his other works; there is also more of atmosphere and the effect of distance. "The Ruins of Ballynaback Chapel" is also an excellent study: a little sombre, perhaps, in tone, but not inappropriate. "Sugar Loaf Mountain" is a most truthful representation of that remarkable peak, which he shows more distantly in No. 262. Patrick Vincent Duffy is also an industrious contributor. The seven works he sends are all excellent, and he illustrates various phases of Irish scenery with a skilful pencil. No. 311, "The Pines from Lough Atree, Connemara," has been studied from nature with great care and application. The foreground is particularly effective, and the distant hills given with striking fidelity. The water is somewhat too leaden in tone; but in No. 51, "Upper Lake, Glendalough, County Wicklow," he has remedied that defect, and the water is given with great clearness and transparency. "The Martello Tower," No. 115, is an exquisite bit, in which the rocks and sea weed upon the pebbly beach are rendered with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, and yet breadth is not sacrificed. No. 108, "The Haunt of the Heron," we will pronounce his best work;

but we would caution this gentleman against acquiring a mannerism. There is not sufficient variety in his works. R. C. Watkins has some excellent representations of the beautiful scenery of Glengarriff. "Shankhill Brook, Kilbride," is a charming little bit, the foliage in which is admirably handled, and the water painted with great truth. All the subjects of this young artist are well chosen, and most effective in their composition and arrangement. "Evening on the Liffey," and his larger picture, "On the Boyne, near Stackallen," No. 37, are equally good. In some of his works, Mr. Watkins is over anxious to represent luminous effect; and in endeavouring to give this quality, he becomes too white, and produces a cold, raw effect. Sun-light is bright, but it is warm also. No. 64, "On the coast, Ireland's Eye, and Howth in the distance," are also deserving of commendation. Richard Marquis has this year made marked and rapid improvement. No. 21, "Romsdalen Valley, Norway," is an exceedingly clear work. The rugged rocks are painted with considerable ability, and the whole treatment is effective: the snow in the distance the rushing torrent—and the vegetation thinly scattered here and there, are all given with great truth; but his best work is unquestionably "Signal of Distress," No. 7: the broken, angry sea seems clambering for its victim in the tall ship, labouring heavily as it bends to the fury of the gale in dangerous proximity to the coast; we see the puff of white smoke curling from the ship's bows, and almost expect the short, dull, booming sound will anon come to us across the troubled sea, telling that human beings are in dire strait. This picture is very fine, and the rough sea admirably painted. This gentleman contributes twelve works in all, some of which are rather hard in effect; for instance, No. 30, "Evening from Malahide Hill," is open to this objection.

William Howis has some good landscapes, one of which has been selected by the Earl of Eglinton for purchase. Henry O'Neill sends a very clever work (No. 133), "Brian Boru's Castle, co. Cork." George Colomb, a couple of excellent landscapes. Henry Crowley, D. K. Smith, W. F. Wakeman, F. C. White, and one or two others, are con-

tributors of several effective little pictures; but should perhaps be classed more as amateurs than as artists. But we miss the charming landscapes of J. H. Mulcahy, who is another of those who have held back from the present exhibition.

The announcement that the Art Union for Ireland intended apportioning a number of minor prizes has induced several of our artists to exhibit insignificant pictures at £2, £3, and £5, which are hardly much better than sketches. We think this a mistake upon the part of the Art Union Committee, as art is not likely to be advanced by holding out inducements for the production of low-priced, hastily-executed works, and we hope this course will not be continued, for we anticipate that the establishment of this most desirable society will exercise a beneficial influence upon art in this country.

There are comparatively few who can be said to give promise in figure subjects. Charles Foley may be pointed to as an artist of much ability; but there is an eccentricity about his works that mars the development of his powers. His three pictures (Nos. 3, 155, and 218), seem all as if painted from the same individual. J. J. Brennan has several clever portraits, but does not quite realize the expectations of which his works a few years ago gave promise. Richard Lyster's is a clever picture, representing "the Baron of Grogzwig" (No. 219), in which there is great character. The tipsy expression on the face of the jolly cavalier is well delineated, and forms a striking contrast to grim death, hovering over the reveller. The effect of both moon and fire light is excellent; and the table-cloth reminds us of the tone on some old Venetian pictures. T. A. Jones has three pictures, "The Soldier Tired" (No. 226), and "An Italian Study" (No. 252), are both very pleasing; but the former is the best. The soldier is a little boy asleep on a rich-coloured table-cloth, beside his tiny drum. It is very well composed, and shows that Mr. Jones has a capital eye for colour; but it is a pity his style of handling is so defective, being palpable, as if done with a garden-rake.

The Farrells are a talented family. Four sculptors, all brothers, are exhibitors; besides Mr. Terence Farrell,

the father. Their works are well executed and pleasingly conceived. "The Angelic Mission," by Thomas Farrell, is particularly successful. This gentleman is also occupied upon one of the large bas-reliefs commissioned by the government for the completion of the Wellington Testimonial. Having seen the model, we are enabled to pronounce it most successful as a work of art, ably conceived and well carried out.

John Lawlor exhibits a clever bust of Surgeon Curawick. There are some good architectural designs by E. P. Gibbon, John McCurdy, and Charles Geoghegan.

This completes our notice of the Irish portion of the Exhibition - and, unquestionably, it does not comprise what an ordinary visitor would deem the most attractive portion of the display; if space permitted, we would be strongly tempted to particularize some of the many admirable English and foreign works.

That the Royal Hibernian Academy, as an Art Institution, does not fulfil its mission, we think is sufficiently apparent; and the sooner it is reconstituted, and rendered, if possible, efficient, the better. The late Government were occupied with this question, and Lord Eglinton bestowed care and attention upon the remodelling of the by-laws and constitution of the Academy. A new Charter embodying those alterations was about being prepared when the dissolution of Parliament, and the subsequent resignation of the late Ministry, occurred to postpone it. The constituent members were to be increased from fourteen to thirty; but the associates were to remain as heretofore at ten. The president was to continue in office but for four years, and was not to be eligible for re-election until after the expiration of the succeeding president's term of office. The duties of the officers were strictly defined, and the expenditure of the annual grant confined to the schools of painting and of the living model. The attendance of and payments to the visitors or masters

were regulated, as well as the admission of students, who were required to procure certificates of attendance at the schools of design as a preliminary. And, lastly, all was to be under the inspection of a Government official from the Department of Science and Art.

For very obvious reasons, the existing members were most anxious to have the appointment of the new ones; but this was very properly refused, Lord Eglinton stating that after those appointments the Academy might have the filling up of all vacancies, but that the new members should be chosen at a conference between the Academy and the Government. It was at first intended to have but twenty-four academicians, and of the new ones five were to be taken from among the present associates, the remaining five to be elected from artists outside the body. Upon this becoming known, the Dublin architects memorialized the Lord Lieutenant, pointing out that there was but one architect already a member of the Academy, and that according to the proposed method of electing the new members, there would be no room for any additional architects, that they conceived their branch of the profession ought to be represented more largely in the body, especially as an architect had originally endowed the Academy with their building, and prayed that the number of the academicians should be increased to thirty. The reasonableness of this being at once recognised, the number was at once determined to be increased.

It is a pity that the settlement of this matter has been so long postponed, but we feel satisfied that the Earl of Carlisle will be no less anxious for the well-being of our National Academy of Art, and that under a new constitution the Academy will become a credit to the country. We cannot conclude these observations better than by hoping that in the next Exhibition home talent may be better represented, and foreign somewhat less.

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. V.

JOHN BULL AND HIS DIGGING.

IN travelling over a country, it is desirable to pause a while on the hills, and look back on the lowlands through which we have passed. We are thus enabled to embrace in one view all that we have seen in the various stages of our journey, and to judge of it as a whole, to compare it with other portions of the globe of similar extent, beauty, and fertility, and pronounce on its comparative merits. In like manner, when we return home from foreign travel, it is desirable to bring our native land into contrast with other countries, and our people with the inhabitants of other empires. Without such contemplation, travelling is of but little value. It may amuse and occupy us, but it can make us neither wiser nor better men. One scene replaces another, on the principle of dissolving views, and the last is alone remembered of them all, not because it is more striking, or more effective, but *because it is the last*. Whoever has twice left home to wander among foreign nations, if he has given himself time, on his return, for meditation, must recollect that the second tour has corrected some of his first impressions, and modified many more. The first visit satisfies his curiosity, the second matures his judgment.

In subjecting England to this "competitive examination," I find it is entitled to rank first among the nations of the earth. Whence arises this pre-eminence? Ask those who dwell in it, and every man will assign a different cause. One will tell you it proceeds from its climate; another from its insular, geographical, and political position; a third from its free institutions, and Protestant religion; and a fourth from its soil, inexhaustible mineral resources, and extensive fisheries. This one attributes it to the race that inhabit it, and that to its extended colonies, and countless thousands of subjects in its distant possessions, while most ascribe it to the intelligence and skill of its artisans in all mechanical arts. But the true reason is to be found in a wonderful

combination of all these causes, with others equally characteristic.

The English people are as remarkable as their country; they have many traits of character in common with the inhabitants of other portions of the globe, but they have some that are peculiar to themselves. Among the former, they have that presumptuous vanity which is so inherent in human nature that it should be added to the generic definition of man, which describes him as an animal that is "*bipes impluvium, et risibilis*." They form a very high estimate of their own worth, and a very low one of that of others. As the Americans say of them, "it would be a losing concern to purchase them at their own price, and sell them for what they would bring in the market." Their contempt for foreigners is returned with interest. Even the Chinese consider them as barbarians and heathen. They claim for themselves the highest place in civilization, the most illustrious ancestry, and the monopoly of all wisdom. Descended from the brother of the Sun and the Moon, it is no wonder they call their country the "Celestial Empire," and carefully exclude strangers from a territory reserved for the Children of Light. All the rest of the world dwell in "outer darkness," in which there is no tea to imbibe, no porcelain to hold this divine beverage, and no opium to inspire dreams of Paradise. The little foreigners know of them they are charged with having acquired stealthily when trading at Canton, the citizens of which, according to their account, imparted to them the art of printing, of making pottery, of manufacturing silk, of carving ivory and stone, and the knowledge of many other things. But, above all, they say that they taught the English to cultivate the soil, so as to produce the greatest crops from the smallest possible extent of ground, and also the mode of preparing exquisite dishes from rats, dogs, cats, snakes, slugs, locusts, lizards, birds' nests, and innumerable other delicate materials.

They consider them, however, as deficient in taste, in not properly appreciating these dainties, and as bungling imitators of all that they attempt to copy or adopt. They laugh at their pedigrees as modern assumptions, and their decorations as glittering tinsel, regarding the griffins, lions, unicorns, and dragons on their armorial bearings as plagiarisms from their ancient religion. It is therefore natural that they look down upon the English with profound contempt.

In like manner the French consider themselves as models of gallantry, as the first in refinement and taste, and as excelling in "the court, the camp, the grove." The English they style a nation of slopkeepers. London they regard as a gloomy and dirty manufacturing town, but Paris as the very centre of civilization, intelligence, and fashion. The Germans they denominate "learned pigs;" they ridicule their propensity to drink beer, their devotion to tobacco, the formal and frigid etiquette of their nobles, and the slavish and stolid submission of the lower orders. The name of Russia is associated in their minds with frozen lakes and polar bears, with drunken nobles and Siberian exiles, or with serfs, bristles, cordage, tallow, black bread, and rancid oil. They shrug their shoulders when they talk of their army, with which they became acquainted at Moscow, and during the occupation of Paris, and have many anecdotes, which they relate with much spirit, of officers with splendid uniforms, but no shirts or stockings, and soldiers who repeatedly left Paris in darkness by drinking up the oil of the street lamps. They admit that they are brave, otherwise it would have been disgraceful to be beaten by them; but they ascribe their power to brute force, directed by great science and practical skill. They excuse their own failure at Moscow by asserting that it arose from the superior intelligence and gallantry of the French soldier, who, while he thinks *for* himself, never thinks *of* himself, and therefore preferred death to retreat. They are loud in their disparagement of the Americans, and say they are a bad edition of the English, neither cooks nor gentlemen, knowing neither how to eat, drink, or live like Christians, and mistaking rudeness for frankness, cun-

ning for talent, scurrilous abuse for the liberty of the press, and the ownership of slaves as compatible with free institutions. Frenchmen talk loudly of their honour, and lay their hands on their hearts while asserting their preference of death to the loss of it, and yet observe treaties no longer than suits their convenience, or their *parole* as prisoners when they can find an opportunity to escape. Their motives are not what they assign, and, therefore, they doubt the sincerity of all other nations. They call England "Perfidious Angletorre." Their religion is a destiny; their mission, universal dominion; their freedom is the liberty to say and do what they are ordered; might makes right in their eyes. They become frantic on the subject of the slave trade, which they abhor, and will never consent to traffic in human beings; they only purchase their labour, and merely reserve to themselves the power to enforce the right of perpetual servitude. In short, France is the finest country in the world, and they are superior to all other nations. Their army has never suffered a defeat, except when it was vastly outnumbered, or their generals bribed, as was the case at Waterloo.

The Americans, also, have been well trained in the bragging art, both by the English and French. They are as aristocratic as the nobility of the one, and as republican as the Socialists of the other. They assert that all men are free and equal. This is an abstract proposition; but, like all general rules, it has exceptions. It means *all white men*. Their minister refused to sit beside the "Nigger" Ambassador from Hayti at the Lord Mayor's table—he did not recognise him as a Brother! He said it was an insult to a country which considered Blacks as inferior beings, and held them as slaves, and referred to Buxton, Wilberforce, and Shaftesbury, as authorities, as all three were stated to have declined matrimonial alliances for their daughters with African princes. They boast that they are white (an exultation no European understands); that they are free, which none but themselves comprehend; and that they are descended from a nation which they cheat, insult, and affect to despise. Similarity of name with them means consanguinity; they boast that they are descended from the best families

in Great Britain, and have "good blood." They can, therefore, afford to ape humility and talk of equality, because being on a level with English nobility they can condescend, without risk, to admit others to their society without derogating from their own importance. "The English have whipped all the world, and they have whipped the English." Their superiority is unquestionable. They have the largest rivers, the highest hills, the widest prairies, the richest soil, the fastest horses, the prettiest gulls, the best revolvers, the cutest lawyers, the *powerfullest* preachers, and the smartest generals, that are to be found on the face of the earth; also clippers that beat all natures, steamers that streak it off like iled lightning, and men that are half horse and half alligator, with a touch of the devil and a cross of the earthquake.

They can out-run, out-ride, out-boat, out-chaw, out-spit, and out-lie all the world. Is it any wonder they are "the greatest nation in all creation?" If you have any doubt as to this fact, ask their minister "to the Court of St. James's, Victoria," and he will tell you—"I rather guess it's a fact—stick a pin through it, for it's noticeable."

John Bull has this vanity in an eminent degree. He is convinced, beyond all doubt, that he is the greatest man in the world. He takes it for granted every one knows it; and if it is not admitted, he attributes the denial either to ignorance or prejudice. He does not assert his superiority so loudly as the Yankee; but he feels and looks it. He is a supercilious gentleman, and regards the rest of mankind with a condescending and patronizing air. He is rich, and measures the respectability of foreigners by their wealth, and as this standard is in his favour, he considers them as "a beggarly crew." He is a bluff, ruddy-faced, resolute, good-hearted fellow, and inclined to corpulency, which is no wonder, for he feeds heartily, and drinks strong wine and heavy beer. Like many animals, he is not to be approached with safety while hungry; he is liberal in his charities, but he won't subscribe till after a public dinner and some very fulsome speeches, in which his generosity, his tender disposition, his wealth, and his benevolence, are duly extolled. He is

a practical man, and will pay for services rendered, but will have nothing to do with the erection of monuments to commemorate them.

He says, if he wishes to see a national tribute to the glory of the British arms, he would rather go to France, where, in the enumeration of their victories over various nations, the name of England is omitted. He says he is content with that, for it is an admission far outweighing any assertion of his, however well-grounded. He is hospitable, and keeps a liberal table; but is not above letting you know the merits and high prices of his wines, to which he draws your attention, lest your want of taste might prevent your fully appreciating your good fortune in being asked to partake of them. He does not always boast loudly; he sometimes affects to speak disparagingly of what pertains to himself—he considers it more delicate. His stately mansion in the country he calls "his little place in Meekshire," his town-house his "*piot à terre*," and so on.

"And the Devil he laughed, for his darling
sin,

Is the pride that ayes humility."

He looks upon the Scotch, the Irish, and the colonists, with an air of great superiority. He is fond of telling you Doctor Johnson's definition of oats, "food for horses in England and men in Scotland," and that their best road is the one that leads to England. He delights also in repeating the observation of one of his admirals, relative to Ireland, "that the only cure for the discontent of that country, was to scuttle it for forty-eight hours, to destroy the vermin." He declines to be introduced to any one from Australia, because he knows he is a returned convict. If he meets a man from Canada, he asks him if it is a penal colony. He is himself full of provincialisms, calling "H-eve, the mother of us h-all," and talking of his "ores and ounds;" and yet, his ear is so sensitive, the Irish brogue and Scotch accent distress him, on account of their vulgarity. But his nationality is insufferable. He has an idea that one Englishman is equal, in war, to three Frenchmen; and has the vanity to believe that a navy in name is superior to one in fact; that his maritime supremacy is indisputable, and has been so often

proved that farther evidence is unnecessary. He is of opinion that a mere notice that "spring guns and man traps are set on his premises," will as effectually protect his property as if they were really placed there. He grumbles, therefore, at the estimates for a service which has the double duty to perform, of protecting the sea-board of the British Isles and the commerce of the colonies. Although he regards the French as fools, he does not think they can be so utterly devoid of sense as to invade a country that has never been visited by an enemy since the landing of William the Conqueror.

If you suggest the possibility of an attack, he boasts that though a landing may be effected, not one of the hostile force would ever return to their native country; an idea which is supported by the fact, that none of the Normans ever did so, except for the purpose of bringing over their wives and children. He maintains that those who make guns, must, as a matter of course, know how to use them; that hedges are better fortifications than batteries, and foxhunters more to be depended upon than dragoons. He regards the Treasury as the patrimony of certain powerful Whig families; he pays his taxes and grumbles, but is on the whole content, so long as he is permitted to vote for, or against the Premier. He leaves public business to public men, it is enough for him to attend to his own affairs. He is fond of civilians—he places one at the head of the Admiralty, and appoints country gentlemen to important posts in the Department of War. He found the advantage of this arrangement in the Crimean struggle, and experience has made him wise; he is an Englishman, and both infallible and invincible. This vanity he shares with the people of every other country, but he has little else in common with them. In other respects he stands almost alone; he takes sensible views of most subjects, and wherever his own personal interest is concerned, as disconnected with politics or party, he shows to great advantage. He is both able and willing to work, and attaches great value to industrious habits. For this he is mainly indebted to his climate, which, while it develops the human frame, is sufficiently temperate to ad-

mit of daily labour in the open air. It is neither too hot nor too cold, either of which extremes would confine him to his house; while the former would compel him, like the Virginian, to seek for a slave to do his work, and the latter would induce him to live like the Laplander or Esquimaux Indian, for more than half the year. It combines that happy medium that is essential to health and strength, labour and enjoyment; a grumbler by nature, he is, however, not quite satisfied with it. When at home he complains it is too humid, and the sun seldom visible; and he longs for an Italian sky, and its transparent atmosphere. But when he reaches Italy he finds his ideas have been borrowed from poets, and remembers that he once heard, when a boy, that "Fiction was the soul of poetry." The seasons drive him from place to place to avoid the sirocco, the malaria, the heat or the cold, as a shepherd does his flocks in search of fresh pastures, running water, and shelter. He sees an indolent, improvident, penniless peasantry, who prefer robbing to working, and who resort to murder to prove their admiration of law, and their fitness for liberty, and who, while dreaming of the unattainable, forego what is within their reach, and show how little benefit they have derived from the fable of the dog who relinquished the substance for the shadow. Yet this lazy, idle rascal, sings and dances, talks of freedom as of a thing that dispensed with labour as the foundation of property, but that supplies and protects riches without exacting personal exertion. He proceeds to Greece with increased hope; for, like Byron and Gladstone, he imbibed, in his early days, a love for Hellenic lore, a veneration for ancient heroes, and is spoony on the subject of its nationality; but he is soon convinced that the country, its climate, and people, have been vastly overrated. He finds that the surface of the country, broken by high hills and deep ravines, is more distinguished for its picturesque beauty than for its agriculture; that the heat of the plains which ripens tropical fruits is overpowering and enervating, and the mountains covered only with the hardiest trees and shrubs, more fitted for the resort of wolves and bears than civilized man. In his disapp-

pointment, while discarding all the romance of early years, he runs to the opposite extreme, and uses stronger language than the subject warrants. He maintains that whatever the Greeks may have been at some remote period, they are now greedy, ungrateful, treacherous, and blood-thirsty, preferring trade to agriculture, piracy to trade, and repudiation, on account of its being easier as well as safer, to even the greater sport of piracy and murder.

Wherever he extends his tour he finds the climate inferior to his own, and returns not satisfied, but grumbling, because he is convinced that "bad is the best." He discovers, however, that there are other qualities in a climate besides its agreeableness, which render it suitable for the abode of man. That of England, with its many faults, is neither too hot nor too cold to interfere with continuous labour, and is, withal, so temperate as to promote the full development of the human frame. Green crops and corn attain their full perfection, and all the most valuable fruits are easily matured. The verdure of England is only excelled by that of the dear "Emerald Isle," at once so lovely and so unique. If the climate were hotter he would be compelled to desist from work in the middle of the day, and the nights would be sufficiently warm to incline him to sleep in the open air.

If England were to drift farther south he would require his daily siesta, he must cultivate a knowledge of the guitar to serenade his mistress by moonlight. He would be poor, proud, and lazy, disinclined to exertion or thought. Less labour would suffice to procure the necessaries of life, and what he would think of equal importance, less would be necessary, and that little he would try to make others procure for him. Indolence would gradually affect his mind, even reflection would be fatiguing, he would find it irksome to think for himself, and would probably request the Pope to save him this trouble, by providing him with a religion suited to his mind, body, and habits. He would like a spacious and cool cathedral, dreamy music, fragrant incense, beautiful paintings, gorgeous robes, imposing processions, things to delight the eye, the ear, and the imagination, but that required neither thought nor la-

hour on his part. It is more agreeable to believe than to argue; it is easier to get goods on tick than to pay for them; and it saves a world of trouble to let others decide for us, and to accept their tenets with implicit belief. If excitements are wanting (as they obviously would be in such a climate) bull-fights, fêtes, and above all, an *auto da fé* now and then, would diversify the monotony of life. He might have a pleasanter time of it, but he would cease to be John Bull. He would feed on figs, olives, and grapes, and drink vapid sour wine; he would eat but little meat, and cease to brew beer. Abstaining from animal food during the fasts of the Church would be no penance to him, but rather a sanitary rule. But to renounce fruits and vegetables would indeed be an effort of great self-denial. In like manner if he were to apply the power of his steam-tugs to the removal of England, and tow her away to the north in search of a better climate (as it is probable he will some day when he has destroyed its constitution by adopting Yankee inventions, and pirating their patent high pressure political engines) he will have an easy time of it in winter. He will be torpid during those long, dreary months, and find the Laplander a happy, contented fellow, sustaining life, like the bear, by the absorption of his own fat, and undergoing the process of smoking, in order to his keeping through the heats of summer. To his temperate climate he owes his muscular, well-developed frame; but if it is warm enough to enable him to be abroad more days, and more hours in the day, than he could be in any other country, it fortunately does not enable him to live entirely in the open air like the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres. It compels him to have a dwelling, not as a mere shelter from the weather, but as a home, containing his family and dependents, to regulate whom, he must dwell among them, and introduce order, harmony, comfort, and economy, and cultivate the domestic virtues. To maintain them he must work, and when work ceases he seeks the seclusion of his home; he feels that it is his duty, as well as his interest, to make that home happy. He constantly boasts of it, and of its exclusive rights; he calls it *his castle*, and he

defends it with as much jealousy as a sovereign does those fortified places which he dignifies with that title. England is covered with these castles, great and small, armed or unarmed, and their owners are independent each of the other, and all of the sovereign or the nobility. They severally claim for themselves that liberty which they concede to others, and in maintaining their individual rights they unconsciously work out public liberty. From the necessity of providing means to support his family he acquires a taste for the pursuit of gain, and becomes a merchant or a manufacturer. Nature intended that some of his children should be sailors; his country is bounded on all sides by the ocean; he was a good rower at school, and learned the use of a boat as well as that of a grampus or a dictionary. Whenever he obtains a view of the sea he beholds innumerable ships, he reads of their distant voyages and rich cargoes, he hears those who own them called "Merchant Princes," and recollects the proud and characteristic reply of his own father when this flattering appellation was first applied to him, "I hope not," he said, "princes are needy and illiberal. I trust I am neither one nor the other, I am nothing more or less than a plain English merchant."

He has minerals on his estate, and acquires the art of mining to extract them; and digs deep into the bowels of the earth for coals to smelt them; and, when they are refined, sets up manufactories to convert them into articles of use or ornament. He freights his ships with these productions, and exchanges them for raw materials that his country cannot produce; which, by the aid of mechanical skill, he again exports in a manufactured state, to be again exchanged for money or cotton, for cordage or sugar, for wine or tobacco, and amasses great wealth by these several operations. He founds colonies in all parts of the globe, and peoples them with his artisans and labourers. His language is spoken by a great portion of the inhabitants of the earth, as America, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and the ports of the Mediterranean can testify. Is it any wonder he is proud and boasts of his race, which he firmly believes will overrun the world? Having inter-

ests to protect everywhere, both of his own and the people whom he governs, he is apt to interfere with his neighbours in a way to render him hated by all. Being a strong, muscular man, and having much of the animal in his composition, he is pugnacious—makes war without cause; and, when his passion subsides, concludes peace with little or no gain. He offers advice where it is not asked, and sulks or fights if it is not followed. He is full of contradictions, profuse and mean, impulsive and cold, tolerant and bigoted, independent, yet governed by party; learned, but not wise; good-natured, but full of fight; fond of nobility, but democratic; full of invention, yet slow to adopt improvements; a churchman, but refuses to pay rates; and so on. But he is, withal, a manly fellow—and where shall we find his equal? These very contradictions often balance each other, and their fusion makes the man. Such is John Bull.

On our arrival from Southampton at the Waterloo station, Cary advised me to accompany him to the British Hotel, Cockspur-street, which, he said, was just the place to suit a stranger like me. "Its first recommendation," he observed, "is, that it has a spacious, well ventilated, smoking-room; not perched up in the roof of the house, like the cockpit used by the Long Island Dutch for smoking hams, as if it was a thing to be ashamed of, but comfortably situated on the ground-floor, easy of access to those who frequent the coffee-room, or to those who patronize the house. Nothing is so inconvenient in England as this affectation of associating smoking with vulgarity. In large country houses, where the stables are provided with mahogany stalls, and plate-glass windows with blinds and shutters, the ill-fated smokers are driven to the steward's or housekeeper's-room, or the conservatory; and in towns you are either turned out to pace the street with your cigar in your mouth, or are driven to your club, where you have to ascend to the attic, an ascent only surpassed by that of Mont Blanc. Indeed, you are lucky if you find any smoking-room at your club, for it is not every one that indulges in this luxury. My scientific one has none; the bishops (and they do greatly congregate there) think smoking *infructu-*

They were once curates, and were good for a clay-pipe, a screw of tobacco, and a pot of half-and-half; but now they are good for nothing but shovel-hats, aprons, and gaiters. Artists would enjoy a whiff, but stand in awe of these Dons. It is true they don't give orders themselves, but they know those who do, which is quite as good, and they have a very patronizing air; so they look at these sable dignitaries, draw a long sigh, shake their heads, and mutter, 'It's a pity it's no go.' A few old lords, who love—black-lettered folios, because they are printed with antiquated types and are early editions, coeval with, or antecedent to, their own titles, are horrified at the sight of a 'clay,' which they associate with thieves and pick-pockets, and the smell of tobacco, which painfully reminds them of those hot-beds of schism and rebellion, the pot-houses. The geological members of the club have a '*primitive formation*' in them; but it is either overlaid with rubbish or crops out ruggedly sometimes; still they are '*up to trap*,' and would like a draw if they were not overawed by these lords spiritual and temporal. Defend me from the dulness of those who point only to the future or the past, and are not '*up to the time of day*.' I don't want to live with my grandfathers or my grand-children. I have no desire to hear of Gladstone's Homer, and the Siege of Troy, or Little Red Riding Hood, and the Babes in the Wood. Defend me from a learned club like mine! The members are not genial, and they must be memorable, when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens, who to their credit be it spoken are all smokers, can't persuade them that what the white and the black man, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Turk, the savage and the Spanish lady does, has, at least, the sanction of the majority, and is clearly adapted to all tastes and all climates. The war waged against this habit by old Dons, antiquated dames, and pretty girls, ought to be added to the three great social evils that afflict this country."

"Pray what may they be," I asked, "for I have been out of England the last few years, and it has been a sealed book to me?"

"Lawyers, doctors, and parsons,"

he replied. "I hate a lawyer, sir; I have a natural antipathy to one as my mother had to a cat. If I perceive one in the room I feel faint, gasp for breath, and rush to the door. They are so like cats in their propensities that I suppose I may call this dislike hereditary. I don't know if you ever remarked it, but their habits and instincts are very similar. They purr round you, and rub against you coaxingly when they want you to overcome your prejudice against their feline tribe. They play before they pounce. I was at the trial of Palmer, the poisoner, as soon as he was arraigned. I read his doom in the look of the judge. He had studied the examinations, and knew what they foreshadowed. He was *galloos* polite to him; he ordered a chair for him, begged him to be seated, and was very kind and condescending in his manner. 'Cockburn,' said I (for it was he who prosecuted), 'Palmer's fate is sealed.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'that offer of the chair always precedes the sus. per. coll.'

"How they fix their eyes and glare at their victim, just before they finally spring upon him. They have long claws, and sharp, powerful nippers, and no one ever escapes from their clutches. Like cats, too, their attachment is local and not personal; they are fond of your mansion and estate, but not of you, and when you leave them they remain in possession. They begin by bowing themselves into your house, and end by bowing you out of it. Their bills are as long as tailors' measures, and when, like them, they are hung on a peg, they resemble them uncommonly. They are very moderate in their charges; no man can find fault with them, the items are so contemptibly small. As a gentleman, how can you possibly object to two shillings and sixpence for answering, or five shillings for writing a letter, or six and eightpence for allowing you to look at him, and eight and fourpence for laying down his pen to look at you? He is too polite; he will attend you at your house, and receive your signature, to relieve you of the trouble of going to his office. Ten shillings is a small charge for this, and two shillings and sixpence for cab hire is very reasonable. He is so attentive and so accurate, you are charmed with him. He takes in-

structions in writing, then drafts the required instrument, then copies it in triplicate—one for you, another for himself, and a third for counsel; then he engrosses it, and watches the execution of it, after which he encloses it to you, and writes to you an interesting account of what has been done, and you acknowledge the receipt of it, and he informs you by return of post that your letter has reached its destination. *One charge for all this very necessary work might, in the gross, appear large, but divided into minute items, it is the essence of cheapness.* ‘On my soul’ (as Big Ben, the Jew china dealer says), ‘it ish a great bargain, you get it for nothing;’ and, by way of parenthesis, I may say, “Shogog, do you believe lawyers and Jews have souls? because I don’t.” “And pray, may I ask how do you arrive at that conclusion?” said I. “Because neither of them have any conscience; and I believe a man who has no conscience is not possessed of a soul, for man is an accountable being. Of the two, I like the Jew the better, because he runs a certain risk when he lends money, as it is only the needy or the extravagant man that borrows; and although he charges exorbitant interest, he does give you something for your post-olot. But a lawyer’s stock-in-trade is a quire of paper and a bunch of quills. His motto is that of the spider ‘*Omnia mea mecum porto.*’ His office is none of the best dusted (so many poor fellows come ‘down with the dust’ there,) and none of the tidiest, so his emblem, the spider, is oft seen weaving his web in the corner, an ominous sign, if his clients were well versed in natural history, and, like the clock, a quiet monitor to him, admonishing him first to entangle a client and then devour him. The lawyer’s spider is always a Cardinal.”

“What is the meaning of that?” I said, “for I never heard the term before.”

“Hampton Court Palace,” he replied, “which was built by Wolsey, is infested with an enormous breed of spiders, the bodies of which are nearly as large as young mice! Indeed they have spread over the adjoining country, for miles round, and are called ‘Cardinals’ after him. For my part I never condescend to shake hands with a lawyer. Their grasp is

adhesive, you can never disengage your fingers. You are trapped, as an owl is, with bird-lime. It has come to this pass now, you can neither afford to let, or to sell, or to buy land, the expenses are so enormous. This may be a free country—people say it is—but your property is not protected. The first loss is the least, and the best. If I am cheated, I follow the example of a Yankee friend of mine. He was complaining to me, in indignant terms, of having just then been swindled out of a large sum of money by an attorney, and when he had finished his story, I asked him what he intended to do. ‘Do, sir,’ he said, ‘I shall act as I always do under similar circumstances,’ and he drew himself up to his full height, and stretching out his right arm to its utmost extent, he gradually contracted his fingers on the palm of his hand, and squeezed them tightly into it, as if he had a nut to crack, ‘*I squash it, sir,* and never think of it afterwards.’ So if I am cheated, ‘*I squash it.*’ I never go to a lawyer, for that is to throw good money after bad, which doubles the loss. These fellows are not content with feeding upon living men, they devour the dead, and pick their very bones. Like vampires, they first suck the blood, and then, like ghouls, make a banquet of the body. They smother us while living, with bonds and mortgages, with charges for obtaining the money, with bills of costs, insurances on our lives, and every sort of usury, and the breath is scarcely out of our bodies, when they open our wills, which they drew themselves, and find, that like Manchester cloth, when the shoddy is shaken out, the texture is so loose, it won’t hold together. An attorney’s shoddy means actions, chancery suits, issues at common law, bills, interrogatories, commissions and retainers, refreshers and appeals from the decision of one tribunal to another, until it terminates in the House of Lords. Chancellors are not much better; they were lawyers once themselves, or they ought to have been, and they feel for that Bar of which they were splendid ornaments in their day. But they were politicians also; and although they were selected, as we all know, for their legal attainments, their parliamentary skill, it is more than sus-

pected, was not forgotten. Popularity is not to be despised, even on the Bench, and all parties are satisfied that the costs should be paid *out of the estate*. Between Gladstone's succession duties, and lawyers' fees, how much of an estate goes to the heirs? Even Viscount Williams professes himself unable to answer that question. It is a crying social evil.

"Doctors are no better; and I mean that word to embrace physicians, surgeons, *et hoc genus omne*. They have the modesty to complain in bitter terms that they are not well used. But do they do unto others as they would wish they should do unto them? Locock says he would have been made a peer, had not an enemy traduced him by publishing to the world that he was to be created '*Lord Delceur us*.' It is as hard to lose a title by a joke as it is for some men to perpe- trate one; and it is not a very pleasant thing to be made the subject of them, for jokes, like penny stamps, are adhesive. I don't like people whose interests are not only opposed to mine, but whose advancement proceeds from my misfortunes. If I break my leg, the surgeon rubs his hands with glee, and murmurs thankfully, 'how very lucky; it is a good chance for me.' They live on epidemics. When influenza is rife, they are observed to be unusually constant in their attendance at church, not to hear the sermon, but to listen to the uproar of coughs. They can form a tolerable estimate of their future *crop* by the number of these noisy Christians, and they return home with thankful hearts, that all things work together for the good of the righteous. When called in for consultation, their first inquiry is not concerning your symptoms, but your means, and their course of treatment is wisely regulated by what they hear of the state of your *chest*. It is the full purse, like the full habit of body, that requires depletion. The poor fare better, for they are generally left to nature, which kindly works out cures for the ills that she bestows. Alas! we are not free agents in this world. If we do not summon these people when our friends are ill, and death ensues, it is at once said 'they died for want of proper medical advice; nothing was done for them.' If the doctor is called in, and death, like a shadow, follows his footsteps, we are

often haunted by the idea that 'too much' was done for them. They do their work in private, not in public, like lawyers, who, with all their faults, are jolly fellows compared to the doctors. The former fight it out in court, in presence of the judge, jury, and audience, and the public decide for themselves on their respective merits. When the trial is over, they walk off, arm in arm, in great good-humour, dine together, laugh at the jokes of the judge, the stupidity of the jury, and the way the witnesses were bullied and bamboozled. The hotel bill is spread over the retainers. It is the proper place for it. Like has an affinity for like. Fees are attracted by fees, adhere together, and roll up, like wet snow, into a large ball. Doctors and parsons do not meet face to face, like lawyers, and have a regular stand-up fight, and then shake hands, like good fellows; but they fire long shots at their opponents, when their backs are turned: the former by inserting, scolding, cutting, and venomous articles in works devoted to science and *deformation*; and the latter by sending to Christian newspapers anonymous communications, written in a truly charitable spirit, holding no sympathy with sinners (which they believe all those who differ from them to be), and accordingly denounce, with 'bell, book, and candle,' exposing them to the scorn and contempt of their so-called religious friends.

"Medical men are, it must be admitted, most obliging and accommodating to those who seek them. Has an extravagant woman, a penurious or selfish husband, it is an evidence of aberration of mind: the family doctor is consulted, who sends another *mad* practitioner to share the responsibility, and they certify that the poor man is unsafe to be at large. He is, therefore, received into a private asylum, the keeper of which pays the recommending physician fifteen per cent. on the amount of the annual charge for his custody and support. The unfortunate victim is outrageous at this false imprisonment, and thereby affords the proof which was wanting before of insanity. He is laced up in a strait-waistcoat, his head shaved and blistered, and he is kindly admonished to keep himself cool and quiet. Nothing can ever effect his release save poverty or death. Death

does sometimes occur, not from insanity, but from a broken heart. Poverty is a specific in those cases. When the supplies fail the patient is almost instantaneously and miraculously restored to his senses, and is not only released, but actually bowed out of the establishment; for the governor at once discovers that it is both dangerous and wicked to detain a man one moment after he is of sane mind. The medical attendant informs the freed man that his disorder has assumed a new shape, and has degenerated into another complaint for which there are other practitioners much more competent to prescribe than himself; he congratulates him on his marvellous recovery, and takes an affectionate leave of him. How can men like these complain that the world does not do them justice? How hard these licensed quacks are on their unlicensed brethren! They persecute and prosecute them, they hold them up to ridicule and contempt, they analyze their medicines, and sometimes deign to pronounce them harmless—can they say as much of their own? They ascribe their cures to nature, and their failures to ignorance. Perhaps they are indignant at the exposure of their own secrets—it is *tho* practice to rob nature of the credit that is due to her, for their cures are their own, and their failures almost invariably caused by the neglect of others, in not having consulted them sooner.

"The Germans managed their medical men better. They made them useful in their armies, by adding the dignity of barber and hospital nurse to that of surgeon. As English society is now constituted, they are social evils.

"Their clerical brethren have, of late, become equally troublesome; they have thrown almost every parish in the kingdom into confusion; they have invented nicknames, and apply them most liberally to each other. One party calls the other Puseyite, and modestly assume the exclusive title of Evangelical, while they severally ignore the existence of that large, sensible, pious, and orthodox body called the Broad Church, which includes the *truly* Evangelical, whose peace is destroyed by these two factions. The Puseyites are Romanists in disguise, and the extreme low party, have all

the faults of extremes. If they would only let each other alone, and confine their rivalry to the amount of good they might severally do, it would be better for both of them, and for the cause of Christianity generally. If they would make 'the World, the Flesh, and the Devil,' their objects of attack, it would be a far more appropriate and praiseworthy exercise of their clerical functions, and conduce more to the welfare of all who eschew party dissensions and desire to live in peace with all men—

'For forms of Faith let senseless zealots fight—
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.'

Both have done, and still do, much service in their way, but both are woefully deficient in Christian charity. If you decline to attach yourself to one side or the other, they both turn on you, saying you are neither "hot nor cold," as if the fervour of religion was exclusively confined to sectarian warfare. They appear to think that the affairs of the Church must be conducted on the same principles as those of the State, which require a strong opposition. The result is, the condition of moderate men resembles that to which a prisoner is reduced by the divided opinions of his counsel.

"The Puseyite tugs at one skirt, and says, 'confess, and throw yourself on the mercy of the priest.' The opposite party grasp the other skirt, exclaiming, 'do not confess, plead not guilty, and run your chance of escape from want of proof.' One says, 'confess your sins,' and the other, 'confess your virtues.' There is no escape for you but to slip out of your coat, leaving that and your purse in their hands. If they could understand a joke you might say, in affected fright, 'pray, good men, take my life, and spare what I have got.' One would rather die than not preach in a surplice, the other would suffer death sooner than do so. One insists on candlesticks on the altar, not to 'lighten his darkness,' but because it is the emblem of his party; his opponent hereupon calls his teaching *candlestickology*, an epithet I once heard used in a village church, where the worthy vicar was strongly inveighing against Tractarian doctrines and customs. The Puseyite loves the

rubrick, and is as fond of its red letters as if he believed them stamped with the blood of the martyrs. He has, however, a better reason, the authority of the Episcopal Bench.

"The Militant divine, though professing to be a Churchman, opposes the authority of his bishop, he wishes to be the bishop of his own parish, and to lay down the law to his own people. In short, whatever the high Churchman does the other opposes. The former decorates his church, the latter considers it unjustifiable extravagance; it is better to give the money to the poor, and who is so ill-provided and so deserving as himself. Stones and painted windows neither eat nor drink, but clergymen, their wives and children, do both, and their ladies do not object to personal decoration. Women are to persons for reasons to justify never at a loss. So they say, if it is expensive apparel. Id go about doing good, they must go fashionably dressed, it makes their visits doubly acceptable, their teaching far more influential, the poor always appreciating the condescension of such very fine ladies in entering their humble dwellings. Children may possibly be of a different opinion; a Sunday school scholar being asked by her richly attired teacher what she understood by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, replied, *'them's the pomps and vanities, ma'am, in your bonnet,'* pointing to a profusion of ribbons and artificial flowers. It was considered very pert, and so it was, and something more, for it was very pertinent.

"These parties agree in nothing but disagreeing. They are mainly led by prejudice, reminding me of an old Yorkshire planter in Jamaica called Ingleby. He was a member of the House of Assembly there, and though as deaf as a post was always observed to vote right, although he could not hear a word of the debate. My uncle asked him one day how this happened to be the case. 'Why,' said he, 'I keeps my eye on that Scotch Radical Hume, and whichever way he goes I crosses over to the other side and votes against him, and nine times out of ten I find I have done right.' These parties are in the same situation, and are equally open to argument and conviction; they do not hear, they reason no more than Ingle-

by did, but they make up their minds, under all circumstances, to be always opposed to each other. For my part I wish they would both quit the Church, the one for Rome, and the other for dissent, which, severally, are more congenial to them than the Establishment. We should then be able to live in security, if not in peace, which we cannot do while there are concealed traitors within, and hostile hosts without, our lines. Yes, sir, I consider these three classes, lawyers, doctors, and militant parsons constitute what is called the 'Social Evil' of England."

"Why, Cary, my good fellow," I said, "you are not only unjust but cruel to-day; one would think you had some personal pique against these 'three black graces,' as Horace Smith used to call them. Such severe and prejudiced critics as you are, ought to be added to the trio that you denominate the 'Social Evil.' You remind me of the chief of the Mohawk Indians, who before retreating from the battle field at Ticonderoga, stooped for a moment to scalp a wounded French officer. Having knelt down by his side, he drew his knife, and seizing him by the hair of his head, he was about to cut the skin on the forehead, to enable him to tear off the scalp, when the whole of it came away in his hand, and left a cold bloodless pate exposed to view. *It was a wig, a thing the savage had never seen or heard of before.* He was terrified at what he considered the supernatural power of the Frenchman, who could thus cast his hair as a cockroach does his shell, and springing to his feet, and waving the wig by its queue, he fled in dismay, exclaiming 'Sartain, Frenchman—all same—one devil.' It was this incident which caused the chief to be known ever after as the 'Bald Eagle.' You are like him, you would use a scalping knife; what is the matter with you to-day?" "Well," he replied, "perhaps, like the Indian, I have not hurt a hair of their heads—the truth is, I am cross, I am always out of temper on a hot day in England." "Why in England more than anywhere else?" "Because the heat is more insufferable here, and so is the cold, on account of the dampness that accompanies it. When the glass stands at 92 here in the shade, it is equal to

120 at Demerara or Jamaica." "Well, keep yourself cool and good-natured and I will make you a beverage fit for an Emperor, not strong enough to inflame, or weak enough to be dangerous, from causing a sudden chill." Having compounded this to my own satisfaction, I handed him the tankard with that air of triumph which a man always feels, who knows he has a receipt that pleases and puzzles every one. "There," I said, "take a pull at that, and then make a face as if you did not like it." "But I do, most decidedly," he replied, as he replaced the antique silver vessel on the table—"it's superb, it's magnificent, perfect nectar; I could drink Milford Haven dry if it was filled with that! what do you call it?" "It has never been christened yet, but as it is the first I have brewed on the Southampton line, I shall give it, in honour of you, and the approbation you have expressed of it, the name of

THE SEASON TICKET.

One bottle of sound cider,
One pint and half of lemonade,
Two glasses of sherry,
One tea spoonful of orange flower water,
Two sprigs (or three) of mint,
Two lumps of sugar,
Half a pound of Wenham ice.

There, you have the name and the receipt, and let me tell you it is the best I know of among the thousand and one that are so much wanted. It has the great recommendation of being very cheap and very simple, and the ingredients are everywhere within reach. Like everything else it has a secret, and that is, the *orange flower water*. It is that which imparts to it its delicate muscat flavour, champagne, claret, and moselle cup are snubish; the way they are generally compounded is such as to spoil good and costly wines that are unfit for dilution. The name sounds rich, but the beverage is poor. This "Season Ticket" elevates the character of the materials, and makes a compound superior to all others. Try it again, for ice melts quickly this weather, and your liquor should be either hot or cold. Any thing like warm is only fit to be taken with *ipocac*—"Yes," he gasped, as he handed me back the almost empty flagon, "the 'Season Ticket' is beyond all praise. I am at peace now with all the world."

"If that is the case," I said, "recall your censures on the professors of Law, Physic, and Divinity." "I can't do that," he replied; "I neither cant or recant. I have the same repugnance my bailiff evinced, when sued for defamation, to subscribe to an apology for publishing what was not true about one of my tenants. 'No, sir,' he said; 'I will never sign a 'lie-bill; I'd rather die first.' I won't retract; but if you think the shadows are too strong and dark, I have no objection to add the lights; perhaps the portrait may then be more easily recognised and more true to nature. Well, bring me my easel, and give me my palette and brush, and let us retouch these pictures. I think we began with the lawyers. It's hard to make becoming likenesses of these fellows, their features are so marked that although quite perfect their photographs look like caricatures. Let me see. I will soften down the lines of impudence, and make those of firmness and independence somewhat stronger; keep down the professional look of cunning; and bring out the traits of humour, wit, and knowledge of the world for which they are distinguished. I could perhaps improve the specimens by a judicious selection of sitters. I would choose Chelmsford and Lyndhurst in preference to Bethell and Campbell." "Why not Campbell?" I asked. "Read his face and his lives, and you will find the answer in both. He is amongst the first fruits of the Whigs, and men don't gather grapes from thorns. That party cannot boast of *feats*; they don't aim so high; they are content with *counterfeits*." "Try the cup again," I said; "it has not made you genial yet. I hope you can say something better for the clergy." "Well," he replied, drawing a long breath, after having drained the flagon, "Shogog, if all trades fail, open a 'Season Ticket Shop' in London, and you will make your fortune. It's capital lush that; make another brew, and I will see what I can do for the clergy. Well, first of all, I'd paint out the M.B. waistcoat of the Puseyites, and put in a nice white-bosomed shirt, and then I'd cut off half a yard of his coat, and reduce it to the peace establishment; for now it is a hybrid between a Romish priest's vestment and the coat of an Irish car-driver;

and I'd fill him out as if he was a well-fed Christian, instead of being half starved on a miserable pittance, disgraceful to his flock, and unworthy of him. I will say this for them—they are a self-denying sect. What a pity it is such good, such zealous, and unselfish men should be a sect, ain't it? Well, then, as for the Low Church clergy, who have a proud look and a high stomach, and appear as if they lived on the fat of the land and the donations of their admiring female devotees, I would alter their Primitive Methodistical white chokers, and add a neat tie to them; I would give them a shirt-collar, take away their shovel-hats (to which they have no right); substitute a morning coat for the everlasting dress one they wear, and expunge that look of complacency they carry about with them, as if they felt (as the Yankees say) 'good all over,' and condescended to receive the universal homage of all who beheld and admired them. Oh, I am willing to correct my sketches. I well know there are good, talented, and self-denying men in all divisions of our church." "Yes," I said; "but your corrections are like those of our old Harrow schoolmaster, well meant, no doubt, but *touching the feelings rather painfully*." "As for the doctors, they ought to be able to take care of themselves." "Never mind them at present—the weather is too hot; in your cooler moments I am sure you will do them justice. Their gratuitous services to the poor; their unpaid, or inadequately remunerated attendance at hospitals, infirmaries, and dispensaries, are above all praise. I don't like to hear a whole profession judged and condemned by the conduct of individuals. You are unjust, believe me, you are; and it is easy for you, who are not a member of either of those learned bodies, but a man of fortune, to find fault with them. Recollect it would be easy for them to return the compliment by representing you as belonging to that class which has been defined to be 'Fruges consumere nati.' You have charged the clergy with being deficient in charity; let us not expose ourselves to a similar remark." "I'll tell you a story," he said, with an arch look, "the application of which will furnish an answer to your lecture. Three or four years

ago I made a passage from the Cape to Liverpool, and landed at the latter place about seven o'clock on Sunday morning. When I reached the Waterloo Hotel, and had breakfasted, it occurred to me that as I was in the same town with the celebrated Dr. McNeile, I would avail myself of the opportunity of attending his chapel, in the hope that I might be fortunate enough to hear him preach. His parish was some distance from the hotel, and when I arrived at the church I found not only the pews occupied but the aisles filled with well-dressed people, who were standing there with the same object I had in view. As I had been on deck all night I felt too tired to remain on an uncertainty; so addressing myself to the verger, I asked if Dr. McNeile was one of the two white-haired clergymen who were in the reading-desk pulpit (for such was its shape). "Yes," he replied, "the one on the right hand is the doctor."

"Will he preach to-day?"

"How do I know?"

"It's a civil question, my friend, and deserves a civil answer."

"Yes, it is a civil question, but a very improper one. People come here and ask me whether Dr. McNeile is going to preach. They ought to come to say their prayers, sir, and to listen to the sermon whoever preaches it. The clergyman is not"—

"Stop, my friend," I said, "I came to hear Dr. McNeile preach, and not you."

"Well, he is not going to preach."

"Then good morning to you," and I left him still discoursing.—Now, Shegog, you may draw your answer from that story. I came to this room to smoke, and not to listen to a lecture."

"How uncommon cross you are," I said; "that Season Ticket is thrown away upon you." "No, indeed," he replied, "it is not, I assure you; I am only cross because it is all gone." "Try one of these cigars." "They are excellent. I never hear of these professional men without remembering a scrape I got into with an old East Indian officer. He had three sons, one a clergyman, the second a surgeon, and the third a land-agent. 'Ah, my friend,' I said, 'what a fortunate man you are in your children. They have the prayers of the church, for they represent "Mind, Body, and Estate."

Instead of taking this as a *badinage*, he became furious. He said it was a joke that would stick to his family for ever. But he was still more indignant when I retracted it. 'You know best,' I replied, 'and I withdraw it. They have neither "mind, body, or estate," so I hope you are satisfied.'

Just then the smoking-room began to fill with people from the coffee-room; and as I never talk to a mixed

company, we changed our conversation to indifferent subjects, and spoke in a lower tone. "The eleven train for Southampton," said Cary, "will suit you best, so we shall meet at breakfast to-morrow. I shall not return myself for two or three days; but I will accompany you to the station, and see you off, and the day after to-morrow shall be there again to meet you on the arrival of the 5.50 train. Good night."

A SEA SKETCH. THE STORM!

THE setting sun's declining ray
 Bath'd spar and sail in ruddy light,
 And stream'd athwart the wat'ry way—
 That glow'd like molten metal bright—
 Cresting each wave with gold.
 A soft, low wind fill'd every sail;
 It sung amidst the cordage free;
 And the stately War-ship woo'd the gale,—
 Slow moving to its minstrelsy—
 Breasting the waters old.
 And the Mariners' voices were heard on the breeze,
 Chanting sweetly, strange ditties, of Life on the Seas.

There was brightness ahead, but astern a deep gloom,
 Growing darker and denser, and gathering fast.
 "Of the now-dying day, is that only the tomb?"
 "No! too quick o'er the sky its black shadow is cast!"
 Oh! there fell on the heart then an ominous chill,
 As the light wind was hush'd—and the vessel lay still;—
 For one moment alone—and from out the rude North,
 With vehement breath, the fierce tempest rush'd forth!

"All hands shorten sail! Hurry up men!—or drown!
 Now Britons remember your country's renown!
 Start sheets and halyards!! Clew up, and haul down!!
 Rig the chain-pumps! Up helm!!
 Lest the seas overwhelm!
 And the sudden blasts
 Cripple our masts!
 So! Steady! So!"——The orders clear
 Are heard by all, both far and near,
 Above the storm's wild din.
 And the seamen fly, with a ringing cheer,
 That startles the timid, but banishes fear,
 To gather the canvas in.
 And the bellying sails are secur'd at last:
 The Ship is reliev'd; and the danger is past.

"How is her head, now?" "Sou'-west by Sou', sir!"

"Keep her before the wind! Note how it veers!
Port!" "Port it is! She's up to West, now, sir!"

"Send the spare hands below! We'll have wet ere it clears!
Let the watch now be call'd, and the yards squarely brac'd!
Let the hatchways be cover'd, and 'look-out-men' plac'd."

The sun yet shines! His level rays
Spread all around a purple haze,
And tinge with lurid light
The yeasty waves, the lab'ring bark,
The threat'ning sky—so wild and dark,—
The lowering brow of night.
And see! across yon murky waste,
The "Bow of Heaven," resplendent, trac'd,
Bridg'd on the surges hoar!
High o'er the topmast-head it sweeps!
Through its "gem-dy'd" arch the swift ship leaps,
Driving the gale before!
From pole to pole—lo! it streams o'er the world,
A Standard of Hope on the Storm unfurl'd.

The sun is gone! His last red ray
Was quench'd in mist and seething foam.
The rainbow hues are fled away;
But ship and crew in safety roam,
Toss'd on the struggling waves;
The hoarse blast groans amongst the shrouds!
The heavy rain-drops, falling fast,
Beat back the spray as it mounts in clouds;
While lightning's "bolts" abroad are cast,
Scarring old Ocean's caves.
But the Ship dashes on with the speed of the wind,
And the hurricane's track is left far behind.

The sky has clear'd! The moon and stars
Shine softly down on Ocean's breast,
Where hull, and sails, and tapering spars,
In silv'ry splendour, calmly rest,
Floating in beauty there.
No breeze swells now the idle sails;
The unwieldy surge rolls lazily:
And, dimly seen, the watery vales,
In light and shade alternately
Glance 'neath the moonbeams fair.
And the Mariners' voices are heard, as in glee,
Singing sweetly, old ditties, of Life on the Sea.

THE SNOWY ST. THEODULE—A SWISS ASCENT.

DEAR MAGA,

We were three, as on that glorious day we entered the Hotel des Alpes in the village of Leukerbad, canton of Valais, quite ready to do justice to the dinner which we had ordered a couple of hours before.

We had started from Kandersteg early in the morning, had descended that miraculous work, the Pass of the Ghemmi, and having, as I said, ordered dinner at the Hotel des Alpes, we proceeded to the baths, though without any intention of joining in that medicinal refreshment. We were anxious to study the habits and customs of the bathers, having been given some strange accounts of these watery devotees. We saw them, and were somewhat disappointed; and yet the sight is odd enough. In a long room are four large tanks about twelve feet square, these are filled to a depth of from four and a-half to five feet with water which is supplied by hot springs, and kept to a temperature of from ninety-six to ninety-nine degrees of Fahrenheit. Any thing more unlike an English bathing scene it would be impossible to fancy. There was none of the bustle which attends our dressing and undressing for a watery performance; no glancing of white limbs; no merry laughter, no noisy shivering; not a shriek or a shout, or a call to the bath-men (or women as the case may be) for sheets, or shoes, or combs, or looking glasses. All was still, and quiet, and dismal. In the dull waters of the aforesaid tank lurked some fifteen or sixteen human beings, with dark bathing garments and a fixed expression of countenance. I had not the remotest idea of the sex, the age, or the stature of any individual amongst them; but the custom is for ladies and gentlemen to enjoy the bath together, all clad in thick woollen dresses, thereby combining sociability with decorum in a pleasing manner. I cannot say, however, that the sociability appeared excessive. One or two paddled about for a few seconds at a time, but seemed soon to give it up as a bad job. They did not speak, but now and again looked at us with fishy eyes.

From their torpid appearance, and dark dresses shining with wet, one could have fancied them a set of mesmerised otters, waiting for the moment to arrive which should dissolve the spell that bound them, and send them into a state of inconvenient activity. To be sure, in front of some floated wooden trays bearing mugs of coffee, and, I believe, otters seldom enjoy that beverage. These trays were pushed about in a languid way, and sometimes there was a little sipping from the mugs; but I don't suppose it was good coffee, for the bathers did not seem to relish it. Perhaps the reason was that they had been too much watered themselves. Too much watered! Indeed I should think so. I am credibly informed that many of these poor wretches, who are generally Swiss, sojourn in that dreary vat for six or eight hours in the day. Fancy remaining eight hours in such a cheerless prison, where, when crowded, there would not be room to swim, and if you sat down, you would infallibly be drowned. They say that these bathers are occasionally lively, and sometimes even go so far as playfully to splash each other. I certainly discovered no symptom of any such exuberance of spirits. It was a relief to emerge into the bright sunshine, and the companionship of ordinary mortals.

Thence we wended our way to the far-famed "ladders," which, running up the face of a precipice, form the only convenient approach to a neighbouring village. We clambered up them nimbly and gaily, but were decidedly uncomfortable during our descent, and intensely thankful when the feat was over. The pangs of hunger gat hold upon us then; we hastened back to our hotel, and, as has been stated, we were three, as we crossed that hospitable threshold.

Dinner passed, during which, if little was said, a good deal was done, till at length fruit, fresh glasses, and a bottle of Beaugolais having been set before us, recruited nature burst forth in words.

"And now, *mes jolis garçons*," said I, for I liked to interlard my dialogue

with scraps of French, when the phrase was easy, "now *mes jolis garçons*, Zermatt, or not?—that is the question."

I have twice remarked that we were *three*, it is time I should tell you who we were. We were Cordiner, Simont, and myself. Cordiner was a thorough Englishman, stout and plucky, with no small appreciation of the merits of his native land, but free from excessive prejudice. A more amiable and agreeable fellow-traveller I have never met, though I am bound to admit his knowledge of foreign tongues was limited. Simont, though French in name, and probably by extraction, was in reality an Irishman, and a jolly good fellow. I, myself, was also from the Emerald Isle; had picked up Simont in London, and we both stumbled across Cordiner on the banks of the Rhine.

We were all anxious for Zermatt. So we determined to drive to Visp, some twenty miles distant, that very day, and on the following one tramp to that destination. A carriage, for which we were charged an exorbitant sum, was hired without delay, and as we drove off with a cheer, a Hebe kissed her hand from the balcony; I said it was meant for me, but I fear that in reality it was waved to Simont. At a tolerable pace, along a tortuous road, we wound through the valley of the Rhone, passed Leuk, and, at ten p.m., arrived at Visp.

As we shouldered our knapsacks the following morning after an early breakfast, I could not help wondering whether our respective friends at home would have recognised us had we happened unexpectedly to meet. How completely different in his outward man is the young gentleman of the civilized town from the practical pedestrian. Ten days ago Simont and myself had strolled along the Boulevards, in decent garments. Neat black coats we wore, with silken hats, enamelled boots, and the tightest of jousins. What were we now? Our coats were rough and our shirts were flannel; no sign of linen adorned us; we had shirt collars, indeed, but they were in our pockets, not to be produced till within sight of our hotel at Zermatt. Our shapeless wide-awakes showed many stains of dust and sun, and were devoid of form and comeli-

ness. Boots of mighty size, and armed with fearful nails, protected our feet, whilst our gloveless hands were brown, and green, and yellow. Each of us grasped an iron-shod pole, some six feet long, ye!pt an alpenstock, and bore on his back a knapsack of no trifling weight (mine was coarse and hairy, but his neat and handsome, and waterproof in certain parts). When I add that we had not shaved for ten days the reader may have some idea of the figures we cut. I remember, in fact, that when that morning Simont came to my bedside to shake me up I was firmly impressed with the notion that I had never in all my life beheld any thing half so hideous; but I must confess that as soon as I had gazed on my own features in the glass the delusion was dispelled in a manner far from pleasant.

The walk from Visp to Zermatt occupies some seven or eight hours, and though, not of any remarkable beauty, is agreeable. The day was sultry, and our pace necessarily moderate. No breeze stirred—nothing, indeed, appeared to stir except ourselves and the flying grasshoppers, which lie on the ground like a little bit of light brown twig, and ever and anon spread their blue, or green, or crimson wings for a brief flight. At noon we halted at St. Nicolaus, where we put on our slippers, rested, and partook of a *déjeuner à la fourchette* passably good, and (as is usual in Switzerland) in price extremely moderate. I shall never forget the gratitude of the Garçon when I presented him with the joint *douceur* of our party the magnificent sum of one franc. I thought he would have fallen on his own knees, and embraced mine. Other guests had now arrived; but in the intervals of service he would run to me again and earnestly exclaim, "oh! merci, monsieur, merci beaucoup," and dart off for supplemental viands, till I really thought the poor fellow was crazed. As we left I asked him for a light for my cigar, but with tears in his eyes he insisted on my pocketing a whole boxful of matches; and as we sauntered down the road upon our way, his "merci beaucoup" floated on the evening breeze. Ah, how delicious was that cigar. We had passed the fierce heat of the "glowing noon-tide." The sky was clear and blue;

the sunshine, still bright, but not so scorching, and a gentle breeze sprang up and fanned our dusty whiskers. Our bodies were strengthened and refreshed, and our minds placid; and so, with chat and laughter and bursts of admiration at favourable points of scenery, the pleasant summer day wore on. The hour was now approaching seven, and we, Zermatt. Suddenly a turn in the path gave the quaint little village to our view.

As one enters Zermatt it seems as though he were coming to the end of the earth. There lies the town, walled closely round with mountains upon every side, except that from which it is approached. It seems vain to think of traversing those gigantic heights that hem it in, and one fancies that if he even could surmount them, he would find nothing but sheer space on the other side; and truly the only exit is over some of those snowy passes which, though not particularly difficult, the great majority of travellers decline.

We approached the town silently, gazing on that scene of rare and striking beauty. Monte Rosa and Mont Cervin stood in the rear, at either side of the village, like two hoary giants on guard. On our right stood Mont Cervin in shadow, looking grand and grey, with its awful peak, the Matterhorn soaring into the heavens, a height of fully 5,000 feet, to whose summit human footsteps never yet have reached. On our left lay Monte Rosa, richly covered with snow, whose thick deep masses had just caught the reflection of the setting sun, and were "faintly flushed" with a pale rosy hue, that by and by imperceptibly faded into a pure dead white. One scarcely knows which of these two glorious mountains more to admire. Cervin is inexpressibly grand, but Monte Rosa has incomparable grace.

My dear Maga, have you ever contemplated making the ascent of Mont Blanc. Give up the idea, and try Monte Rosa. Mont Blanc is now scarcely an achievement. If you attempt it, failure is disgrace, and success no triumph. It is painful, expensive, and ineffably Cockney; but Monte Rosa is comparatively new and fresh; and although a lady has accomplished the ascent, still there are very few of the rougher sex who

will not find the adventure more than sufficient for their powers.

Zermatt boasts two good inns, which are naturally named after the two belles of the neighbourhood, we, as admirers of the fairer beauty, tarried at the *hostellerie* of Monte Rosa.

Early, very early the next morning, a terrible peal of bells from an adjacent chapel, startled me from sleep, and reminded me that it was Sunday (one sadly loses count of days on a pedestrian tour). Therefore, after breakfast and a stroll in the sunshine, we went to church in the *salle à manger* of the hotel, Monte Cervin. The room, I was pleased to find, was crowded with English tourists; so much so that I was obliged to sit on a chair in the balcony outside the window, and was, in consequence, as Simont remarked, the only cool person in the room. Two of our congregation were clergymen of the Church of England, and performed the service. There was, indeed, a third; but as his general get-up was a cross between a shepherd and a brigand, he was not called on to officiate. None of them volunteered a sermon, which probably tended to our being in time for the two o'clock *table d'hôte* at our own hotel.

"Your share is exactly eight francs forty-six centimes," said the practical Simont, showing me the *note*.

"And very cheap at the money," said I: "I'll pay you to-morrow, or in Geneva."

Here we were interrupted by two young Oxonians, who having learned that we meant to cross St. Theodule, starting from the Riffelberg, proposed that we should join parties, and direct a guide to follow us to the Riffel in the evening. The Oxonians were very nice fellows, and we closed with them at once; and having engaged a guide, who was to make his appearance before bedtime, we started for the ascent.

It is a matter of only two hours walking, but very steep and fatiguing. There is a mule-path, up which some ladies rode; also a French gentleman, who made the ascent in a dress coat, a Parisian hat, and patent leather boots. I presume he was fatigued on his arrival, and was put to bed, for we saw no more of him. When half way up we reached a level plot of grass, and there lying down upon our

backs we panted for some quarter of an hour ere we resumed our march. Another hour brought us to an inn.

The Riffelberg itself is the lower extremity of a ridge some six or seven miles long, which skirts the northern boundary of the great Gorner Glacier, and rises into a shaggy peak, called the Riffelhorn, just above the Riffelberg. From the summit of this ridge the view is one of the most wonderful and striking it is possible to conceive. I do not believe that any one who has never stood in the midst of a scene like this can at all imagine the feelings which swell in the breast of one gazing for the first time on so grand a panorama. You stand in the midst of an amphitheatre surrounded by the splendid Monte Rosa chain, mountain after mountain crowding round you, majestic and white with pure, untrodden, and eternal snow. It is no mere high-flown form of words to say that beholding this wonderful display of nature's grandeur, you fancy you have become the occupant of a new and very different world. Your ideas are enlarged and purified. As you fix your eyes on those immense and trackless paths, those never-changing beauties of crag and precipice, and glacier, you are irresistibly impelled to the thought that they are some image of the sublimity, of the grandeur, and the immutability of the Being who created them.

On this spot, which is some 3,000 or 4,000 feet higher than Zermatt, stands the Riffelberg Inn. It is built almost entirely of wood, and has numerous bedrooms, arranged in corridors, like cells. Considering the situation, and the crowds that sometimes flock there, the accommodation is excellent; but it was certainly not equal to the demand on the evening in question; for on our arrival we found some tourists looking the picture of blue despair on learning that, though they must rise at three o'clock next morning there was no chance of beds, and that all the chairs were engaged. We felt rather queer when we heard this; however, on our producing a card from the host of the Hotel Monte Rosa, who was also the proprietor of the Riffelberg Inn, we were informed that we could have a bed apiece. Only fancy that—five beds, and only five men to sleep in them. Was there ever such lux-

urious prodigality? We at once inspected our apartments, and marked proprietorship by putting our knapsacks and alpenstocks into our respective beds. Simont and I had a double-bedded room, which was small but clean, and boasted a table, two basins, and jugs, and one chair, which we took by turns. Cordiner and the two Oxonians were stowed away in another apartment. Fresh tourists came flowing in the whole evening. Where they put them all at night I would not venture to surmise. These were principally English, for where real hard walking is to be done our compatriots generally preponderate. There was one man, whose face was so burned and his forehead so white, that his head looked like a reddish brown rock topped with snow. He had just achieved the Col du Géant, which he spoke of as a trifle, and he evidently regarded the Pass of St. Theodule as a stroll not worth putting on your boots to accomplish. He was about to indulge in a few bagatelles, such as the ascent of the Stockhorn, the Gornergrat, and Monte Rosa. Some were going to the top of the Hochthaligrat, and others, having marched up the hill to the Riffelberg, intended to march down the hill again next day. Mrs. B. and her two sons were, like ourselves, about to try St. Theodule.

The prospect of rising at three o'clock induced an early retirement, and we accordingly withdrew soon after nine o'clock. Simont and I, however, found our room in a state of the direst disorder. A man and a woman had dragged our beds into the middle of the floor, and upset our table.

"Good gracious!" we cried, "you are not going to put a third into this little room?"

"No, no," they assured us; "they were only making us more comfortable. All would be ready in ten minutes."

In ten minutes we returned, but found that the increase of comfort consisted in their having carried off poor Simont's bedstead bodily. In its place they had stretched his mattress upon three huge candle-boxes of unequal heights, while to crown his misery the whole machine was about a foot and a half shorter than his body, so that when his wearied head sought

repose on a pillow of Lilliputian size, his lower extremities were left dangling over the side of a sharp-edged candle-box. He fell asleep before I did, and I could not resist the temptation of wrapping his waistcoat round his shins, while I covered his toes with his wide-awake to give him an air of comfort.

At three o'clock we rose. It was still dark, and the morning cold. There was just light enough to dress by; but what on earth had become of our jugs and basins? They were gone, vanished, purloined, and in their place had been left a wretched little changeling of a basin—a basin! a pipkin—a shallow pipkin, and beside it stood a mug of cold water, with which two men were expected to perform their ablutions. There was no help for it, and others beneath the same roof were doubtless much worse off. But oh, with what jealous eyes I watched him as he approached the mug. I raised myself in bed upon my elbow when he raised the mug to pour the water out.

"Simont," said I, in softest tones, "don't take all the water."

"I haven't taken any yet," he answered.

"Well, don't take any more; there's a good fellow," said I.

I believe he was conscientious, and I must admit that the matter required more nice and accurate measurement than a man could be expected to manage at three in the morning; but I know I had to put up with about three square inches of fluid, which, considering there was more snow in the neighbourhood than would have floated the whole establishment, I regarded in the light of a hardship.

By-and-by, in the *salle à manger*, we found several breakfasting before us. We managed in the scramble to secure some coffee and bread and butter; but, under the most favourable state of things, who can breakfast well at half-past three o'clock, A.M. Cordiner now appeared with dismal intelligence—our guide had not arrived, and in ten minutes more we ought to be on the road, four o'clock being the recognised hour for starting. They told us he would not be likely to come, as he had not arrived the night before. A quarter past four—no guide, but a little rain. A quarter to

five—rain over, but no guide. It would soon be too late to think of going, when young B. said that he and his mother had a guide and six porters, and that if we chose to join their party they would be glad of our company. There was a God-send! We thanked them heartily, wrote an irascible entry in the visitor's book as to the manner in which our guide had treated us, and at five o'clock started in high spirits. We were just an hour later than we should have been, and we paid dearly for this delay.

Our party consisted of fifteen persons. Mrs. B., her two sons (one of them a boy of twelve or thirteen years, the other a young man,) the two Oxonians, Cordiner, Simont, myself, the guide, and six porters to carry Mrs. B.'s *chais à porteurs* and luggage.

Travellers about to cross St. Theodule from this side either start from Zermatt across the torrent of the Zermatt Glacier, ascending through Platten, and so reach the Gorner Glacier, or else they adopt the course our party had taken, that is, sleep at the Riffelberg the previous evening, and from it in the morning descend at once upon the Gorner Glacier.

Something less than an hour's walking brought us to the top of a very precipitous descent, covered with shingle and loose clay. Down this we managed to scramble in a sliding convulsive sort of way. Mrs. B. was of course obliged to leave her *chaise à porteurs*, and was helped down the cliff by a couple of porters. Having reached the end of it more rapidly than we could have wished, but safely, we found ourselves at the bottom of a huge bank of ice, which formed the commencement of the Gorner Glacier. To climb up this sloping bank was a matter of no small difficulty. How they managed to hoist up the lady I was never able to understand; but Swiss guides and porters can, I believe, take anybody anywhere. For my part I slipped back when nearly at the top, some half dozen times, till at length growing desperate I rushed at my frozen enemy with a mighty shout, and by dint of various mighty efforts with my legs and wild plungings with my alpenstock, found myself at last upon the top. Once fairly on the glacier our progress was easy enough, fortu-

nately for us, for we were destined to a walk of three hours over the ice before reaching the snow.

Accompanied by a good guide (and it is madness to attempt a glacier without one), the danger is trifling. A considerable amount of caution must be exercised; crevasses must be dodged round, and patches of snow especially avoided, for they generally conceal a treacherous crevasse. Some of these crevasses are 300 feet deep, others only thirty or forty; but it is awful to think what one's sensations would be if he were to roll down even a small one. What a dreadful fate to be entombed alive among those blue walls of the deep cold ice. I fear it would be but a small consolation to know that in some ten years the glacier would probably restore you to the surface again in a very tolerable state of preservation. I have never myself experienced the excitement of falling into a crevasse; but in order to give you, my dear Maga, some idea of the way in which these dangers occur, and the manner in which they are avoided, I recall to your recollection the following extract from Mr. Wills' very pleasant book, "*Wanderings among the High Alps*." A party of six are crossing the difficult and dangerous *Col du Géant*, and are, as is usual when crossing dangerous passes, tied together by ropes about ten feet apart:—

"Nearer the top we encountered a broad and deep crevasse, stretching across the glacier for a mile or more in each direction. It would have been a serious addition to our labour to have had to turn it, and fortunately in one place it was spanned by a frail bridge of snow. Balmat passed safely over it; but it was very rotten, and each succeeding person made it worse. I was fifth in the line of march, and the instant that I stepped upon it it gave way, and I fell into the crevasse. The moment I felt myself going I shouted to the men before me. Every one planted himself firmly in the snow, and as we always kept about ten feet from one another I did not go far. I felt the cord tighten round my shoulders, and knew that I was safe. I was up to my neck in the crevasse, and felt my legs dangling in the blue depth below. I had just time while in this position to cast one look into the yawning chasm beneath me, and I shall never forget the sight. The crevasse appeared to stretch away to an interminable length on either

hand, varying in width from four or five feet to twenty or thirty, or more. It appeared to be 300 or 400 feet in depth, and was throughout of the deepest and most transparent blue. I was not left long to contemplate the wonders of a crevasse, for I was instantly hauled out like a bale of goods, and deposited safely on the opposite bank none the worse for my fall."

To me there is something most exhilarating in glacier walking. It is a novel and pleasant sensation to find yourself on a bright hot August day walking over ice several hundred feet thick, smooth enough to be slippery, and yet sufficiently rough to permit of your striding on in strong-nailed boots. There is generally a refreshing breeze; the ice keeps your feet pleasantly cool; whilst your rapid progress prevents any sensation of absolute cold. To those, however, who feel nervous or distrustful of their own steadiness of limb, the glacier is by no means an agreeable ramble. I well remember that when I inquired of Cordiner, who did not love glaciers, how he was getting on, his significant reply was, "Pretty well, I thank you: just let me get safely over this glacier, and I'll never ask to go on another while I'm alive." Just then one of the porters approached him, and pointing to his knapsack, remarked in French that it was hanging awkwardly at one side, to which Cordiner, who in attempting to speak to a foreigner, was in the habit of using a melange of language, at which we often laughed, replied,

"Oh, indeed, oui, thank you; ja, merci; never mind, all right;" and settled his erring knapsack with tolerable complacency.

We were now approaching the point where we were to leave the glacier and take to the snow. I make a distinction between them, although, of course, the snow itself covers a glacier. In a curious recess, which runs at the foot of a very high and steep wall of rock, and is sheltered by the moraine of the glacier, Mrs. B. and her party rested awhile and partook of a slight repast. Meanwhile we, who did not mean to eat until we had gained the summit, pursued our course straight on, meaning to traverse a path which opened temptingly between two walls of snow;

but soon our attention was violently attracted by loud and rapidly-repeated cries, when looking back we saw the guide, the porters, and young B. advancing towards us, and signalling us with all their might. We had been about to enter on a route of extreme danger, which we should have found utterly impracticable, and where we should, in all human probability, have soon become hopelessly bewildered and ultimately lost.

The proper road lay, as we now learned with surprise, up the face of the rock, beneath which our friends were regaling. Up it accordingly we scrambled as we best could, Mrs. B.'s activity and pluck exciting general wonder and admiration. At the top of this rocky precipice we found the commencement of the deep snow. From this spot is commanded a magnificent view of the glacier basin of the Monte Rosa chain. This, together with the near view of the Matterhorn, and the prospect of the mountains of Piedmont, form the chief scenic attractions of the Pass; but, alas for us, the morning had by this time sadly changed; the bright sunshine smiled on us no more; a mist gathered; and a chilly wind arose.

The most laborious portion of our route lay before us, and we prepared accordingly. Each donned his waterproof coat, tucked up his trousers, and drew down his veil. These veils are indispensable on such an expedition. The glare of the snow, particularly in bright weather, having a most disagreeable effect upon the eyes, and upon the skin of the face, rendering the former swollen and painful, and causing the latter to peel off.

When all was ready we set off on our tramp through the deep snow. I have already mentioned that we were at least an hour too late when we started from the Riffelberg. The result was that instead of having the snow tolerably hard under our feet, it had by this time considerably softened, so that at every step we sank a couple of inches above the ankle, and frequently nearly up to the knee. This rendered our snow walk at the very least three times as fatiguing as it ought to have been; and although our floundering and falling about was amusing at first, it became at the end of an hour rather provocative of ill temper.

Our line of march was odd enough. First came the guide, his hat well fastened down and his eyes adorned with a pair of large blue spectacles; his skin was too hardened to need a veil. Next to him followed in single file five young gentlemen in black mackintoshes, brown wide-awake hats and green veils, each with a knapsack on his back, and an alpenstock in his hand; next came a lady in black, walking between two alpenstocks held horizontally by porters; then came a little boy, carried in a *chaise à porteurs*; whilst the *here* was brought up by two additional porters in brown, and a young gentleman in yellow.

As we plodded on it seemed as if we were at sea in snow—this delusion being favoured by the mist which hid every thing at a distance from us. Once or twice the wind blew off somebody's hat, and whisked it over the white smooth surface, where, with its fluttering green veil, it looked like some monstrous butterfly out for the day. The capture of a hat under such circumstances was a matter requiring no inconsiderable caution. The guide who pursued the wandering article had to sound every step with his pole before he ventured to advance, for when the track had once been left it was impossible to say at what instant he might not step on a snow-bridge overhanging some treacherous crevasse. This hat chase was extremely exciting; for, to say nothing of the probability that the owner's head would never feel its gentle pressure more, it often happened that when the guide had succeeded in stealing within three or four yards of his object the butterfly would rise again and wing its way some twenty yards off, as if to mock his endeavours. However, no hat was lost, and taught by experience we tightened our strings and trudged along. At the end of an hour the snow had grown softer, and we had begun to get weary. Every now and again some one would lurch over on one side and go down in the snow nearly up to his hip; and once Simon, who had not made a false step for nearly ten minutes, and was growing conceited, suddenly appeared to throw a summersault, and vanished in the snow, his head and shoulders quite concealed and his legs sticking up stiff and straight, as if they had been stuck there as a warning to future

trampers. He was soon plucked out and put right side up again; but his pride was gone.

We had hitherto been chatty, indulging in copious laughter and a reckless amount of joking; we now became undeniably silent and unmistakably dull. Many minutes would elapse and not a word. Then one would say to him next in the file, "They said it was two hours snow to the summit, but I'm sure we have been more than three at it already."

"No, only one and three-quarters."

"Well, it is infernally hard work; I do wish we were at the summit; we ought to be near it now; can you see it?"

"No, I can't see any thing but sn—. Augh, I'm down again. I say, old fellow, hold hard; my right leg won't come up at any price, and I must stick here till the snow melts, if you don't lend me a hand."

The promised two hours had now expired; the snow was very soft, and we were very tired, and very hungry, and very cold. Some of the party had fallen greatly in arrear, and the little boy in the *chaire à porteurs* was crying; still we could see nothing but snow. If Lord Dufferin's desponding valet had been there he would have substituted the word "snow" for "ice," and exclaimed, when interrogated as to the state of the weather, "Snow, my lord, snow, my lord, snow all aron—ound." One began to feel that he was destined to spend the rest of his days like the Wandering Jew, but colder, always tramping through snow, and never meeting any thing. At last, however, we suddenly found ourselves beside a rising ground that was only partially covered with snow, and on whose top appeared a house. Hope revived; and floundering out of the snow we ran up the slope to our harbour of refuge; but ah! with what an icy flow the blood ran back to our hearts when nothing appeared but an apparently deserted cabin. I was about to lie down on the spot, and compose my limbs decently in the hope that some future travellers would give me Christian burial, when, what Dickens would call "the ghost of smoke" appeared to be oozing from the roof. The suspense was too terrible, and in we rushed. In the interior we found a good-sized kitchen, very poorly fur-

nished, but tolerably clean; a snug little stove stood in the corner and dispensed delicious heat and warmth to our cold wet legs. They gave us food and drink. This was our repast—some coarse bread, baked heaven knows when; capital butter, goat's-milk cheese, and very coarse salt, some passable beer, and brandy-and-water. I thought I had never fared so sumptuously in all my life, and, I believe, the rest thought likewise. How we munched that tooth-destroying bread; how we relished the goat's-milk production, with those goodly sized crystals they called salt; and what attentions we paid to the beer (not neglecting the brandy-and-water), can only be conceived by one who has been walking for six hours, the last two through deep snow, and who has tasted nothing since an early breakfast at half past three o'clock, A.M.

I cannot help recording here the admiration which we all felt at the wonderful manner in which Mrs. B. accomplished that day's journey. I have no doubt the poor lady little guessed what was before her when she started before dawn of day; but being in for it she went through it like a heroine. She had a *chaire à porteurs*, it is true, and was borne in it for the first hour; but after that it was almost a mockery. She did not like being carried over the ice. They could not carry her up the rocks, and they wouldn't over the snow. She was very tired and very wet; nevertheless, when they reached our halting-place, she was the liveliest and gayest of the party; and yet but half her work was done, for she intended turning back at the summit and retracing her steps to Zermatt. We heard of her afterwards from another party, who said they met her going back, and that she looked very miserable; but I don't believe in that lady's ever wearing a miserable look.

This determination of hers to return not only took us by surprise, but filled us with very great dismay, for we had no guide; and how were we to accomplish the descent of the snow on the other side? To attempt it without a guide would be utter madness, and yet to alter our plans so completely as to return to Zermatt would have been too provoking. We were in great perplexity, when it turned out that a placid individual,

who sat smoking in a corner, and whose very existence we had overlooked, was a guide of considerable reputation. We treated with him at once; and it is but fair to say that he did not trade on our necessity, but agreed to guide us down to Breuil for a moderate sum.

We had now spent an hour resting, and feasting, and making merry. It was already noon; a little snow was falling; and the mist had grown thicker. Our guide intimated that the sooner we started the better, so we prepared for the route, and bid a warm good-by to Mrs. B. and her sons. What a curious spot on which to part from people whom we may never see again. Our trusty guide now put on a pair of huge blue spectacles, threw two of our knapsacks across his shoulders, and with a cheerful "*allons, messieurs*," set off

at a rapid pace through the snow. We were now quite fresh again, and the descent was in our favour. The guide beguiled the time with chat, and the walk was not unpleasant; nevertheless, I don't think any one was sorry when, at the end of about an hour he turned round and cried, "*Il est fini, le glacier*;" and in two minutes more we trod *terra firma* again.

Another hour's walking brought us down to Breuil, a wretched, out-of-the-way village, where every house, except the inn, appeared to be dismantled or shut up. There we rested from our labours. We had accomplished no wonderful feat of difficulty or danger; but we had experienced a novelty of adventure and great strangeness of scene.

Nor do I think we shall easily forget our walk over the snowy *St. Thendele*.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NINETY-FIRST EXHIBITION.

A RETROSPECT of an exhibition has this enormous advantage over a review in the hurry and heat of its opening, that the writer is enabled to pronounce his convictions calmly and after full consideration. The task requires nothing less than this; for, when more than thirteen hundred works are to be examined, the labour is greater than a reader would readily conceive, who, perusing at ease the report of the critic, is not likely to imagine what fatigue and study have been given to prepare the paper before him. Our review is retrospective.

It is well to sum up the names absent from the catalogue; to state briefly those who sustain their position, those who fall short, and those who surpass their previous efforts. The most distinguished name that is absent is that of W. Holman Hunt, a painter upon whose earnestness and noble intellect the whole pivot of what is called the new or pre-Raphaelite school, undoubtedly turns. Of pre-Raphaelitism proper, he has ever been the steadfast centre, and his works, advancing from year to year in excellence, have won for him a reputation probably the most honourable in art.

We presume his long labour on the much talked of picture of "*The Finding of Christ in the Temple*" is drawing to a close, and that the next season will put before the public the great result. Meanwhile, this most perfect work has kept him from public notice; but will soon place his name even higher than before, and unquestionably mark a new era in British art. The President of the Royal Academy is one of the absentees. Of his shortcoming we cannot render so good an account. The other Royal Academicians not exhibiting are Gibson, Webster, Poole, and Elmore. Of those who sustain their position, we may note Creswick, Dyce, Foley, Grant, Herbert, (who reappears after some years' absence), Leslie, Lee, Maelise, Roberts, Redgrave, Stanfield, Danby, Egg, Hook, Cooke, Millais, and Lewis. Of those who fall short of previous efforts, we may name Wallis, Sir Edwin Landseer, whose powers severe illness has, we hope, but temporarily impaired. Mulready's picture also does him comparatively little credit. Philip seems not up to his usual mark, and one or two other less known names make

but a small figure. Those who surpass their previous efforts are but few, the most prominent being J. W. Oakes. There are numerous artists less known to the world who might be placed in one of these classes, and with them our remarks will hereafter deal.

In the dramatic class, which, as containing the noblest elements of art, we shall treat first, Mr. Millais' picture styled "The Vale of Rest" (15) was certainly the most remarkable picture. The scene was the interior of a convent garden, just at sunset, and the motive of the subject turned upon an ancient Scottish superstition, that when a person discerned a cloud in the sky at that time which bore the semblance of a coffin, it was significative of death. Two women were in this garden, which was illuminated by the light remaining in the western sky, that stood cool and grey in the zenith, while the rigid poplars, pointing heavenward, "like Death's lifted forefinger," made bars against the red, orange, and crimson of the West. The guarding wall of the enclosure was hidden by ashes and other trees filling up the intervals between the loftier foliage. The rough sward was broken here and there by low hillocks of graves, and the head-stones that stood grim and sad in the waning light. One of these two women was a novice, or lay sister, who, up to the knee in a grave, was busily and vigorously enlarging it, throwing out large spadefuls of earth with a nervous hand. Her coif was thrown back from her face, which was dark red with stress of labour. Upon the prostrate head-stone, taken from the new-made grave, sat an elder nun, holding a rosary, and, with the long black of her robes sweeping the grass; her head was towards us, and by its expression we could discover that she had seen the coffin-shaped cloud that hung over the setting sun, and stretched a long heavy bar of purple from poplar to poplar across a large part of the sky behind. Her face was therefore towards the east, and its large eyes of melancholy resignation and sad hope told only the search for some reassuring sign of after-peace and redemption in the regions of the east—some rising moon or star of hope that might presage a happier future. Her gaunt and wasted features showed the red fires of death in the hollows of the cheek; the great

lustrous eyes, and the mouth whose corners had fallen in. This was the motive of the picture, and the reader will recognise the poetic feeling it suggested. Of its execution we wish we could speak as highly; but coming from an artist like Millais, it is our duty to protest against the manifold signs of careless and slovenly work displayed throughout. The idea of the poplars, so appropriate here, was but a repetition of the same in "Autumn Leaves." The figure of the elder nun was almost monstrous in distortion and bad drawing; her face positively awry, the under jaw dislocated, and the forehead flattened preternaturally. The draperies of both figures were ill-arranged, and thoughtlessly painted to the last degree. Despite these faults, the expressions were wonderfully fine, and in parts of the background much admirable colour might be found.

The same faults of bad drawing might be noticed in Mr. Millais' "Spring" (208), where a group of girls were enjoying syllabubs and cream under the flower-laden boughs of an apple orchard. Kneeling in the deep grass some were talking to one another in the way girls do—hasty jesting talk and eager listening. One held out a bowl for drink, which another, dressed in grey, was distributing to her companions. Some were squatted on their heels; some seated; one lay at length on the sward, and with one knee raised drew with lazy hands a long stem of grass through her parted lips. This one was dressed in maize-coloured muslin, which for colour was admirably in unison with the dress of her next neighbour, who wore a black velvet mantle, quaintly embroidered with green, scarlet, white, and gold, while over it ran the long masses of her hair, a dry auburn, bound about with a wreath of large dark blue flowers, whose green leaves were in fine harmony, like that often employed by Titian, with the hair and dress. As if Mr. Millais wished to show his profound indifference to the judgment of the public in matters of taste, there was placed at the other end of the picture a girl, whose costume was probably the most hideous yet invented by man, unless some South Sea Island *artificiers des modes* has lately transcended his ancestors in ugliness of habiliments. This was apparently

of worsted fabric, and black, with stripes of red and yellow. This girl was kneeling and putting back her hair from off her face, heated apparently by a violent rump. Her face—and this will bring us to consideration of that most important portion of this picture—and her expression, presented a singularly canine character: the eyes aslant, the nose semi-concave, the jaw protuberant, the lips wide, and the head so put on the neck that the resemblance to a dog was instantly striking. The low character of this face was rendered more odious by the sulky look of the straight eyebrow coming close upon the eye, the false, suspicious aspect of the whole, and a certain hot, lustful expression, that shocked the observer in so youthful a countenance. The last characteristic might be discerned in almost all these visages mixed up with sullenness, spite, pride, vanity as in the girl with the blue wreath, who was absorbed in her dress; selfish indulgence, as in her who lay recumbent and played with the grass-blade. Here were the semblances of all basenesses: one sly and false; one cruel and revengeful; one grovelling, pitiless, cowardly, and treacherous; one greedy of mean delights—all sensual. Dog, cat, hyena, wolf, and snake, are all here with the vileness of their animal nature. We have heard some people remark, that never did eight girls meet in this world without some fun going on; but the remark showed only that the secret of the picture had been overlooked. It is simply an allegory, such as the Venetian painters, in their luxury of imagination, loved to deal with; and thus we read the allegory. These are the children of sin, and upon their faces are the marks of the sins of their fathers. They occupy themselves with thoughtless play and pastime just at the margin of the orchard, from which a low wall divides them. Within this wall the grass is unbroken, and not trodden by human feet. They have therefore abstained from a share in the labour of the cultivator, and waste the talent that was given unto them. The appropriate doom is suggested by an old and well-worn scythe, which, with its point plunged into a heap of cut grass and withered flowers, stands resting against the wall immediately behind the girl who lies at length.

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The motto of this picture might thus be in the words of the Psalmist—"Fret not thyself because of evil doers; neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb." Over them bloom the fruits of labour and the blessing of produce; while absorbed in self they heed them not, but play, contend, and dominate over each other, or are self-contained and indifferent to all but their own pleasures. For them there cometh the scythe, and they are cut off in their baseness and luxury.

Although this is the largest picture the artist has yet painted, we wish we could state that he has invested his largest amount of thought and work in it. Such is, however, by no means the case. Let us take the background. This is admirably painted in parts; the grass is marvellous in execution; one sees into its untrodden depths by the light that flashes in, or shows through, or is reflected from the broad coarse blades; while with all this, every part is soft and wavy, and in the wind would sway like tall corn. Although the apple blossom is far too big for the leaves of the trees, and the boughs moreover are somewhat careless in drawing, there is fine breadth of colour and light diffused throughout; but much more than this might be pardoned. Of the figures we have to report that they exhibited some singular monstrosities of proportion; the composition of the whole needed unity; the faces were needlessly ugly in many cases, for ugliness does not seem to us absolutely required to convey the moral of a wicked life. Of the variety of characters displayed in this picture we cannot speak too highly. The artist's other painting (482)—"The Love of James I. of Scotland," is the most unworthy of his talents he has yet produced. If he would heed our exhortation, that should be most earnestly given, we pray him to return to his earlier and far more loyal and sincere style, such as the *Huguenot* displayed. His course is, we say it with pain, downward from year to year, commencing with the "Peace Concluded, 1856," continued with that most antithetical work, "Syr Isambard." This bad habit seems to be confirmed in the pictures now before us.

Of those dramatic paintings which convey more than meets the eye, Mr. Hook's illustration of Tennyson's "River" is a remarkable example. The poem itself has a brother of its own in the lovely ideal that runs through it, and brings its thoughtfulness together as the air of a piece of music dominates the whole. The "air," so to speak, of No. 450 is the thought that accompanies the representation of a beautiful landscape with figures. The lines quoted are—

"And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

A narrow streamlet takes a sudden bend in front of the picture, and passes on its course away through a grove of birches and willows that recede from the eye, and darken its surface with their shadows, or brighten it with the shimmering reflections of the white birch stems; far down is impenetrable gloom of confused shades. Broad in the sunlight a woman holding a baby in her arms traverses a rustic bridge, appropriately thrown over the water. A cart containing two men, one of them very old and doting to death, enters into the streamlet, and will soon be lost in the darkness. An idle boy loitering on the bridge jibes the aged man. Behind is a lovely English landscape, bright with sunlit trees, and rich in all that varied colour in which the painter delights. Mr. Hook returned to his favourite subject, the sea, in No. 139, "A Cornish Gift," showing two fishermen's boats meeting a little way from the shore. In one was an old man and a lad of sixteen; in the other, another lad and a girl of seventeen. The former youngster presents to the girl a lobster, all blue and alive, and spreading out its horns and claws in unpleasant proximity to the girl's finger, which she, with a dainty, pretty action, shrinks from, ashamed to be half afraid. Her own companion stoops to the bottom of the boat in search of the means of retaliation. In this picture was some beautiful painting, as might be seen in that of the girl's dress, lighted up with reflection, the side of the boat, and, above all, the faces. The sea was a little "painty," but fine, nevertheless. A third picture was "The Skipper Ashore" (493), an idle fisherboy lying

in a boat and playing with the water. Very beautiful in colour.

But the most admirable in all qualities was 369, "Luff Boy!" the interior of a fishing boat, which, riding on the long swell of the sea, and dipping into the hollow of a wave, had, behind the figures it contained, and much above their heads, a green water mountain, evidently induced by the force of a spent summer gale that made the sea roll in long swells ever after its subsidence. A new fresh breeze broke off the little foamy crest from the top, turned it inward, while the foam from a preceding wave lay in the hollow beside the boat, and was rapidly rising again. Proud should we be to render a just account of this sea, but words are futile to do justice to the intense translucency, the glittering, sleepy brilliancy, and deep, long heave of motion that characterized it; how the pure, bright gems slid into one another, and yet were a whole seething, moving mass, we cannot tell; neither can we explain the lovely clear blue of the sky, washed bright in summer air, that overhung the boat. In this was seated an old man, who held the sheet of the mainsail in his hand, and gave the order to bring the boat's head up to the wind to a little rosy, bright-eyed, and ringleted boy of seven, who had the tiller in his hand, and who instantly, in obedient haste, put it over. A youth was seated on the thwart, balancing himself to the boat's motion. At the bottom lay some fish, the colour of which was a triumph of beauty and skilful handling. Above, the deep purple-brown of the sail met the clear brightness of the sky. Mr. Hook's subtle knowledge of colour was evinced in the rendering of the sunburnt man's face; nor less in the painting of a blue Guernsey frock he wore, that had an intensity of variety in it which can never be too much admired. The reflection from a wave at the side upon this was, indeed, marvellous for truth of observation and masterful skill.

Mr. Egg chose a good subject in "The Night before Naseby" (40), when Cromwell was seen by lamplight praying in his tent with a fierce earnestness that spoke highly for the artist's study of character; without, the tents of the army lay white in the moonlight. A sketch for a picture of Madame de Maintenon and Scarron com-

prised this artist's contributions.

"Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation," by E. M. Ward, R.A. (125), confirms our estimation of the sustained powers of the artist, sadly perilled by the conspicuous failures of his Royal Commissions here exhibited last year. The Queen sits at a table, and spanning one hand with the fingers of the other—a nervous action finely expressive—listens with a weary yet rejoicing face, to the insolent reading of the act by Fouquier Tienville, who, fist on hip, goes through the document with a strident voice. This was a vigorous and full-toned picture, and coming from Mr. Ward, who seldom attempts colour, was very promising in that respect. This artist exhibited three other works of less importance.

Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., having been engaged for some years on a picture at the House of Lords, had not contributed to this exhibition for that time; he now reappears with a study only; but the study is for a principal head in a large picture, and so thoughtfully worked as to be valuable as a picture, properly so called; it is entitled "Mary Magdalen, with spices, approaching the Tomb of Our Lord—study for part of a picture of the Holy Women passing, at day-break, over the place of Crucifixion." A greenish tone pervaded this sketch, intended, we presume, to suggest the tint of an oriental dawn; the half-length figure of Mary seemed walking athwart the picture, her face down, and looking as if she were absorbed in deepest grief. There was certainly much felicitous expression in this countenance, but a want of nobility and intensity marred what was otherwise good. She seemed rather a well-grown school girl, who had lost her companion, than a repentant, crying woman who had lost her Redeemer—in short, rather peevish and petulant than down-stricken and absorbed. A marked fault of drawing made this poverty of conception more striking. Mary's nose was a little twisted, and absolutely pendulous at the point.

Mr. Dyce, R.A., had also been an absentee from a similar cause. He reappears with a Scripture subject, 174, "The Good Shepherd," Christ bearing a lamb into the fold. The prevalent Germanism of this picture was sadly against it. The artist had

chosen for the Redeemer that conventional style of head in which the Bavarian painters so much delight, a severe, ascetic countenance, devoid of the truer Christian grandeur, and more like a handsome, disappointed man in delicate health than the noblest of human presences; he who, although sorrowing was full of tenderness, could never have seemed "cross"—to use a woman's word—like this rigidly-robed individual. The sheep who followed him, probably with that subtlety of allegorical meaning so enjoyed by the Germans, were veritable black sheep. No. 473, "Contentment," by this painter, had faults in common with the above, a dry asceticism of colour, a hard, metallic finish, and prevalent weakness of tone, which might be justified on plea of conventional practice in the former, but in the representation of no more significant a subject than an old fisherman seated by a boat, appeared to us, to say the least, needlessly cruel.

Mr. Cope is a third academician who does not appear very often, but this year did so with unequalled force. His "Cordelia receiving intelligence of the ill-treatment of her father by her sisters" (193), was one of the most melodramatic pictures it has yet been our misfortune to criticise. Poor Cordelia sits in an ancient "baronial chair," casts up her eyes with that expression of grief which made the reputation of Madame Tussaud's effigies; has a complexion of the genuine wax work sort; while out of one eye true tears are falling *a la Guido Reni*, the other eye being quite dry. The usual semi-theatrical accessories of sympathizing friends and attendants stand by. His "Repose" (114), a young mother holding a child, was far more genuine, both in conception and execution. Without quitting the ranks of the Royal Academy, we may turn to another factitious and sham-sentimental picture, that by Mr. Frank Stone (254), "Friendship Endangered;" two young ladies in that half-furnished apartment into which the artist for so many years, and in so many themes, has put his tender-hearted damsels to display their pretty little sorrows. Westyled these girls young ladies, but the term dolls would be more apt, for a more expressionless pair were never imported from Nuremberg: their eyes have that

beautiful stolid fixity delightful to children as yielding pleasure in the moving them by a mysteriously-placed wire—without a wire their eyes would never move. Why friendship is endangered we could not discover, but from knowledge that the artist deals ever with love themes and lovers, so we guess one of the dolls who is seated, has obtained the letter in her hands by some accident, when it should have gone to her standing companion, and learning some feminine treachery from its contents is—what shall we say? looking at nothing, expressing nothing, and doing nothing.

Mr. MacLise sends but a little picture, No. 105, "The Poet to his Wife," the former addressing the latter in the words of Moore:

"Oh, would we could do with this world
of ours

As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it."

The lady stands trimming a passion-flower, casting the dead blooms into a basket. The drawing of these figures is extremely good, and although the colour looked to us, compared with other works, low-toned and cold, there was much careful execution throughout the picture. Mulready's picture of, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined" (167),—a mother teaching her child to pray, of which, the chalk-study appeared here last year, was, we are bound to say, not equal to former efforts; nevertheless, few artists could produce such fine flesh-painting, good abstract colour, or such tenderness of female expression, or grace of drawing. The child's flesh was exquisite in tone, although a little over-coloured. Mr. Redgrave, R.A., sent two pictures, 218, 283. "The Emigrants' last sight of home"—some country-folk looking down the well-known valley for the last time; a well-intended and careful picture, rather weak in colour; and "A First Lesson on Infant treatment," a little girl nursing a child, a very clever and pleasing work of unusual power of tone and colour. "Warrior poets of the south of Europe contending in song," 82. F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., did little honour to him who painted the exquisite "Viola and Arsinoë," of the year before last. The incident of this large work showed two military troubadours performing before

some ladies who, seated in a garden, listened to the contest; the figures throughout were awkwardly drawn, and the composition had not been fairly thought out, so the whole scene seemed disjointed and incomplete. "Delila asking forgiveness of Samson" (348), by the same, seemed rather a congregation of academy studies, than a representation of a subject so fine. Mr. T. Leighton, whose picture of the last-named subject we had high pleasure in admiring at the British Artists, contributed two finely painted studies, first, 118, a woman looking from us, but even in the little visible part of her countenance telling admirably the feeling of Tennyson's lines—

"Looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more;"

the second, 381, a splendidly painted half length of a woman, whose dress was one of the most delightful pieces of painting we have seen, the title "Nanna" (Anne), by G. F. Watts, was an exquisitely painted study of a female head, the pure clear grey tones in the flesh would well sustain a comparison with the work of many an illustrious colourist.

Of even more tragic quality than Mr. Millais' "Vale of Rest," Mr. Windus' "Too Late" (900), touched somewhat too closely upon the morbid; better this than the sentimentality of Mr. T. Brooke's work—for "Too Late" was also a phthisical subject. Illustrating the Laureate's beautiful lines—

"—— If it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest."

A thoughtless, worldly lover has neglected a lady, to whom he was engaged. She, falling into consumption, meets him again, and the picture shows this reunion. He covers his face with his arms, struck with remorse. She, sustained by a friend, looks out of hollow eyes of death, the fatal fires burn in her wasted cheeks, the damp, heavy hair stands large and loose, so to speak, above her wasted face, and over the shrunken temples the veins run in deep blue lines. The expressions of this picture were forcible to morbidity, the drawing execrable, but the colour perfect; and with monstrous faults the whole was not less than one

of the most remarkable pictures in the exhibition.

This year will be notable in the calendar of art for the deaths of David Cox and U. R. Leslie, two artists whom it would be impossible to match for their individualities, and certain effects produced upon art by their lives. The last works of the latter now hang on these walls, which, if unequal in merit, were still significant in purport, and full of the same illustrious incident in which Leslie always delighted. Thus for a little fact containing volumes of meaning. In No. 152, "Hotspur and Lady Percy," that part of the play in which the lady inquires - "What carries you away?" and he, with the humorous fierceness of his character, replies - "My horse, my horse!" - Hotspur paces across the hall of a baronial mansion, dressed for a journey, booted, and whip in hand. Lady Percy follows him caressingly, and seeks to detain him. Now, although Lady Percy was somewhat coarse in figure, and Hotspur more like a mad courier than any other character we can suggest, there was, nevertheless, a little matter that told the old humour of Leslie still survived even in the fainting fancies of a mortal illness - on the floor was laid a lot of children's toys, some broken, and all neglected; but these toys were the toys of a soldier's child - toys, too - for how had been the artist thinking, in the appropriate costumes of the age, the quaint puppets of the infants of the fifteenth century, archers in green, knights armed *cap-à-pie*, broken trumpets of mediæval forms, and damaged drums, such as might have called the Percy's men together from many a hamlet in the "north countrie." As if for compensation of all want of the ordinary excellence of human character lacking in this picture, its companion was delightfully full of the charming beauties of the style of the most consummate English master of humour since the days of Hogarth. It seems absurd to us to style Leslie any thing else than an English painter, although he was born in America. His last picture was "Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline" (211), a work almost equal to those productions of Leslie's best days, when he conferred a lustre even on the delightful creations of Gold-

smith, and made the best scenes in the French drama almost popular in England. As if by a bright, prominent flash before the final dark, the artist had chosen one of the very finest scenes of the great Scotch novelist - one of those scenes, too, which will sustain his contemporary fame long after all the *Ivanhoes* and *Dwarfs* are neglected. Fit theme for fit masters thus to illustrate each other by. It is a trite remark, that the best humour contains the gravest sadness, and probably enters deeper into the human heart than any other class of representation; so it was, however, with this picture. The reader will remember the subject is when Jeanie Deans, conducted by the Duke of Argyll, goes to Richmond, and ignorant of the position of the person she addresses, implores the pardon of her wretched sister from the Queen. The time was early morning, and the latter then taking a promenade. The beauty - for, indeed, in this true beauty, which is truth, lies - of Leslie's work always was that he knew far better than to make his women always pretty, as Mr. Stone would try to do, or his men always handsome, in which Mr. Stone would certainly fail - Leslie knew that character was also truth, and, in itself, far more beautiful than beauty. Accordingly, here we have the Queen, not at all of the stage sort, with all sorts of swaggering airs and graces, put on to please the pit, but just a simple, dignified lady, grave and self-possessed, with thoughtful eyes, just startled from habitual meditation by the sudden appeal of the vehement Jeanie. There she stood, calm, nevertheless; her hands folded before her at the wrist, and the staid, sober purity of her dress, sustaining the appearance of a hidden dignity. We cannot express ourselves on the truest charm of all this, which was the peculiar look of life, that is a something "inner" to the face - a brain behind it thinking and feeling - such a character indeed that is seldom or never to be found out of Titian's portraits. We struggle with a meaning, not expressed even by a comparison; but one felt, in short, on looking at this face, that it would in a moment change the gaze of those clear, piercing eyes, whose penetration looked a judgment without effort, for a commiserating

kindness and sympathy with the uncouth but earnest prayers of the cow-keeper's daughter.

An ordinary designer of this subject would have shown Jeanie on her knees—a position she would not only have died herself, but let her sister die also before assuming. Accordingly, she stands, wringing her hands passionately, but not with the degradation of genuflexions. As a single figure, we never saw, even in Leslie's works, any more charming than that of a young lady-in-waiting, who stands behind the Queen. She is in, deep mourning, and truly to speak, the tinge of grief looks upon her, for out of some abstraction her face rouses itself to look on Jeanie, somewhat puzzled it may be at her passionate action. There is an airiness, lightness, grace, and elegance, about this figure, from the way in which she stands upon the earth to the pretty yet demurely smart set of her black straw hat that was delightful to look at. The background of this picture was the old, severely-kept alleys of the royal park, ending upon the elaborately-wreathed and gilded iron gate entering on the garden of the palace.

A successful and popular picture oftentimes produces a comparison, of which there were two examples here in the works of Messrs. O'Neil and A. Solomon. The first sent, last year, "*Eastward, Ho!*"—the departure of soldiers for India; accordingly we had, this year, "*Home again, 1858*"—the return of the ship with her freight, but sadly changed; some are helped down the ladder they so vigorously mounted a year before; some are irre-recognisable by their friends, who wait alongside, and look incredulous even on self-announcement. This picture, full of appropriate interest of a somewhat commonplace order, did not, indeed, please us by any means so well as its predecessor, either in design or execution—a certain opacity or chalkiness of the latter was, indeed, fatal. Mr. Solomon's picture was a comparison to "*Waiting for the Verdict*," and styled, "*Not Guilty*" (557). The man has been acquitted, and in the lobby of the court of justice the wild rapture of those who waited his doom before. The grandfather blesses fervently the counsel who has delivered

his son. The children look on half-amazed at the passion and turmoil around them. The counsel, with professional indifference, turns away to pursue some other business. There was a coarse vigour, and breadth of power, and evident feeling of purpose about both this picture and its predecessor which showed much of the true and finest spirit of an artist, properly so called. It is this which so much astonishes us on looking at Mr. Solomon's other pictures, the most antithetical to these, and most contemptible, except, probably, those of Messrs. Brooke and Stone, in the whole exhibition. Such pictures as the "*Lion in Love*" and "*The Fox and Grapes*" are disgraceful to the talent which could produce "*Waiting for the Verdict*" and "*Not Guilty*."

Mr. T. Faed improves in choice of subject and moderately so in execution. His system of colour, and light, and shade is so radically and wilfully wrong as to move surprise; indeed it is impossible to say whether his efforts are day-light or candle-light, for they resemble neither, truly. The choice of a prevalent greenish gloom is a simple mockery of the art and an insult to the public. Two he sent this year were, first, "*Sunday in the Backwoods*" (310)—an emigrant family reading the Scriptures in their Canadian home, the subject suggested by reading a letter quoted in the catalogue, which describes the health and satisfaction of all the family, marred only by the illness of a favourite daughter, whom we see here reclining with that habitual expression of languor created by long illness. The figure of the father reading the Bible, while he shades his eyes from the light, is very good, indeed. Two healthy, buxom daughters and their brothers or lovers stand by. The same preternatural effect might be observed in "*My ain Fireside*" (595), where a man reads the newspaper and his wife occupies herself with a baby, both well designed. Mr. J. Clarke excels in homely subjects, as all who saw his "*Dead Rabbit*," "*Doctor's Visit*" &c., will admit. "*The Draught Players*," of this year (209), well sustained this character. A boy, from long practice with his antagonist, has beaten his grandfather and teacher. The old man tips back

in his chair mortified at defeat; and the boy's triumph is capitally told. A woman nurses a pretty little baby, and looks on amused. A prevalent dinginess of brown colour spoils much exquisite work in Mr. Clark's pictures. "Through the Needle's 'ee, Boys!" (577)—R. Gavin—was another example of that offensive adoption of greenish tone in which the school of Edinburgh so much delight. A row of children uproariously enjoying a game of "thread my needle," the fun of which consisted in their efforts to drag a lame boy, crutches and all, through the needle. The spirit and vigour of the design was no small compensation for the faults of colour. By F. Smallfield was a picture the worst we have seen from his hands. "A Child's Party" (1,008), showed the congregation of a set of the most ugly, ill-tempered, peevish, little wretches it was possible to conceive. A certain coarseness of execution was utterly destructive to the picture. It never does to paint the smooth and delicate complexions of women and children with a surface rougher than floor-cloth. No. 378, by T. Rossiter, "Brighton and back for 3s. 6d.," like the last, hardly sustained the artist's previous promise. The scene was the interior of a third class railway carriage on a pouring wet day. An acetous female, rejoicing in possession of a submissive husband, watches the love making between a little milliner and a clerk with extra avidity. Her miserable lesser half, put carefully to windward to hold the umbrella before her, wears upon his Sunday hat her handkerchief, embroidered with the euphonious name of "Sarah," and huddles himself up as best he can. The broad, farcical character of this picture was spoilt by a want of clearness of colour and equality of surface.

Mr. J. C. Horseley, A.R.A., dealt in sentiment as usual. His "Blossom Time" (514) was a melo-dramatic and sugary representation of two lovers under a hawthorn hedge, the flowers of which were so coarsely and vulgarly painted as only to be fit for a comparison with the blooms of an apple-tree in Mr. Arthur Hughes's picture of "The King's Orchard" (609). A child-queen lies at length upon the trunk of a prostrate tree, while a young lover of a page pours out his

devotion to her with lute and voice; overhead the blossoming trees stand a marvel of painting either for colour, exquisite delicacy, or finish; a lovely little boy sits on the grass at foot. Mr. Hughes's other work, "Two Lovers in a Wood" (524), was so badly hung as to display all its shortcomings, and hide, or cause to be thrown away, all its finish and delicacy. We must return to Mr. Horseley, in order not to omit condemnation of one of the weakest, most commonplace conceptions of a good subject we have met with. "Milton dictating Samson Agonistes" (222), showed the poet seated at an organ, himself an ill-conditioned, sour individual, while his wife, with a sulky, resentful expression on her countenance—powerfully suggestive that she would soon declare she could not stand any more blank verse bent before him. Behind sat a Jeremy Diddler-looking man, whom the catalogue states to be Elwood the Quaker. A bad, raw, crude, ill drawn picture. "Milton visiting Galileo in prison" (569), and a Roundhead subject (921), showing a gentleman of that persuasion seated at home, having his hair cut by the village barber, and a clear, fine expression of scorn for those who judge by externals on his face, were by Eyre Crowe, jun. The look of "Wha' dar' meddle with me?" in this the Puritan's face was good, as also was the figure of a child, who, holding a mirror in her hand, traced the lines of her own pretty little face in its reflection. Mr. Wallis's picture of "The Return from Naseby"—a cavalier trooper entering his father's homestead, wounded and defeated—was a sad falling off from the glorious "Dead Labour" of last year. The depth and vigour of colour and tone in that work have become rank and hot in this—the unity of conception, which could lend all purposes to our support, is here broken into a weak variety of matter.

A new painter, J. B. Hay, made his *début* in the pictures (13 and 173). Both of these powerfully reminded the observer of early Florentine work, in the rich, subdued nature of their colour, and a certain hardness of style. The first was "A Boy in Florentine costume, of the fifteenth century, wandering along a pathway in Tuscany"—a somewhat vague sub-

ject, which might as well have been styled mediæval boy in a mediæval landscape. The second picture had a little more motive in it, entitled "England and Italy. It showed two boys of contrasted physical and mental type, standing on a heap of ruins in an Italian landscape. The English child had all the softness and elegance given by education and careful breeding, while the other was coarse, dogged, and oppressed in look. His dress of ill-fitting rags contrasted with the tasteful costume of the other as much as his sullen face with swollen features did with the fair and noble look of his more fortunate companion. Likewise Italian in subject, although far different in style to these last, was a picture by F. Goodall, A.R.A., "Felice Ballarius reciting Tasso to the people of Chioggia" (329). Notwithstanding the ill-chosen nature of the subject, this picture was broadly and somewhat nobly treated. The Chioggians were finely grouped about, displaying all that variety of emotion and character peculiar to a Southern people, and the speaker was evidently in earnest with his theme. Moreover, the execution of this work was markedly in advance of the artist's rather conventional style of painting—far more manly in fact. Before entering upon the landscapes we may mention with commendation the following works:—"Doing Crotchet-work," (163), E. Davis; "Joseph sold by his Brethren," A. B. Wyon (929); "The Princess and the Seven Dwarfs," J. Stirling (1107), and "Fugitives from the Massacre of Glencoe," W. H. Fisk (1141).

Sir E. Landseer's four pictures were hardly up to his mark of old. The first, "Doubtful Crumbs" (138), a terrier watching the morsels left by a large mastiff. Second, a Stag-hunting scene, where two dogs follow the chase into the sea; one wounded sinks to death, and the other turns from the pursuit. Third, "The Prize Calf" (203), a Highland girl leading a calf. Fourth, "The Kimi Star" (436), illustrative of a Highland superstition that the winds are looked after by patron stars, the spectre of one of which stoops over a dying deer. This was, probably, Sir Edwin's least satisfactory picture, either for theme or execution. The best landscapes proper were 1065, "Stonehenge," by that admirable painter, M. A. Anthony,

whose birth is an honour to Ireland—a large work, with heavy wrack of autumn clouds sweeping over a dim, sinking moon, breaking her radiance with deep shadows over the mighty Druidic remains, that, standing on their little hill upon the great rolling plains, looked impressively grand and solemn. Their huge masses seen mournfully lichened, grey, and immemorial. A grand subject most grandly treated, and, we must not omit to say, most scandalously mishung. To treat a simple subject like this with such grandeur and unity, so to speak, is one of the most noble proofs of a great artist's powers. To do as Mr. J. Brett did, in his "Val D'Auster" (908)—take a grand subject and treat it with the finicking spirit of a drawing-master, was but to record a failure. There were the mighty hills, the deep valleys, over which went processions of great cloud-shadows, one by one; the far-off mountain peaks heaped with dazzling snow, here they were undoubtedly as truly rendered as the most astonishing care and finish could render; but the result was *not* grand. Anthony's far less laboured picture most eminently was so. The mountains looked light, and, indeed, almost transparent, so flimsy was their painting. The shadow-veils were not transparent, but rather stains on the great hill-sides. The trees were feather-brushes rather than foliage, and although the minutest lichens in the foreground rocks were given, grey leaf for grey leaf, they looked only too hard. A want of what is called surface and solid texture ruined an enormous amount of labour and delicate finish.

Mr. J. T. Haven's "Autumn Afternoon on the South Downs" (1143), was one of the truest efforts we ever saw. The sea sparkled sapphire-blue beneath the pure sky. A dark purple-black windmill stood on the margin of the cliff, and the vegetation was burnt tawny-yellow by the heat of a long summer. "Barley Harvest," by H. J. Waite (390), showed a narrow valley between the covered hills, a soft mist filling it in rolling wreaths and subduing the sunlight. All the trees were marvellously painted, for delicacy and refined appreciation of colour. The barley stood out in long shocks, and the stubble beneath was a triumph of minute execution.

Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., made a bold attempt to represent the Bay of Biscay in a storm (511), with two large waves, and an immense mass of strong cloud heaving above. During as this was, we cannot say it was at all successful, for a more metallic quantity of water it has never been our lot to meet with. His "Avenue at Youlstone, Barnstaple, Devon," consisted of a colourless row of trees, that looked as if they were fossils rather than foliage. The utter want of colour that distinguished these works was so singular as to have the appearance one would attribute to the work of an artist afflicted with colour-blindness. "The Coast of Cornwall, Land's End" (70), exhibited the same distressing phenomena. This consisted of a lofty range of cliffs, in representing which the artist had given all, and that was a very great deal, indeed, of his care to the drawing of every mass, shelf, and fissure of the stone, but omitted even the faintest variety of tint such as the nakedest cliffs must exhibit. Mr. Clarkson Stanfield sent (184) "On the Coast of Brittany." A low shore, banked by dwarf cliffs; the sea breaking on the former in a manner the most creditable to the artist we have yet seen. With (237) "A Maltese Xebn on the rocks at Punta Procida," he sustained his ancient reputation as a marine painter. The waves were full of motion and force; the distant coast finely painted, with its mighty mountains towering their peaks on high. The sky also was very fine. "Brodrick Castle, Arran" (159), was in his old familiar style, such as frequenters of exhibitions have known for so many years. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., is a marine painter, whose works it would be a sin to pass over. He sends three. First (No. 288), "A Dutch Peon running for the Port of Harlingers is driven by a heavy squall towards the South Pier-head." The shallow waters at the entrance of the port are worked wild by the powers of a sudden storm, the long pier that runs out breaks some of the force and casts back the waves in short yeasty masses. The heavy craft broaches too, every thing on board being in mad confusion; her crew run along her deck; some let go the mainsail-sheet; some cast out the four-fluked anchor or grapnel from her bows; some let go the jib. The fulness of motion

and great spirit of this work make it one of the artist's best productions, notwithstanding a certain opacity pervading it. No. 262, "Venice," is a contrasted but characteristic picture, both in subject and execution, the last most excellent. The third picture, which represents "Sandsfoot Castle, Weymouth" (539), is, nevertheless, to our mind the best of all. Sandsfoot is a castle of the time of Elizabeth, brick-built and cased with stone, standing on a low point of land overlooking the level beach and the sea. The vast shell of empty walls is laid bare to the eye by time, and looks like a huge cavern. The painting of the purple sand at foot is truly beautiful, as are the sea and sky.

Mr. J. Linnel sends a picture, which, although not less mannered than many of his recent works, yet commands attention by the force, truth, and potency of tone and colour it exhibits. The setting sun fires a torn wreath of cloud with purple, gold, and vermilion; the blaze of light reflected from its lower side illuminates the land beneath, giving a strange effect to a homely scene of a shallow valley between cornfields and low hedges. Incommencing we spoke of Mr. J. W. Oakes as a landscape painter, whose progressive advance was marked. Following a distinct style, and too honestly labouring therein for one ever to fear this should lead him into manner, he contrived to impress his own stamp of thought on every work, however varied may be the themes thereof. For example, take his contributions of this year. No. 204, "Twilight," shows a stream running through and draining a piece of moorland country. Upon its scurfy banks the debris of many a flood was scattered—stones, broken wood, waste herbage, and the usual upcast of a torrent. The water, now tranquil, reflected a bright gleam of sky between the banks. On the horizon a soft golden bar told of the fallen day, and spoke repose and night silence. No. 207 was a coast scene, "A Breezy Day on a Rocky Coast;" some fine motion expressed in the ever-restless waves that tossed up and fell upon the rocky shore. Overhead was a finely-painted, lofty-looking sky, spanned by a rainbow. This artist's largest picture, probably the most interesting and characteristic of

all—"Mareblyn Manor," (525), a level valley between mountains, thus far off traversed by great veils of shadow, and flying gleams of sunlight. Towards the foreground a stream forces itself along, brown-tinted by drainage of the peat upon its banks, themselves half hidden in high herbage and dwarf shrubs. Above, a pure sky, bright and full of light. "A Woodland Bank," H. Moore (27), showed a rough pathway through a shaw, shadowed by trees, through whose branches came cool light that was reflected on the stones and broken earth beneath. Around a profusion of wild hyacinths and other flowers beautifully painted. No. 61, by the same, "A Grey Morning," was a view over the sea, all shaded softly by tender mists, and graded with fine harmonies of colour.

Mr. David Roberts' representations of architectural localities were so totally devoid of colour that we might almost use them as an introduction to the sculptor's room, if, indeed, it was not for the assertions of competent authorities, who aver that the form, or properly to speak, the simple truth of localization is totally ignored by so many of them. One truly feels a sort of terror in speaking of an artist who could venture to paint the Roman Forum, as at the British Institution

this year, inside out, putting away a temple here altogether, and there inserting a ruin that has no existence. "The Church of Sta Maria della Salute, Venice" (160), was, as usual, bran new, or new yellow-washed; all Naples yellow and white; a sky all blue, and a sea much the same, with the everlasting posts for gondolas; the gondolas themselves, and all the rest, executed exactly as of old. "The interior of the Church of St. Mark, Venice" (420), was enough to puzzle one who believed the place to be the culmination of all architectonic success, either in colour, variety of form, or richness of tone. Certainly there were none of those in the picture. We have dived into the sculptor's cavern many a time with the same want of success in finding any thing. No sea-cave is darker. Diligent search and much groping brought forth two works, by J. H. Foley, R.A., (1298), "Portions of a Monument," and "Egeria" (1344), as worthy of admiration. Mr. Thomas Woolner's "Bust of the Rajah Brooke" (1317), was a work in the finest style of sculpture, solid, thoughtful, and dignified, executed with enormous care and irrepressible spirit. More such excellent work as this will go far to elevate sculpture into the art it ought to be, but has not been for so very long.

THE RIVER.

List, the crystal fountains,
Cradled in the mountains,
Surging in their onward course, through many a wild ravine;
The forest echoes ringing,
With the song-birds' joyous singing,
And the raging torrent foaming, beneath the leafy screen.
Nature's music, sweet and wild,
Like childhood's happy glee,
The river leaves its mountain home, to journey to the sea.

Now, in circling eddies playing,
And 'mid brake and briar straying;
Or the brimming waters rushing down the lone and rugged glen;
Through many a tangled glade,
In sunshine and in shade,
And by wildernesses vast, where it's lost to human ken;
Sweeping down the winding valley,
Ceaseless, rapid, bright, and free,
The river leaves its mountain home, to journey to the sea.

In nooks and shady dells,
 Fringed with breezy summer bells,
 Sparkling in the sunshine on the golden sand.
 Down the flowering meadow,
 Sunbeam follows shadow,
 Singing in its onward course, as through a fairy land.
 Brawling o'er the pebbles,
 By village, moor, and lea,
 The river leaves its mountain home, to journey to the sea.

'Mid rushes, fern, and sedges,
 Past blooming hawthorn hedges,
 Where the water-lilies sparkle in a sea of floating leaves;
 Rainbows chase the falling showers,
 O'er plains and woody bowers,
 And gild the fields of grain, and their sheaves.
 Like the troubled stream of life,
 The waters ever onward flee,—
 The river leaves its mountain home, to journey to the sea.

Ever onward in their might,
 By day and silent night,
 Now gliding through the vale, or foaming down the mountain side.
 Moonbeams brightly glancing,
 And stars, reflected dancing
 On the water, as they sweep along, majestic in their pride.
 Through copse and moorland dreary,
 By tower and fairy tree,—
 The river leaves its mountain home, to journey to the sea.

GROWLING AT PEACE.

INTELLIGIBLE enough in Italian patriots; not wholly inconsistent in those, who, through good report and evil report, have held and do hold to the justice, in the main, of the Italian cause. Not, perhaps, so easily to be understood, nor so entirely approved of as consistent, when the growlers are they, who, without distinguishing between that cause and its real or professed supporters, have roundly maintained that there was neither with the one nor with the other kind of theme just cause, or even sufficient pretext, for its pleading in the terrible court of the blood-stained battle-field.

We have no intention of coming back upon that preliminary debate; for the influence of it on practical action, the time is wholly past; whereas for a calm, dispassionate, historical judgment on it, the time, perhaps, is not yet come. Moreover, our purpose in penning these lines is not that of

historical criticism. We have made no concealment all along of our hearty sympathy for the cause of Italian independence and of Italian freedom—two distinct objects of sympathy let it ever be remembered. The confusion of them has, we believe, been a main element in much of the unreason and unfairness with which so many of our fellow-countrymen throughout Great Britain have felt and spoken during this last Italian crisis. Italian independence since 1815 has meant the abolition of Austrian supremacy. Italian freedom has meant, means, and ever must mean the establishment and consolidation in Italy of the supremacy of just civil laws and of sound political principles. We do not assert that foreign interference is the best way—nor even a good way—of securing national independence, or federal independence; not to raise here the vexed question of a united or homogenous

Italy; but to assert that foreign assistance may not be helpful in the attainment of so desirable an object, is to talk nonsense. To say nothing of the case of the South American colonies of Spain, and the success of their assisted struggle against the dominion of the mother-country; the birth of the Greek kingdom, and as a much more satisfactory instance, the creation of the kingdom of Belgium, are refutations of the absurdities which have fallen within the experience and are rife in the memory of every grown man in Europe. We spare our readers all display of historical erudition from the days of Elizabeth's diversion in favour of the united provinces of Belgium to the share taken by Louis the Sixteenth in the quarrel against England of the United States of North America.

We repeat it, we are not going to discuss the question whether the French Emperor was or was not justified in backing the just or unjust contending of Sardinia against the common enemy of Italian independence and of Italian freedom too; but we shall ever protest against the flagrant folly of those who, in the teeth of all sound reasoning, and of all fair historical precedent, argued so angrily for the impossibility of his assisting the cause at least of Italian independence by interfering. Nay, further, we intend forthwith to enter a protest against the unreason with which they, and even others for whose sentiments we have a greater tenderness, are now crying out that, in point of fact, his interference has not assisted it. When the Quaker, in the good old times of undisputed persecution for conscience' sake, put, with the true "quaking" answer, an inconvenient question to his judge upon a point of law, which might tell in his favour, that impartial functionary endeavoured to stop his mouth with a quip:—"You would be no wiser, man, if you kept on asking me questions thus till midnight!"

"Thereafter, friend, as thine answers shall be!" retorted the man of the sad-coloured coat.

When the friends of Italian independence are insolently, or inconsiderately told that the results obtained by the campaign of 1859 will profit Italians nothing, their wisest answer, as we think, must be, "Thereafter as

their use of them shall be, friend." We wish it were within our power to stamp that phrase upon every true patriotic Italian heart!

We can understand the indignation and the bitterness of many a generous Italian soul at the matter of this treaty of Villa-Franca, and, perhaps, even more at the manner of its concluding. But we think that some of their pretended and officious well-wishers might find a more soothing exercise of their consolatory powers than the mere preaching of dolorous and supercilious sermons upon the salutary text, "Put not your trust in Princes." That the text is salutary, and the "practical application" of it, under certain circumstances, profitable, we are the last who would deny; but the difference between a true practical preacher and an impertinent driveller consists, nine times out of ten, in perceiving what be the circumstances under which it is profitable or even tolerable to drive the "practical application" home. The Italian liberals are getting, and will continue to get, plenty of "Job's comforters" comfort from the press of these islands. It would be quite superfluous for us to offer them any of that cheap commodity did we feel never so much inclined to do so. Austrian guns grin still from the embrasures of the fortress of the great Quadrilateral. The back teeth of the dragon are not drawn. But we hardly think the incisors at Piacenza are likely to get fixed in the damaged guns again. Let us be thankful for small mercies. That "Lombardy to the Mincio," of which the telegrams talk, is an open plain, in great measure, as the *Times* has pointed out, in its reassuring, friendly way. Raids thereinto, from the Quadrilateral, are a formidable and very possible contingency. But it will be for the Sardo-Lombard military engineers to decide whether the noble-hearted city of Brescia may not, by the resources of modern military skill, be made, at least, an outwork for the defence of Milan.

And surely, the result of this last invasion of other men's land, in its effect upon the public opinion of Europe, has not been such as to give great encouragement to the "prosperous raid" theory of foreign relations in the mind of the Austrian autocrat.

Do not his own proclamations profess that the want of allies to back him in that peculiar method of self-defence has compelled him, after a six weeks' campaign, to cede the only *historical* portion of the so-called Hapsburg "rights" in the peninsula of Italy, without reserve or condition, to the good-will and pleasure of his new "parvenu" friend and imperial brother?

But some one may say:—

"France will not always be ready to march her eagles across the Alps in a Sardinian, or Lombardo-Sardinian quarrel; and when next the Austrian army marches from the Quadrilateral under another modest and much-achieving Giulay, she will want no allies, nor any other arm than her own for another self-defending campaign."

To this we answer, it is rather hard that we should be compelled to discuss events upon any such hypothesis, with those who have laughed to scorn the notion that there was any thing *aggressive* in the attitude of Austria throughout these differences. If that power be the meek, mild, motherly creature which she has been represented, what danger of invasion need the new Sardo-Lombard provinces apprehend? She is no bear robbed of her own whelps, for the whelps are unanimous in repudiating her maternity. Why, then, may not the Sardo-Lombard lambskins frisk in the green meadows beyond the cool Mincio stream? Why should not those pleasant pasturages be the pasture-grounds of perpetual peace?

We think this is a fair demurrer to the plea of a certain class of objectors.

"But not only were the Austrians innocent, the Sardinians were guilty of aggression. Sardinia provoked Lombards against the maternal sway of Austria; really, the old word 'paternal' savours too much of severity, and moved her motherly breast to a loving indignation. Will not Sardo-Lombardy, with the incurable restlessness of those licentious souls, whom neither the cajoleries of Jesuits nor the coercion of Croats can persuade to acquiescence in the rule of enlightened and beneficent despotism—will not she in her turn continue to provoke Venetia? And will not this unjust and unreasonable provocation to ferment within the amazonian

breast of Austrian Italy, all the more amazonian now that war has seared one of the fruitful paps?—will not this, we say, call forth once more the loving indignation, and bring the white-coated champions of law and order out of the famous Quadrilateral? Who shall defend your Italian Liberals then?"

First and foremost our answer is: we do not wish that Italian or any other Liberals should be defended from the consequences of their own misdeeds. For Liberalism, Italian or other, to grow to what its righteous character should be, let it be chastened for wrongdoing and that "loving correction shall make it great." If, indeed, "unjust and unreasonable provocation" be given, let the provoker learn, by an avenging stroke, what justice and what reason are. We cannot think that the King over all nations deals otherwise in forming for them a moral character than what He does in forming that same moral character for the nation's individual men.

If Sardo-Lombardy prove unjust and unreasonable it may be good for her that even in the shape of Croats from the Quadrilateral there should come "messengers of Satan to buffet her." We do not conceive that the rule of right is waxen or leaden, to be bent at pleasure. We have loathed that pitiful political morality which has dimmed into our ears that Austria, fighting the battle of arrogant oppression and impious resistance to human liberty and mercy, was "fighting," forsooth, "the battle of Europe," and ought to be backed with moral, if not with material, support. We are not concerned to say which emperor we hold to be the more despotic despot of the combatants; but we have been concerned, and are still so, to repeat that an unrighteous combatant, or his unrighteous pretext, cannot make us pronounce a righteous cause unrighteous. Italian independence, and Italian freedom, too, are, to our mind, the right of Italian-born men. This we professed long before the Frenchman chose to stand out as champion, fair or false, for Italy. We would not retract the profession because we thought he put out a force awkward for us to contemplate, when he seized the Austrian by the throat.

But let the Austrian have justice and reason on his side, even in the bitterest quarrel with our Italian friends, and we trust that our friendship for them is too sincere and heartfelt to make us approve what justice and reason condemn. But what if the quarrel be not yet "emptied," as the French say?

What if the same insolent contempt of justice and of mercy shall, as heretofore, prevail in the councils of the Austrian empire? What if Venetia, in the freedom of Lombardy, shall have now to suffer a double agony, as the sister of an escaped slave may have to bear, on her single lacerated back, the whole tale of those savage lashes, which, when two backs shared them, could almost satisfy the lecherous cruelty of the slave-owner? What if thus another Italian crisis should arrive?

Or, put it otherwise :

What if, as the prospects of evil to Italy foretel, the new position of Austria in the proposed Italian Confederation shall appear to her, not a place of repentance, where, upon standing, she may endeavour to make almost atonement for her former Italian misgovernment, and force even Sardinia, aggrandized at her expense, to make extraordinary efforts, in all political wisdom and good, lest, after all, the Lombard should have fair cause, without abdicating his manhood, to regret his severance from Venice. What if, instead of this, it shall appear to her that she has gained a surer tower of eminence whence to frown down at first, and thence issuing to tread down under her soldiers' boot-heel all generous and free wisdom of heart and mind in Italy? What if the case be so? What shall Sardinia do, since French aid is forthcoming no longer, to encounter her might alone? This is no such forced hypothesis. The sulky manifesto of the Austrian Emperor contained in his order of the day from Verona, July 12th, has this expression:—"My gallant army is full of strength and courage, and joyfully looks forward to the renewal of the struggle."

Now to questionings, grounded upon such a supposition, a complicated answer may be given.

Italy is certainly in no worse condition for struggle with Austria now

than before. As to purely domestic military considerations, her northern army, we mean, of course, the Piedmontese, has justified the confidence it had in its own valour and discipline. The addition of four millions of Lombards to the Sardinian States extends its recruiting-ground, and that amongst a people of very great spirit, and of fine physical conformation. Of the youth of Central and Southern Italy, considerable numbers have learned to endure the fatigues of the march, and to face the danger of battle. The Italian military character has certainly suffered in no respect by the campaign of 1859. Whereas on the other hand, in spite of its confessed bravery and consistency, the Austrian military system has earned no little nor undeserved discredit. The loss of "prestige" lies wholly with the foe. As to the great question of Independence, even granting, which we doubt ourselves, that it would be possible to restore the Austrian Satraps, the Dukes and Grand-Dukes that stood beside the German Kaiser to see Italian blood flow by the stroke of foreign sword and bullet at Solferino, and that without condition or modification of their own misrule; even granting this improbable and shameful contingency, at least the fact remains, that four millions more of Italian men are free, and that the nucleus of the hopes of Italy, in so far, is increased.

And this brings us back again to our former saying:—

"The results of this year's war will profit Italians something or nothing thereafter as their use of them shall be."

Much depends upon Victor Emmanuel; much upon his original subjects; no little upon the new citizens that come under his rule; something upon the manner in which other Italians shall deal by him and them.

We say much depends upon Victor Emmanuel; but by no means all. Let him be to his old subjects and to his new the same straightforward, honest man he has been hitherto, and all may yet be well for Italy. The manner in which, in their distress and disappointment, the Tuscans turned still to him, on hearing of their own endangered hopes, proves this. We do not say that he will be able to help

them in the way which they desire, whilst the legions of that French Emperor who made the Villa-Franca treaty are only just upon the turn to Susa for the Alps, or to Genoa for the sea. But let the Sardinian King be still the "Regolantuomo," the "word-keeping King" of the last ten years, and neither the hatred of the Austrian nor the "sournoiserie" of the Frenchman can keep him from being still King of hearts in Italy. At the cheap cost of keeping his lips from lying he may yet hold and increase a supremacy of which the might of both united despots cannot rob him, and for the exercise of which great opportunities may yet remain in store.

But upon the main body of men in Piedmont still more depends. Let them not forget that theirs is a Constitutional Government, and let them use the admirable resources well which such a Government has for good in the hands of reasonable and large-hearted men.

We marvel at the tone in which some of our British journalists have spoken of the retirement from office of M. Cavour. Of course he retired—what else was he to do? But it is strange doctrine to be assumed as true by constitutional British writers that the policy which an able and patriotic man pursues is to be paralyzed by his retirement from the Ministerial Bench.

Free from the trammels which, in office, beset and hamper even the most powerful of ministers—gaining, indeed, it may be, by that freedom, the confidence of many in a country where suspicion dogs the holder of place more resolutely than among ourselves, who have longer breathed constitutional air in politics—Monsieur Cavour may yet have (and we are not ashamed to express our earnest hope that he may have them) opportunities of serving his enlarged country and Italy through it, not only not inferior, but, in the end, superior to any in his former political career.

Let it, for instance, be his manful endeavour to assist in bringing the new Lombard deputies to an appreciation and understanding of the duties of popular representatives in a free State. Let him use all the power and influence his talents and his services have given him, to facilitate, in

every way their amalgamation with their fellow-citizens, older in the exercise of liberty than themselves. Let him preach by precept and example to those elder sons of Italian constitutional freedom great tenderness in dealing at first with the jealous susceptibilities and the shyness of the half-won confidence of the new subjects of the Sardinian crown. Let him do such work as this, out of office or in it, and who so blind as not to perceive how great a work he will still be doing for Italy?

In speaking thus, we have also sufficiently shown what that is which Italy requires at the hand of those Lombard men. They must strengthen by this accession, not weaken the most hopeful of organized Italian states. As for the "rights" of the Hapsburg over them, or the insulting recognition of them by the Bonaparte, let not those Lombards heed such puerile insolencies of two despotic men. Now that they are rid of the Austrian, the question with them should be not so much of rights as of duties. They have become now, with the Sardinians, co-trustees for the future liberties and progress of Italy. It is a sacred and a glorious trust. They have held it from a Higher Disposer of events than the Hapsburg or the Bonaparte either. Let them understand this, and it will be marvellous how "fusional" difficulties will disappear, and how municipal rivalries will be swallowed up in grander national aspirations.

And let all other Italians persevere in that wisdom which, on the whole, has certainly characterized their movement of the present year. Let the Sardo-Lombard kingdom still serve them for a point of concentration; in sympathies at all times, and in action whenever the hour for energetic action comes.

Too much truthfulness, whatever the preaching drivellers and Job's comforters, of whom we spoke before, may say, has never been the political defect of Italians. For ourselves we do not see that it is proved that the more thinking portion of them trusted their imperial ally one whit more blindly than those who here in Great Britain pretend to have seen through him all along. The countrymen of Machiavelli, so far as we have known them, can see, to use a very vulgar

simile, "as far as most men into a millstone." Indeed the Austrian millstone has been round their necks and under their eyes so long, that our conviction is, they know more about its nature than their British monitors and censors did, when they determined that it was worth their while to risk, in hopes of shaking it off, a campaign side by side, even with the Emperor of the *coup d'état*. But be that as it may. We see in this peace of Villa-Franca, such as it seems now, plenty to account for Italian exasperation; nothing to justify Italian despair.

A little gain is not a total loss. Let no Italian relax in his endeavour to secure the fulfilment of the boast, "*Italia fara da se*."

But we will not pass under silence one other possible element of hope for the time to come.

We have already repeated it, we are not now going to rip up the past.

We will make no single quotation from the blue book of James Earl of Malmesbury. This only will we say. The desertion of the cause of Italian independence by a despot, who never could have done aught, sincerely, for Italian freedom,—remember, we maintain our strict distinction here,—will not indispose towards it the people of Great Britain.

The generous instincts and usually fair judgment of that people, have not had in this Italian crisis their free

play. A keen jealousy, and a somewhat ignoble fear—for we will not be flatterers—of the resources of France, wielded in the hands of such a man as Napoleon the Third, have undoubtedly swayed too much, these last few months, the minds of British men.

All that is over.

We will trust the negotiator of Villa-Franca just so far as will not interfere with a brisk production of Armstrong guns, and an uninterrupted construction of the great Steam Ram.

But though we know that our Italian friends are, as we acknowledge, not without reason, irritated at our tone and temper through this year's phase of their great Austrian controversy, we think they may rest assured, that at the bottom of British hearts, in our generation, there lies the sincere conviction that the true alliances of Britain can never be with despots, nor with despotic dynasties, as against citizens desirous to be both orderly and free. We think we may promise them, that in the long run, in spite of meaner apprehensions and of antiquated tradition concerning a balance of power ten times disturbed, the moral influence of Britain must be found; and, at the last extremity, her great material power, will be on the side of right against might, of the oppressed against them that oppress.

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ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN

CHAPTER VII.

EXPLANATIONS.—A CRUSHED CORNMAN.—MUSIC LESSONS AND TEA DRINKING.

THE questionings and explanation, which had been deferred on the preceding night, came, of course, thick and fast upon the following morning. Clara was safe, indeed, though Mark had not borne her down the ladder, and though no such means had proved necessary to insure her safety. In her escape, the Viscount had borne a part. From the moment when first the cry of fire had been raised in the body of the house he had kept his eyes unswervingly fastened upon her. Followed by Digby, he had been one of the first to leap from the pit on to the stage. He had not become confused, as had the boating man, amongst the intricate corridors at the back of it, nor thus compelled at last to find his way by a side staircase into the street before overtaking Miss Jerningham. He had held on straight after her, and had succeeded in reaching at the same time as herself the passage leading to her room, out of which he had induced her to accompany him in the direction by which Ingram had first penetrated there.

It was poor Cousin Martha whom at so great risk, and in such urgent peril of her life, Mark had succeeded in saving from the blazing room. She had come running down a passage which led from the upper tier of

boxes, through a door of which she possessed a private key.

Perhaps the draught created by her having left that door swinging open on her hurried flight had caused the sudden, irresistible progress of flame and smoke, by which after entering the dressing-room she had found all retreat cut off. She could give no precise account of what had happened in the interval between discovering that Clara was not there, and that she herself was now cut off from all escape by the corridor. She had sunk exhausted, breathless, and despairing into the chair, where Mark had found her. She had neither heard the crash of glass as he burst in to the rescue, nor had felt him lift and then carry her out. Her stupor had made her as unconscious of his arrival and action as the terrible excitement and desperate hurry had made him unconscious of her identity whilst he carried her down. Thankful as he was, undoubtedly, for the privilege of having saved a life, and that the life of a kindly creature, his good friend, we are not prepared to assert that some feelings of disappointment and of envious regret did not mingle with Mark's gratitude when the whole case was made plain.

Poor Cousin Martha! It was not

that Mark held your life cheap; but the life he had thought to save in his own strong loving arms was beyond price for his heart. He would not have been overjoyed to yield the priceless privilege of having rescued her to any man in Venice generally, or to any man of his Oxonian acquaintances especially; but there was no denying it—any one of them had been more welcome in supplanting him than just Viscount Windlesham.

And yet, had Mark fully comprehended the effect of what passed that terrible night, he would have known that whereas few things could have brought him nearer to Clara than his having saved her cousin, or have secured for him a more constant and grateful remembrance by them both, the undefined sense of obligation she must needs have to Lord Windlesham, set her, seeing she had no sort of special affection for him, at a greater distance from him than hitherto. Windlesham, to do his penetration justice, perceived it at a glance; and understanding that the matter was critical, made up his mind at once to act, rather as if he had a lost intimacy to regain than any nearer closeness of it to presume upon. Indeed, Clara's obligation to him was much greater than she suspected. She had neither determined, nor attempted to determine within herself, whether Windlesham had followed her accidentally, or in an endeavour to find for himself also a way of escape; whereas, in fact, the hope of giving her help and assistance had been the sole thought impelling him to follow as he had done. As for Cousin Martha personally, she felt that Mark had come to deliver Clara. She would have had him do it at cost of her own life, and of his into the bargain; therefore, she gave him full credit for his intention. And there was nothing to lessen the favourable effect of this in the circumstance that he had actually been her own preserver from hideous and appalling destruction.

Had he saved Clara there is no knowing how far Clara herself might have mistrusted the prudence of allowing him to become their household friend, as one may say; but the man who had saved for her the only mother she had ever

known, poor girl, was wished-for and welcome thenceforth at any day, or at any hour. The Viscount seemed to have made the running; but Mark, though far from suspecting it, had, in effect, shot ahead of him.

There had been a terrible anxiety for Trelawney, endured on the first few hours of that next day by his three friends. Exhausted by work or agitation, scorched, smoked, drenched, as they had been, all they had said when meeting casually at foot of the hotel stairs, about four or five, A.M., that morning on their way up to take an hour or two of sleep had simply been—

"I say, old fellow, seen the Cornishman—eh?"

"Not I, my boy; he'll turn up all right enough in time, to swear that the blaze was nothing to the burning of the County Court at Bodmin, or the parsonage at Liskeard."

But when, after an hour's spurning, and a couple of hours' sleep, they met again, still early, at the breakfast-table, and asked intelligence of the "*altro signor Inglese*" in vain from the waiter, they began to be first fidgety, and next impatient with themselves and with each other for being so. Soon they could not stand it; but with a muttered excuse, or a forced joke, jumped up as if by a common instinct, and severally announced their joint intention to go out and give a look after that "*confounded copper-miner*;" but no tidings could they gain of him, saving always an uncomfortable rumour of a "*povero si' or forestiere*," who had been killed in the scuffle. "*Ammazato per disgracia poverino*," said the gossiping *facchini*, with hints of their hard work that night, and of the desirable nature of a "*bottiglia! siori!*" Digby was enraged at the bare suggestion that this could be their friend. "It's all right enough, you blockheads; the poor chap's name who came to grief is Forester; all the cads had it pat upon their tongue; a Signor Forester, I tell you." Poor fellow! he spoke with temper, to keep down a gulping quiver in his throat, and could almost have struck Windlesham for his explanation that "*si' or forestiere*" meant a foreign gentleman, and did not profess to give a proper name. Ingram was the Columbus who now chipped the egg-shell, suggesting, as the thought first

struck him, that Trelawney had been in the theatre with the Vantinis, and that the most likely place where to gain tidings of him must be the banker's palazzo.

"True for you, my boy, and a precious lot of muddlepates we were not to think of it at first. Trelawney's right enough, I bet you, pegging into the padrone's rolls and coffee, perched alongside of Miss Beatrice."

Three minutes brought them to the banker's door; it was close by the theatre; and one minute more sufficed to appease their anxiety, though not entirely to banish it. He was in the house, though neither "pegging into" breakfast, poor fellow, nor "perched" beside Miss Beatrice, but in bed with a broken leg, bruised from head to foot, and still unconscious. Poor Beatrice, yet in her evening dress, was crying her eyes out in her own room, not having laid down all night, but having sat up just as she came in half dead with terror, distracted between fear and pity for the Cornishman, and the sudden surprising of her own heart's secret. Yes; there was more than mere flirtation in it. She did wish, heart and soul, that she were at Polgarthen, hard of sound as the name was to her lisping Venetian lips. She wished she were there, with a right to sit by Carlo Treloni's pillow, if he were in pain, or even to sit—poor child, that terrible scene at the theatre had terrified her out of her—even to sit and cry by his grave in the churchyard at Mervynastow, if he were dead. For she knew perfectly well—oh, delicious knowledge, at thought of it the heart would seem to leap up exulting over all the terror and woe—that he had come by his hurt, perhaps by his death, just to keep her from hurt or harm. She looked on her bare arms; there was not so much as a bruise on the rich brown cushions of them; and for that Trelawney's limbs were bruised and broken. How he had struggled against the desperate, selfish violence upon the stairs, of those who, by their insane rush and thronging, were ruining their own chances of escape in impeding those of others!

She seemed to have been lifted and borne along at one time without voluntary motion, yet nothing crushed her. His arms were like fenders of steel right and left; but he must have slipped

at the bottom of the stairs, just as she was bounding into the gondola beside her mother; for as she looked round in that very moment of safety, she saw him fall and be trodden on. That was all that she could recollect, tax her feverish brain behind her hot forehead as she would.

Two boatmen had seen that he had fallen in securing her; and as the Vantinis were, of course, well known, when they had picked up the poor bleeding man, they laid him on the black cushion of a gondola as gently as they were able, and brought him to the watergate of their palazzo, and carried him up the wide flight of marble stairs, and into the great saloon amongst the confused group of such members of the banker's family as had made their way home already. What was to be done? The young Englishman seemed half dead, and the broken leg hung limp. As for carrying him down stairs again, and rowing him all up the Grand Canal to the hotel on the Quay Dei Schiavoni, the thing was impossible, would be murderous. There was one only thing to do—to treat him as a son of the house, and lay him tenderly upon one of the son's beds till the surgeon should come, who must be fetched with breathless haste—"Quick, boatman, quick!"

Such were the particulars, gathered by his friends from the kind Vantinis concerning the accident which had befallen Trelawney—particulars which Ingram, by that night's post, forwarded to his parents at Polgarthen. The scholar's mentorship among his companions was neither official nor expressed, but yet recognised both by themselves, and by those with whom their party became at any time intimate. The bond between them all was only one of those links of companionable friendship which make a happy commonwealth of a summer band of tourists from dear Alma Mater. Mutual acquaintance and attraction, and the exercise of a free will, wisely left to its own play by English parents, had brought them and must keep them together. There had been some vague talk of reading, when they should have settled down "somewhere pleasant," "sometime convenient," but not much had come of it. On some five or six rainy days on the expedition, Trelawney might have

construed, under Ingram's guidance, some couple of hundred lines of "Georgics," or "Greek Play," and Digby, who was taking up Euclid for "great-go," might have involved himself in dark estimates of the relative values of squares and parallelograms; but these attempts had been so abortive as well as arbitrary, that Ingram had solemnly voted his "coaching" office a mere "mockery, delusion, and snare." When a question about "a fiver or two, old fellow—by reason that you know we did engage to let you grind us up a bit this long"—had upon a certain occasion been mooted by some one of them, he had met the proposal to bring in a "money-bill," with such a peremptory veto that nothing more was said upon the subject.

Easy, happy, manly, brotherly relationship! possible only between men in those golden years of youth. En- viable mentorship of a young man among his fellows, who acknowledge the stamp of intellectual supremacy in the first-class man fresh from the schools, and the nobler seal of a moral leadership, set on him by the stainless worth and honour which the intimacy of college life had made thoroughly known to his companions in lecture-room, in hall, in the barge, and on the Bullingdon!

We do not profess to know what equivalent for such a relationship other universities at home or abroad may have to bestow, but the pen of an old Oxonian will not travel over the

here without a word of deep andaching thankfulness for that happy idom of the "system" under which he got his training, whereby such genial, glad relationships were put within the will and power of himself.

Anyhow, the Vantinis felt that Ingram would hold himself responsible to the Trelawneys for their son; and they insisted that his close continuance by the young man's sick bed-side should be made easier and less irksome by his taking up residence under the same hospitable roof. They would suffer no denial; and so the very next night found him installed in the palazzo, Digby and the Viscount remaining at the hotel. The former, however, had determined to postpone his "plucking," as he vowed an attempt to pass the schools must needs become that season. He had a

couple of "grace terms" he keep at college, and would profit them; he would run down to Con to see "Billy in bottlegreen," as he called his brother, the newly-commissioned rifleman. "If the cock-shooting in Albania should turn out any thing like what Bobby Snapper" (old Lord Snapperton's younger son, at Brazenose), "used to brag of last Christmas, we're likely to have a good time of it. No fear for the copper-miner; Ingram will watch like a Sister of Charity beside him, and Miss Beatrice won't mind taking a turn when he knocks up; so, good-bye, Win., my boy; good-bye, Maestro and Mark Brandling; God bless you, Miss Jerningham; mind you don't fall in love with some Italian count or marquis now and marry him, and turn contessa or marchesa, and never come back to England any more. Now then, facchino, that's not the way to knock a guncase about. Chuck us a weed, Win.; my cigar-case is in a peacoat pocket below."

"Al piacer si'or, Buon Viaggio."

"Ta, ta, all of you!" And away paddles the Trieste steamer.

So began, and so, in one sense, was completed the break-up of the Oxford party. Ingram did watch like a Sister of Charity; and if Beatrice did not relieve him at the sick man's bedside, we believe that it was not for want of good will to do so. The quiet hours of the long night-watches, when the thick breathing of the patient alone disturbed the silence, and the tiny wick slowly consuming the pure olive oil in the cup where it floated, alone redeemed the deepening darkness; those quiet hours, not unaided by such muttered cries for Higher help, as in such soul-subduing hours men's hearts most earnestly put forth, brought to the student's mind the peace, at all events, of a clear and strong determination. A pang of "something too like hate" had made him wince, it may be remembered, when, at the Vantini's party, Windlesham had assured him that his evening would have been more wisely spent in the library of the Armenian Brothers than in the banker's drawing-room. He had been ashamed enough, at the time, of the feeling with which he took the pleasantry, or, maybe, the kindly interference of his friend. But he had seen farther

into his own heart, as some others had done also, by the glare of the burning playhouse. Very dark and very deep was the pit's mouth, in one corner of it, which the glare of that fiery night had shown him. It was no matter for compromise or trifling. When he had seen Windlesham accompany Clara out of the burning theatre he had felt as if he would have slain him for jealous hate. Why this should have been, seeing that he could have endured to look upon Mark saving her, it is not easy to determine. There is nothing so intricate and unaccountable in its inconsistencies as the play of passion in man's wayward heart. To this personal inconsistency his own attention was not drawn, nor, perhaps, need we speculate where he did not, closely as he seemed to be questioning his own spirit, arraigned of evil at the bar of conscience. But the spirit of hate, the spirit of murder—he had been too diligent and too reverent a reader of St. John to forget their identity—stood confessed, present, watchful, on the point of action within him. This inconsistency was too obvious, and too hideous in its obviousness to pass unnoticed, or to be lightly absolved by him. What! he was to be Good Samaritan by Trelawney's bedside, fulfilling "the end of the commandment," "loving his brother," and yet willing to play the thieves' part in the same parable as well, when Windlesham's case was in point; ready to strip him of so rare advantage, to wound him, to depart with savage joy, leaving him half, or, tell out the truth at once, whole dead? There might have been temptation of the world, and of the flesh to boot, in his irresolutions and vague aspirations, and half repentings, and unwilling conflicts hitherto; but now the devil, for certain, had come down into the list and offered wager of battle. He must and would hesitate no longer, but resist; and that no less wisely than manfully, resist in retreating. So soon as the Polgarthen party should arrive in Venice, and he should have consigned their son into their trembling, anxious, loving hands, he would himself leave Venice, leave Italy, leave all the happy, not unfruitful hours of cultivated idleness and recreation. He would go back, not to books, but to the work for sake of which he had been discip-

lined in books. He would go back and work among men for men, and for Him in them, of whom he prayed for mastery in this hard battle.

Viscount Windlesham in the meanwhile took music lessons—not, it is true, in the mere manual trick of the musician; his powers in that line for an amateur were already more than respectable. Besides which, it would have been scarcely decent to seek instruction in mere piano-thumping from such a man as the old Maestro. The Viscount's coolness could not have kept a burning blush from his smooth forehead upon preferring such a petition. But there is so much deep science in the profounder knowledge, and more intimate sense of musical composition, that there was nothing strange or shocking in passing on from mere inquiries, put skilfully, and from animated conversations on the subject, for which one of the conversing parties, at least, took care to make due preparation, to a request, made modestly, with apparent frankness and with admirably-concealed flattery, that the illustrious composer would deign to guide the feet of an ardent and enthusiastic neophyte through certain of the more intricate and sublime paths of the sweet musical mystery.

Lord Windlesham, in determining upon this course of conduct, had judged rightly the force of that fatherly feeling which bound the composer to Clara Jerminham. The Maestro did not distinguish in her the daughter from the artist, the woman from the singer and actress, that was hardly to have been expected. In himself the "symphonetic" nature, if I dare use the term, was one with the whole conscious man, or nearly so. He was a man-maestro without intervention of hyphen between the terms; felt as such, loved as such, and was no more disposed towards resolving Clara analytically than towards putting his own being into some excruciating crucible.

The Viscount divined this, and it did not require his shrewdness to perceive that the circumstances of Clara's professional life would prove so many minute, unconsciously-formed fibres of perpetual and close attachment between her and the musician; therefore did he study thorough bass and counterpoint; and at the same time the

character, guileless and good, of the man of genius and of learning, who taught him willingly. The calculation was just and profound. Neither was that other of mylord's calculations devoid of penetration and exactness, whereby he arrived in due course of time at the conclusion, that if ever he should wish to hold the first place in Clara's affection and esteem, Mark, and not the scholar, must be removed from the position. If ever he should wish it! Was there room for doubt concerning the desire or intention? Truly there was: at all events, concerning the character and comparative intensity of his desire. One thing was certain, he had a selfish suppressed pleasure in supremacy of any kind, natural or acquired, keenest, perhaps, in the latter kind of it, especially when the acquisition came by force of moderate diplomacy. Overtaxing of his ingenuity was not more agreeable to him than over-exertion of any kind; his enjoyment to be real must be easy-going. This was one reason for prefixing the epithet "suppressed" to his very sense of pleasure in supremacy; another being, that he was far too much of a gentleman not to suppress outward manifestation of his delight in supremacy bought cheap. This gifted, bright, and beautiful Clara had come across him, his companions in travel, and the chance acquaintance made at the lake-side inn. Upon two of them, and they the men whose characters gave the highest promise of interest in analysis, she had made an instantaneous and deep, if not indelible impression. What he felt for her himself was indistinct, nor did any thing urge upon him use or advantage in attempted discrimination; but he should like to put the others out of his way, and leisurely, as was his wont, he set about so doing. Upon Ingram he knew how to act, and acted accordingly. What was to be done with the mechanic he made no doubt he should discover by-and-by.

Cousin Martha, it may be said here, had discovered, entirely to her own satisfaction, what was to be done with "that dear good fellow," as she would call him. He was to be asked once and again, and yet again once, to tea. There was in this mode of treatment a reminiscence, doubtless, of the manners and customs of that so far-off

existence of other days in Camden-town; but the order and constitution of the new strange artist life of Venice, now waxen familiar, forbade the realization of her hospitable wishes according to her own ideal—an ideal, mind you, not cloud-born, but reminiscence of former actual experiences—of tea-drinking. There were no muffins, nor any pound-cake; nor was the hour of the entertainment, nor the time devoted to the solemnities of its etiquette, at all in correspondence with past recollections or present wishes; but what there was was dear and precious beyond words to the young mechanic. The Viscount, we take it, would have given his ears for it; and it was this:—There was just one half hour; Mark would perform prodigies of haste on the way home, to throw off the fustian jacket and the griminess of the day's work, in hopes of lengthening it by a minute or a half minute even;—just one happy half hour there was between the time when he could reach Clara's apartment and the time when, upon theatre nights, her gondola would come round to the house-steps. A cup of strong tea, strong but delicate—for Cousin Martha had intuitive gleams of a genius in brewing tea pithily yet tenderly, as rare as it is admirable—was the refreshment with which invariably at that hour La Jernietta would fortify herself for the exertions of the evening.

Of this cup of tea Mark should partake—such was Cousin Martha's decree. When the invitation had been made and accepted some three or four times at irregular intervals, Clara seemed to find that the strong sterling sense of Brandling's conversation, tempered and softened as it was by an influence she had not yet surmised, acted upon her mind and temper as a tonic, and helped to brace her for the fatigue and excitement which was coming. Sometimes they would discuss together the cast of character and sentiment in the lyric drama, of which she was to enact the heroine; and though Mark were a man of a type about as far removed as may be from that of an ordinary dilettante or theatrical critic, the freshness, quaintness, and vigour of his remarks and strictures, gave unexpected worth to his praise or blame. There was in him also a steady, concentrated, latent

fire of energy and enthusiasm which glowed sensibly sometimes, and by contact of its glow sent Clara fired with a generous warmth to her task and triumph. It may be imagined, then, that the irregular intervals of invitation ceased; in fact, that invitations were soon dispensed with al-

together; and the Maestro, the only other personage privileged on any pretext to intrude upon that half hour of preliminary refreshment and rest, soon came to consider Mark's presence at the tea-table as much a matter of course as that of Cousin Martha, or of the teapot itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

DECISION AND DEPARTURE.

THE Trelawneys arrived at last. There had been some delay, by reason of their absence from Polgarthen when the letter arrived which brought them the sad news. There were old Sir Charles, and Lady Trelawney, and their daughter, Georgina. Ingram met them at the water's edge, and led them straight to the spacious bedroom, the lofty proportions of which would have dwarfed the state pink chintz dormitory at Polgarthen to the humblest dimensions forthwith. There, mamma's arms and Georgy's were soon tender and fast round the neck of the patient, whilst old Sir Charles had a grip of one hand in both his, which nearly made Charlie the Younger, though no chicken till so terribly bruised, howl again for pain.

Presently, the father and mother, who had been too much excited hitherto to give Ingram due greeting, understood by their dear Charlie's look in how much they must be indebted to him, and each took his hand. As for Georgy, we verily believe she would have flung her arms round the neck of the dear friend also that had nursed her darling brother into recovery, had she not, with her quick girl's glance, noted the sad look which sobered on his countenance the gladness of the moment. She was a very keen-sighted pussiey cat, that Miss Georgy, for all her girlish years, and sweet girl's temper, and for all the childishness which her long fair curls gave to her laughing countenance; and she made other discoveries besides this first one before she had been a full half hour in her brother's sick room. She detected the constraint and inquiry with which the convalescent eyed his lady mother after a bit; and what's more, she was sharp enough to follow his look from the

mother's face to the glass jar of exquisite flowers by his bedside; and what is more still, it did occur to her to marvel whether the sad-faced though smiling Ingram's fingers had disposed them so daintily.

When introductions and heartfelt tear-brimming thanks came on down stairs in the great saloon by-and-by, the rich glow in the brown cheeks of Beatrice, as she came perforce to shake hands also, did not escape Miss Georgy; and she, too, stole a look into mamma's countenance as Brother Charles had done upstairs, to see whether her eye also was in quest of intelligence. My own observations, I beg leave to say, do not precisely tally in their results with those of that great band of tale-writers whose theory of domestic events so often turns upon the necessary and crass stupidity of parents. The Trelawney views of certain social matters were not extensive, as I have elsewhere hinted; but the eyesight of the Trelawney mind, or to speak more accurately, of the "Pentrennan-Trelawney" mind—Lady Trelawney had been a Miss Pentrennan of Trennan before marriage—was far from being dull or dim within the narrow circle of its own vision. If Miss Georgy were keen-eyed, I opine that the lynx eyes of that stately mother of hers were simply reproduced in the daughter; and, in fact, it was the searching look those dreaded maternal eyes had sent through poor Beatrice at greeting, which had brought up into her cheeks, deadly pale a second before, the glow which Georgy had seen mantling there.

Well, that terrible first interview was over, and there was at all events the doubtful consolation of being convinced that to keep her secret long from the lynx eyes was hopeless.

better consolation, however, came that evening, when opportunity presenting itself of retiring unobtrusively from the group of elders in the room, Georgy contrived to draw her, just as Charlie might have done, into the balcony, and then and there did to her what she had refrained from doing to Ingram that afternoon—threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, the golden curls all showering down about her face and neck. Not one word was spoken as they bent to one another over the orange-tree there; but Beatrice understood that Charlie's sister would not refuse to fasten its flowers in her dark hair for her, should need be; and that she too would be glad to show her the peep of the sea-shore off Mervynstow through the break in the beech coppiece at Polgarthen. The delight of this consciousness who shall picture? Not even shrinking from the lynx eyes could rob her of it; and the very next day there was another joy in store, unexpected, hitherto un hoped for; though in sooth it were a very simple matter of course.

Madame Vantini had never allowed Beatrice—no, not once, and she did think it somewhat hard, poor child—to enter the room where Trelawney had been slowly but surely recovering. We will not say that never, never, on any occasion whatsoever, had Beatrice passed by when by a kind chance the door was open, and a bright look of recognition could pass between them, or a hasty word of salutation be exchanged; but on the morrow of Georgy's arrival—yes, of that very arrival longed for, but dreaded all these weeks since the cruel accident befel—without reflection, without hesitation, till hesitation was too late, Beatrice found herself hurried by her new friend into the room, where Master Charlie, arrayed in shooting-jacket and other wonted garments, was seated upon a sofa, on which the broken leg was carefully propped upon pillows. She was astonished and ashamed at her own hardness when she found her hand trembling in his. How wan and thin they seemed. She could have cried and kissed them; and was fairly frightened when Master Charlie for his part positively did begin to cry at hearing her broken expressions of gratitude and sympathy.

"There," said Georgy to the scholar, before turning round again from the window, out of which they were affecting with conscious complicity to inspect a passing gondola; "what the authorities will say to me for this I cannot guess; but it must have happened some day, poor things; so it's as well to have got it over; and now the signorina must just march out again at my command and in my company."

"The signorina must march out," thought Ingram; "yes, and it's as well to get a thing over."

"Charlie, my boy!" with a smile, "shall I put your name on the list for great-go when term comes on? I shall be back in Alma Mater long before the first week of it, and the schools don't open till the fifth."

"Bother all imaginable goes, great or little," quoth the Cornishman. "One's tutor can't expect a fellow to cram up for examination after such a smash as mine was. Why, term time's not three weeks off; add five, makes eight. You've really no idea now how weak and bad a fellow feels after a thing of this sort. I do hope and trust—I mean I'm horribly afraid" (Oh, Mr. Trelawney, with what force was this emendation made, we wonder?)—"indeed, I am—I shan't be able to stir off this sofa this ever so long. And as for leaving this house—at least, I mean leaving the Vantinis—I mean leaving Venice—for months yet; I'm happy—that's to say, I'm very sorry—to think it's out of the question altogether. I know the governor will want to be back at Polgarthen for the pheasants; and I can't help hoping—no, fearing—my mother will insist upon going back with him; but Georgy might stay with me till I could travel again. She and Bea—that is Miss Vantini—seem to get on so well together already."

That was a long-winded speech for an invalid, though desultory; and a silence followed upon it, which Trelawney broke again when he had presently recovered breath, and also himself a little, out of a certain confusion, caused by its entangled delivery.

"But, what on earth put that vile Oxford into your head, man! that you should suggest 'great goes' and unpleasant subjects of the kind to one! You give me the shivers!"

"Vile Oxford, indeed, ungrateful sap!" laughed Ingram. "Why, you're the man that vowed it was the only human habitation fit for a fellow out of reach of the Land's End, I remember. Vile Oxford, indeed, you villainous coppermiser! What on earth put *that* into *your* head?"

But this was a question the heir of Polgarthen was by no means prepared to answer; wherefore, ignoring it, he opined that as Ingram had long since "kept his Master's," and had no "team to coach in hand for the next term," there could be no reason why he, too, should not stay in Venice to travel home with him and Georgy.

"Why, there's not more books at the Bodleian than over at Saint Lazarus out there; and if a fellow *must* go boring and bookworming, why, couldn't a fellow learn Armenian? That must be tough enough reading for a couple of months or so!"

But his surprise—ay, and his sorrow—apite of Beatrice's and Georgy's presence left to him, were great and sincere, when Ingram made him fully comprehend that in all sober, serious earnest a space of two days, instead of months, was the limit of his further abode in Venice.

"Come here, old fellow," said the Cornishman, "and give a chap your hand, can't you? And just stoop down a bit, when you know a party can't stand up to get at you." And he drew down the scholar's head till the forehead of it was level with his lips, and then he put a kiss upon it, and turned fiery red, and had two big drops in his eyes, and a thing like three walnuts in his "tieless" throat.

"There," he said, "that's how I serve my mammy when I'm took worse at home, and she comes poking over me with physic bottles. And, living or dead, you solemn old sap! I'll never forget you've been as tender as a mother with me, you school quad owl, you!"

Windlesham's penetration was at no loss to divine much of what had passed in the mind of Ingram when he made known to him also his immediately approaching departure. Be it said, however, to his credit, that neither by word nor by look did he seek to add to the constraint of the other. All his tact and social instinct, on the contrary, were exerted to make

parting easy. It took him two whole cigars to deliberate upon the question, whether he should or should not interfere in any way with the guidance of circumstances relating to the scholar's leave-taking of Clara. Decision was in the negative, justly, generously, wisely.

Deliberation upon the same momentous subject cost his poor friend far other length of time, far other conflict of indecision. Morning came, full daylight of the last day he should spend in Venice, and found him, as the deepening twilight of the former day had left him, walking to and fro within his room. Glorious daylight it was, which came streaming in at the open window, with a soft wind from the southward. But that soft wind seemed cold to the sorrowful student; he shivered, went to the casement, and shut it. He did not attempt to shut out the light as well; perhaps there was no need to do so. Science, with her prism, will decompose a sunbeam for us, and divide the light-giving from the warming ray, and that again from the actinic. Deep feeling or strong passion in ourselves seems sometimes to possess no little of this prismatic power of decomposition. The sunbeam falls full on us, but the light-giving ray, the warming ray, are separated from it and absorbed, and their blessed, cheerful influences unfelt. There was nothing very trenchant in the decision taken by him; yet it was no moral cowardice which left so much undecided after all. He would not go seek that dear, delicious presence from which he himself, by a strong decree, had doomed himself to die out that day; but he would live these last hours just as his wont had been. He would spend his forenoon in arsenal, or church, or picture-gallery, as Venetian mornings are spent by visitors; his afternoon, according to his own peculiar use, in the Armenian Fathers' library; near to the time of sunset he would be rowed over to the Lido, as their dispersed party had been wont to do, so gaily and so constantly. Should she be there, he would take his last look into the dear, deep eyes, and touch her hand at parting, as any casual friend might do, and simply say, "good-bye," and mean it, as casual friend may not mean—mean it

in all its homely, tender, and true piety of commendation; good-bye!—that is, God be with you!

She was there. The Maestro, too, and Mark, and cousin Martha likewise. Windlesham disliked the self-denial which kept him absent. Notwithstanding, since he enforced it upon himself, he must be forgiven.

Was it cruel, or was it kind, that calm, strong, joyous unconsciousness of her's? It was genuine—about that he could make no question. Here were two men with whom she was walking upon the shore in converse, the music of her voice modulated and measured without art, without emotion, yet itself both moving and soothing emotion of others, as the ripple and plash of those alternate waves, which kept time there with their talk upon the low, sandy shore. These two men loved her, as life, and beyond it. And she knew nothing of it yet; nor understood that one at least of them was looking on her broad white forehead, as the seaman looks upon the light-house tower, above the jetty, whence he sails away, not to sail back again—and conscious of the "not."

The landmark of a life-shore from which he was putting out to sea. Why take it unkindly that it seemed impassable?

Cruel, indeed! How do her such injustice! She knew not, simply for that he never let her know what, so unconsciously, she had become to him.

Kind! There was no room for kindness beyond that which had been largely given in the confiding frankness of some weeks' pleasant acquaintanceship. Kind, indeed! Cruel had been any other kindness, in view of that determination from which he would not go back, nor wish to do so.

How strange, and yet how natural, appeared to him, in after times, the singular coincidence, that as the evening fell, and they looked out across the quiet sea upon the purpling mountains of the Frioul, the words of the Maestro should run in upon the mould and tracery of his own fancies thoughts and feelings, and follow out and fill up all the groovings, as the molten gold might do, or silver, poured in upon the tool-graven steel of a Damascus blade in making.

"There is a sense," said the Maestro, speaking of the suggestion of sym-

phonies to the creative mind of the composer, "in which we do presume, by saying, 'this was made for us.' Here now, for instance, close under our feet are gravestones. Hebrew gravestones, are they not, Caro Signor Accademico?" inquired he of Ingram.

The scholar nodded assent; for they had wandered on and away to the spot, where, in the sandy soil of the Lido, the children of the Longer Captivity "bury their dead out of their sight."

"Well! here, I say, are grave-stones, and preaching of a calamity, a decay, a desolation, a death in life, such as not even the beautiful decrepitude of the fair city in the lagoons behind us can ever preach of. The eye glances over this field of Hebrew death, over its pavement of grave-stones, graven, it may be, with the same characters once graven on the stone tables that He broke, who came down from Sinai to the Jewish forefathers." He paused for a few seconds, as well he might; as thou reader mayst have done; as he did, certainly, who traces these lines; though he were young, hopeful, and ardent in the day, when those rude Hebrew gravestones, and the sedgy grass tangled his feet, and bid him perforce look down and meditate, there, on the Lido, touching such meaning association of ideas.

"Venice behind us, down-trodden Zion at our feet; and the eye glancing on, as I was saying, on to that burnished flake of outspread water, across into the uprising purple distance!"

As he spoke, the eyes of all the party followed, of necessity, the course pointed out by the finger of his descriptive word.

"Above the toothset edge of those eternal hills lingers the sundown. Now, that man said very well, Miss Clara, who said that sunset clouds, for all their glory is dying, show more promise, tell more of some glories yet beyond, than the brightest, rosiest clouds of dawning. Do you think I cannot feel how great were the presumption should I say all this,—these graves of human hopes, and loves, and hates; these recollections of the world's turning-history; this surging bosom of sea; those hills, the symbols of world-old unmovable materialism; those cloud-portals of sky, which are but shadow-

gates, masking a resurrection light behind them of life and immortality—all this is put forth as occasion only for a poor old Maestro's feeble phrase of interpretation by musical harmony?"

"Chè! chè! cari miei!" and he took out his snuff-box, the dear old man, much to cousin Martha's relief, who, to tell the truth, was "dazed," as they say, and staggered by the rhapsody: he took out the snuff-box, sure token that the speech was nearly run out.

"Chè! chè! cari miei: all this was not put here for me; and yet, Eppure Jernietta mia! vi dirò che sì. This was put here for me: mine I will make it, though in truth I can own no possession of it; mine for the stirring of thought; mine for the tinting of fancy; mine for creation of some things; mine for correction of others. Yes! mine, though I be nothing to it,—as you shall allow, when I bring you my newly conceived symphony. 'Life out of living losses,' I mean to call it. Signor Arcademio, do you think the title insane?"

Whatever the student thought, he answered nothing; and the conversation took, naturally, a more trivial turn, as they wended their way back to the more frequented and prosaic part of the long low sandy spit.

There was a little wineshop there, or coffee-house, in front of which were rude tables and benches of wood. A fiddle and a tambourine were being scraped and thumped to a tune of a mongrel type, between a transalpine waltz and a transapennine saltarella. But gay enough, nimble enough, vivacious enough, were the

dancers; one of whom, a girl of lithe figure and cheerful eye, gave a deferential salutation to Clara, and one less constrained to Mark Brandling.

"Felice Notte Rosina!" said either in return; and then, again, "Anzi a te Toniello!" as her partner, one of the water-carrying lads of Venice, with a dangling, bright-red, woollen cap, divided his recognition between a nod and a bow.

The gondolas were very near; and the time was come.

"I fear, Miss Jerningham, that I must say good-night, and not only good-night, but good-bye."

"Good-night, then, Mr. Ingram; but why good-bye?"

"Because I start for England to-morrow afternoon."

"How very suddenly you're going," cousin Martha said; "and how sad so many partings are; first, Mr. Digby, and now you. Why, what will Mr. Trelawney do without you, pray?"

"Oh!" said poor Ingram, with a very ghastly smile, at which Mark wondered, for he alone chanced to be looking straight at him, "I leave our Cornish friend in better hands than mine."

"Well, anyhow, I'm very sorry that you're leaving us."

"And so am I," said Clara, shaking hands.

There was strength in the man, for all his former waverings, for she neither felt pressure nor tremor in the hand which touched and took her own. Neither did he groan aloud, poor fellow! nor fall, for all the terrible pang which went through him, but walked quietly away.

CHAPTER IX.

ANCIENT ART-MAGIC.

READERS of tenacious memory must not take it ill of me that having alluded casually, not many chapters back, to the Digby family-portraits, I must needs again say something touching such ancestral presentments.

At Digby's manor-house there were family-portraits, and so there were at Polgarthen. That is no fault of mine. Nor, indeed, can I well help it that, moreover, there were also family-portraits on the lofty room-walls of the Palazzo Vantini. All I can say is I did not put them

there. No! but John Bellini put one of them, and a rare one too. Angela Marini's, bride of Messer Eccelino Vantini. A sweet, grave, new-made matron she, with formal plaits of hair, just showing only from underneath a coif, with something of German severity of cut. She held a missal in her taper fingers, as she knelt before a gentle Madonna on the golden background. She seemed almost, herself and all about her, to have stepped out from some illuminated page of that same missal to kneel down there in the

foreground enlarged. The Admiral's portrait, on whose glorious old countenance the keenness of the trader and frank manliness of the warrior carried on a marvellous contest for predominance, was the work of one Tiziano Vecelli, who had not found it necessary to sign the painting, by reason of a burst of gorgeous sunlight which his brush had sent streaming into the whole canvass from behind the prow of the Bucentaur, rearing itself in the middle distance. Streaming sunlight! yes! there was enough of it to stream across the wide room and give those wondrous gleams and sparkles to the jewelled brocade of the Admiral's younger daughter opposite, married to a Barberigo when she sat for her likeness. There were as many, I believe, as four of Tintoretto's lively figures, full of action, but ash-coloured and livid in hue, beside the mellow radiance of the Titiana. There was a younger Palma somewhere, and several Ridolfis, a couple of Padovaninos, and a Batista Tiepolo. The Polgarthen portraits, indeed! Poor dear Sir Charles! his heart sunk within him as his eyes wandered day by day over Signor Vantini's walls.

"And to think of his being a banker, Lucy dear! Just what old 'Farthings' is at Bodmin. Fancy the Farthing forefathers in this style!"

Now, good Sir Charles was rather defrauding that Cornish financial family of its due patronymic honours in those depreciatory remarks. Farthingale was the name, not Farthings, Farthingale and Olinks, a respectable firm, established A.D. 1788, by one Adam Farthingale, a successful "adventurer" or speculator in mining matters, who had handled a pick in the vein underground in his younger days, and "adventured" with equal success in a provincial measure, when he took to cautious banking in his elder time.

The Polgarthen portraits! He had loved them, that stout old countrified, county-family baronet, with a dim apprehension of art in his being, as well as merely with hereditary esteem. And now, when unexpected art instruction had overtaken him, he was half-ashamed of them, half-sorry for them, in spite of that hereditary pride in their possession. He would sit and gaze on the Vantini portraits, divided

between love and hate, till he could bear his feelings no longer; and then he would get up and rush out; and ten to one would hail a gondola and get himself rowed over to the Belle Arti gallery, and get more muddled and mazed with art-admiration and envy than ever.

But the lynx eyes looked poor Miss Beatrice through and through day by day; who found consolation, however, in Georgy and in rare repetitions of that visit to the convalescent brother's room; and in the hope, now beginning to bud, of his descending, carefully, with a crutch, and with help from others on either hand, the flight of easy marble stairs which led down to the great saloon. The weather which was autumnal now, was yet genial and fine. He should sit in easy chair on the great balcony, within sight and scent of the dwarf orange tree with its associations that now seemed so familiar and old. Poor little orange tree! that fickle mistress of thine was quite prepared, if need were, to allow that any pot-herb at Polgarthen would indeed be princely when compared with thee. Whereas, by strange inversion of ideas, that master ('Charlie who had once slighted thee, despised in comparison that wondrous lemon tree against the south-wall in the garden at home, which in the first blush of the summer he had exalted, to his companions' indignation, above all orange or lemon bearing trees that sparkle in their beauty on the terraces of Isola Bella, or come sloping down to the glassy swelling of the Garda.

A lady with lynx eyes ought, one might opine, to have notions sharply defined. I should have expected, therefore, that nothing could have been more definite, more truly cut and dried in fact, than Lady Trelawney's objections to Miss Beatrice for her boy Charlie; supposing always such objections to exist. But people's characters, somehow, will not be always of a piece; and some of Sir Charles' vagueness of conception had, perhaps, in this one instance, dimmed the retrospective vision of the lynx organs.

For eyes look both ways: out of the dark brain box to get photographs of things external; then back into that dark camera again, disposed now stereoscopically, to contemplate relations of things photographed.

And Lady Trelawney, who saw all without as clearly as Miss Georgy, found indistinction in her own views within of why and wherefore she herself judged matters so differently from that facile young philosopher.

I have suggestively mixed up Sir Charles' name with this; because I incline to think that in well-assorted matrimony there must ever be much give and take in matters such as these. The perspicuity of the one party illuminating oftentimes the fogginess of perception of the other; that fog in its turn obfuscating at times also the keenness of that other's perspicuity.

It was one great relief, and well it might be, to the Cornish baronet's lady to discover, as she had done upon the first Sunday of her stay in Venice, that at all events there was no difference in religious faith to render the notion of this marriage intolerable. Madame Vantini had been mistress enough of herself and of her husband in this respect to have kept the liberty from the first, of directing her daughter's mind in such matters.

And yet the sense of relief was but momentary and illusory, so long at least as her ladyship conceived herself able to thwart the match. There really was nothing to dislike in Beatrice; and not much more to find fault with than any well regulated, critical, matronly mind can detect, I take it, in any ordinary, well looking, well disposed younger lady, paragon and paramount by love's law in a son's affection and esteem. Few things are more intolerable than to be swindled of a possible good grievance. Poor Beatrice! had she been Papist, she had been manifestly unpardonable; her being unobjectionably Protestant was very hard to pardon indeed.

After all, I suppose there lay at bottom of the good lady's heart no special ill-will against Beatrice; but only that pardonable jealousy which is angered at the thought, that a stranger should have "intermeddled" with the heart's inmost "joy." "This man is my son! I bare him, and nourished him, and hatched the egg of his youthful bravery and manful tenderness against the warmth of my motherly breast! And this girl with brown tinted cheeks and silky black hair has robbed me of the love of my first-born."

A mother feels it more bitterly in the son's case than in the daughter's. She is glad and proud to see the daughter's graceful weakness twine round some worthy supporting stem. Her own womanly consciousness of clinging preaches charity. But her son is strong; he can and should stand by himself for a long time at least, side by side with her and with his father. Tendril, and leafage, and flower of any plant which shall twine round that sapling so dear to them, comes only between the shadowless light and free air which have ever been glancing and playing between them and it. Whether there may or may not have been, by another most natural inconsistency, a scheme in germ in that mother's mind for giving some English girl at home leave and licence to steal the boy's heart, I will not say for certain. For all the seeming contradiction, it is not unlikely. Anyhow her ladyship was hostile, and it may be that she would have succeeded in infusing some of her feeling into her good husband's breast, had it not been for the Vantini portraits.

Among them, there was one of which we have not yet made mention, a small round painting from the rare pencil of Giorgione. A female head, bending outwards to the beholder; the eyes downcast, almost veiled by the lids, from under which you might expect to see a tear come trickling.

Now Beatrice was a light-hearted happy girl enough, and her dark hair would only in the very strongest sunlight, ever show any of that golden gleam which rippled for ever on the tresses of her ancestress as Giorgione painted them. Yet there was no denying the truth of that mystic and persistent identity of look and feature which will reappear from time to time in families, and which, in spite of all discrepancies, proclaims the kindred blood. Beatrice was very like the picture in many of its characteristics. Her father, as she grew up, was often provoked to think that he had not forecast the circumstance, and called his baby daughter Stella, the name by which the portrait was known in his family. Her mother took such delight in the resemblance that she had long since transferred the picture from the place where it had hung these many years, and

had enshrined it in the retirement of her own little private special sitting-room. None but the intimates of the house or the curiously precise in knowledge of the Venetian school of painters remembered any longer the existence of a Vantini Giorgione. Sir Charles, of course, was in total previous ignorance of it; nor was it till some time after his coming to Venice, and after some schooling in the scanning of Venetian masterpieces, that his ignorance was removed. But being one day introduced by some accident into Madame Vantini's own inner nest, it is but justice to his growing powers of artistic criticism to say, that from the moment of his entering the room, the Giorgione rivetted his attention. Madame Vantini thought her Cornish countryman more vague and abstracted that day than ever—not to say more puzzle-headed. He spoke without looking at her, answered incoherently; and by way of keeping up the conversation, put questions himself, at long intervals, wholly disconnected with the previous drift of it, answers to which he by no means appeared anxious to take in. For the remainder of that day the portrait haunted him. He tried a visit to the Accademia, but found no relief to his imagination, which caused flimsy likenesses of its tone and colouring to cover and confuse the lineaments of any female face by any master, on which his eye might chance to light. For some capricious reason, or want of reason, he said nothing to Lady Trelawney concerning the picture; neither did he the next day utter a word concerning it to its owner or his wife. He cultivated her acquaintance, however, thenceforth with new and strange assiduity; and spent treasures of Machiavellian astuteness upon contriving occasions to visit her in the little room, over whose mantel-piece the Stella was hung. By-and-by the picture got into his dreams as well as into his waking fancies, exercising over him the strangest and tenderest fascination. Yet it never occurred to him that all this while an image of his Charlie's Beatrice was nestling into his affections, nor that Giorgione's contemporary was pleading all along from the wainscot the cause of her young kinswoman. Stella, in her subtle witchery, was careful, as it

almost seemed, to conceal from the worthy baronet the enormity of the fantastic trick she was now playing on him.

But such concealment could not last for ever. One morning,—the sunbeams were slanting across the room from underneath the folds of the heavy velvet curtain of the corner window,—Sir Charles had found it necessary to knock at the door of Madame's sitting room, and had opened it to enter before the "come in" could have reached his ear. Beatrice stood by the mantel-piece. Dark as her braided hair was, those sunbeams came athwart and gilt it gorgeously. She, too, was leaning forward thoughtfully; the lids veiled her eyes, out of which trickled a real tear. Sir Charles saw with astonishment two Stellas confronting him. The live one, startled by his entrance, looked up through her tears, with a life-like lovable prettiness, such as even Giorgione's brush could not have bettered, and with that look won her way right into the kind old baronet's heart.

She did not know, nor did he, the full effect or meaning of the genial smile with which he looked upon her; but the tear that was beginning to trickle seemed to dry up on her cheek in the sunshine of it. And as for Sir Charles, he nodded, almost unconsciously, at his original Stella, as who should say, "well, I have done your bidding;" and he was almost astonished that she, too, did not look up and give back, approvingly, sunny smile for smile. Georgy, a dear good girl, with not a particle of jealousy in her composition, soon marked and rejoiced in the change which, from that day forward, came over the manner of her father towards Beatrice. Courteous and pleasant it had been hitherto towards her, as towards all persons; but there was a kindness in it now, and a tinge of fatherly playfulness, which neither she, nor Charlie, nor Georgy could account for; but from which, secretly, that hopeful trio augured the best. Not but what the two persons most deeply interested in the matter had occasional misgivings, nor but what the gleam of the lynx eyes would sometimes cause the dried-up tear to show its crystal drop again on Beatrice's cheek. Lady Trelawney, as may be supposed, was not behindhand in detecting the alte-

ration which raised the hopes of the juniors. Its origin was to her no less inexplicable than to them, and she, too, had her surmises and misgivings as to the turn which things would take. But being a wise woman, in her own way, she was well acquainted with the general fact, that inexplicable, and even unreasonable fancies and feelings are oftentimes the most utterly inexpugnable. She knew, moreover, that this general fact had special force when applied to the elucidation of certain points of her own husband's character: wherefore she determined upon what may be called an armed neutrality; and left until the crisis of events the final decision of her own active course.

That crisis time brought, as its wont is. Whatever might have been the state of Master Charlie's heart, his bruised limbs and broken bones were healed and mended in unexceptionable order again. There was no sort of reason for detaining Sir Charles from the laughter of Polgarthen pheasants, nor any colourable pretext for allowing his parents to return without their son, enviable as such an arrangement might seem in some respects. He had thoughts at times of handling the superfluous crutch awkwardly and coming down, at any risk, headlong on the marble steps. Had any one thrown down upon them a treacherous orange-peel, to his material hurt and discomfiture in slipping violently, he would have considered the inadvertence a piece of generous and considerate philanthropy. But no kind accident befel, and he must either leave Beatrice with distant and vague hope of meeting again, or take courage and say so much, at last, to his parents and hers as should secure leave for him to return again, or, better still, an invitation for her to accompany Georgy to Cornwall. Georgy indeed took a gallant initiative by openly suggesting to her mother the propriety of issuing such an invitation, on the simple ground of a return for all the kindness and hospitality shown to Charles in his day of trouble, under the banker's roof, omitting any mention of the special interest likely to be taken in the matter by her brother. But the lynx eyes were far too sharp not to see through so flimsy a stratagem, and this move of Miss Georgy's was checked peremptorily.

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Time crept on, rushed on, Charlie thought. The day was fixed for his leaving Casa Vantini to join his family at their hotel; and on the third from it the Trelawneys were to leave Venice altogether. They dined at the Casa on the eve of his migration, and, perforce, some attempt was made, both by Sir Charles and Lady Trelawney, to express to the Vantinis the heartfelt obligation under which they lay. Desperate emergencies suggest and justify desperate measures, and so when Signor Vantini, with no less sincerity, began to assure the English baronet that they owed to his son's manly self-devotion on the night of the fire far more than any care they had bestowed upon him could repay, Charlie burst out before them all:

"Nonsense, Signor, about self-devotion! You know I'd have every bone in my body smashed small for Beatrice, and welcome! And since I've said so much I'll say more. I love her ten times better than life, and — Don't cry, darling, don't cry!" so broke off his speech, as he turned from the Signor to his daughter, and seemed, in seeing her agitation, to lose all consciousness that any save they two were present in the room.

"No, don't cry, Beatrice, dear," repeated his father, as the lynx eyes darted increasing amazement. "Don't cry, — though you're very like Stella when you do, — but go away into the next room with Charlie, and scold him for frightening you with his bounding, and I'll say a word or two to Mr. and Mrs. Vantini about it, with my lady here."

"You dear good pappy!" cried Georgy, starting up, and locking her arms round his neck impetuously; "you dear good puppy! I always said, and always will, that you were the best, and kindest, and nicest, and" —

"Georgy, child, be quiet; be quiet this minute, or Mr. and Mrs. Vantini will think we are going to beg their Beatrice to come among lunatics at Polgarthen. First, mad cap Charley, and then, Georgy, madder cap still! Be quiet, I say, child."

But she was out of the room before the sentence was fairly finished, and off in pursuit of her brother and Beatrice to prognosticate coming triumph. The little gipsy was no false

prophetess. Lady Trelawney saw clearly that with Sir Charles in inexplicable alliance the enemy must needs carry the day. She had hoisted no colours, so needed no mortifying haul-down of her flag. The conclusion of the debate in family council proved therefore to be, that Beatrice

was to go to Polgarthen, just to look round about her, and see whether she could make up her mind to stay there altogether at some coming day. Into this verbal treaty crept a singular clause: the best copyist in Venice was to have leave to copy the Gior-gione Stella for old Sir Charles.

CHAPTER X.

MANŒUVRES—STUDIES—SEAR(ING)S OF HEART.

INGRAM was gone; so was Digby; so at last were the Trelawneys. Lord Windlesham alone of the Oxonian party lingered on in Venice, acting with a delicate reserve towards Clara, but weaving daily closer his web of intimacy with the Maestro. The simple, childlike, yet ardent and imaginative mind of the musician fastened upon him influences which sometimes almost made him cheat himself into forgetting that he was cultivating such intimacy for any other sake than its own. The music, too, which he studied, no less than the musician with whom he studied it, cast spells upon him, and more than reconciled him to his present mode of life. There was talk at home of his standing for the county. His father, the Earl of Wansford, had written, not to press the matter on him—an unlikely way of commending it—but to point out the strong probabilities of success, and to intimate his own willingness to make every such arrangement as should facilitate his son's entry into public life. For all his nonchalance, the young Viscount was not destitute of potential capacity for a parliamentary career, nor of such interest in political matters as might ripen in time almost into political passion. Nevertheless, he suffered the county to go by default; and though he would have been at loss to give his reason for it, found no regret, but rather a sort of satisfaction at having done so. A sort of satisfaction only I say, because it is no easy matter, even for a self-indulgent Viscount, to give a wholesome feeling of fulness and content to thought and affection, when putting about in sight of some haven of definite duty, and steering away, one knows not whither, upon a summer sea, because the waves look laughing and blue. However, there is something honest and real about any actual

work, whatever its aim and end may be, so long, of course, as that be not essentially blameable and bad, which does much towards satisfying and soothing the mind, and keeping it in a good-humour with itself, not wholly unfounded or unreasonable; and as the Maestro was far too earnest and enthusiastic to trifle with that science of music, which was to him one great, if not the great, reality of his life, Windlesham had the advantage, or disadvantage, considering the circumstances of the case, of exerting and sustaining sufficient mental energy to prevent him from feeling that he was an empty idler. Moreover, he was gratified by noting from week to week the entire justness of his calculation in respect of the position which he should come to hold with Miss Jerningham, as her fellow-student in some sense, and associate in the thoughts, habits, and conversation of the Maestro. Any irksomeness which the claim upon her gratitude might have seemed to constitute was done away; not merely by his careful abstinence from advancing it at any time or in any way, but by the circumstance that the new community of pursuit and study, had, as it were, its own new starting point, and that a new and distinct familiarity of intercourse and exchange of sentiment appeared to have grown up from seed sown at a new date, having its own separate season of a distinct development. Mark's presence in some way marred this distinctness; and Windlesham, who at first had watched with a merely speculative interest the powerful attraction evinced by Clara upon the mechanic, began by degrees to fret therat. His own feelings concerning her were far too vague and ill-defined to let him fully acknowledge the existence of any sense of rivalry; yet little by little the notion that Mark was in his way somehow, and

had better also somehow be put out of it, assumed consistency, shape, and colour, and insisted upon being entertained, and after some fashion being disposed of. It is true that Mark was a fixture, and Clara not fixed at Venice. She had an engagement at Florence which must soon be fulfilled. The Maestro was sure to follow her thither, and so might the Viscount follow the Maestro. Mark must needs be less locomotive than those engines of Messrs. Bright and Brassy, upon the mounting and fitting of which he was engaged. But the visit to Florence would be temporary and transient. Not many weeks, or months at all events, would elapse before Clara's return, and there would be something of the easy, unsuspected tenderness of a return home in coming back to Venice and resuming Mark's homely friendship. This his lordship thought had better be avoided; and long and carefully did he reflect upon the best means to secure its probable avoidance.

It can hardly be said that in thus designing he could be fairly accused of acting against any real and solid interest of Mark Brandling, as positive minds would have reckoned it. He might have been thought, indeed, by some to be compassing the means of rendering him an important if ill-appreciated service. Such manner of service as he had perhaps also rendered to Ingram from the first moment, when perceiving the birth of passion in the scholar's mind, he had persisted in forcing upon it a full consciousness of the advent of that unaccustomed inmate.

But, sooth to say, the Viscount could not entertain unreservedly the suggestion made to him at times by the genius of self-deceit, that he was pursuing an object of pure philanthropy in coming between Mark and Clara. He could hardly invest himself in imagination with the character of the craftsman's best friend, and he had as yet too much self-respect to affect any appearance of a friendliness which would have been stamped at once as hypocritical by his own conscience. There rose up therefore between the two young men a wall of estrangement and separation, singular enough to think of as built up on the foundation of their easy earlier acquaintance. Its up-roaring had upon Mark at least an evil enough effect. It seemed to fur-

nish him with a fresh base whereupon to re-erect the shaken statues of his class prejudices and superstitions of caste. The good effect of his intercourse with Ingram began to fade away. He became moody, and not a little morose at times; and being occasionally almost rude to Clara, would thereafter suffer no little in the way of remorse and self-reproach, less wholesome than they might otherwise have been, by reason of the bitterness against the young lord which flavoured them.

The latter had in the meanwhile fixed upon his scheme of operations for Mark's removal from Italy. The county paper which was forwarded to him with the narrative of the proceedings of that same election in which he had declined to appear as candidate, gave him the clue to his desired combination. From it he learnt that Messrs. Bright and Brassy had just entered into a certain contract in their own line, entailing operations upon the property of the Earl his father, which would necessarily bring these gentlemen themselves, or some influential subordinates of their firm, into contact with Mr. Lanton, the land agent and confidential factotum of Lord Wansford's estates. To him, therefore, Windlesham despatched a letter, not without some previous hesitation, nor without many a subsequent pang. So far was it from being likely to do Mark any material harm, that it was nearly certain to advance his interest with his employers. Nevertheless, from the moment it was written the young nobleman felt the degradation of one who has not shrunk from stabbing an opponent in the dark. He could no longer bear to look the mechanic in the face. Not many days after its despatch he altered his determination of following the Maestro, and left Venice with the intention of appearing, as it were casually, in Florence about the time of Clara's visit to that city. Mark felt, when he was gone, as if a great weight had been taken from his shoulders. But as a just punishment for his former fretful and supercilious misbehaviour, he could not at once breathe again quite freely in Clara's presence. The very equableness of her demeanour to him throughout, and her generous apparent unconsciousness of offence, made him feel all the more ashamed

of himself and all the more timid in respect of her. Cousin Martha had always in her plebeian soul felt a special kith and kin affection for him, and gratitude had given it, naturally enough, an unlimited expanse since the catastrophe at the theatre. This sentiment had gifted her with sufficient penetration to discern that he was not too well at ease so long as Windlesham was in Venice, and with a true woman's proneness to partizanship, she had in her secret heart vehemently set herself for that reason against the Viscount. Upon his departure, however, she was much concerned to miss the buoyant reaction which she had expected to hail in the temper and tone of mind of her favourite. Unhappily, her want of tact served to increase instead of diminish his embarrassment; for she put her finger clumsily to the sore place by asking of him one day, point-blank, how it was that "even now, when the young lord is gone, things don't seem to go smoothly, dear Mr. Mark, and pleasantly, as I am sure I for one had expected?" This well-meant, inconsiderate appeal destroyed the hope which in his more cheerful moods Mark had sometimes suffered himself to entertain, that his fitful and unjust ways might perhaps have escaped other notice than his own. He longed for an opportunity to acknowledge his fault to Clara, and to intimate how necessary was her forgiveness to set him again at peace with his own self. But to have done so would have been to make a startling innovation upon the manner of the free communication of thought and feeling that had been hitherto in use between them; a great safeguard and sanction of which freedom had been the absence of any sentimental personality. And, moreover, the most hopeful creators of favourable opportunities for explanation, the evening walks on the Lido, upon Clara's disengaged nights, now failed him, for the evenings closed in rapidly dark and chilly. Mark, therefore, had to bear that stern but profitable penalty which follows on offence against what cannot but be loved, and this, too, just at the time when by mere progress of his affection he was beginning to pass through that stage of it wherein is no little diffidence and fear. But there was in all this a softening as well as a corrective process

at work within him, greatly to be prized by the true man. Much as he would have desired Clara's forgiveness, it is doubtful whether she herself had any notion that there was any thing to forgive. She liked Mark, and esteemed him; but he had not upon her affections any such hold as to make her careful and observant of all his varying moods. She had a large enough heart to have forgiven freely, had need been; but her appreciation of his tone and manner had not been close enough to inform her of any such existing need. The artist was as yet stronger than aught else within her; and all, which held not to the artistic sentiment and idea, was reckoned as yet among the lesser and fugitive accidents of life. There was no man for whom she felt as for the Maestro at this time, save only dear old Sir Jeffrey Wymer. Him she could not but love as a girl might her grandfather; and her regard for the Maestro had much of this secondary filial feeling, determined not only by the difference in age between him and her, but also by the magistral and paternal relations in which, as a musician, he stood towards her. Indeed, scarcely any one of the party of friends in Venice had fully realized how much there was of true fatherly character in the whole position which the Maestro had by degrees taken up towards Miss Jerningham. Simple as was his character, it was far from deficient in weight and strength. It is not to be told how much of annoyance, humiliation, and social danger was spared to Clara, at the successful outset of her artistical career, by becoming, in a certain measure and sense, the adopted child of the old composer. Intrigues and even insolences, which might otherwise have at least assaulted her, were walled off by his continual presence and wise precaution. The authority and respect with which his professional standing and admirable genius invested him in the eyes of managers, artists, and lovers of the lyric drama, purified after such fashion the social atmosphere of her profession for Clara, that conscience, mind, and fancy, breathed far freer in it than even with all her sustained enthusiasm she would have found it possible for them to do under any other circumstances. Sir Jeffrey, at a distance, perceived this

in part, so far as to lay aside not a few nor the least anxieties of his misgivings about her. He who had been her father's first and firm friend through life, under whose eye she had herself been born, whose childless home had been brightened by the brightness of her childish beauty, whose ear had first appreciated the exquisite and harmonious modulation of her glorious voice, whose musical intelligence and correct taste had encouraged and guided her first steps in the sweet science, could not, as may be supposed, remain indifferent to the success which from the first had greeted her, little as he had been disposed to consent to her courting it. He took, as it were, a regretful delight in her budding renown as an artist, and not only by correspondence with herself and cousin Martha, but by a vigilance exerted also in other ways, unsuspected by either, kept himself well-informed as to all that concerned their proceedings. When entirely assured of the deep and sincere regard of the Maestro for his Clara, and when apprized of the beneficial influence it exercised and must needs exercise upon her whole career, he went so far as to write to the musician, and was more than satisfied, was touched by the reply which he received to his first letter. For it convinced him not merely of the wise moderation with which the writer was likely to exercise any guiding influence he might obtain, but also that no tenderness would be wanting to make that influence acceptable to the feelings as well as valuable to the judgment of her over whom it should be exercised. Other letters passed between the two, and few things could have been more genial, few more graceful, than the correspondence which cemented a friendship between these men of full, ripe years, just frosted by advancing age, in virtue of the fatherly love wherewith one and the other had endowed the young, fresh, blooming life of a beautiful and gifted girl.

Apart from any considerations which may be urged, not without justice, against a theatrical career in the case of any one, more especially of any woman, Clara's life in Venice was far from unwholesome morally. She had the good sense to refuse any approach to social dissipation. Though there

was not in Venice any drawing-room which did not open wide its door to her with pressing invitation, not one wherein she would not have been courted and admired, yet she persisted in leading the quiet, laborious, almost austere life of a student, a circumstance not otherwise than productive of a certain special sympathy for the laborious and frugal mechanic. She rose early on every alternate morning, when there had been no exertion the night before requiring longer physical rest and recruitment. She took a daily walk; she studied her appointed hours with the Maestro; she resolutely and consistently endeavoured to enlarge and complete her artistic intelligence and power by a course of historical and poetical reading. It is true that the "libretti" of the operas, in which she had to sustain various parts, were woefully full of anachronisms and of ignorant discrepancies in respect of the tone and temper of their supposed periods; but this could only be made worse and less tolerable by a monotonous and conventional manner of representation. To be continually the same prima donna, with only a change of costume, could by no means satisfy the quick and lofty spirit of Clara, who endeavoured accordingly to train her thoughts and fancies from time to time into such agreement with the character of her part as could be produced by familiarity with the real or supposed circumstances out of which such a character would grow. These studies of hers introduced a new and unexpected element into Mark Brandling's education. It was but natural that he should come thus to hear, and to discuss, and to judge many matters which otherwise would have seemed to lie wholly away from his mental course. Books came thus into his hands which otherwise it was but little likely that he should have opened; and in one main instance, that of classical lore, Clara's ignorance of the original languages, parallel with his own, obliged her to draw from the secondary sources of translations and epitomes, sources whence it was as easy for him to derive information as for her. Neither few nor weak were the filaments which thus began to knit their two minds together, although so fine as not to be forthwith perceptible. The constraint under which Mark stood just then

with Clara, so far as his own frankness of expression was concerned, leavened, perhaps, with a little of the self-taught man's intellectual self-sufficiency and vanity, prevented him from showing openly by what steps and with what purpose of effort he kept thus lovingly alongside of her in her studies of this kind. That he did so seemed to her but natural and matter of course; and if Mark lost by her ignorance of his loving toil what she might have granted to recognition of his devoted desire to please, he gained in compensation all that inestimable advantage which a man gains by growing into familiarity of a woman's thought and feeling she knows not how nor why. Seed was being sown for the season of absence that winter, wherein it is ever uncertain whether the germ shall crumble and die altogether within the soil of hearts, whether the very blade that lives to shoot up shall be nipped and frosted, and slain, or whether the alternate rain and sunshine of a day not yet discerned shall bring at last to ripeness golden corn for harvesting.

That time of absence was now very near. If Mark had ever doubted what was the depth and passionate reality of his love he must have learned it from the keen anticipation of sorrow which was settling upon him. The simple and severe realities of a craftsman's life had certainly not favoured in his mind, naturally self-possessed and positive, the growth of any fictitious standard of mental suffering; but in return nothing in them had ever allowed him opportunity of frittering away his power of sentiment. Poor fellow! he could tell how truly that time of absence is a winter time to such as he had become, by the chill which the icy breath of its approach was breathing into his very bones.

It was now likewise that a new torment, or at least that a new phase of an old torment was added to the several causes of disquiet and sadness which had fastened upon him. A general and diffuse sense of jealousy began now for the first time to creep over him, whereas his experience of that passion had hitherto been per-

sonal and peculiar. The Viscount was gone, and Mark had no reason to guess that he was gone there only where Clara should come presently; but the last evening upon which she appeared at "The Fenice" disclosed to him another and indefinite object of jealous annoyance. She had been, and that deservedly, as such desert may be reckoned, too decided and constant a favourite with the Venetian virtuosi to make it possible that her leaving-taking for the season should pass unnoticed or ungraced by any special demonstration of admiring enthusiasm. Accordingly, not content with thundering applause upon her that last evening whenever she came upon the stage, nor yet with raining a perfect storm of flowers upon her, when at their call she stood forth to receive their homage after the curtain fell, her admirers organized and carried out a gondola procession by torchlight, accompanying her to her home, with a subsequent serenade under her balcony, which overlooked the canal. It certainly was not the first time that Mark had been witness of that kind of homage which must be enjoyed or endured by such as Clara; nevertheless no instance of it had hitherto vexed and worried him as this.

Dissatisfied as he was with himself upon the whole, he could hardly restrain his annoyance at seeing her to whom his heart could not now find courage to address one phrase of admiration, rudely pelted, as it seemed to him, by the trivial compliments of a playgoing crowd. He could not, or would not now, distinguish between the artist and the woman; and what was tendered as a kind of matter of course to the one seemed to him an intrusion upon the personal dignity of the other. And this new feeling of his was, in truth, a complicated matter, not wholly selfish, nor born only of such mean jealousy as should say--"She is all to me, and I am hurt that she should be any thing at all to them." Whatsoever in it came thence bore its fruit in mere vexation and punishment; but there was some other deeper and truer principle moving in his mind to work other work as shall be seen hereafter.

UNIVERSITY ESSAYS.—NO. VI.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.

BY THE REV. JAMES BYRNE, A.M., EX-FELLOW, T.C.D.

For the Christian philanthropist, who regards the conversion of the heathen as the noblest object of Christian enterprise, no study should possess a higher interest than that of the religions of mankind. Without such a study he cannot understand the prejudices which he has to encounter, or the peculiar habits of thought which he has to address; still less can he devise a system of religious ministrations suited to the wants of any heathen people, unless he learn from the religion of that people the special aids which they need to sustain faith and practice. Such a study, however, is not to be conducted with a sole view to this practical application of it. If the motions of the moon had inspired no higher interest than that which sprang from the requirements of navigation, the lunar theory should never have been worked out, and, consequently, the lunar method of determining the longitude at sea should never have been perfected. And so in every case, practice looks to science for guidance, and exercises on science a most salutary influence by drawing her attention to the most useful subjects of speculation; but having entered on those subjects, science has interests of her own, and if she be permitted to move according to her own impulses in her proper sphere, she will have manifold lessons of wisdom to guide practice, not to one but to many works of utility.

It is, therefore, as a branch of Social Science that this essay would treat of the religions of mankind; meaning by Social Science something very different from that which has of late so strangely assumed the name. For science does not consist of a set of practical expedients, however skillfully devised to attain particular ends. These may, indeed, if duly methodized, rise to the dignity of art; but science consists of general truths, and Social Science of the general principles of human society. It has for its object to investigate the general truths which may be discovered with reference to the various phenomena of social ex-

istence; or, in other words, their laws of co-existence and succession; and it is in this purely speculative spirit that the religions of mankind shall be considered.

The method which must be followed in endeavouring to discover such general laws, is somewhat different from that which the inquirer into Nature should adopt, when he comes to explain to others the results of his inquiries. The former process consists, according to the great Father of Inductive Philosophy, of two parts. It, first, to use his own metaphor, lights the lamp, and then, by the lamp, shows the way. That is, an attempt must first be made, by an examination of facts, to discover the causes which will account for those facts; and then, having risen to those causes, the second part of the process is to deduce from their known operation new facts, which, if the theory be true, should exist. It is this second order which it is most convenient to follow in the exposition of science; for if the true principle has been seized, it matters little how it has been arrived at. It shall, therefore, endeavour in the first place to establish and explain the principles from which the religions of mankind seem to me to spring; and then, combining these with the secondary influences which modify their action, apply them to a general explanation of the religions which are found in the world.

The primitive tendency of man, in forming his acquaintance with Nature, is to attribute to all parts of Nature the same life of which he is conscious himself. This tendency has been fixed on by Comte as the starting point of the religious history of man; and however erroneous and superficial the system of that philosopher in many parts may be, there can be little doubt that this tendency exists, and if so, that it forms the primary element in the natural religions of man. "L'homme," says Cousin, *du Vrai*, p. 80, "est soumis à la loi d'analogie; après s'être reconnu cause libre intentionnelle et finale, lorsqu'il passe à

l'idée d'une autre existence, il met sous celle-ci la sienne propre. En d'autres termes lorsque le MOI conçoit le NON-MOI, il place dans la nature extérieure les propriétés du monde interne." The same principle which made the American Indians call Mr. Catlin's steam-boat "the big medicine canoe, with eyes, because," said they, "it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel," causes the uncultivated mind to attribute mysterious life to any novel mechanism which seems to possess the power of spontaneous action. The great elements, in of Nature, and the movements, dependent of his will, which surrounded man from his infancy, produced his impression from the first, and gave a life to all Nature which it is now difficult to conceive. So Hindoos, and sacred writings of the Vedas, and passages as the following are continually to be met with, (see Colebrook's Essays, i. p. 24):—

"That which moves in the atmospheres, air, around which perish fire, sun, and lightning, rain, the moon, the earth, disappear. Lightning having flashed, and none left behind rain, it vanishes, fallen, disappear whither. Rain having moon at the within the moon. The within the sun, conjunction disappears disappears in the sun when setting appears in air. Fire ascending disappears produced these same deities are in this very origin."

The god of light is represented as conquering from dark clouds, and re-covering the waters, some the treasures of which robbers sometimes called cows, caves, and some hidden in the the gods who sometimes the wives of the fiend. and become the wives of the sun. By all savage nations regarded as the sun devouring the moon, or the moon the sun, and noises are made to induce the destroyer to give up his victim; or, they are supposed to be sick and dying, and their recovery is watched with anxiety, and hailed with rejoicing. Nor has the thunder ever been heard by untutored man without being regarded as the very act of a Thunderer, who is over all. This personification of Nature was not confined to the great phenomena of the

heavens; every object was invested with the nature of man, and in primitive language it is in this human fashion that the relations of things are expressed. When the Kaffir, hurt by the pressure of a large stone which he was carrying, said to Campbell that "the stone was angry," he used language which we may call metaphorical; but originally, at least, such language was real, for imagination is belief, until the mind has been disciplined by experience. In the earliest literary efforts of men, we are struck with the same character. The fables in which the birds, and the beasts, and the trees speak with the voice, and act with the reason of man, would never have been invented if they seemed so unnatural to our forefathers as they seem to us; nor would the poet have disfigured his songs with such monstrous conceptions, but that to him and his hearers they were not monstrous at all. It is only by remembering this that we can reconcile ourselves to the conversation between Achilles and his horses in the Iliad, and to the combat between him and the river Xanthus:—

"Ὡς ἂν ἴφην Ἰπταμὸς δὲ χολώσατο κη-
ρόθι μάλλον

"Ὀρμυνὶν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν, ὅπως πάσους
πόνοιο

Δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα. IL. 4. 136.

"Ἢ, καὶ Ἀχιλλεύς μὲν δουρικλυτὸς ἱπθοῖα
μίσση
Κρημνοῦ ἀπάλξας ὁ δ' ἐπίσσυτο, δίδματι
θύων.

&c. IL. 4. 233.

Nor have we, even now, after all our experience of Nature, and subjugation of her powers, so far lost sympathy with her that we can look on her as quite dead. The stars are still to us a heavenly host, who, though they keep a silent watch over the world, yet seem in their dancing light to have communion with us and with each other, perhaps to quiver with joy in their celestial choirs. There is a living individuality in the flowing river, and the nodding trees that dip into the stream, and the water plants that live in his banks, seem to hail him as he passes. To the ear of fancy the babbling brook tells its tales all day and night, if any will come and listen. Peaceful love, perhaps fixed

* See an interesting article on "Dædalus's Fables from the Norse," in the *Saturday Review*, No. 166.

contemplation, seems to pervade the still lake and the silent mountain which encircles it, or the trees, whose image it carries in its bosom. The tempest and the dark cloud seem to rage and scowl on us with anger. Therefore it is that every one feels that there is true as well as glorious poetry in those lines of Byron—

"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one
lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty
shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud."

Nor is it only fancy which thus personifies nature. Reason, in its calmest and most searching exercise, attributes conscious life to inanimate nature, and thought and will, where no such power exist. The microscope has introduced us into a new world; and amongst the objects which it reveals there are many, of which, though known to be vegetable, it is most difficult to believe that they are not possessed of animal life. The Zoospores of the Coniferoid Algae are separate cells which possess a power of independent motion, and swim about with great activity in the water; and it would, no doubt, appear very strange to one who watched their spontaneous movements to be informed that they were inanimate vegetable cells. Any one who has ever looked at water through a microscope, and seen the rapid movements hither and thither of organisms, apparently acted on by no external force, feels that he can hardly avoid attributing to them choice and will, though most likely they have no kind of consciousness. Nay, even in reference to some of the most familiar objects of nature this same tendency is continually showing itself. We all involuntarily, and almost all deliberately, suppose that all animals possess thoughts and feelings like our own. This may be true to a very great degree of the higher vertebrate animals, who have a well-developed brain; but the nervous organs of lower animals—for example of insects—leads to the belief that they are capable of no higher form of consciousness than sensation, and that all their actions are involuntary. But we find it hard so to believe.

Considerations of this kind naturally suggest the question, why we

attribute consciousness and volition to some objects, and not to others? And this inquiry would lead us to perceive how it is that man in his primitive condition inevitably ascribes those attributes to external nature. My present limits, however, oblige me to content myself with the statement that man personifies what seems to him like himself, in being a self-determining cause; and that this may arise either from his ignorance of any cause which will account for it, or from its presenting a striking resemblance to himself in its appearance or its actions.

The personification of nature, though the primary, is not the sole element in the natural religions of mankind; for it is not necessary that men should worship every thing to which they ascribe personality. Worship implies veneration and submission. It also springs in the first instance from interested motives, and has respect to the welfare of the worshipper, or of those for whom he is interested. The sentiment which inspires it may be denominated dependence, and the objects of worship may be described as those agents supposed to possess conscious will, from whom the worshipper anticipates benefit or injury, and whose power he feels to be such as he cannot cope with or subdue. Man finds such objects of worship, not only in nature, but also in his own mind. His dreams introduce him into a world which is to him in his primitive condition as real as the world of his waking life. He is then visited by the dead and the absent, and accordingly wherever man is found there is also found a strong belief in spiritual existence and a spiritual life after death. These unearthly phantoms come and go, and we cannot control their movements. To the troubled conscience they may rise to pronounce its doom. In the visions of the night the murderer may be visited by his victim; and for what purpose would the spirit come but for vengeance. The departed king is still a mighty shade, and the fierce warrior who lived only to destroy will still delight in destruction. When the intellect is undeveloped the imagination possesses greater intrinsic force besides that it operates unchecked, and its creations are then living realities. Thus it happens inevitably and universally that the spirits of the departed, when they inspire hope or fear, are

enrolled among the gods, and sometimes other spiritual beings whose existence is revealed in the same way.

There is another class of gods which form a remarkable feature in the religions of men. They might be termed secondary gods but that they have already received the name of Fetishes. This word is taken from the Portuguese word, *fetisso*, which means a charm, and which was applied originally by the Portuguese to the artificial objects which they observed the negroes of Guinea to keep about them and to worship. They are thus described by Oldendorp, in his "*Geschichte der Mission*," p. 323 :

"Fetishes, or Shambu, are holy things which are supposed to have derived a peculiar power from deity both to banish evil spirits, and to aid in all sickness and danger, particularly in defeating witchcraft. They have not the dignity of gods. The negroes hang them not only on themselves but on their gods. Yet many of the ignorant classes regard them as gods."

This is a phenomenon in religion similar to the disinterested affections in morals. Just as the miser first loved money for what it could purchase, and then loved it for itself, so the Fetish-worshipper first supposed the holy thing to be the medium of a divine influence, and then attributes divinity to itself. In every case it derives its divine character from another god. This may arise from its being supposed to have come into material connexion with a deity ; as for example, if struck with lightning, or found in a place where a god is supposed to dwell. Or the holy thing may have derived its impressive sanctity from being used in the worship of a god, and having become, in consequence, the centre of associations which irresistibly inspire veneration. In whatever way the divine influence has come to be ascribed to it, it is readily deified, and then the holy thing becomes a Fetish.

The gods being thus constituted are propitiated in modes the most agreeable to the nature which is assigned to them.

But combined with these universal principles which we have considered, there are various modifying influences arising—(I.) from peculiarities of race; (II.) from the nature of the country and climate, and mode of life; (III.) from the progress of knowledge; and

(IV.) from advance in civilization—all which must be studied, and the laws of their action ascertained before the theory of the religions of mankind can be completed. These I will proceed to consider in connexion with the religious phenomena themselves.

I. In every case religion springs from the general principles which have been discussed ; but its course is modified by these secondary influences from the very first, and of these the most powerful and the most penetrating is that first mentioned—the peculiarities of race. True it is that these peculiarities may be accounted for as the effect of climate and mode of life ; but just as we may distinguish the heat of the furnace from the heat of the sun, though the former may be really only an accumulation of the latter, which has been latent for ages under a different form, so we may distinguish between the effects of climate and habits accumulated for generations in the peculiarities of race, and acting under this form, from their other more direct effects on religion. It must be observed, however, that these accumulated effects of climate and habits are incorrectly termed peculiarities of race, though that term is used for want of a better, as members of the same race may acquire different characteristics, and members of different races similar characteristics, according to the climate and habits in which they have lived for ages. These characteristic endowments of race impress a corresponding character on the progress of the race in knowledge and civilization as well as in religion ; and it is, therefore, by these that all social phenomena should be classified.

The classification of religions made by Comte, and generally accepted now, seems to be faulty in many respects. He divided the religions of mankind into three classes—Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism—meaning by Fetichism the worship of natural objects, and by Polytheism the worship of a plurality of gods distinct from nature. Now, according to Comte, religion tends to advance through these three stages ; but if the inquiry were made—why it has remained stationary at the first stage, or why at the second, in so large a portion of the world—we could not advance a step in this investigation, or, indeed, in any other, without having other

and more essential characters of the various religions of mankind brought before our notice by which we should inevitably classify them in order to state our conclusions. His classification is so superficial as to be of no scientific use. But besides this, it perverts the meaning of the term Fetishism, and tends to suppress that most important feature in the religions of mankind which the word properly denotes, confounding it with the worship of nature. It is also objectionable, because Fetishism proper, which Comte makes to be essentially connected with the worship of nature, prevails quite as much in religions belonging to his second class, nay, is sometimes increased by the gods being abstracted from nature. Religions, like other subjects of scientific investigation, should be classified by their most characteristic properties—that is, by those peculiarities which are essentially connected with the greatest number of their other qualities. Following this rule, I would venture to suggest a classification drawn from what seems to me to be the true import of the ethnological distinctions of mankind.

The obvious peculiarities of countenance and skull, and general physical conformation which distinguished the inhabitants of the four great continents, have long since suggested the classification of mankind into Negro, and Mongolian, and American, and Caucasian, to which Prichard adds the Hottentot, Papua, and Australian. Now the really characteristic endowments of these races depend on the comparative development of their organs of sense and intellect. The development of sense predominates over that of intellect in all the races which have not what has been called the Caucasian skull. In these sense-races, as I will call them, a distinction may be drawn between those in which the organs of active sense and those in which the organs of passive sense prevail. For in the exercise of some of the senses, our nature is more passive than in that of others. The passive enjoyments of the savage come principally from the sense of taste, and its cognate, smell. He uses his sight and his hearing, and in a less degree his smell, rather for purposes of utility, or, at least, in active observation. The races, therefore, in whom

the former organs predominate—the Negro, Papua, and Australian—all remarkable for their great development of palate—I would call the inactive-sense races. And the Mongolian, American, and Hottentot, remarkable for their great orbits and ears, and comparatively small jaw, I would call the active-sense races. Amongst the intellectual races which have what has been improperly called the Caucasian head, a similar distinction may be drawn between the active and the inactive. The Asiatics, subject from their very origin to the relaxing influence of heat, or to a nomad life, in which they lived, without labour, on their flocks and herds, and the Malayo-Polynesian, living in plenty in a relaxing climate, may be classed as inactive intellectual races, when compared with the Europeans, braced by climate, and depending more on labour for subsistence, who, with the Mexican and Peruvian races, though these, like the Malayo-Polynesian, had less intellectual endowment, form the active intellectual class. In accordance with this view of the characteristics of the races of men, I would classify the religions of the world into the inactive and active sense religions, and the inactive and active intellectual religions.

These two features in the natural qualities of a race, their mental endowments and active character, which, co-existing each in two different degrees, give four varieties, correspond to the two original elements from which I have said that religion springs—namely, the mental process by which man forms to himself objects possessed of thought and will, and the sentiment of dependence which deifies those objects. The active or inactive habits of a race correspond exactly to the character of the race for independence or for the reverse, and taking these in connexion with the predominance of sense or intellect, we shall be enabled to understand the essential characters of the natural religions of mankind. The sense races differ from the intellectual races both in the range of their Pantheon and in their conceptions of their gods. The former are impressed rather by the way in which objects affect their senses—that is, by the sensible properties of things, whether beneficial or noxious to them. Their deities are consequently for the

most part within the reach of their senses. The intellectual races are impressed rather by the associations awakened in their minds, and their deities may, therefore, be any where within the range of those associations. The former worship rather what exerts some material influence on them, the latter what impresses their imagination. Even if both adored the same object, the sense races would worship the very object itself which they felt and saw. The intellectual races would, from the very first, tend to rise to an ideal object with which the sensible object would be only the medium of communication. The sense races would propitiate their gods by addressing their supposed senses. The intellectual races would mingle with this, an appeal to higher faculties which they would ascribe to their deities, and would have from the first a more spiritual worship.

Religious differences may also be deduced from the active and inactive characters of the two subdivisions of each of these classes. The inactive-sense races are subject to nature, as compared with the active-sense races, who subdue that part of nature which is within the range of their energies; and the former attribute to nature more of active personality than the latter. The inactive yield submission, veneration, worship, to the objects around them, and spend on these their religious sentiments. The active cause nature around them to submit to them and direct their religious sentiments rather to the great powers of nature, which are beyond the sphere of their activity. The religious sentiments are stronger in the former than in the latter, in proportion to their greater dependence, but have less elevation of character, on account both of the meanness of their objects and the servile spirit from which they spring. The religions of the former are more local than those of the latter, and, therefore, more liable to change, both from change of habitation and from new and striking occurrences about them. And the worship of the former is more sensual than that of the latter, as its objects are lower and more material.

The intellectual races present religious phenomena of a higher order, but amongst them, too, religious differences may be deduced from their

different degrees of active character. The inactive races were more dependent on nature than the active. They possessed, therefore, the religious sentiment in a greater degree. Besides this, their minds being more unoccupied were more free for contemplation, and this gave such depth to their religious thoughts and feelings, that they became the originators of the great religions of the world, Brahminism, Buddhism, Sabaism, Mahomedanism. The active intellectual races had less depth of religious veneration, because they were more independent of nature; and their religious conceptions were more superficial and objective, because their attention was more occupied with surrounding objects. The worship of the latter was less spiritual than that of the former.

These theoretical deductions are to be verified by comparing them with the religious phenomena of mankind, and I shall make a rapid survey of some of those phenomena, guided by the light of these principles. And first, with regard to what may be called the contents of the Pantheon, or the range and nature of the objects deified, and the conceptions formed of the gods, my present limits will permit me to notice only the sense religions.

The most typical example of the inactive sense races is found in the negroes of Guinea. Those of Central Africa have been more infected with Mahomedanism; and as we go farther east, we gradually lose the true Negro or passive sense formation of skull and countenance. Every feature in the social condition of the Negro bespeaks his unenergetic, servile, timid nature, as plainly as every feature in his physical conformation. His gods form what may be taken as the very type of an inactive sense Pantheon. Thus, Barbot, in his description of Guinea, book iv., chap. 3, describes as follows the gods of the natives of Fida or Whydah, on the Slave Coast:—

“They direct all their religious worship to these deities; first, a sort of reddish-brown snake; next to it the high lofty trees of a beautiful form; and next to them again, the sea. These three chief divinities, say they, we worship and pray to all over this land, each of them having its particular prerogative

and power distinct from the other: but with this difference, the snake-god has unlimited power over the trees and sea, and can rule and reprove them in case they be slow or neglectful in acting the parts of their offices amongst the creatures of the universe; and those two subordinate divinities are in nowise to intermeddle in the office of the snake-god. Besides these three principal deities they have an infinite number of inferior gods, natural and animal, who derive their prerogatives and offices from the three principal before-mentioned, but most particularly from the animal god, the snake. And every man is allowed to make himself as many of these inferior gods as he thinks convenient. As, for instance, if a black resolves upon important business, he first searches out a god-protector, which is commonly the first creature he spies, dog, cat, or other most contemptible animal, or any inanimate thing, a stone, a piece of wood, or the like. This god-protector he immediately presents with an offering, and makes a solemn vow that in case he succeeds in the affair he is to enter upon, he will for the future hold and worship him as his peculiar deity; which he accordingly performs, if the event answer his expectation, presenting that dumb deity every day with new sacrifices, and praying to him. On the contrary, if he misses his aim in that affair, he takes no more notice of the chance-god. In short, they make and unmake their gods daily, and are the masters or inventors of the objects of their religious worship."

Here we see the dependence of a sense race in its lowest form, venerating and seeking protection from all sensible objects around. One result of this excessive dependence is noticed here, and forms a characteristic feature of Negro religion. I mean the worship of inanimate objects, not because they are naturally fitted to strike the imagination, or because they are supposed to possess an influence derived from any other god, but because a species of power is ascribed to them in consequence of good or bad fortune having followed the meeting with them. Their presence having preceded such fortune is mistaken for its cause, and to them is ascribed that divinity which, in such cases, naturally belongs to the cause, according to the principles which have been already laid down. These objects of worship, which are everywhere to be met with in the religions of West Africa, are commonly called Fetiches;

but it is better to keep that word to its proper signification, that the very remarkable phenomena which in strictness it denotes may not be lost sight of. Those natural agents which do *not* act as causes are deified by the Negroes in consequence, as I have said, of some sensible benefit or injury received from them. So Oldendorp, in his account of the religions of the Negroes, tells us that

"A river which has overflowed its banks, and submerged every thing, receives in consequence divine honours. A pig had by chance, to quench his own thirst, conducted an army of the Mandingoes to a well; since then none of the species has been killed by them, but all pigs have been worshipped as divine. The Tembu were cured of a skin disease by being licked by serpents, and have deified them for that reason."

It is to be observed that in the passage quoted above, from Barbot, a subordination is described as existing among the gods of Fida, the snake having authority over all the others; and next to him, the trees and the sea. This superiority, however, is due to their being the national gods; they are worshipped all over the land. It forms a case, therefore, of the influence of social organization or civilization on religion, hereafter to be considered. But there is also difference of rank among their gods due to the observed subordination among natural powers. We are informed by Oldendorp, that all Negroes believe in one Supreme God, creator of the world. "He it is who thunders in the sky. To him they ascribe their strength, their fruits. He sends the rain. All other gods are subject to Him." This seems a very elevated doctrine to form part of a passive-sense religion; but when we learn that in every Negro language this Supreme God is called by the same name that denotes the sky, it becomes plain that he is, in fact, the over-arching heaven, which is above all, on whose influence the life of every creature depends, while no part of Nature can exert any influence on its actions, which broods over the world with ceaseless change and motion, as if ever superintending its affairs, and sustaining and bestowing life. It is not, however, to be denied that a tincture of higher doctrine may have been imbibed from Mahommedanism.

This doctrine is practically a dead letter in the religion of the Negroes; for, as I have said that the inactive-sense races, though they are ready to deify every thing in Nature, yet spend their religious sentiments on the objects immediately about them; so it is found universally amongst the Negroes, that though the supreme powers of Nature are regarded as the supreme gods, their worship is quite neglected. So Barbot, in his account of the religion of Fida, quoted above, says:—

"The Fidians, for the most part, have an improper notion of a Supreme Being, almighty and omnipotent, to whom they attribute the formation of the universe, to whom, because he is so highly exalted, they neither pray nor offer any sacrifices, alleging that they think his incomparable grandeur does not permit him to think of the human race, or be at the trouble of governing the world."

Also in his account of the Gold Coast:—

"They make no offerings to God, nor call upon him in a time of need; but upon all occasions apply themselves to their peculiar deities, and pray to them in all their difficulties and undertakings."

To the same purport Park declares "that the belief of one God," as he calls it, "is entire and universal among them; but it is remarkable that, except on the appearance of a new moon, the Pagan natives do not think it necessary to offer up prayers and supplications to the Almighty." All African travellers give a similar account.

It may be taken as a characteristic of the Pantheon, which naturally belongs to an extreme form of passive-sense religion, that the religious sentiments of the Negroes are so engrossed by surrounding sensible objects, that they do not, in any considerable degree, deify or worship departed spirits. Human sacrifices are offered at the funerals of the great, and offerings are made periodically in some parts at the tombs of the dead; but these seem rather to be presents of slaves, and food, &c., made as tokens of affection, than acts of worship performed to propitiate superior beings. Such offerings are made on a greater scale and in more solemn style in Dahomey than in any other

Negro country. But the description of it which is given by Mr. Forbes, represents it as a kind of friendly entertainment:—

"The eldest son and chief of the clan makes yearly sacrifices to the tombs of his ancestors, and keeps customs for the whole clan. This is a custom observed by all Dahomans; and they set a table, as they term it, and invite friends to eat with the deceased relatives, whose spirits are supposed to move round and partake of the good things of this life."—*Forbes's Dahomey*, vol. ii., p. 73.

Another characteristic feature is, that though, like all mankind, they believe in an evil being, who is the author of their misfortunes, no African nation makes this being the object of their worship.—*Oldendorp*, vol. i., p. 324. This arises from their extreme timidity and dependence. They cannot trust themselves to Nature without protectors, and having these they look to them to defend them from evil, instead of attempting, themselves, to propitiate the powers of evil.

The gods being thus sensible and local, their worship also is sensual and local. Their mode of propitiating their gods is simply to supply them with food or with slaves:—

"There is no worship within the temples, but small offerings are daily given by devotees. If an African sickens, he makes a sacrifice—first, a small one of some palm-oil food. If the gods are not propitiated, owls, ducks, goats, and bullocks are sacrificed; and if the invalid be a man of rank he prays the king to permit him to sacrifice one or more slaves."—*Forbes's Dahomey*, vol. i. p. 168.

"Offerings make up the principal part of the Negro worship. These are made in holy places by sacred persons. Holy places are such where one of their deities dwells, visibly or invisibly, particular buildings or huts, remarkable hills, trees which, on account of their age, height, and strength, have an unusual appearance."—*Oldendorp*, vol. i. p. 326.

An example of their worship may give a better idea of its character. Barbot, page 310, relates one which he witnessed:—

"Lakes, rivers, ponds, being also regarded as greater deities in several parts, I observed once at Acra a very singular ceremony performed in my presence, on the pond which is there, to

entreat it to send rain, the weather having been dry for a long time. A great number of blacks came to the pond, bringing with them a sheep, whose throat the priests cut on the bank of the salt lake, after some ceremonies, so that the blood ran into it and mixed with the water. They then made a fire and broiled the sheep, and ate it. This being over, some of them threw a galley-pot into the lake, muttering some words. On asking for an explanation he was told that the lake being one of their great deities, and the common messenger of all the rivers in their country, they throw in the galley-pot to implore his assistance, and in most humble manner entreat him to take that pot and go immediately with it to beg water of the other rivers and lakes of the country, and on his return pour it on the ground and bring up a plentiful crop."

The sensible and local character of their worship gives rise to another feature in the passive-sense religions, that is, the tendency to have holy things, as well as holy places, and from this springs Fetichism, properly so called in the way that I have already explained. We shall see, however, that for a different reason this tendency also characterizes religions of a very different class. In connexion with this is also to be noted the prevalence of ordeals, which are holy things supposed to be the media of such divine influence as will reveal guilt by punishing it.

There are minor ethnological peculiarities which distinguish the passive-sense races from each other, and produce corresponding differences in religion. Some of these form a connecting link between the active and passive sense races; but without noticing them, I shall proceed to illustrate the characteristic qualities of the active-sense religions in connexion with what may be taken as typical examples of them. The great feature which distinguishes them is, that while they consist of the worship of Nature, that worship is not bestowed on the objects which lie within the sphere of man's operation, but is reserved for those which his activity cannot reach. These are the great powers of Nature and spiritual beings. With regard to the latter it must be observed that they are not like the gods of mythology, intellectual creations, but only such objects as men see in their dreams; repro-

ductions in their sleep of what they have actually seen when awake. Now there are three great divisions of the active-sense races—the American, Asiatic, and African. Those which inhabit the ocean are modified by oceanic influences which I cannot notice here. The American lowland races, whether they have the countenance called Mongolian, or that which is characteristic of the Red men, belong all to the class in which the active senses are predominantly developed; but they are remarkable, above all the other members of that class, for a brooding habit of mind. Though this may be regarded as indicating an approach to the intellectual races, it is really rather a brooding on the impressions of sense than any approach to abstract thought or idealization. The Asiatic branch has become so imbued with Buddhism and Mahommedanism, or so affected by an ancient and elaborate civilization, like the Chinese, that the only examples of their ancient religion in its natural state are to be found in races which have been driven into the most rigorous climates of the world, and reduced in energy and strength of character in consequence. Such are the wretched Samoièdes in the north of Siberia, the Yakuts, whose country is the pole of cold in January, and the Laplanders, belonging to the same family, but dwelling in a less rigorous climate. The African branch consists of the Hottentots, who have the true Mongolian countenance, and the Kaffirs, an agricultural race, superior to the former in race character, but partaking with them of the superficial character of the African mind. The American, Asiatic, and African races may, therefore, be distinguished from each other, as subjective, dependent, and superficial active-sense races respectively; and we shall now see the way in which these qualities affect religion. The brooding American worships the great powers of Nature, because the impressions which they have made on him are deep and lasting, and though not idealized, have not been effaced by subsequent impressions. He sends up the fumes of his tobacco to the sky, and reverently presents his pipe to the sun, and to the four cardinal points, and to the earth, and to the fire; and has no altar, or temple, or

sacred place, because he worships these very objects themselves, and these are everywhere present. Fire, indeed, has not the same character of omnipresence, unless it be identified with the sun, and there was accordingly a temple and altar used in its worship by the Natchez, whose chief deities were fire and the sun. Some of the great mounds of the United States, like the *teocalli* of the Mexicans, were probably holy places of worship, bearing a special relation to the great powers of Nature on account of their elevation, and to the spiritual world as sepulchral tumuli. But with these exceptions, if they can be considered such, the religious sentiments of the nations of the Orinoco, as described by Humboldt, in his *Pers. Narr.* chap. 22, are precisely the same as those of all the natives from Greenland to Cape Horn. "Your God," said they to one of the Spanish missionaries, "keeps himself shut up in a house, as if he were old and infirm; ours is in the forest, in the fields, and on the mountains of *Sepapu*, whence the rains come." When I say that the American worships, as the principal objects of his adoration, the great powers of Nature themselves, it would, perhaps, be more correct to say his own conceptions of those powers, personified indeed, but very slightly idealized. From his brooding habits it follows that his own conceptions of the objects of his worship are sufficient for him without the aid of any representation; and, therefore, unless where mountain climate produced intellectual religion, idolatry is unknown. It would, indeed, be entirely ungenial with the subjective genius of his religion. From the same character of mind it follows that those spiritual existences which man finds not in external nature, but in his own visions, form a more prominent object in the American than in any of the other active-sense religions. Hence the extravagant regard which they show to dreams. But this may be seen still more in the way in which they venerate beasts. All mankind seem originally to have worshipped the inferior animals. The active-sense races conquered, and so undeified them; but the American still worshipped the spirit of the brute. As an illustration of this may be

mentioned the account which Charlevoix, in his description of Canada, gives of the ceremonies which accompanied the hunting of the bear amongst the natives there:—

"It is always a war-chief who fixes the time, and invites the hunters. This invitation is followed by a fast of eight days, during which they never cease singing. They observe this fast in order to induce the spirits to discover the places where they may find many bears. They supplicate also, on the same account, the manes of the beasts which they have killed in former huntings; and when they all, or the greatest number, have in their sleep seen bears in the same place, that place is fixed on for their hunting. A feast is then held, and fresh invocations of the manes of dead bears finish the feast. When a bear is killed, the hunter puts the end of his lighted pipe between the bear's teeth, blows into the bowl, and thus filling the mouth and throat of the beast with smoke, he conjures its spirit to bear no malice for what he has just done to the body, and not to oppose him in his future huntings. Certain ceremonies are then performed to ascertain if the spirit of the bear is appeased, and if it appear not to be appeased, they believe that the chase of next year will not be successful unless they can reconcile them."

The gods of the American being the great powers of Nature and the spirits of natural objects, his sense of divine existence was so strong, in consequence of the depth of his impressions, as to lead him to seek the protection of a god who would be nearer to him. Every American, accordingly, has a guardian spirit, and a sacred thing, which is the medium of that spirit's influence, and which, in the usual way, becomes a Fetish, and receives divine homage. This divine guardian is selected in childhood, and the way in which it was done in Canada is characteristic. "The child," as we are informed by Charlevoix, "must fast for eight days, and during this time his future guardian genius must appear to him in his dreams. The thing which he dreams of most frequently is supposed to be his genius. Sometimes it is the head of a bird, sometimes the foot of an animal or a piece of wood. As soon as they have declared to the child what he must look on as his guardian genius, they instruct him of the obligation he is under to honour

him, to follow the counsel he shall receive from him in his sleep, &c." It would appear from various accounts, that these guardians are usually animals, and that not only individuals, but tribes and nations, have their peculiar animals whose spirit is their guardian genius. In all these features of the American religions, we may trace the characteristics of a subjective active-sense religion.

The Asiatic nations which I have mentioned, reduced by the rigours of their climate in their mental and physical energies, have religious sentiments equally strong with those of the Americans—in some cases stronger—but arising from a different source. With the latter the power of religious feeling arises from the depth and permanency of impression, when dwelt on by a nature which, though pre-eminently bold and independent, retains with tenacity every trace engraven on it. Those Asiatic people are religious rather in consequence of their dependence. The principal objects of worship are the same, but they are worshipped in a more objective manner—that is, there is less power of dispensing with material representations as aids to religious thought. There is also a change introduced into the Pantheon by the greater dependence of the race; and the more dependent the race is, the more is the Pantheon reduced to what we have found to characterize the passive-sense races. The Laplander, before he was converted to Christianity, worshipped three principal gods—Tiermes, or thunder; Stourra Passe, i.e., great saint; and Baiwe, or the sun. With regard to the first we learn from "Scheffer's Lapland," p. 37—"This Tiermes, or thunder, they think, by a special virtue in the sky, to be alive, intimating thereby that power from whence thunder proceeds, wherefore he is by them called Aijeke, or great grandfather. When he thunders he is called Tiermea." This expresses very clearly a personification with little or no abstraction or idealization. The conception thus formed of their principal god was not sufficient for the Laplander as it is for the American. He required a representation, and the consecrated image produced, as its natural consequence, a holy place. That his worship was really devoted

to Tiermes himself appears from this, that on every occasion he consecrated a new image. In worshipping the sun no image was used, as he could himself be so distinctly perceived. They only placed the chief bones of the sacrifice on the altar in a circle that there might be some resemblance of him. The worship of Stourra Passe may, perhaps, be regarded as some indication of the dependence of the Laplander as compared with the American. He was the god of hunting, and fishing, and cattle; and, though the American looked to the spirits of the beasts for success in his hunting, still the Laplander was, perhaps, more dependent on Stourra Passe, for Scheffer informs us that they paid to him more frequent, if not greater, devotion, than to the other gods. It might be thought that a god of hunting is as much a mythological creation as Diana, and, therefore, that the religion should not be regarded as a sense religion; and, no doubt, in the conception of this god, the Laplander made an approach to an intellectual religion; but still, even in this feature, it belongs to the active-sense class. For, as the spirits worshipped by the American were only the reproductions in sleep or reverie of what he had seen in his waking life, so Stourra Passe was an apparition which the Laplander fancied that he saw in the solitudes where he hunted, and which gradually assumed a constant shape, as his fancy, when stimulated by the accidents of hunting, would work after the fashion set to it in the stories of others. "Torneus says they report of him that he hath often appeared to fowlers or fishers in the shape of a tall, personable man, habited like a nobleman, with a gun in his hand, and his feet like those of a bird"—Scheffer's Lapland, p. 38. Now, the essentially sense character of his worship appears from this, that he was worshipped by each one where he had appeared to him, and nowhere else. The image which they used was a stone found in the place where he had appeared, generally worn by the water, and consequently fancied by them to have been shaped by Stourra Passe, that it might be sacred to him.

The Yakuts and Samoiedes furnish an example of active-sense religions reduced by the diminished energies of

the race so as to partake of the character of the Negro religions:—

"The Yakuts offer sacrifices to an invisible God in heaven, yet they have a type or image of that deity stuffed out with a monstrous head, eyes of coral, and a body like a bag. This image they hang upon a tree, and round it the furs of saibles and other animals. Each tribe has one of these images. Strahlenberg says that each tribe of these people looks upon some particular creature as sacred, e.g., a swan, a goose, a raven, and such is not eaten by that tribe, though the others may eat it. They have many superstitious customs which they celebrate about certain trees looked upon as sacred. When they meet with a fine tree they presently hang up all manner of nick-nacks about it, as iron, brass, copper. As soon as the fields begin to be green, each generation gathers together at a place where there is a fine tree and a pleasant spot of ground. There they sacrifice horses and oxen as a new year's gift, the heads of which they stick up round the trees. They then drink to each other of a liquor which they term *cumises*, and dip a brush into it and sprinkle it in the air and into the fire lighted on the occasion."—*Prichard*, vol. iv., p. 370.

I need not make any remark on the signs of degradation in this Pantheon, in which trees are worshipped along with the invisible God in heaven, and with the air and the fire. A precisely similar consecration of particular animals is to be found among the Australians, whom I have classed as a passive-sense race, and the Negro nations of Senegambia. There are traces of animal worship everywhere, but the superior races have, for the most part, risen above it.

The Samoiedes are described as the lowest of all the nations of Europe and Asia in physical and moral cultivation; stunted in stature and subject to paroxysms of terror; and their religion bears the marks of their degraded race characteristics:—

"They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who created and preserves all things, but offer Him no worship because they suppose that He takes no notice of them, and requires nothing of them. To another being, inferior to the Supreme, but yet very powerful, they ascribe all misfortunes. They have about them idols, or fetters, in obedience to the command of their *Koodeenicki*, or soothsayers; these are supposed to give their aid in any misfortune and want of success in the chase. To the images of

their Tadebzia, who are supposed to be the agents of the will of the Supreme, they sacrifice reindeer in order to obtain good fortune in the chase. To the polar bear they pay a sort of veneration. They swear by the vengeance of this powerful beast, yet they kill and eat him, but propitiate him immediately afterwards."—*Prichard*, vol. iv., p. 432.

The similarities between this religion and that of the Negro's, who inhabit so distant a region, and belong to an entirely distinct family of man, form an interesting evidence of the unity of human nature, and show the way in which degradation of race character tells on religion, whether that degradation results from excessive cold or excessive heat.

The African active-sense races are neither subjective nor dependent. The religious sentiment having neither of these resources to sustain its strength is weaker in them than in any other branch of the human family. Of these races the Kaffir, with his agriculture and many arts, is more independent than the nomad Hottentot, who lives on his flocks and herds rather than on the produce of his own labour. The former has, consequently, little more than the traces of an animal worship, to which he has almost risen superior, and the acknowledgment of a supreme power on whom he is dependent for rain. The remains of animal worship may be recognised, as Dr. Livingstone has remarked, in the fact that the different Bechuana tribes are named after certain animals, and that they have still a superstitious dread of these animals; and that, in allusion to the mode in which they were worshipped, when you wish to ascertain what tribe they belong to, you say, "What do you dance?" The constant dances of the Kaffirs, evidently as solemn ceremonies, which Campbell and other travellers mention, have still, like those of the Americans, apparently a religious character; but they seem to have become with the former lifeless ceremonies. In the same way the rain-maker and *senoga* still show the Kaffir's sense of his dependence on the great powers of Nature and his personification of those powers; but his religious acts are almost confined to the efforts of the former to obtain rain when they are in great want of it, and to the inspired oracles of the latter at the full moon.

The Hottentots were more dependent, and would appear from Kolben's account of them, to have had more religion than the Kaffir. The principal object of their worship was the moon, which they adored with invocations, acclamations, and dancing, whole nights in the open fields. They assembled for her worship at full and new moon constantly, repeating over and over, "You are welcome. Grant us fodder for our cattle, and milk in abundance," and accompanying these salutations with dancing and clapping of hands. They also believed in a god superior to the moon; but they had not depth of mind for sufficiently strong conceptions of him, and his worship was neglected. They adored a certain insect, and this may appear to be an approach to the Negro religions; yet it seems to have been regarded rather as a messenger from the deity than as a god; for when it appeared, the fattest ox belonging to the kraal was immediately killed for a thank-offering. This could not be intended for the insect, but was presented to the deity (apparently the supreme deity), and to the man to whom the insect, by alighting on him, had imparted divine influence. The Hottentots also paid religious veneration to their saints and men of renown departed, and consecrated woods, mountains, fields, and rivers to their memory. The only adoration, however, which they paid them was, that when passing one of these places they stopped to contemplate the virtues of the deceased, and to implore his protection for them and their cattle. In this meditation and worship they would stand with their heads muffled up in their mantles, and sometimes would dance round those places, singing and clapping their hands. It was also a custom with them—of a religious kind without doubt—that when they were to pass over a rapid river they would first sprinkle some of the water upon their bodies and daub their foreheads with a bit of the mud; but this custom seemed to have lost its religious significance. The same may be said of their custom of driving their flocks through the fire to protect them from evil influences, which, no doubt, derived its origin

from fire-worship. When the Kaffirs and Hottentots were first visited, they were regarded as atheists from the total absence of images and temples, and all appearance of worship. And there is no doubt that being active-sense races, which are neither subjective nor dependent, they are remarkably deficient in religious sentiment. Thus we have seen that the Pantheon of the active-sense races, though modified by minor race characters, is characteristically the complement of the Pantheon of the passive-sense races. The latter deifying that part of nature which is in immediate contact with the worshipper, the former that part which is beyond the reach of his actions, whether revealed to him by outer or inner sense.

There is another feature common to nearly all the active-sense religions which distinguishes them from the passive-sense religions. I mean the worship of an evil principle. I have already suggested an explanation of the fact, that though his existence is recognised in the Negro religions, we are informed by Oldendorp that in no case is he worshipped, and that explanation is confirmed by the observation that his worship is nearly universal in the American nations and amongst the Hottentots. It is not found among the Yakuts or Samoiedes, who approach to the Negro type in their religion; and amongst the Kaffirs all the religious phenomena are so obscure that I do not know whether this can be discovered. This deprecatory worship has led some writers to characterize the American religions as emphatically religions of fear.* True it is that their subjective nature gives them a deep and abiding sense of spiritual beings possessed of power superior to their own; but nothing can be more opposed to all correct views of the varieties of man, than to denominate the religions of the boldest and most independent branch of the human family as characteristically religions of fear. On the contrary, we have found that as the active-sense races lose energy and independence, they lose the worship of the evil principle. In truth, the more independent a race is, the less sense they have of obligations to superiors, and therefore

* Müller Geschichte der Amerikanischen Urreligionen, pp. 88-90.

of religious duty; and when calamities befall them, they attribute them, not to punishment for violated duty, but to the spontaneous malice of evil deities. Besides, the bolder and more active a race is, the more is it bent on inflicting evil on its neighbours, and therefore the more it will cultivate the powers of evil to enable it to carry out its designs. Hence the phenomenon, common in America, of the evil principle being not only worshipped, but served as the national God.

Another general feature in the active-sense religions is the character of the priestly function. In the passive-sense religions the gods, from their very nature, are local; in the active-sense religions they are equally present everywhere. In the former the divine presence is more or less mysterious and awful, in proportion as the object of worship is secluded from common observation. In such cases the place of his presence is a holy place, the instruments of his worship are holy things, and it is only particular, i.e., holy persons, who can approach him with success or safety. The priest's office is, therefore, in such cases to be a mediator with the god, and to offer the sacrifices to him. In the active-sense religions there is no such mystery attached to any special place as the scene of the divine presence. All equally may approach the gods and make the offerings, and the priestly function is therefore confined to the office of holding communication with the gods in order to obtain revelations of supernatural wisdom or interpositions of supernatural power. This office is performed by the priests of the passive-sense religions too, but it is only necessary for them to go to the holy places of their gods. The deities of the other class of religions are separated by a wider interval from their priests. To hold communication with them these must ascend to the sky or to the moon, or must descend into the ocean or the earth, or pass into the world of spirits, or if this journey be not performed the gods must enter into them. The former is perhaps more usual in America, as, for example, the *angekoks* of Greenland and the medicine-men of the Red Indians; the latter more usual in Asia and Africa. Both in Asia and America the priest or magician wears a sacred garment, which is hung

with rattles and bells and sacred things of every kind which will make a noise, in order to make more sensible the mighty influence which is at work when he is in contact with deity.

I have thus dwelt at some length on the actual facts presented by some of the sense religions, and on the essential genius of these religions as affected by the native qualities of the different races, both because they are fitted to illustrate the theory which I have laid down as to the origin of the natural religions of man, and because in practice it is the sense religions of heathendom with which the missionary principally comes in contact. The Hindoo religion, indeed, belongs to a different class, but it is the result of a long history which could not be expounded in detail without a very long treatise. I shall, however, within the space which remains to me, endeavour to state in general terms what seem to me to be some of the laws of the modifying influence of country and habits, and of the growth of knowledge and advance in social organization on the history of religions in general.

II. The two sources of religion in the nature of man being the mental process of personifying nature and the sentiment of dependence, the degree of attention which any people will give to religion is determined by the degree in which these two tendencies engross their spiritual energy. The character of religion for depth and variety will depend on the comparative strength of these tendencies. The more nature is personified, the more numerous will be the objects of worship, and the less will be the religious homage which will fall to the share of each. While, if the gods be fewer, or the sentiment of dependence greater, the depth of religious veneration will increase in proportion. Now, whatever be the natural endowments of a race, the action of these two principles will depend in a considerable degree on the aspect of nature and the habits of the race. The natives of natural senoga still show the Kafir's sense of his dependence on the great powers of Nature and his personification of those powers; but his religious acts are almost confined to the efforts of the former to obtain rain when they are in great want of it, and to the inspired oracles of the latter at the full moon.

the different degrees in which these two influences coexist regulate the production of religion, so to speak, and diversify its character, whatever be the natural characteristics of the race, and whatever progress they may have made in knowledge or civilization. Nature may fail to possess any striking interest either from familiarity with it, or from its own monotony. We have instances of the former in small islands of which every part is easy of access, and which in consequence, soon become thoroughly known to the inhabitants; and it is to this cause principally that we are to attribute the poverty of religion among the active-sense Micronesian islanders to the north of the equator between the meridian of the Fiji and the Philippine islands. We have instances of the effect of natural monotony in desert countries, and in them, consequently, the objects of worship are few, and the sentiments of devotion with which these are worshipped have corresponding depth and intensity. The intellectual nomad races who roam with their flocks and herds over the deserts of Arabia, and Syria, and Persia, form the best examples of this influence. Their habits of life make them dependent on the spontaneous gifts of nature, while the monotony of the desert furnishes few objects out of which to form ideal beings on whom they may spend their sense of superintending powers. Hence the deep veneration with which they worship their deities, and the great attributes with which they invest them.

Another effect produced by desert country in connexion with strong sense of dependence, is Fetishism, properly so called. For the gods being absent where Nature is uninteresting, a want of divine presence is felt, and a medium of divine influence is sought which may always be kept near. In the absence of the natural gods, ~~the~~ ^{the} only thing is inevitable with a little ~~on a~~ ^{as a} Fetish, but this custom seemed to ~~be~~ ^{have} where its religious significance. The same may be said of their custom of driving their flocks through the fire to protect them from evil influences, which, no doubt, derived its origin

This leads me to another feature in the religions of the desert, which may be observed both in the sense and in the intellectual religions of such regions. I mean holy places and pilgrimages to them. Deity being absent from the general aspect of Nature, becomes concentrated, as it were, in those spots which strike the senses of the sense races, or awaken the associations of the intellectual, or which seem to either to have derived divine influence from any god, and in proportion to the felt want of deity will be the pilgrimages to these holy places. This characterizes the religious habits of the Mongolian nomads of the desert of High Asia; but, above all, the Arabs and the other Asiatic and African Mahomedans to whom, in consequence of this effect of their desert lives, that religion was so congenial.

The aspect of Nature and habits of life not only affect the character, and what I may call the amount of religion, but also the form which it assumes. The explanation of this is so obvious that I need not dwell on it. Thus, the sense religions of America answer in some degree to the latitudes in which they are found. The inhabitants of the northern regions, where the long nights shut out external Nature, devote their principal homage to spirits; in the southern regions the worship of the powers of Nature predominates. The great spirits, both good and evil, of the Greenlanders, dwell in the sea, because to him, who lives by fishing, the sea is the principal object in Nature. Among the hunting natives of Canada, the worship of the spirits of the brutes most prevailed. Of the powers of Nature which were more worshipped further south, the Missouri Indians adored the atmosphere and the fertile earth. The worship of the sun appears among the Natchez still further south. The ferocious Caribs adored the moon as their national god, and as an evil deity, no doubt because its light favoured nocturnal enterprises, and their national genius was war and mischief. For similar reasons the warlike Abipones of Paraguay cultivated the worship of the constellation of the Pleiades, and saluted it as their father. The national god of the

so Indians was the bounteous

* Müller Geschichte der Amerikanischen ^{which gave them their abund-}

ant harvests. The religion of each race assuming a form which is the reflection of their habits and of the aspects of Nature which struck them most. Among the intellectual races, the Hindoo, when he descended into the fertile plains of India, found himself surrounded by manifold manifestations of Nature's activity, which replenished his Pantheon with a corresponding number of gods, who acted on each other like those natural powers which he had idealized. The inhabitant of the lofty table-land of Persia, where the stars are sometimes visible by day and shine with surpassing splendour at night, found his gods in their celestial hosts, and in the constant succession and apparently almost equal conflict of light and darkness, pictured to himself the two co-ordinate principles of good and evil, and read the ultimate triumph of the former; for in that spangled firmament does not the light even now triumph over the darkness? The agricultural Greek saw at each harvest the bounteous mother Demeter robbed of her child, absent in search of her during the winter when the earth had lost its vitality, and returned with her daughter when the young blades first showed themselves in the spring. His supreme god was the fertilizing atmosphere, and flowers sprang to adorn the bed of Zeus when in showers he visited the earth.

The influence of country and habits is also seen in modifying the action of the two other agencies which yet remain to be considered: the increase of knowledge, and the progress of social organization.

III. To understand the effect produced on religion by the increase of knowledge it is necessary to bear in mind what has been stated as to those qualities of natural agencies which fit them to be personified and deified. The essential quality is a seeming resemblance to man in being a self-determining cause; and this quality may be ascribed either because there is no perceived cause for the agency, or because it presents in itself a striking similarity of character to rational action. It is evident from this that as soon as an agency has been traced to some cause which produces it it loses the capacity of being personified or deified unless that causation be lost sight of. As the knowledge of

causes and effects therefore increases, deity gradually recedes and the objects of worship change. The course which religion takes is, however, rather different among the four into which I have divided man as knowledge itself possesses different characters among them. The knowledge of Nature which is gained by the sense races is more limited to actual experience than that which is attained by the intellectual races. The latter generalize what they have observed, and extend the efficiency of natural causes from cases which they have observed to similar cases beyond their experience in a greater degree than the sense races. Their characteristic power is contemplation, abstraction, idealization; and where the sense races would only learn from experience to regard each case as it occurred, as an effect produced by its cause, provided it was similar to a case in which they had already made this discovery, the intellectual races would learn to attribute this character more generally to natural phenomena, and contemplation would give to the results of their experience a different form from that in which the sense races made acquaintance with Nature. The knowledge of the former would consist more of general truths; that of the latter would rather be correct views of particular cases obtained directly from former experience. Now, in general truths, with regard to Nature, natural agencies are classified and each class is individualized. For example, if it be said that heat acting on organized structure produces life, each term in the proposition will denote a large class of things contemplated as an individual. The sense races would form no such proposition, though in each particular case they might perceive that the particular heat which they felt did actually stimulate, and was necessary for that particular life which they saw. In their knowledge of Nature, therefore, the intellectual races not only extend more widely to natural phenomena, the character of being effects, and so divest Nature more rapidly of personality and divinity. But they also, by their faculty of generalization, form general conceptions of natural causes, which are deified in the same way that the particular causes had been; and these general gods rule over the

particular gods, because they are the deification of the general properties on which, in each case, the action primarily depends. Now, the more a cause is generalized, the more is it abstracted from the particular condition in which it acts; and if it be personified and deified, the god will, in a corresponding degree, be separated from the material subject in which he operates. Thus, the intellectual races who had, from the first, as I have before explained, a tendency to rise from the sensible object which they observed in action to an ideal object which was deified, were led by their faculty of generalization still further to abstract their gods from nature, and, at the same time, to ascribe dominion to a smaller number of superior gods. The sense races who, from the first, worshipped the sensible object itself, were led by their increasing knowledge to transfer divinity from the sensible effect to the sensible causes, without grouping the causes into general agencies, and, therefore, without having their gods raised above Nature, or any subordinations introduced among them, except what they perceived in the various powers actually possessed by the various natural agents. The progress of religion is consequently, from the first, marked by characteristic differences in the sense and intellectual races, and any attempt to classify religions merely by the stages of progress which they have attained is superficial and unscientific. The tendency of the sense races to advance to a Monotheistic religion is not to be compared with the movement of the intellectual races in the same direction, nor are any of the stages through which they respectively pass to be confounded with each other. Their religious impressions of Nature pointed, as soon as their race characters were fixed, in directions which did not coincide, and the paths which they followed never after touched or intersected.

In each case, as knowledge advanced, deity withdrew to dwell in agencies which were not understood, and in places which were not frequented; but, in the one case, every wind was an independent god; in the other, there was a god of the winds. In the one case, every dark forest and every deep river was pervaded by a divine vital-

ity; in the other case, they were the abode of nymphs and gods, and there were, besides, deities who presided over all these. As the intellectual races took habitually more and more general views of Nature, and fixed their attention more and more on the general causes, and less on their particular manifestations, the offices of the minor gods gradually sank in importance, and the very belief in their existence lost its vitality. Worship was thus gradually transferred to the superior gods, and these as they rose in dignity diminished in number. When their views of Nature became so large as to take in the whole, and to observe in all natural agencies certain common modes of action which were regarded as constituting a single class; the power which produced that class of actions was personified, and was idealized into a deity distinct from Nature, controlling it everywhere, and supreme over all the other gods. Such is the Monotheism of the intellectual races. That of the sense races, on the contrary, is little more than the recognition that some natural agent—for example, the atmosphere, or the sun, acts everywhere, and controls all others, and the personification and worship of that natural power itself. The Chinese who, after all their progress in arts and civilization for thousands of years, have still the Mongolian head and face, and in every part of their social existence present the character of an active-sense race, may be studied as furnishing an example of an active-sense religion, which has been acted on for that period by increasing knowledge of nature. Deity has withdrawn from the immediate to the remote objects of sense, and as they are neither imaginative nor dependent, they pay little homage to it. The gods, however, which are recognised by the national religion are as diversified as Nature itself. The objects to which the people pay the most real adoration are the spirits of their ancestors. Their supreme god is called *Teen heaven*, or *Shang-te* sovereign ruler, and what their ideas of him are may be understood from the following passage, quoted by Mr. Hardwick, in his work entitled, "*Christ and other Masters*," part iii., p. 43:—

"Whom do you worship?" I asked. "I worship heaven, just as you foreign-

ers do,' he replied. 'Who is the heaven you worship?' 'Why, Shang-te, of course,' said he. 'Can you see Shang-te or not?' I inquired. 'Why,' replied he, looking at me with surprise, at my ignorance, and leading me to the door, while he pointed up to the sky, 'there he is.' 'What,' said I, 'do you mean that blue sky up there?' 'Of course,' said he; 'that is Shang-te, the same as your Jesus.' I have never yet asked the above questions without receiving precisely the same answers, for all classes of Confucianists in China consider Shang-te to be the animated material heaven."
—*M^r Clutchie on the Chinese Theology.*

I have observed before that the Negroes also recognise supremacy in the divine heaven, but being a passive-sense race they devote their worship to other objects.

The religious progress of the active and inactive intellectual races, followed directions which differed slightly from each other. The former had a stronger sense of power than the latter. In their ideas of cause and effect, they attributed activity more exclusively to the cause, and regarded the effect as more completely passive than the inactive races, who were less accustomed to treat Nature as the passive object of their energies. The latter, when personifying Nature's activity, still found some personal activity lingering about the effect; and in deifying Nature's energies, they found a portion of deity everywhere. Thus, from the first, their religion had a Pantheistic tendency. Their comparative inactivity also left them more leisure for contemplation, and they could, therefore, speculate on the question, why the effect followed the cause, and find a divine mystery in the connexion between them, where the active races would only think of making a practical use of it. These abstracted their gods clear out of Nature, and looked on it as the passive object and material on which deity operated. The others saw God everywhere, and regarded every thing as a portion of him. They did not, however, like the sense races, lose God in Nature, but they elevated Nature to God. The Hindoo, relaxed by the heat and rains of India, without being deprived by them of his great intellectual endowments, furnishes an example of these principles in the Pantheistic and contemplative genius of his religion.

Amongst the inactive intellectual

races themselves, important effects are produced on the progress of religion by the modifying influences of the aspect of Nature and habits of life. In a desert, Pantheism is impossible, for there is no manifestation of deity in the lifeless monotony of surrounding objects, nor is there any food for the contemplation of Nature. The busy intellects which flourish in those regions must have recourse to the actions of men or brutes for objects on which they may think with interest; and their religions have these two characteristics, that they place merit in action, and that they separate their gods clearly from Nature, giving them human or, at least, animal forms. This leads me to the divine forms and mythologies of the intellectual religions; of course the sense religions have none properly so called.

As the gods are abstracted out of Nature, they will be conceived with more or less distinctness, according to the imaginative powers of the race, and they will be invested with the forms which seem most divine. Now, it is to be observed that the gods which have sprung from inanimate Nature will rise out of it and become separate from it, while the divinity which is ascribed to animated Nature is still immersed in it. There will be a god of the winds, the winds themselves having ceased to be divine; while still the lion or the bull may seem to be animated by divine impulse. In this stage of religious progress the divine forms will be animal forms, not human, as man is not regarded as divine. Gradually, however, the divinity which had been immersed in brutes rises out of them by generalization and abstraction. Their forms lose the divine character, for an influence has meanwhile been at work which will substitute for them the form of man as the proper form for the gods. In all the intercourse which men hold with their gods, in all the conceptions which they form of their thoughts and actions, the spiritual nature attributed to them is human nature, for this is the only nature men know. When, therefore, no special connexion exists between divine nature and any other form, human form will gradually be attributed to the gods. Thus mythology has two periods—the animal and the human.

The length of these periods will depend on the degree to which animal worship has prevailed, and on the activity of imagination exercised by the race in forming and improving their conceptions of their gods. These conditions are different in the active and inactive intellectual races; and there is, besides, a modifying influence exerted by the aspect of Nature and habits of life.

The active intellectual races were less disposed to deify brutes, because they were obliged to conquer Nature, and therefore were not so apt to worship it. Their thoughts also were more occupied with human action, and the creatures of their fancy had consequently more of a human character than those of the inactive intellectual races. Being less dependent than these, they had, as I have already explained, less depth of religious veneration. They thought more freely of their deities, amused their fancy with them, and therefore moulded more quickly into definite shape their conceptions of them. The gods of these European races were therefore more human and had more mythology than the Asiatics. Amongst the Asiatics those who dwelt in a fertile and diversified country had more human gods and a fuller mythology than the natives of the deserts. As there was not much in the desert, except animals, which was naturally suited for deification by its striking and varied action, these engrossed a larger share of the worship of Nature, and retained it longer, than in those fertile countries which were full of objects of interest. But besides this the imagination of the desert races was less active in shaping their conceptions of the gods. Religious thought sprang with them rather from the sentiment of dependence than from its other source—the aspect of Nature. It was consequently characterized by depth of religious sentiment, and the gods were such as rather inspired awe by their great attributes than interest by their history and actions. On the other hand, those races which were surrounded by many objects of interest were more objective in their religion as in their language; and as the latter gave copious expression to the relations which external objects bore to each other, so did the former place the gods in manifold relation to each other; in

other words, produced a full and complex mythology which necessarily wrought for the gods a human nature, and invested them in human form. These principles may explain the characteristic differences between the Hindoo religion on the one hand, and the Arabian and Syrian religions on the other. It deserves to be remarked that the mythology of departed spirits, or in other words, the conceptions of a future state, among the intellectual races, depend on similar principles, and correspond in their nature and fulness with the mythology of the gods.

There is one consequence of the abstraction of deity from Nature which yet remains to be considered as an accompaniment of religious progress; I mean idolatry leading in some cases to Fetishism. For as deity is removed from nature, the want will be felt for media of communication. And this want will be increased if a difficulty be experienced in forming distinct conception of the object of worship. In such a case the deity will be felt to be still more absent from the worshipper in consequence of the absence of a distinct idea of him from the mind, and the image used to give a distinct idea will also be felt to bring the god nearer. The image becomes, therefore, a true medium of communication, and like all other media may be deified into a Fetish. Now, it is where the conceptions of deity are the least definite that images will be most wanted as media of communication, and idolatry and Fetishism most prevail; and accordingly they flourished most among the Arabian and Syrian nations agreeably to what we have seen of their forms of religious thought. The Greeks and Hindoos had their images, too; but there was no such sanctity or divine influence attributed to them as those idolatrous nations ascribed to theirs. And though it was not my purpose to allude in this essay to revealed religion, I cannot forbear noticing the contrast which the Jewish religion presents in these respects to all the surrounding religions. Viewed in relation either to race or region it is not natural. Its divine forms should be brute forms, whether it was derived from Egypt or native in the desert, and its worship should be idolatry, for it belonged to the region which was the focus of

idolatry; but on the contrary it declares that man was made in the image of God, and its great principle is that no representation should be used in his worship.

IV. It remains to notice briefly the way in which social organization acts on religion. Some of its effects are like those which it produces on language. Just as language continues in a growing condition, receiving new words and adopting new forms, till the formation of a social union of some extent fixes it, so social organization fixes and elaborates religion. At first it is characterized by the facility with which divinity may be ascribed and modes of worship adopted by individuals or by families, however inappropriate both may seem; but as organization extends beyond the domestic circle, the objects of common worship must be such as will engage the religious sentiments of all, and the modes of worship such as will express them. The larger the society becomes the more impressive must be any additions which are made either to the objects of worship or to religious rites, in order to be generally received; but the great influence which is to be gained in the society by the introduction of religious innovations will act as a stimulus in producing such as will command acceptance, and thus religion is elaborated. These innovations become more and more difficult, and thus it is fixed. When the religion has been fixed the progress of knowledge and civilization may conduct the people to a stage beyond that to which their religion as fixed properly belongs. In that case it becomes purely formal in those parts which are below that stage. And these formal parts as they lose their religious vitality wear away like the formal parts of language which are rendered unnecessary by the modes of expression which advanced culture introduces. Along with the public religion there may coexist family religions, continuing to grow even after the former has been fixed, just as some elements in language are fixed while others are still continuing to grow. Now, these family religions, which are distinct from the public religion, possess importance and dignity in proportion as to them. In general, however, the worship which is elaborated

into a public religion, having respect to public interests, was first a private religion cultivated for private interests; and unless in the course of its elaboration it becomes restricted to a public function, it will still be cultivated in private. In this case the greatness of its gods will dwarf into mere superstitions the private religious elements which may spring up. As public interests grow in magnitude private interests may seem too trivial for the notice of the national gods, or the dignity of the latter may seem too great to admit the approach of every private individual; then the public and domestic religions will separate, and the latter will rise in importance. It is partly for this reason that the worship of ancestors holds so prominent a place in China.

When the civil union is formed, and public interests are confided to the divine protection of national gods, the worship of these gods on behalf of the State will be one of the functions regarded as necessary for the national welfare. It will at first fall within the duties of the civil chief, as it is his office to provide generally for the public interests. But as organization advances, this function, as it becomes more onerous and important, will form for itself a special organ, and so a national priesthood will arise. So long as the religion continues to be a national one, the civil and spiritual functions will continue to be connected, and the temporal ruler will be at the head of the national priesthood. If, however, the religion become so elaborate, either in doctrine or worship, that the civil chief cannot combine its due cultivation with the civil duties of his office, the priestly function will become proportionately separated, but never entirely disconnected, so long as the religion is national, unless some disturbing causes interpose. It will, however, like all other professions, have a tendency to become hereditary. The hereditary priesthood, in proportion as it elaborates religion, will assume a sacred character, and become a divinely instituted caste, and will exert an important influence in modifying religion. Their isolation from the rest of the community, both in blood and in occupation, will, when continued for many generations, gradually change their race character. The religion

which they form will change its character in a corresponding degree, and may thus rise above what properly belongs to the general endowments of the race. In this case the popular and the priestly religions will become more or less distinct from each other. But the religious cultivation of the priests may become superior to what is natural to the race without such a change in their own natural endowments, and, consequently, without separating from the popular religion. Their familiarity with the gods, and, still more, the deceptions which they may practise on the people, will lessen their religious veneration, and so raise them above the degree of dependence which is natural to the race. It is in this way we are to understand the superiority of the Negro priests in rising to some degree above the popular Negro worship. They are kept by the religious tendencies of the people from changing the objects of worship; yet they make some approach to the active-sense religions in bringing into greater prominence the Supreme God, or heaven, and to the intellectual religions in slightly idealizing their gods, and forming a faint outline of a mythology.

Strong, social organization may, in certain circumstances, be so difficult, and, at the same time, so necessary, that it will look for aid to religion, and the disastrous effects of insubordination regarded as divine judgments, as well as the great results realized by an orderly, civil union regarded as divine blessings, will give to the organization of society divine authority. A wandering tribe in search of settlements are in circumstances of this kind, in which subordination is at the same time difficult and necessary; but still more when wandering on the ocean. Hence arose the sacred character of the Polynesian kings and chieftains, whose power of imposing tabu is the form assumed under these circumstances by the prerogative inherent in the civil power, of determining the rights of property which are necessary to the common weal. The results obtained in the progress of social organization may, when they

are first realized, appear so wonderful as to be beyond the power of man. The organs of their production will, in this case, be regarded as divine, if they are separated from intercourse with the people; as inspired, if intercourse with them reveals their usually human nature. The theocracies of China and Peru are, perhaps, to be understood in this way; and hence, also, it is that codes of laws, writing, science, and literature are all, at first, divine.

It need hardly be remarked that social organization affects mythology by leading men to attribute to their gods the same relations which subsist among themselves.

But it is more worthy of notice that the moral character of religion depends on the nature of the civil union. So long as the civil union is small, the sense of duties and rights will be proportionately restricted. The rights of man and the obligations of humanity will be unknown. Religion will be exclusively national; and if the nation be warlike, sanguinary. It will give its sanction only to those private and national virtues which have arisen out of the narrow relations of social life.

Such seem to be some of the principles which govern the religious phenomena of mankind. They require a much fuller examination and more copious verification by comparison with facts than the limits of this essay would admit. I must, in conclusion, make two remarks. One is, that the principles here laid down are intended to indicate the general character of the religious phenomena in each case, without meaning to deny that individuals may rise in their religion above that character, as they may also fall below it. The other is, that it is not to be supposed that a religion cannot be imparted to a race because the natural endowments of that race are so low that it could not have originated that religion. This, however, belongs to another section of the subject, the laws which govern the action of one religion on another; and into that branch of the science of religion I cannot now enter.

A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.—THE TWO COMPANIONS.

JAMES hastened out of the house, by a back entrance. He crossed the little bridge that separated Sir Alfred's demesne from Col. Digby's, and turned into the walk we have so often noticed by the river side. Under the tree where Charles St. Laurence and Caroline had parted so many years ago, he sat. The moon was shining brightly, as he drew the fatal parcel from his pocket and untied the cord. He took out the dagger and carefully examined it. "Ah! this has been cleaned. How did she get it? Could she have found it? No matter; it answers my purpose." He wrapt it carefully up, tied the cord, and put it into his breast. He sat musing for a moment. "I must have another hand," he said; "but who?—who? Tom Scott: ay, Tom is the very man." Then he sprang up and walking very fast, crossed the bridge again, and left his master's demesne by a gate which led to a road over a steep hill. This was a beautiful road, shaded at both sides by trees. It wound round to the back of the hill, the aspect of which presented a contrast to the side he had just left. It was perfectly barren; a bare plain or valley lay between this and another hill, or rather mountain beyond. This valley was quite secluded. Neither house nor cabin could be seen for miles around. James struck off the main road into a narrow path that lay between two fields. He followed this path till he came to a miserable hovel, so wretched, that from the outward appearance, no one could imagine it to be the habitation of a living being. With his stick he knocked twice at the door; he bent down to discover whether his summons had been heard, but his inspection seemed to be unsatisfactory, for with a muttered curse, he gave a low whistle and was preparing to leave when his attention was arrested by a movement within. A voice demands in a surly tone—

"Who is there?"

"A friend," was the laconic reply,

when a bolt was withdrawn, and James entered with a coarse invective. He asked why he had been kept so long at the door; and then followed his companion through a narrow dark passage into a low-roofed apartment, which, though there was no candle, was brightened by the light of a fire that burned on the hearth. The floor was earthen; a wooden table was in the centre of the room, between which and the hearth was a low stool. A box at the further end completed the furniture of the apartment.

"You have a smell here that might feast the fairies," remarked James, as he followed his friend into the room. His host, with a grim laugh and a nod, pointed to the box which he meant James to draw over to the fire and use as a seat. Tom Scott, for he it is whom we are now introducing to our readers, had a short, thick-set figure. His head was large, with a quantity of red hair and whiskers; and he had a sharp, cunning eye, which he had a peculiar habit of winking. His countenance was otherwise heavy, though with a dash of cunning. He drew the single stool that the room afforded towards the fire, and resumed the process of cooking which had been interrupted by the knock.

"What in the name of goodness have you there? You feast in royal style," said James, as he looked over his friend's shoulder.

"Ay, time for me," said Tom. "I have had to do with small fry long enough."

"If every one had their own," said James, "who would that deer call master?"

"Colonel Digby is my game-keeper; but I save him the trouble of killing the game for me," with a low chuckle, was the reply.

"Faith you earn your bread easier than honest folk. How many of these do you get in the month," said James.

"Why, man, such high-flying game is not so easy got as that. It is six

years and more since I got one of these deer before. I remember that night well."

"Why, was the pitcher near being broke then? You have gone to the well long enough. Your time will soon come round."

"Not the least fear," said Tom. "No; I was safe enough; but faith I *did* get a fright, though others fared worse nor me."

"Did you take old Sam with you?"

"Not I. Come, draw over to the table and take some of this; or, perhaps, you would not like to touch what is not got honestly!" said Tom, with a sneer.

"I am not so particular as that, when a friend asks," said James, drawing his seat forward. His host placed a large bottle on the table, the fragrance of which filled the room. After helping his friend and himself to his satisfaction, he resumed his seat, and said:—"Old Sam, indeed. Do you think that I am mad, to let that old fool know my concerns, or where I deal for my marketing? Not I, indeed. Why, don't you remember Michaelmas six years? I forgot—you were abroad. It was the night Colonel Digby's nephew was killed."

"Bless my soul. Do you know any thing about *him*?" said James, hardly concealing his intense curiosity.

Tom nodded his head and winked; "I know what I know."

"Oh, ay, *you* know every thing, and things that never happened."

"Things that never happened, indeed. Ay, but *one* thing that did happen."

"Tell me what it was; you say he was killed. How, and by whom?" said James.

"You are going to hear all about it, are you? I never tell tales out of school."

"I would not care if all the Digbys were hanged or drowned. I hate the whole lot and stock of them," said James.

"No, no," answered his companion, "I say nothing. A wise man never found a dead man."

James perceived that Tom really did know more than at first he gave him credit for, and he hoped to draw out his knowledge. It might be of infinite use to him; but he saw the moment was not yet come. He was

too clever to impart an important secret without some very considerable inducement, at least while he was sober. His hopes lay in the bottle before them. He determined himself to take as little of the contents as he could, without raising the suspicion of his companion, and thought that when his friend became exhilarated he might also become communicative. With this prospect he determined to betray no curiosity on the subject of his story.

"How do you like playing second fiddle at your place up there?" said Tom, laughing, "since you got a lady at the head of the house?"

"Don't talk of her. I hate her like poison," said James, sulkily.

"Likely enough. A spirited bit of goods she is, and can be in a passion, ay, and worse nor that," answered his companion, mysteriously.

"What do you know of her? Did you ever speak two words to her in your life?"

"Ay did I, and there's a secret that none but she and I know," answered Tom, winking one eye, and grinning like a demon.

James's curiosity was almost breaking all bounds; but with a wonderful effort he controlled himself. He thought Tom had nearly arrived at that state of intoxication in which he would communicate freely, if he thought that he was really indifferent about it, and would be tempted to tell his own story, for the purpose of exciting his friend's interest and astonishment at his boasted knowledge. James seeing the time was ripe wished to strike while the iron was hot; and knowing exactly his companion's state, he rose as if about to leave.

"Good night, Tom," he said. "I must be off."

"Not going yet," said his companion; "why, it is only now I am getting jolly. Sit down there, and I will tell you something about that mistress of yours that you are so fond of, which will make you love her more."

"Nonsense, man, you know nothing about her; I tell you I hate her."

"Don't I, though? ay, ay, I know more than you or any one else; sit down there, and have another glass, and I'll tell you what'll make your hair stand on end." So saying, he

allied James's glass and his own, and proceeded, with a consequential mysterious air.

"Well, my lad, on that same Michaelmas night I was pretty hard-up; business had been slack, as it always is in the summer time. I set out about seven o'clock in the evening to follow my trade. I had good sport, and was lurking about for the night to close in before I could leave Colonel Digby's demesne, when I was startled by the sound of voices near. Afraid the speakers might see me I crept low under the bushes, close to where they were standing. I could not see who they were; but from the sound of the voices I knew it was a man and woman. They seemed to be quarrelling. I tried to hear what they were saying, but I could not; till just as they were parting I heard the woman say, 'You are not the first man that feared a woman, and you will have cause to tremble before me; you are a curse to me.'"

"What?" cried James, starting and leaning eagerly forward; "did you see who said it?"

"Stop, will you, and let me tell my story my own way."

"I raised up a bit to see who she was; the man's back was to me; but I saw the regimentals and knew the fellow's cut; it was the Captain, and the woman was no one else but Miss Digby, your present mistress. Faith, she did look grand; every inch a queen. You would think her three feet taller, and her eyes glared like them coals there. I couldn't help admiring her, as she stood there defying him all by herself. He said something to her low, I couldn't hear, but she darted past him like lightning. I had a rare chance of being caught; but she was not thinking of the like of me, nor of any thing good, I suspect. I had to leave the deer hid under the bushes, and cut for my life, as I feared to fall into St. Laurence's hands, who might be lurking about there half the night for aught I knew."

"Go on," said James, with undisguised interest.

"Give us the bottle, then," said his companion, continuing his narrative.

"The next night I had to go look after the game I had hid, but waited till near ten o'clock, as there was

such a fuss and search all day after Captain St. Laurence, who was missing. I got into the place well enough, and close up to where I put the deer, when, the Lord save me! I never got such a fright. There, right before me, was a white figure, leaning against a tree. I thought it was the Captain's ghost, and I could not stir with terror when it turned the head towards me, like as if it heard me breathe, and who was it but Miss Digby. I don't know which I would have been the most frightened at seeing—the Captain's ghost or her, there all alone at that time of night. How long she had been there, or what brought her there at that hour, I do not know. She seemed to expect somebody, for she turned round and looked at me, that's certain. She flew like a startled hare as I moved, I was not the one she was waiting for."

"Is that all," said James. "Have you finished your story?"

"All, faith I think I have told a good one; what more do you want?"

James stood up, and buttoning his coat, he turned towards his friend, and said, "Oh, it is all very wonderful, do you think I believe one word of it from beginning to end?"

"Believe it," cried out Tom, rising with excitement; "why, man, do you think I have been telling you lies; I would take my oath of every word I said; it is as true as you stand there."

"Your oath. Oh, then, why didn't you when there was such a reward offered?"

"Ay, a reward offered for what? Not for all I seen of the murderess; and sure you don't think a slip of a girl like that could murder a man."

"Not herself, certainly; but there is such a thing as paying another for doing it."

"You don't think that I was such a fool as not to think of that! Many is the hour I thought how I could get that same reward; but I inquired and set a lot of our men to try and trace another in the business, but never could. That she had a hand in it I could swear; but again, who could the other be? I never missed a fellow out of this since; and who was to believe my word if I did inform on all I knew? No," he said, with a low whistle; "the tables might be turned; for what business brought me

into Colonel Digby's that hour of the night? A poor fellow must live, and so I dropped it; and you are the first I ever told it to."

"Now, Tom, would you swear it, if there was another that could side with you in it?"

"I *could* swear it; but I don't want to swear away a woman's life that never did me any harm, and, I confess, I like the girl's spirit."

"No; but perhaps, if you get the reward, or the half of it—eh?"

"I should be sure of that. There is no doubt charity begins at home; and though I do like a spirited girl, it was cruel of her to get this poor fellow murdered after all. Do you know any thing about it, as you say that? Indeed, I might have guessed you had something to say to me, as you never come to see a poor fellow like me unless you have a dirty job on hands."

"Not at all; it is a long time since I saw you; and on such a fine evening I took the opportunity. I have nothing particular to say; but I'll think on what you have told me; it is a most extraordinary story. Good night, Tom, and thank you."

So saying he left the cabin. He had come there determining to get Tom Scott's assistance; but how had chance favoured him, though he had

affected incredulity? When he heard Tom's story, he was certain every word that he said was true; but his own plans were not matured enough for him to impart them to his friend. He had no intention of taking any mortal into his confidence; he trusted too much to his own judgment and discrimination; he was one who knew exactly his own capabilities; it was necessary that he should have Tom's assistance, but only as a blind instrument in the carrying out of his plot.

On leaving the cottage he walked lustily home, absorbed in deep thought.

"What the deuce brought her there the second time? Tom said, to meet someone—could it have been himself? Pooh! Nonsense. Every word the fellow said is true—true as gospel; but she did want to meet somebody, no doubt!" And so he meditated, stopping occasionally, pressing his hand to his lip as a particular thought seemed to puzzle him, and then being satisfied with his solution, hasten on again. He arrived home very late, and raising the latch, he quietly entered, without one twinge of remorse at his diabolical plans. There was but one thought in his mind, one hope in his heart, revenge, bitter, black revenge; he would sell his soul, body, all he possessed, to be revenged.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ARREST.

A FEW evenings after the events recorded in the last chapter, Caroline had retired to her room earlier than usual, and had placed herself under the ministrations of Flora. Had she been less occupied with her own sorrowful thoughts, she would have perceived that her maid was bursting with some important news, and was only watching a favourable moment to communicate it. Still Flora had a certain misgiving about introducing this wonderful subject. She could make free with her mistress, more so, perhaps, than one could imagine a person of Caroline's naturally proud disposition would allow; but there were certain topics that she had been peremptorily silenced about. She had an instinctive feeling that the news she burned to communicate troched on forbidden ground; but the

innate desire to relate the marvellous overcame all scruples, and she ingeniously first introduced an irrelevant topic, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, "she beat about the bush."

"Do you think, my lady, Miss Julia will engage James's sister?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Caroline.

"I never saw a young lady so changed since your marriage, my lady; she is so lively, in comparison to what she was; and so very attentive to the poor old master."

"Is she? Yes; I believe so."

"I hope Jane will suit her; she used to be a kind mistress; but *then*, indeed, she did not mind; she was easily pleased. I think she has got over it all; and it will be no dreadful now to rip up the whole business."

"Yes," said Caroline, absently.

"Only too dreadful; the poor thing, my heart bleeds for her."

Caroline had not been attending to a word she had said; and now she turned impatiently to her—

"Flora, I never heard you talk so much."

This remark silenced her for a moment or two; but despairing of there being any chance that her mistress would be less abstracted, she lost all patience, and after sundry ineffectual harsher brushings of her long hair, she suddenly began—

"Oh, my lady, there is the strangest report through the village this evening; I never heard the like; everybody is talking of it."

Lady Douglass seemed hardly to hear it.

"Is there?" she said, absently.

"So strange, almost a miracle," continued the voluble Flora; "and who would have thought it after six years and more; but the saying is true enough, 'Murder will out.'"

"What are you talking about, Flora?" said Lady Douglass, roused now completely.

"Only, my lady, they say that the murder of Captain St. Laurence"—

Caroline started from her seat, pale as death, her hair falling over her shoulders—

"That is a lie; who says Captain St. Laurence was murdered? He never was; he is, he must be living," and pressing both her hands to her side; "yes, I know he lives; I will swear it."

"The girl was terrified at her mistress's strange look and excitement, and approached her; when Caroline turned wildly to her—

"Tell me every word you heard, as you value your salvation—every word you know—quick, quick."

Flora repeated what she had said—

"Information had been given, nobody knew by whom, that the murderer of"—

"Stop, girl; there is no—don't use that horrid, lying word." When quieter, she said: "Go on—quick, quick."

"Of Captain St. Laurence is discovered; they say the body has been found," continued Flora, hesitat-

ly, a deep, low groan, at this new discovery, was the only outward token

of the agony that was breaking Caroline's heart. She leant a moment with both her hands on the table, as if to support herself; then, very calmly, she went to her desk and wrote a few lines; this she put into an envelope, and sealed; then, turning to Flora, she said—

"You must get James—mind, no one but James—to go with this note to my father; he must wait for an answer. Colonel Digby may not be home till very late; but he must not leave without the answer;" and then in a tender, tremulous voice, she continued, "Flora, dear Flora, my hopes are centered on you; don't mention that you have told me this—this report; and, oh! make James go at once—quickly, quickly."

Flora, crying, gave her mistress every assurance, and added, "not to fear; James should go without delay."

And Caroline went to her husband's study.

He was writing at his bureau, with his back to the door, and did not turn as she entered. She locked the door, and came over to him. Gently, very gently, she laid her arm on his shoulder, saying

"Alfred, my own Alfred."

He started.

"Gracious heavens, Caroline, you look deadly pale. Are you ill, darling?"

His unsuspecting manner, his ignorance, his solicitude for her at that moment, entirely overcame her. She was sure that he would have divined the cause of her coming; but now she should have to tell him. This aspect had never presented itself to her mind. She had imagined various others, she had thought of all possible positions in which she might be placed when the fatal hour should arrive, and had acted over in imagination how she would shield him. But she had never thought she should have to repeat in words to him what she dared not breathe to herself. She was sure that thought must ever be uppermost in his mind, and that any extraordinary occurrence would at once connect itself with it. Now, how different. She could not speak. He rose and lifted her to the sofa by the fire; and, kneeling beside her, rubbed her cold hands between his own.

She lay conscious, acutely so, but with an utter inability to move or

“speak; her eyes closed; she could not even raise the lids. Apparently lifeless, but with an intense agony of feeling, knowing every moment she lay there was more precious than her life.

“My precious child, Caroline, look at me; tell me, darling, are you ill? Oh, Caroline, dearest, speak, but once.”

She had a tight grasp of his hand, but could not speak. She heard every word; they went as daggers to her heart. He did not know, he had not the least idea of what she must tell him. He became really alarmed and started to his feet to call assistance. This movement proved more effectual in rousing her. She raised herself—

“I am well, quite well. *You* must go quickly; not a moment is to be lost.”

He thought her mind was wandering, and tried to make her lie down again.

“Never mind, darling,” he said, “I shall not leave you. I will stay by you all night.”

“Oh! Alfred,” she said, in despairing, heart-broken accents, “*must* I say it—don’t you know?”

“To-morrow, my precious—to-morrow we will hear all. Lie quiet now.”

“To-morrow, oh! no *now, now*, at once. I must whisper—whisper it even here,” she said, putting her arm round his neck. She drew him close to her, and whispered low, so very low, he could hardly hear—“Charles St. Laurence—James has told.”

The effect was electrical. Deadly pale he staggered against the wall.

“The villain has betrayed me—all is lost!”

“No, no!” she cried, starting to her feet, regaining strength perfectly, from the immediate danger. “All is ready. James is gone. Take “Sunshine,” a vessel leaves Bristol at four o’clock in the morning. Ride now—now, fast—you are safe.”

“No!” he said despairingly. “No! I shall be traced; this sudden departure will only confirm the suspicion.”

“Impossible. Every one knew you were to leave home to-morrow; who will know you go to-night? James cannot be back till late in the morning. Oh! Alfred, for heaven’s sake, don’t waste moments so precious—quick, quick—go. My brain is on

fire,” she said, pressing her hands against her forehead.

Then, and not till then, as his eye turned on the miserable, pale face of his wife, did he remember that he had never told her. Passionately pressing her to his breast—

“Dearest darling, that I love better than the whole world—but how selfishly. I ought to have fled the moment I saw you. How I have wronged you. Caroline, darling, you have loved me in good report. Trust me *now*—how you have discovered I know not; but you cannot *know* all. The world will all be against me, but *you* will believe that I am not a murderer.”

With a cry, almost a shriek, she said, “Oh, thank God, I know it.”

They parted.

Some hours later on the day that Sir Alfred had left Braydon Hall, Caroline was in the drawing-room. She was standing at the window watching the heavy clouds that rolled slowly past. A heavy, chill mist was falling. Not a leaf stirred. All looked comfortless without. But Caroline, though she had parted with her husband, and did not know when she should again see him, felt a comfort in her inmost soul to which she had been long a stranger. Her husband’s words still rang in her ears. The weight that had bowed her down till it had almost crushed her fragile form in the earth, had been lifted off. She believed every word he had said to her. She would have as soon doubted an angel from heaven. All was easy to bear now. The world might judge hardly, as it always was sure to do with the unfortunate. She knew—yes, knew the truth. As to details or particulars she thought not once of them. There was one—one bright truth—that swallowed up every thing else.

She was disturbed in these meditations by the door opening, and James presented the note he had brought from Colonel Digby. She could hardly repress a tremor as she again looked at this man; but thinking it better for the present to control her feelings, she let him leave the room without any remark. A hideous, triumphant grin distorted his features as he turned towards the door. As he left the room she heard several footsteps and loud voices. Her heart beat with undefined terror. The steps

came towards the room she sat in; the door was suddenly opened, and James reappearing, ushered in two police officers. The reality of her own position, and of what her husband had escaped, now rushed upon her. She allowed some moments to elapse before she dared to trust herself to speak. Then drawing herself up with native dignity, she said, "To what circumstance am I indebted for this intrusion?"

Before the officers could answer, James advanced—"There is your prisoner," said he, pointing to Caroline.

"How do you dare to commit such an outrage?" cried Caroline, gaining courage at seeing her servants collect around her. "Where is your authority?—of what crime am I accused?"

"There is my warrant," said James, insolently snatching the paper from the officer and thrusting it towards Caroline.

"My business is with these officers," said Caroline, proudly; "I request no interference."

James was abashed at her dignified demeanour, and hung back.

"Now, sir," continued Caroline, addressing the officer, "may I be informed of the crime of which I am accused?"

The officer very civilly handed the warrant—"I am sure, madam, there is some strange mistake, which, no doubt, will be explained immediately you see the magistrate; but I am sorry my duty will not permit me to leave this without you."

Caroline took the warrant. She looked eagerly over it to see was her husband's name inserted; but to her infinite surprise it was *her own*. A strange feeling came over her. She was neither nervous nor excited, she was very calm.

"May I have my father with me," she said, "it will not detain you more than half an hour: and also my maid, I should wish her to accompany me."

"Certainly, madam, any thing that can conduce to your comfort shall be strictly attended to."

"One request more," said Caroline, "and I have done. May we go privately in my own carriage?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

In less than an hour Colonel Digby arrived. He had not been informed of the particulars; all the messenger

could tell him was that Lady Douglass wished his presence immediately, and that there was an extraordinary commotion,—police officers, who wanted to take every thing out of the house—as Sir Alfred had left home; my lady was terrified out of her senses, being all alone; and the most extraordinary part of the business was, that James Forest, who had been such a confidential, trustworthy servant, suddenly had turned against his mistress. Colonel Digby could not at all comprehend the man's meaning. He asked questions, but the answers only added double confusion. Thinking it best not to lose any more time, he mounted his horse, and soon arrived at Braydon Hall. Exaggerated as he thought the messenger's account must be, it fell far short of the reality. As regarded the confusion of the house—the hall door was lying open, the servants collected in groups, the women crying, lamenting, and making a noise that only added to the inextricable disorder around; the men swearing, raising their voices, one trying to out-speak the other. In fact, the poor old Colonel soon discovered, if he wished to learn particulars, he must try his chance within, as it was perfectly hopeless where he was. He dismounted, and at once went to the drawing-room. The police officers stood at the lower end of the room whispering together; at the upper end sat Caroline, shaded by the deep recess of the window, her faithful Flora standing by her side, speaking words of comfort to cheer her mistress. As the door opened, and Caroline saw her father, she ran to meet him, and, with a low cry, fell sobbing into his arms. The officers treated them with marked respect and instantly left the room, contenting themselves with keeping guard outside the door.

"What is this, dear child? there is some unaccountable mistake. Where is Alfred? An execution, an arrest—What is it all? Alfred never owed a penny in his life."

"Dear papa, it is not Alfred; they only waited for him to be gone, I suppose. Debt—oh, no, no—worse. See here—read—I cannot say."

The warrant was handed to him; he took it to the light—"The person of Caroline Douglass—for what!

what is this? I cannot see—the word looks like”—said the old man, wiping his spectacles—“murder!—Charles St. Laurence!—merciful heaven! what is the meaning of this?” He trembled in every limb, but protested loudly against the apparent extravagance. He made an abortive attempt to laugh—“Ha, murder! a child murder a man! ha, ha! How can they bring the charge? why they have no proof that poor Charles is even dead.”

“Oh, papa, the—the body has been found.”

“The body found! where? when? by whom? heavens, murdered!”

“I do not know, papa; I know nothing, except that James Forest is connected with the arrest in some way.”

“James Forest!—I feel my brain turning—James Forest—Alfred’s steward! there is something unintelligible—the man must be mad. I will call those fellows outside, you shall not stir out of this house.”

“Papa, no, that *cannot* be; the men must do their duty. They are most civil, and evidently feel very unpleasant in being forced to carry out their commands. We must go—there is no alternative.”

Colonel Digby soon perceived this, and ceased to press his daughter. He called the officers, “There is some absurd mistake,” said he, “but, of course, we have nothing to say to you; let us get out of this immediately, and have this troublesome business over.”

Before leaving Braydon, Colonel Digby wrote a letter to Sir Alfred Douglass, informing him of the arrest. He asked Caroline for his address. She gave his agent’s address in London, well knowing it would be a long time before the letter could be delivered to him.

Caroline, her father, and the maid, entered the carriage. The police officer held the carriage door open for them to enter. He looked in, and seemed to hesitate a moment, then muttered, “I couldn’t bring myself to go in there.” He was satisfied that there would be no attempt at escape, and mounting on the outside, they drove down the avenue, and in this manner Caroline, a few hours after her husband had left Braydon Hall, also quitted her home. When did they meet again!

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRIAL.

ON arriving at the house of Mr. Tyrrell, the magistrate, they underwent the usual examination in such cases; and though the charge was denied by Caroline and vehemently so by Colonel Digby, the form of committal was made out, and Caroline was immediately removed to the prison. The drive from the magistrate’s house to the prison occupied about half-an-hour. There was not a word spoken in this time—short in fact, but long in suffering. Colonel Digby seemed to have lost all his energy and hope; he had been convinced that the moment he appeared before the magistrate, and pointed out the manifest absurdity of the case there would not be an instant’s hesitation in granting his daughter’s freedom; and now when things had turned out so adversely his spirits sunk. His daughter committed to prison on such a charge: the thought was terrific. Of course, she would be acquitted, but nothing could wipe out the stain. The poor old

man, not strong in health, received a dreadful blow. In those few hours a change had come over him, and Caroline perceived it. She felt her father would never be the same again. She looked at him, and tried to realize the worst that might—that probably would happen. How could he bear it: her father that had loved her so dearly; and then the thought of *another* would arise—another, dearer than all the world to her—far away, alone, driven from his home, and all by an unjust accusation. She had said she would save him. How true her words had proved. Save him she would at the sacrifice of her own life, which seemed now to be the penalty demanded. She must think; she must be careful in her answers. If she were released the charge might be shifted to *him*; and so dreaming, each wrapped in their own reflections, they arrived before the prison. It was evening when they reached the goal. Caroline’s step faltered as she got out

of the carriage. In raising her eyes her glance fell on a narrow iron balcony, with a cross-bar above. A visible tremor shook her frame, and she sank fainting into Flora's arms. These moments were, perhaps, the most painful. She had thought and dwelt upon every circumstance to familiarize her mind; but it was only in imagination she had lived through scenes she was now called upon to meet. The vivid reality rushed upon her with overwhelming force. She should have to live here in this place, with the worst classes of the community, and then, glancing up—what might no other end be?

The sensation which this extraordinary event created throughout the country was unequalled. Amongst people of all classes it excited a feeling of astonishment, horror, and incredulity. The sex of the prisoner, her youth, beauty; her position in the county, both as regarded her father and her husband: the connexion between the prisoner and the supposed victim; the length of time that had elapsed since the crime was committed; the sudden and singular occasion chosen for the arrest, in the absence of her husband; the discovery of the body; the uncertain reports—all combined to awaken an intense and unprecedented interest in the coming trial.

It was fortunate for Caroline that the trial was not delayed. Had the arrest taken place a week later, she would have been obliged to wait the next assizes, and to have passed the interim in that abode of misery, with the hideous suspense of disgrace and death hanging over her, which would have been more than her weak frame could have endured.

The fatal day was fast approaching. Colonel Digby used his utmost efforts to procure the best counsel for his daughter. Meanwhile the evidence collected on the opposite side was startling and strangely consistent. As the day came near Caroline set her mind steadily to face the worst. It is but a passing pang—and over so soon—and then rest, eternal rest. There was a latent conviction in her mind that *she* could not by possibility be proved guilty. How could she? There was nothing she could recall to fasten the guilt on her; and then came the dread—the fearful horror that now,

the body having been found in some mysterious way, suspicion might fall upon her husband, and to shield and guard him was her only thought; her earnest prayer, "It does not matter in what manner I leave this world, I know, I feel here that my course is nearly run; it is enough if he is saved."

These thoughts braced and strengthened her. The excitement of the trial; the uncertainty of the issue; hope, in spite of all doubts, whispered comfort to her youthful mind. There were moments in which she longed to see her husband; but this was impossible—not to be dreamt of. His presence *there*—and all would be lost. He would be the first to proclaim—make the world believe in his guilt.

The morning of the 15th of November was dark, damp, and cold; but the court was crowded to overflowing. A murmur of sympathy and admiration ran through that vast assemblage the moment Caroline entered. She was simply and plainly dressed; her elegant and slight figure showed to advantage, as, leaning on her father's arm, she was conducted to the bar. Her extraordinary situation, and the conscious gaze of hundreds, brought the colour to her cheeks, and imparted an unusual brilliancy to her eye; but after the first few moments of excitement were passed the agony of mind she had undergone was visible. Her face had lost its rounded contour; bright spots burned on either cheek; yet there was a calmness of expression; she seemed self-collected and undaunted; a brighter resolve than that busy crowd could dream of supported her now in circumstances so fearful. So young, so beautiful, bearing up with an energy so little to be expected from one of her years and delicate appearance.

Her counsel had prepared Caroline for a clever and well got-up accusation; but her expectation fell far short of the strange reality.

The muttered voices through the court had been hushed by the cry of silence, which was caught up and echoed throughout the building. The eyes of all were directed to the judge who then entered. Caroline looked at him with a keen and eager interest, as she thought that in his hands lay her fate.

After the usual preliminary of

swearing the jury, she counsel for the crown "opened the case."

"It was not without the deepest emotions, that in the course of his duty he had been called upon to undertake this prosecution. The lady's youth, position, and the high estimation in which she was held, made it a most painful duty; but all these circumstances only aggravated the nature of the crime, if as he expected by the evidence he could produce, he *could* prove that such a crime had been committed by her." He proceeded to state, "that the body of Captain St. Laurence had been identified at the coroner's inquest by certain peculiarities—his height, the regimentals that he had worn, which, though injured, could be perfectly recognised; the loss of a finger on the left hand. But there was *one* circumstance, which would come out in the course of the evidence, and which seemed to bear almost conclusively against the prisoner. On the person of the deceased was found only the *sheath* of a dagger; the dagger itself was missing; but a dagger, exactly corresponding to the sheath, which was of curious antique workmanship, had been found in Lady Douglass' possession."

And now the witnesses were called each in their turn.

James Forest was the first who gave his evidence. He deposed that on the morning of the 16th of October, in the year 18—, Miss Digby called at the lodge of Braydon Hall; that he had only just arrived from London to see his parents previous to leaving the country the next day; that he was alone in the cottage when she entered in a very hurried and excited manner. She asked him to meet her on the walk by the river's side in her father's demesne that same night, at ten o'clock; and especially charged him not to mention the appointment. He promised compliance with her wishes. She departed as suddenly as she came. The request did not surprise him, except, perhaps, on account of the lateness of the hour, as he had been in the habit of executing commissions for the family before he had entered service. Punctual to the appointment he was at the river-side at ten o'clock, but Miss Digby was waiting for him. Her manner and appearance frightened him; she was exceedingly agitated and excited. He inquired

had any thing startled her; but she said that she was cold from waiting so long for him. Before she informed him of what she required she bound him by the most solemn promises never to divulge what she was going to impart. She then offered him a large sum of money if he would consent to bury the body of Captain St. Laurence, which he would find in the grotto by the sea-shore, in Sir Richard Baker's grounds. She asserted that she had by accident discovered the body concealed there; and should it come to her father's knowledge she feared that a man whom she knew he half-suspected, though most unjustly, of having a hand in her cousin's disappearance, might suffer by the discovery. Under these circumstances, she did not wish to let it be known that she had found the body. She further stated that she had parted in anger from her cousin the previous night; that her father had intended she should marry Captain St. Laurence, and the very idea was most hateful to her; so under all considerations she intreated of him to perform this service for her. He was very reluctant to undertake so strange a commission; but her agonized manner, and the promises that she would for ever befriend him, drew from him an unwilling promise. At the place she had directed him to, he found the body, concealed under leaves and the rubbish of the grotto. The body was cold, and the blood dried on the clothes. There was no weapon of any kind about the place, or on the person of Captain St. Laurence. The *sheath* of a dagger hung at his side; there was a wound on the right side, and the left hand was mangled. He buried the body where it lay; and the next morning left the country, and did not return till eighteen months ago. He had not had an easy moment since that night. He felt as if he had participated in some frightful though unknown crime; and to unburthen his conscience, before he quitted the country for ever, had been the motive that had induced him to make this declaration.

A shop-keeper in the town, from whom James had purchased a hat, and his father and mother certified to his having been at Braydon the day he mentioned.

The next evidence was that of Tom Scott. He seemed a reluctant witness.

He stated that on the evening of the 15th of October he was returning from the village beyond Colonel Digby's demesne, and had taken a short way through the shrubbery, when he heard voices raised in anger. He approached stealthily to overhear the conversation, when he perceived Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence engaged in a hot discussion. He concealed himself, but could hear nothing of the subject of their conversation till Miss Digby, in a loud determined voice, said distinctly, "You are not the only man who has trembled before a woman; don't defy me, or you will have reason to repent it before another sun sets." When this man first appeared Caroline hardly glanced at him. She had never seen him, and concluded he must be some agent of James Forest's. She was aghast, astonished, at the perjury she had just heard, and wondered what motive could have influenced James to revenge himself so fearfully on her; but there was one thing he said—he had alluded to her interview with her cousin. On this she was just reflecting when Scott began his evidence. He related so particularly almost her very words; detailed so minutely the scene, now so hideous to think of, and which she thought was unknown to mortal, that she was fascinated. The head bent forward; the strained eye and parted lips showed with what eagerness and despair she listened, and the low unrestrained sob declared but too plainly that there was truth in what was uttered.

Scott continued further to state that the next evening business again brought him out. He did not return till very late. It was past ten o'clock when he came to Colonel Digby's back entrance. He almost expected to find the gate locked; but on trying it he found it open. He walked quickly through the shrubbery, when he was terrified at seeing a white figure before him leaning against a tree. He had become almost rooted to the spot with terror, till the figure turned its head, and to his infinite surprise he recognised Miss Digby. He could hardly credit his senses, and ran to make sure. She darted with the swiftness of an arrow towards the house. He followed. She rushed through the garden gate, and its clapping behind her checked his further progress.

This man's evidence, and Caroline's visible agitation, caused a great sensation. Though Scott's appearance was so repugnant, there was a strong conviction of truth in every word he said, which came home with a feeling of bitter regret to the heart of each one in that immense crowd of spectators. He was undaunted and unmoved by the cross-questioning of the lawyers. He told his story simply and without exaggeration, and adhered steadily to it.

Flora was next called upon. There was a marked difference in the manner in which her evidence was detailed from that of those we have just given. She would relate nothing consecutively. All the information that could be extracted from her was given with the greatest reluctance, and in answers to questions repeatedly put to her; and her unfortunate communications to Forest furnished ample grounds for confirming the suspicions against her mistress. The following is the substance of her statements. It is unnecessary to enter into the questions by which they were elicited:—

She stated that Miss Digby had been absent from home on the evening of the 15th of October, and did not return till after eight o'clock; that she (Flora) was in the hall as her mistress entered the house. She took the candlestick abruptly out of her hand, refusing to allow her attendance, which was an unusual occurrence, and went hastily up stairs. She did not either quit her room, or ring her bell for the rest of the evening. She did not appear the next morning till after ten o'clock. Flora was in the breakfast-room shortly after she entered. Colonel Digby and Miss Julia were talking of Captain St. Laurence's disappearance. On being further pressed as to whether she recollected if her mistress had made any observations on the subject, the only remark she remembered was her asking if the river had been dragged, and if his footsteps, or those of any other person had been traced near it. She further deposed to her mistress having retired early on the night of the 16th; and as she again refused her attendance, she could not state whether she left the house or not. There had been a great change observable in Miss Digby since Captain St. Laurence's disappearance, I

had attributed it to her natural kindness of disposition. She had never thought her partial to her cousin. She detailed all the particulars connected with the fatal weapon; when and where she had first seen it; her mistress' marked displeasure at her discovering it; and finally, her having purloined it to gratify James Forest's curiosity.

This closed the evidence against Lady Douglass.

Poor Flora was carried insensible out of court. She was entirely overcome at the apparent weight her own evidence had given to the fatal charge. In a long and eloquent speech the counsel for the defence addressed the jury. He dwelt much on the improbability of a girl of Miss Digby's age being capable of instigating to such a crime. Brought up as she had been from her childhood on terms of sisterly intimacy with her cousin, it would have been a crime of the deepest dye, and such as only one who had been led step by step to the dark abyss of guilt could be capable of even in thought. And was it conceivable that even had she suggested the black deed, she would pay one man to commit the murder and another to bury the body? Such a secret was too fatal to be intrusted to an indiscriminate number. The large reward offered, and which she knew *would be offered*, for the detection of the murderer, would be too great a temptation to be resisted by men of the class she should employ. The story carried incredibility on the face of it; it was not to be entertained for a moment. Further, there was no reason that the deceased might not have met his death by his own hand; there was nothing to prove that the dagger had been taken from his person *before* death; it might have been removed *after* he had committed the fatal act. His hand was mangled. True; but that might have been occasioned by the body falling among the stones and gravel of the grotto where it was found. As to the meeting between Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence the evening before his intended journey, and their parting in anger, it would be childish even to expect this to be accounted for. Was every person bound to mention a quarrel or an interview, particularly one of such a delicate nature as this must have been. Colonel

Digby had wished and consented to his nephew endeavouring to win his daughter's love. Is it not natural, then, to conclude what must have been the subject of that last interview before leaving home; and is every young lady who refuses to marry a man and that perhaps warmly, bound to answer for his life afterwards? This point ought to be made clear indeed, for if such a heavy responsibility lies with the fair and weaker sex, the exact time when it ceases should be defined, in order that they might be enabled to engage a body-guard to protect all rejected suitors during the interval. The dagger being found in Lady Douglass' possession he allowed *was* a difficulty, and one which she positively declined in any way to account for. He could have passed this over; but it was better to face a difficulty. Let them look at it. What does it amount to? Lady Douglass had, and acknowledged she had, in her possession, a dagger that had been identified as the dagger her deceased cousin had worn the last time he was seen. There are many ways in which it might have come into her possession without involving her participation in any, much less this awful crime. Why, is there any thing more likely than to suppose that he might have dropped it the evening of their interview, and that she found it? As time advanced and softened the past, she might have preserved it as a memento of their parting. On the other hand, could there be any thing more unlikely or revolting than the idea of a young girl, who had instigated the murder of her cousin, preserving the very weapon that should for ever keep her crime in her sight? In affecting terms he appealed to the jury; they had wives, sisters, daughters, who might some day be placed in the position in which Lady Douglass was now. They should be scrupulous how they judged. Her station, her age, then hardly seventeen, the character she bore—was all this to go for nothing? How weak was the evidence; it was only circumstantial; and, at best, how precarious was circumstantial evidence. Then he adduced instances of bygone trials, in which, when too late, the innocence of the accused parties had been brought to light. He ceased. Through the crowded court there existed but one feeling—visible, unre-

strained sympathy, compassion, admiration, and conviction of her innocence. With breathless impatience they waited for the charge from the judge.

With great care, and at length, the judge stated the evidence. He dwelt much on the manner in which Flora's testimony had confirmed that of the other witnesses, and the exceeding reluctance with which it had been forced from her. On the other hand, he referred to the impossibility of a young girl committing such a murder herself, and the improbability of her employing two separate persons, one to commit the deed, and the other to bury the body. But after giving their best consideration to both sides of the question he summed up by informing the jury that it was their duty to consider, *not* whether a guilty person could be in the position in which the evidence placed Miss Digby, but whether it was at all compatible that an innocent person, and that a girl of seventeen, could be so situated. Whether as innocent she could have on any account concealed the fact of discovering her cousin's body, and, fearing to mention it to her own family, paid a stranger to inter it. Whether, when Captain St. Laurence was first missing it was natural, and what an innocent young woman would have done, to have concealed her last interview; whether the possession of the dirk and a stained handkerchief belonging to the deceased could be satisfactorily accounted for, or that it was possible or consistent for a person circumstanced as Lady Douglass was to decline all explanation of the manner in which such articles came into her possession, and yet be innocent of the charge laid against her. If after mature deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that an innocent young girl might be so circumstanced it would be their duty to acquit the prisoner; but if on the other hand they could not conscientiously come to this judgment, their duty would then be to find a verdict against the accused.

There was a pause for half an hour; but the time was not occupied as it generally is in crowded courts at the retiring of the jury.

There was an unusual stillness. The judge's ominous words, "a verdict against the accused," seemed to echo round the building, only hushed

whispers of "she must be innocent," "they could not find her guilty," broke the silence; in that mighty mass of eager spectators there was but the one desire—to see her free; yet their conviction had been shaken by the judge's charge, their hearts declared her innocence, but their reasons were not convinced. Each one was thankful that *he* was not called to decide her fate.

In less than an hour there was a movement—a stir. All eyes turned, expecting the jury; but the foreman entered alone. To the judge's question, "Have you agreed?"

"No; and after a great deal of discussion we have decided to ask one or two questions. The answers may, perhaps, conduce to bring the jury to a speedy decision." So saying, he asked,

"Could the lady adduce any evidence to account for her having the dagger in her possession? as it was necessary for the right and just perception of the case that this circumstance should be satisfactorily explained."

Her counsel heard the question and shook his head, knowing how useless the appeal to her was. He had urged on her the necessity of offering some explanation: he had felt the difficulty, and by every means in his power, had laid it before her; but all to no purpose. As a final effort he now approached the place where she was sitting, pale, beside her father. There was not the slightest excitement visible; she was calm and collected: while the breathless silence around her, the eager and sympathizing gaze of all, were a tribute involuntarily paid to such firm composure. As those near pressed forward to hear what passed between Lady D. and her counsel, they perceived the anxious looks with which he addressed her, and the agonized entreaties of her father.

She listened—she paused—her father's tears—the lawyer's arguments that on her almost depended her father's life; there was no knowing in what view the jury would consider the case if she persisted in her refusal, and how would he—the old man—bear the worst: all tended to overwhelm and distract her. She gazed vacantly at her father; his miserable and heart-broken look only confirmed the lawyer's dark hint.

Oh! that she could be crushed into annihilation: that this dreadful struggle were over; but it must not be—she could not—she dared not tell. “No,” she said, “I cannot answer;” and waving her hand to prevent further entreaties, she sunk back on her seat.

The lawyer sorrowfully walked over to the foreman, and said, “I have received no instructions to give any further information.”

About six o'clock in the evening of that long day, there was again a stir, and the expectation of all was realized by the entrance of the jury. The foreman returned the verdict, “guilty.”

A deep groan, as it burst simultaneously from the breast of every individual present, echoed the fatal word. “Strongly recommended to mercy” was hardly heard, as the judge finished the sentence.

But Caroline bore the sentence with unflinching brow. No nervous contraction round the mouth betrayed any emotion; her countenance was as serene as when she first entered—and all was over.

A great change had taken place in Caroline's character since the discovery of her husband's fatal secret. Though she was naturally a girl of a high and serious turn of mind, yet her strong impulses and great capacity of affection, almost devotion towards a particular object, kept her bowed down and wedded to the fleeting things of this world; but the knowledge of this fatal secret—arrived at, too, in such a way, wounding her in the tenderest attachment of her heart—cut the cord by which she had been fastened. She grew very tired of the world: it was not to be trusted. There were snares for the unwary: nothing could come to perfection. There was happiness in it she knew; she had felt—she had tasted happiness, ardent, delicious, intoxicating; but the bud was not to blossom here, it must be transplanted to a richer and a better soil or it would wither.

What was the earth to her now? She looked to heaven, all her happiness was there. It was not her husband's deception of her that broke her heart; there was no thought of self—it never entered her mind; it was the thought that *he* might be debarred from that heaven to which now all her longing was directed that bowed her

down with an insupportable weight; but from the hour of his denial of guilt all her hopes brightened. She would have him with her—the happiness begun here, and so ruthlessly cut asunder was only a sure pledge of what would be but brighter far in heaven. Such thoughts as these supported Caroline through her dark and dismal solitude.

When she returned to the prison after the trial she was sustained by an unnatural excitement. “All is over, James has sworn that it was I; *he* is safe, there can be no danger to him *now*; and I have saved him—a weak, wretched woman—alone and unassisted. The life he gave me I have laid at his feet. The memory of this dark hour will bind us together closer in eternity.” And then the longing to see him, to be with him once more before—then a cold shudder crept over her, the extraordinary excitement faded away, and she awoke to the reality of her own position. Near, so very near, death faced her; and what death! the death of a felon. She grasped her throat with her hands—to be hung—hung before that immense crowd. Oh! the thought was awful. Her head grew dizzy, a mortal sickness came over her; exhausted nature could contend no longer. She was borne by her faithful attendant to her bed.

As soon as Sir Alfred Douglass left Braydon he hastened to Dover, and from thence crossed to France, where he had intended to linger. It was agreed between him and Caroline that she should write to him under a feigned name. He had been absent nearly a fortnight and had as yet received no letter. He became nervous and depressed. He did not expect to hear much before this time, as he knew she would be anxiously cautious; but a foreboding of evil haunted him. His own situation was so precarious. At any moment he might meet English acquaintances; he confined himself during the day, and even in the evening did not venture into the frequented parts of the town. It was one evening about three weeks since he left England that he turned into a more fashionable restaurant than it was customary for him to venture into, and had seated himself with a paper near the fire, when two gentlemen entered and called for coffee and ci-

gave. By their voices he recognised them to be Englishmen; he turned from them more effectually to conceal his features, and devoted himself with renewed assiduity to his newspaper. He had not been long so engaged when his attention was arrested by a remark from one of the gentlemen to his friend, "It is the most extraordinary case I have ever heard; and how many years since it happened, did you say?"

"Six or seven," was the answer.

"How could they identify the body?"

"I did not hear the particulars, but there was no room for doubt."

Alfred had not a moment's hesitation in his mind as to the subject of their conversation. A sickening sensation came over him. He trembled. How could he escape! Danger and death were closing upon him. His fears exaggerated the difficulties that surrounded him; he dared not move, the least attempt to leave on his part would excite suspicion. He grasped his chair. His brain turned; a fainting sickness passed over him, the cold perspiration hung in drops on his forehead; but with resolute determination he conquered. Still preserving the same position, holding his paper before him, he waited calmly, without one outward token of the fearful struggle he had passed through, to hear further particulars of his own crime. The waiter then entering with coffee interrupted the conversation. Still Alfred, with extraordinary control, sat on.

"I cannot get that strange case out of my head," said the first speaker again addressing his friend.

"What is the name?"

"Douglass," was the reply.

"Douglass, do you say? any thing to the Douglass of Somersetshire?"

"The same."

"Heavens! how awful. And the murdered man?"

"St. Laurence. The Digby St. Laurence."

"Good heavens they are relations—cousins. When was the trial over?"

"Yesterday."

Trial;—Alfred almost turned; what did this mean? The speaker continued,

"I don't believe she is guilty. The jury were a long time; but finally returned the verdict, 'guilty.' You

should see her, John, a lovely young creature; bore up like a heroine, and as likely to commit a murder as a saint."

Both the gentlemen started, as Alfred darted towards them with a face as livid as the dead; he grasped the arm of one, and in a hollow voice demanded "Her name—her name?"

"Lady Douglass, wife of Sir Alfred, and daughter of Colonel Digby."

With the howl of a maniac he rushed out of the house, and ran breathless to the quay. Chance favoured him: a vessel was just starting for Dover. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang on deck regardless of everything. The one idea in his mind was his wife: to save her—to declare himself the real, the true criminal. But it might be too late—he knew nothing—how soon after the trial was she to—Oh! the thought was maddening; his brain was on fire. * * *

A few days after the trial a post-chaise was seen driving furiously up the principal street of the town till it stopped at the hotel; a gentleman got out, and after a few words to the landlord of the inn, re-entered the carriage, ordering it to be driven to the county gaol. It was about nine o'clock at night that he arrived at the prison. A violent ring at the massive door was immediately answered.

"Lead me to the—the place occupied by Lady Douglass," said the visitor, in a tone of command.

The man hesitated, looked up at the figure that addressed him, and though no one, on any pretence, was allowed admittance at that unseasonable hour, there was something in the stranger's appearance that inspired him with awe and he dared not refuse. Unwillingly he conducted him as far as his own jurisdiction extended, and then left him under the guidance of another warder.

Caroline, since the day of the trial, had visibly and rapidly declined; it was as if she had gathered her strength for that fatal occasion; and then the excitement, the necessity for exerting herself over, she sunk. The medical man who had attended her ordered her to be removed to an airy room, where she could have the customary comforts around her. Every time the doctor called he expected would be the last. She could not now hold out twenty-four hours; she had

been in an unconscious stupor the whole day, lying with her eyes closed, and, except by her low breathing, showing no sign of life. The room was dark, barely lighted by a lamp set in a recess by the fire. Flora, her faithful attendant, sat by the bedside, watching every change in her mistress. Her father, a decrepit old man, sat by the fireside, half-unconscious of all around him.

Caroline suddenly started up in her bed, and leant forward. "Hark, what is that? *Lösten!*" she exclaimed, hastily.

Flora looked at her in fear. She heard nothing but the footsteps outside their door—a never-ending sound in that dwelling; but still Caroline eagerly listened—her eyes sparkled—the door opened, and with a cry and joyous smile, as in her brightest days, she stretched forward her arms, and in one moment was felled to her husband's breast.

"Dear, dearest Alfred," she said, "I have been expecting you so long, I watched and got weary, and so dropped asleep; but I have had such a dream. I knew you had come. And, darling, you look tired; you must rest here," she said, clasping him in her arms; "and then you will come and see all I have done while you were away; your room is so nice—all as you wished. We shall be happy, oh, so happy." He sunk on his knees by her, and burying his face in the bed, groaned aloud.

"Darling, won't you come soon, very, very soon." She clasped her arms round his neck, pressed her lips to his; her head sunk on his shoulder; gently he moved to lay her down. A bright heavenly smile was on her face, but her spirit had fled from her husband's embrace. * * *

A letter, subsequently addressed to the judge who had presided at the recent trial, held in the town of —, Somersetshire, excited an immense sensation throughout the whole of England. We shall transcribe it for the benefit of our readers:

"MY LORD,—At Sir Alfred Douglass' request I am called upon to lay before you, and through you before the public, the real circumstances connected with the tragedy, from which originated the fearful trial at which you so lately presided.

"Captain St. Laurence and Sir Al-

fred Douglass had been thrown together in early life; they were at school when their acquaintance and mutual dislike began. They met again at Oxford, where they were students. Here the rivalry between them was renewed with greater virulence. They were both members of the same club; and a short time previous to Captain St. Laurence's receiving the order to join his regiment Sir Alfred Douglass had detected him in an act of foul play at cards. He had been long suspected of dishonourable practices, though they had never been distinctly traced to him; but on this unfortunate occasion, through Sir Alfred's means, the charge had been proved beyond a doubt. Captain St. Laurence, loaded with dishonour, quitted the club, swearing vengeance against his enemies. Sir Alfred expected to be called to a personal encounter with his adversary, but to his astonishment he heard no more of him: the whole transaction had been marvellously hushed up.

"Sir Richard Baker at that time died suddenly, and put all further thought of the subject out of Sir Alfred's mind. He, accompanied by James Forest, went down for one day to Somersetshire, previous to his leaving England on a tour. They did not arrive at Braydon Hall till late in the evening, when he, attended by his servant, went out to look about the place. As they turned into a narrow walk leading to the sea, at some distance from the house, they encountered Captain St. Laurence. He was very excited, and seemed to be shaken by some very strong emotion. He did not immediately recognise Sir Alfred, who had hoped to pass unobserved, but the narrowness of the path prevented this. As Captain St. Laurence came close to him he started, and addressed Sir Alfred by some opprobrious term. This of course roused the other. He answered, but said he did not wish to take an unfair advantage of him, as he seemed to be labouring under some strange excitement. This unhappy allusion to some unknown trouble exasperated Captain St. Laurence. Without a moment's hesitation he closed on his adversary; blow followed blow. Sir Alfred was unarmed; but Captain St. Laurence drew a dagger. To wrench this out of his hand and wound him was the work of an instant. Captain St. Laurence staggered and fell. Sir Alfred raised his head and called upon Forest to assist him, but found to his unexpected dismay that he was dead. Sir Alfred's remorse was extreme. He had only raised his hand in his own defence. There was no thought in his mind to take the young man's life. In perplexity and bitter regret he bent over the

body, when Forest at once suggested the thought of instant burial. He urged on his master the absolute necessity of it. If he asserted that he had killed Captain St. Laurence in self-defence who would believe him? Who could think it was a fair fight; they were two against one. There was, in fact, no other course left. His conscience could not upbraid him with the crime. He must now look to his own safety. In a miserable moment, when he was bowed down with terror, grief, and wretchedness, he consented. Forest buried the body in the little grot near the sea shore. That evening, without revisiting the house, or having been recognised by any one, Sir Alfred Douglass returned to London. James Forest followed him in a day after. It was the diabolical conception of a moment that suggested the hidden burial to Forest. He knew he was now master. A secret bound Sir A. to him indissolubly. Go where he would he could not escape him; he might neglect his duties, rob, plunder his master, but he must be silent. He knew a crime of a deeper die; he held his fate in his grasp. One word from him and all would be over; and he accomplished his purpose. Sir Alfred's purse was ever open to him; the demands, ever so exorbitant, were never refused. This contented James Forest for a time. His situation was a very good one; and if he gave information, on the whole, even taking the reward into account, he considered that he would be a loser.

"And thus things continued till Sir Alfred married. Forest became attached to Lady Douglass' maid. At first she favoured his addresses; but her mistress's strong dislike to the man made her hesitate before she consented to marry him. Then Lady Douglass' failing health decided the girl in ultimately rejecting his suit. This exasperated him beyond endurance. His master had also been unwilling of late to meet his demands, which had gradually become exorbitant; words arose between them, and then followed that hideous, deep-laid plot of unutterable revenge and villainy. His plans were well laid; he had calculated on Sir Alfred's hurried departure, at the information being given to the magistrate, and it was he who had brought the news to Flora. That by some unknown person a disclosure had been made concerning the murder of Captain St. Laurence. It was with the delight of a demon he had left the house with the letter to Colonel Digby the night of Sir Alfred's

escape, astonished at the success of his plan.

"A few words explain the tragic sequel. Lady Douglass had found by accident the dagger concealed in her husband's desk. The truth flashed upon her. She suffered for him—willingly, heartily. In a letter written to him the evening of the trial she detailed the circumstances; but over this we must draw a veil; it is too sacred for curious eyes to gaze upon. Let us fold our hands in wonder and admiration that such love could exist on earth."

Braydon Hall was dismantled, The closed windows, through which not a gleam of sunshine could penetrate; the weeds covering the garden; the grass-grown walks—all proclaimed the absence of the owner. Even the lodge was empty. An old woman lived in the house, who, for some time after the events recorded in this story, had her time busily employed in showing visitors through the place, hallowed by the memory of the principal actor connected with those scenes; but in time these dropped off, and she reigned in undisturbed silence in her gloomy abode.

Sir Alfred Douglass left the neighbourhood for ever. In a short time the wonderful tragedy with which he had been connected was entirely forgotten; and in years after, when one, who regardless of the danger to his own person, had devoted himself to the care of the sick and needy, when the cholera which was raging with fearful destruction had deprived them of friends and sustenance, at last fell a victim to this great and self-imposed duty, then the fleeting words of admiration which were offered to his memory recalled for a brief space the interest that had once wrapped around him.

With regard to the other actors connected with this tale a few words will suffice.

Colonel Digby did not survive his daughter many weeks. The shock he sustained shattered his health, already weakened by sickness and age. Flora accompanied Julia to a foreign country where, in the formation of new ties the spirits of the latter once more revived from the bitter remembrances of the past.

THE BELFRY.

BY JAMES ORTON, AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PALACES," &c.

Up, high up in the Poet's mind
 The Belfry bells are ringing,
 The bells are ever swinging,
 Swinging rhymes,
 In silver chimes,
 Telling of past or future times ;
 But ever the bells are ringing !

But the sound of a deadly tolling
 Comes down in a muffled rolling ;
 There's something dark in the shadowy air—
 Something shading the Belfry there—
 And thick, and slow,
 The black notes flow,
 Down o'er the vaulted heart below.

The bells are dumb in the Belfry tower,
 No sounds float down in a silver shower ;
 The bells are eaten with rust,
 The wheels, and the ropes, are whitened with must ;
 But over the sepulchred heart a flower—
 A flower of Hope—floats up to the light,
 Its whitened umbels gleam through the night ;
 And now the joyous singing
 Of the Seraphs of Hope is ringing,
 And vibrates, till a swinging,
 Is seen in the Belfry tower.

How high hath grown the Belfry tower !
 Far up and away from the realms of sense ;
 Its notes now faintly seem to shower
 From the gossamer chords of somnolence.
 But, this is the song the Poet sings,
 When Woo unteaches the self-taught song ;
 When Faith comes down from Heaven, and brings
 The still small voice, for the iron tongue ;
 The bells hang high,
 Far up in the sky,
 But grand, though faint, is their minstrelsie !

Up, high up in the Poet's mind
 The Belfry bells are ringing,
 The bells are ever swinging,
 Swinging rhymes,
 In silver chimes,
 Telling of past or future times,
 But ever they tell of the golden climes,
 Where, ever the bells are ringing.

THE GREAT EARL OF CORK.

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch, like a landscape painting, is tame if without contrast of lights and shadows. Whatever virtues adorned the human subject, those ornaments are but faintly brought out, if the opposition of dark shades of character is either omitted or kept in the background, and the picture, as of a faultless monster, is not only unnatural but insipid. This maxim seems to have been unknown to Mr. Budgell, author of "Lives of the Boyles," since his memoir of the first Earl of Cork is so altogether panegyrical as to be quite unrelieved by censure. This biographer manages to show an exception to the poet's rule, that—

"Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind.

Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead
to Praise."

Budgell's cue seems to have been servile laudation, not satire. For ourselves, we shall endeavour to avoid both flattery and caricature. The axiom in biographic art we refer to, may indeed easily be applied when undertaking a portrait of Lord Cork. The likeness of this notable personage was retouched some time back by the clever hand of the late Crofton Croker, in his elegant volume of "Researches in the South of Ireland;" yet, though some new and striking black tints were thrown in, the due measure of their depth and breadth awaited fuller development. This desideratum was in part supplied in a paper read by that ingenious antiquary before a meeting at Canterbury, in 1844, of the British Archaeological Association. Since then further researches, especially in the State Paper Office, have supplied additional *chiaroscuro*; and the vast store of records in that depository having lately become more accessible, our native antiquarian societies have published some occasional illustrations of the real and remarkable life in question. Most of the features of the original portrait, which was drawn by his lordship's self, and copied and varnished by Budgell, having been

roughly handled, its subject, who fills an important part in the history of our country, ought to sit again. The space in these pages does not afford room enough to do full-length justice to his character. If their editor would consent to constitute them for the nonce a high court of literary judicature, in order to try the Right Honourable Richard Boyle, commonly called "The Great Earl of Cork," such a number of informers, witnesses, and encoionists must be summoned, that these columns could not contain the crowd: so that, as to this method, *non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ*. Let it be our task, then, to furnish a residue of ingredients for the proposed portraiture, with the remark that, if their colouring is false or uncandid, the fault is not ours: and that, agreeably with the foregoing maxim, dark shading is needful, if merely for the sake of variety. Whether the hue is also necessary for the sake of truth, in painting this ennobled man's character, is a question we commit to the reader's judgment.

Lord Cork's specious fragment of autobiography having saved writers of his life inquiry, they were content to adopt his statements respecting the rise and progress of his fortunes; yet the means by which he soared from poverty to unprecedented wealth and enormous power is still—his own account being no longer accepted—a fair topic for investigation. Mixed as his marvellous nature was, his character affords a curious subject for examination; and his story also offers unusual interest, provided it discloses the modes by which his extraordinary estate was acquired, and duly draws the moral from his example. No one now, indeed, need be warned against heaping up riches by methods Richard Boyle is stated to have employed, since similar opportunities can never recur. It is also certain that no such concatenation of facilities occurred to any one else. The nearest resemblance is, perhaps, the late John Sadleir's attempt to realize landed property worth a million sterling. The Encumbered Estates Act did for the Tippe-

rary attorney what confiscation had done for the Dublin deputy-esscheator, i.e., lowered the value of land by bringing quantities into the market. Both men equally wanted purchase-money, and used means to obtain it such as the times permitted: but here the similarity ceases, for the ancient landshark was honourably interred under an alabaster tomb, while a creamjug-full of poison was self-administered to the modern one.

The result of such an investigation as we propose would, if adequately illustrated, be surely read with eagerness by every man claiming an interest in the history of this country. The evidence available could not be weighed without some such full inquiry; yet, whatever might be the verdict, if the shield prove to be sterling gold on one side and base metal on the other, there is no Irishman that would not read the disclosures of his country's wrongs at the period so elucidated without deep feelings of shame and indignation. The truth of that *public* history is involved in many of Lord Cork's private transactions; and these were, with his governmental acts, mostly the causes of marked political revolutionary events. Considered in this light, therefore, the biography of no other Englishman that ever lived in Ireland more demands impartial investigation; and we accordingly recommend the theme to our archaeological societies, whose publications are the fittest medium for setting forth the details of Lord Cork's history. In the meanwhile, we may be permitted to take up the clue once held by the author of "Irish Fairy Legends," by the aid of which he, something like "Jack the Giant-Killer," threaded his way through literary labyrinths into the old Castle of Dublin, and discovered the misdoings of this great Earl, whose power as Lord Justiciary and Governor in that fortress began by doubtful dealings in dirty public offices under the shadow of its towers. The memoirs Lord Cork bequeathed to posterity, written in 1632, after he had been forty-four years in this country, revealing the sources of his success in life, he entitled his "True Remembrances;" yet not only does their tone of pious humility agree little with evidences of his worldliness, but they contain such a number of fabrications, that

we must be content to leave most proofs of their falsehoods as they left Mr. Croker's hands, especially in matters of minor importance, and pass at once to the really curious point, the very gravamen, namely, the ways and means by which Richard Boyle, a needy and speculative adventurer, contrived to be "raised," as is declared of him, "to such an honour and estate, and left such a family, as never any subject of those three kingdoms did."

Richard Boyle was second son of Roger Boyle and Joane Naylor, who were married in St. Paul's Church, Canterbury, 31st July, 1564, a date differing from that given in the "True Remembrances," a document in which, indeed, immaterial dates, as well as unimportant facts, are erroneously stated. "I was born," says its compiler, "in the city of Canterbury," (as I find written by my father's own hand) "3rd October, 1566;"—yet on one occasion he places his birth in 1571, when, being a state prisoner, it suited him to rebut the accusation of having forged letters of introduction upon his arrival in Dublin, by asserting that he was then a mere boy. His entrance into business life was, he states, as clerk to a Chief Baron of the Exchequer, at Westminster; and probably the statement is true, for he was subsequently employed in the Exchequer in Dublin, where he obtained knowledge of financial mysteries to a very serviceable extent. As crown lawyer's and revenue accountant's clerk, he seems also to have acquired proficiency in law penmanship, and in the preparation of accounts. Among the allegations afterwards laid against him, it was declared that he "ran out of England," because he had made erasures in records. This crime was felony, punishable with, we believe, death. Turning to his autobiography, we find the following elucidation as to his seeking a livelihood elsewhere than at home:—

"Perceiving," says he, "that my employment would not raise a fortune, I resolved to travel; and it pleased the Almighty, by His divine providence, to take me, I may say, just as it were by the hand, and lead me into Ireland, where I happily arrived in Dublin on midsummer eve, the 23rd June, 1588."

He does not say by what hand his *Deus ex machina* took him, yet one

may be sure it was not the hand with which he had, as is alleged, "razed records," and which he is further accused of having employed in fabricating letters of recommendation to persons of quality in the Irish metropolis. As second son of a younger brother of an obscure Herefordshire family, as an orphan and ex-law-clerk, it may be imagined that, when he reached this city, neither his purse nor portmanteau was well filled; yet so derogatory a notion must be abandoned, if faith is to be accorded to his picturesque sketch of himself on his arrival here:—

"All my wealth," he says, "then was £27 *ss.* in money, and two tokens, which my mother had formerly given me, viz., a diamond ring, which I have ever since and still do wear, and a bracelet of gold, worth about £10; a taffety doublet, cut with and upon taffety; a pair of black velvet breeches, laced; a new Milan fustian suit, laced and cut upon taffety; two cloaks: competent linen and necessaries; with my rapier and dagger."

Agreeably with this account, the young Saxon wore an imposing appearance, as he strutted about Wine-tavern-street, and other principal places of resort in ancient Dublin. Yet again, there is another side to the picture, drawn by abler persons, such as Philip O'Sullivan, who, though by no means a faithful writer, is quite as much entitled to belief as our "True Remembrancer," in asserting his recollection of the days when the Earl of Cork walked the streets of Dublin bare-footed (*Historia*, p. 354). Thomas Carve, a contemporary, says, "he" (Boyle) "*was ex infimo genere natus*." French also, in the preface to his "*Bleeding Iphigenia*" thus alludes to the common traditional report of the poverty of this Earl, when he adventured here. Animadverting on the alien feeling lately shown by Lord Orrery, in styling Ireland a "very post-house," the writer fairly asks:—

"Why came so many indigent men out of England this age into this 'post-house' to make their fortunes? Why came his lordship's father hither? Likely his lordship hath heard in what state and plight his father then was, who found himself very well for many years in this 'post-house.'"

Continuing these remarks, he says:—

"The Earl took for his motto, 'God's Providence is my Inheritance,' a Chris-

tian and a modest one, which, for all that, signified he had nothing left him by his parents. These things I utter, not by way of reproach, for we are all the children of Adam, but to remind Orrery a little of the low and small nest in which his father was hatched, and that he should not so far forget himself as to contemn and trample under foot a whole nation, wherein are so many ancient and noble families."

An item in certain articles of accusation (Deane's, Feb. 1598-9) against Master Richard Boyle offers a clue to his first rise:—

"It will be proved in Dublin," said Henry Deane, before the Star-Chamber Court, in Westminster. "that Boyle counterfeited a letter from Sir Thomas Kempe to the Constable of the Castle, another from Lady Baker to Mrs. Kenny, and another from Lady Hailes to Lady Delves, whereby he procured much friendship in Ireland."

The accused, at that time a state prisoner in the Gatehouse, near Westminster Abbey, made, upon examination, the following replies to this charge:—

"He thinketh there was a letter brought and delivered to the Constable, Segar, on his behalf, for so the Constable told him. He was never privy or consenting thereto, and doth know the same to be counterfeit."

This answer, admitting that a forged recommendation of him had been delivered, is struck out in the original deposition, and the following written to stand in lieu:—"His answer to this is, that it concerneth not the Queen's service; neither brought he any letters from those named to any person in Ireland." However, in another answer, made five days afterwards, he replies thus to the allegation:—

"As touching those letters supposed to be counterfeited, he saith he was not at that time above seventeen years old, for it is near eleven years since" (this answer is dated February 1598-9); "neither if they had been falsified was it to the prejudice of the Queen's service, or any thing concerning her highness; but he never delivered any such."

At this outset of his career in Dublin he was guilty of felony, or, at least, was subsequently committed by Chief Justice Gardiner and Sir Henry Wallop, on charges of having stolen a horse and a jewel; and indictments for these felonies, besides two others,

were laid against him. Two of the four were found; but he is said by his principal accuser, Deane, to have given him £20 not to prosecute; and in 1597, he obtained a crown pardon, a species of acquittal then purchasable. So long after this latter transaction as 1628 it was called in question by an order from Whitehall to make search for the entry of this pardon, and as to all lands held by Sir Walter Raleigh, "to the end," says the royal letter, "that the crown may receive good satisfaction for 42,000 acres of land unduly held by the Earl of Cork."

One of the Dublin ladies, whom he is alleged to have conciliated by a counterfeit recommendation, Mrs. Kenny, was doubtless wife of Nicholas Kenny, of Edernine, county Wexford, clerk to the Auditor of the Exchequer, and Escheator for Leinster, and appointed, in 1595, Escheator and Feodary-General. Young Boyle, whether thus presented to the lady or not, was, soon after his arrival, employed, first, in one of her husband's offices, and afterwards in the other, by becoming his deputy-escheator. This preferment was the true foundation of the fortunes of the writer of "True Remembrances," who however, did not please to remember that he had held it. Whatever might have been the original virtue of a man deputed to be an escheator, the office was one of such extreme temptation, especially in this country and at that time, that his fiscal morality was almost certain to be tinged, like a dyer's hand, by what he worked in. In proof of this assertion it is enough to say, that the term *cheat*, synonymous with defrauder and cozenor, derives from the name escheator. Perhaps our adventurer may have ejaculated, in the words of the gallant Sir John Falstaff, his determination anent Mistress Kenny and some other one of those Dublin dames:—

"She bears the purse, too! She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty! I will be *cheaters* To them both, and they shall be *eschequers* to me!"

Whether our young hopeful became, in virtue, or rather in vice of his office, a fiscal rogue, is an inference we leave to be drawn, discarded, or condoned by a future judge. Our times

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are too far removed from those of Lord Cork to admit of an idea that we can be influenced by any feelings regarding him, other than a wish to investigate his conduct in its relation to the history of our country.

Another proof of his poverty, soon after his landing, is worth adducing, to serve in contrast with accounts of his wealth half a century afterwards. This is a memorandum roll of the Exchequer for 1590, containing an entry, showing that in the previous Michaelmas term, John Crofton, the Queen's Escheator-General, had constituted "a certain Richard Boyle" his deputy, but failed to certify his name to the Treasurer and Barons of the Exchequer, and further, that Boyle was illegally appointed, not being worth £20 a-year in land, tenements, or rents. Fifty years afterwards he was, at least he says so, worth £50 a-day!

The office of Escheator of the Dublin Exchequer became one of great business, directly the crown began, at the very time under view, to exercise its rights over its feudal tenants, from whom various mulets were occasionally due, such as fines for licence to marry, and upon alienation, large fees for livery of seisin, wardship, &c. From this time, also, to that of Strafford—a period when the just principle of *quicquid non movetur* was, in the eagerness to clutch at Irish land, rashly and cruelly overlooked—the office in question was one of incessant activity, in making inquisition into supposed crown titles to the soil. An "escheated" thing, such as land held in fee, or any other species of property, was so called when it had fallen to the crown, either by forfeiture for treason, or by any other casualty. In England escheats had proved a large source of power and revenue; and such had been the fraudulent and oppressive conduct of the escheating officers, that many statutes were passed to restrain them and their light-conscienced deputies. So notorious was their fraud, that their office was proverbial for dishonesty. Sir Thomas More, however, arguing that it is wrong to impute the faults of a few officials to their entire fraternity, expressly says, "One should not rail upon escheators by terming them *all* extortioners." In Ireland, their ill-doings were multiplied and

hidden by the peculiar state of the country, distracted as it was by civil wars and confiscations, which gave much of its land as a prey to carrion birds of "law"—the ravens and harpies of old feudal Dublin Castle.

English covetousness of Irish soil seems to have been the origin of almost all Irish rebellions, the nature and intent of which were, of course, merely defensive. True it is—and this truth should never be put out of view, because it teaches the supreme importance of sound constitutional laws—that the political condition of the Irish Gael was specially provocative of war. Ireland had to be conquered and colonized at the period in question, during which, very few, indeed, were the Englishmen in power, who, like the admirable Sir Henry Sydney, did not appropriate some of the confiscated property. A surprising moral degeneracy befell even the well-principled and best-inclined of the many statesmen and officers of high quality that came over to administer Irish affairs. In a country so distracted, extreme temptations were presented for perverting with impunity both law and equity. General spoliation was carried on under the plea of colonization, in utter obliviousness of the transcendental maxim—that the morality of means is of more consequence than any prospect as to their end. In palliation of that lapse of character, when some of the greatest and wisest of men in England became the meanest in Ireland, we repeat that the latter country was then undergoing the process of its *first* universal conquest, and we must cease to marvel that the proverb, *silent leges inter arma*, extended to the gravest breaches of law, when the law was chaotic; to the grossest bribery, when the treasury was nominally empty; and to the lowest knavery, when Ireland was, as America became, a refuge for British criminals. Broadly viewed, such circumstances of anarchy may be cited in excuse of national delinquencies; but a biographer should be impartial, and although he may duly apologise for his subjects, should candidly portray their public failings and historic sins.

The public correspondence of the

age is replete with complaints against Richard Boyle, who, as Deputy-Escheator, and Capstock, as Deputy-Surveyor, are declared to be so linked in confederacy as that no man could pass any patent for lands but as pleased them.* Possessed of official arcana, and strong in back-stairs influence, they selected the province of Connaught, remote from the seat of government, as the principal arena of their operations and acquisitions. Their *modus operandi* was to find a title in the Crown to as much land as possible, pocket bribes for silence in some cases, apply the money in others to obtaining and passing patents in their own and their friends' favour; and then, as middlemen between the Queen and the natives, charge the latter with the best-improved rent. On one occasion, Boyle bought up a warrant grant to a veteran captain, and, under colour of it, passed several rectories to himself. For this fraudulent act, Sir Henry Wallop, Treasurer of the Exchequer, caused him to be imprisoned until he would surrender the title, which was, he allows, worth no less than £300 a year; but, on compounding for this swindle, he was enlarged. His quarrel with his most pertinacious accusers, Deane and Rawson, began by his being sent to the Isles of Aran, to make inquiry if the Crown could claim the land, preparatory to leasing it to these men; and he was accused of having deceived them in the matter by purchasing their interest, and then passing patent for an unexpectedly large quantity of land. His hot contest with these gentlemen kept warm for many years, though now and then cooled by his application of bribes to them, until it was finally deprived of heat by a somewhat similar sedative.

During this underhand working, which uprooted many an ancient native lord and chieftain, the petitions addressed to the throne by these sufferers teem with complaints of the tyrannical injuries inflicted throughout the kingdom by officials searching for "concealed lands." In 1593, the O'Connor Don, and other chiefs of Connaught, inveigh against the fact that a commission had lately been

* State Paper Office.

taken out to discover what lands in that province belonged to the Crown, upon an obsolete title through the Mortimers. Two years after, Secretary Fenton writes to Lord Burghley, that the chieftains of Roscommon and Sligo had exhibited cases of oppression and violence done by the officers of the province, such as would terrify any subject from his obedience.

In August, 1593, Bingham, Governor of Connaught, recommends Burghley to cause some of the forfeited lands to be granted to the newly-founded University of Dublin, being, he says—

“Better so bestowed than upon persons of base degree and no desert, as *all* hath been within this province during my time; for one or other, an escheator’s man, or such like, still gettest what I and the rest here do labour and venture our lives for—as, namely, one Boyle hath done lately, who passed almost one hundred quarters or ploughlands, besides tithes, to himself, for forty marks per annum, rating some ploughlands at twenty pence.”

This is plain writing on the part of this governor, who might well grudge a castle underling, that had never smelt powder, the more than lion’s share of a broad and lasting prey which Bingham and his captains had led for. Again, these warriors, whom knowing officials outwitted, leaving them scarcely the shells of what they had fought the Irish for, had to buckle on their armour again to quell disturbances caused by those cunning myrmidons of the law, who, ensconced behind the walls of Dublin, only waited until the remote fray was over, to post down to the scene of action, and parcel out the confiscated property. If we read the history of the period, we find its pages full of battles, and but few words as to the real cause of the commotion. Turning to the State correspondence, the genuine accounts of the day, very preferable to the Earl of Cork’s forty years’ old reminiscences, we see clearly enough the part this remembrance played in the villanous and bloody drama; and also observe how forget-

ful he became, or, at least, how he omitted to record any thing as to his early tenure of the notoriously abused office of Deputy-Escheator. Though he imparts nothing as to his doings in this department, many of his contemporaries have filled up the blank, and, among others, the celebrated Sir John Davys, then Attorney-General, than whose statement now quoted no better authority can be adduced in elucidation of the malversations of the subordinate crown officers of the time. This kren lawyer, in one of his luminous epistles to Cecil, dated 20th February, 1603-4, whilst noticing the loss sustained by the State from malpractices of low officials, remarks:

“These Deputy-Escheators make a suggestion that they are able to find many titles for the Crown, and obtain a commission to inquire for all wards, marriages, escheats, concealments, forfeitures, and the like. If this commission were well executed and returned, they were good servitors. But what do *they* do? They retire themselves into some corner of the counties, and, in some obscure village,* execute their commission; and there, having a simple or suborned jury, find one man’s land concealed, another man’s lease forfeited for non-payment of rent, another man’s land holden of the king *in capite*, and no livery sued, and the like. This being done, they never return their commission; but send for the parties and compound with them, and so defraud the Crown, and make a booty and spoil upon the country: so that we may conjecture by what means one, that was lately an Escheator’s clerk, is now owner of so much land here, as few of the lords of Ireland may compare with him.”†

“Comparisons,” says a well-known stage justice of the peace, “are odourous;” and the anonymous party alluded to might have said so, too, at his first coming to Dublin, had any well-shod citizen proposed to compare shoes with him. Fifteen years travail, however, had so loaded him with thick clay, that he was able to compare lands with the loftiest. Let us add our imagination to Sir John Davys’ conjectures, as to the ways in which these means of making such a pleasing comparison were obtained. We take, as a scene,

* This is shown to have been the case by the inquisitions, some of which are printed, for Leinster and Ulster.

† On the 29th November, 1603, Boyle passed an enormous patent for church, abbey, and other lands, in eight counties.

the village of Arklow, and as the principal *dramatis persona* a *Sassenach* official, a fine-looking, staid, and stately authority, habited in a taffety doublet and black velvet breeches, armed with a rapier and dagger, and ornamented with a glittering jewel—not the stolen one, let us hope—but the maternal diamond ring. Some petty landowners stand around him, awed and trembling. He is, nevertheless, as Falstaff said of his ancient Pistol, “no swaggerer, but a tame cheater,” that may be stroked “as gently as a puppy greyhound.” Yet these Gaelic gentlemen must beware of the dog, for not a hound at their heels has a sharper eye for a hare in a form, than this escheator has for “concealed land.” He takes them aside, one by one, and demonstrates to each the state of his case. O’Doyle is in possession of lands that may be proved by archives to have belonged to the Church. O’Kinellagh’s estate is liable to sequestration, because the clerk of attainders omitted to record a reversal of forfeiture. O’Toole has ventured, though a minor and a feudal tenant of the Crown, to marry without royal licence; but a pardon can be had. O’Byrne is eager to marry, but complains of the law’s delay. Their official friend hints that he could accomplish the needful in these several matters; and, moreover, that though armed with a general commission to make inquiry as to Crown claims, he does not wish to execute it severely. At the close of the conference, his horse’s head is turned towards the metropolis, and his purse is considerably heavier than when he came away.

The first disclosure of the malversations of subordinate officials was made in June, 1594, when Secretary Fenton, as Surveyor-General, stated that one Patrick Crosbie, having ferreted out some concealed lands in Cavan, called *termon-lands*, had taken money from the occupiers to consent to upset the Crown title. On this case the three judges report that this bribe-taker had attempted to pass a patent for the land, at £5 a-year quit rent, though £44 was the rent reserved; and they sent Richard Boyle over to England, as one having been employed in the Exchequer and Escheator’s offices, that “will and can deliver the truth.” The Viceroy, however, “greatly favouring Crosbie,” com-

mitted Boyle to prison upon a charge of having embezzled records. Deane was then sent by the prisoner to his accuser, who demanded £300, and being first offered one-third of this sum, eventually received £140. Crosbie, whose real name was Mac-I-Crosan, and whose family were hereditary barons to the O’Moreas, was subsequently knighted, and founded the extinct house of Earls of Glandore. In the ensuing January, Wallop and Chief Justice Gardiner enclose to Lord Burghley a note by the Gaelic informant of the process by which he and his confederates had obtained concealed lands of great value, amounting to about 200 plough-lands, at a very low quit-rent, to the loss of the revenue: and Wallop wrote, by Rawson, “as to the cunning practices of Boyle and Capstock.” The grievous wrong in dispossessing the ancient owners is also referred to; but not a case can be quoted in which the falling out of these connorants resulted in honesty getting back its own.

Another accuser started up in Francis Shane (afterwards knighted), who was ready to prove that Boyle and his accomplices, namely, Patrick Fox and William Crow, had fraudulently inserted some rectories in a grant they had lately bought. Shane and Fox were of Gaelic extraction, and had used their special knowledge of the country to search out cases for the Escheator’s office. The latter was afterwards knighted. Crow was Cirrographer of the Common Pleas and Keeper of the Writs, and was, in 1613, brought by Boyle (who, whoever Fox and Crow were, secured the cheese), into Parliament for his new borough of Bandon; and feathered his nest so well that he built the mansion called “Crow’s Nest,” in which Sir William Petty accomplished his Herculean labour, the Down Survey, and which gave name to Crow-street in Dublin. Shane continued his informations by a paper headed, “Abuses committed by Richard Boyle, Capstock,” &c. On which the Surveyor-General, Fenton, dismissed the latter, as, he says, “the culpable person,” and who, being his deputy, had “combined with others.” Yet this high officer gave his only daughter, eight years subsequently, to the head of the combination, who must have shared in the culpability!

According to Lord Cork's view, his first marriage, with a certain coheirress, was the origin of his rise to wealth; and of this he gives the following account:—

"I was married at Limericke, 6th November, 1595, to Mistress Joan Apsley, one of the two coheirs of William Apsley, Esq., who brought me £500 lands the year, which was the beginning and foundation of my fortune."

He remembers not the patent Bingham inveighed against in August of the same year, and appears to exaggerate the value of his wife's estate grossly. Her elder sister had possession of Ancy Hospital, but was only coheir.* Their father, a Captain of Horse, had obtained from the Crown a lease of that land, and a limited one, for his orphans petitioned, in 1583, that it might be perfected.† Their title was insecure, as appears by the seventh article of allegations against Boyle, 16th Feb., 1598-9, as follows:

"It will be proved, if it please her Majesty to have it examined, that he hath abused her highness touching *Apsley's land*, being £400 per annum, one of whose daughters and coheirs the said Boyle now married; the said Apsley's son and heir having not long wilfully drowned himself, these lands, if a good course be holden, are yet to be brought to her majesty."

The whole estate, then, was worth less than the value boasted of in "The True Remembrances," as having been the writer's moiety!

In his reply dated the next day, he avers that the lands he had purchased, and excepting such as he derived in right of his wife, never yielded him £100 a-year profit. Yet, as his wife held her lands until her death in December, 1599, and he afterwards retained them, how did he obtain money on them for the purchase of far larger properties? On his imprisonment, two years back, he had satisfied executions for debt to the amount of £500; and, as he had bribed two accusers abundantly, can it be believed that his fees of office were enough to meet all these disbursements?

In April, 1596, the Council in London wrote to that in Dublin, that—

"Whereas, upon information given by

John Rawson, of sundry notable abuses and practises of deceit used by one Boyle, and Kenny, an Escheator, and Capstock, a Deputy Surveyor, in Ireland, to the defrauding of her Majesty in divers things wherein they were put in trust, we wrote our former letter to have the said abuses examined, and to inflict punishment on the offenders; and our said letter (as we are informed), being delivered to one Deane, appointed to solicit the cause here, by some agreement suspected between the said Boyle and Deane, the letter was delivered to Boyle, and then torn, to the disappointment of the order we took therein."

The Council, therefore, direct inquiry and punishment, and also protection to Rawson, who, say they, "had been threatened for prosecuting this cause, and is in danger of his life."‡

Deane subsequently stated that Boyle had promised him £100 for the said letter, but afterwards cozened him, by giving him certain lands with "an English house" built thereon by Boyle, who, however, gave him "a crackt title" for the estate; and that he also compounded with Rawson to suppress the second letter by a pension of eightpence a-day for his life. To these allegations the accused answered that he was punished for concealing the fact that Deane, the bearer of the letter, had torn it; but he confessed that, yielding to the persuasion of his friends, he had in pacification given the former £50, and the latter the annuity named, "to stoppe," as he says, "their clamours."

In January, 1596, Crosbie gives Lord Burghley a statement as to Sir Geoffrey Fenton's, Kenny's, Capstock's, and other instances of bribery, and false surveying of concealed lands. Also Wallop and Gardiner, in setting forth the "Grievances of the People" about concealments, especially in regard of investigations as to lands claimed for the Crown by Castle inquisitors, observe:—"By these, and such like practises, one Boyle, Deputy Escheator, and Capstock, Deputy Surveyor, have within less than one year gotten into their hands, in their own and others' names, about 200 plow-lands of great value." From these judicial revelations of sub-

* Carew MS. 635.

† State Paper Office.

‡ Register, Council Office, Whitehall.

official iniquities, let us turn to the memoir penned by the Earl, who says nothing as to his early official life, but ascribes his first acquisition to having, in 1595, married a co-heiress:—

"When God had blessed me with a reasonable fortune and estate, Sir Henry Wallop, Treasurer at War; Sir Robert Gardiner, Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Sir Robert Dillon, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Sir Richard Bingham, Chief Commissioner of Connaught, being displeased for some purchases I had made in the province, they all joined together, and by their letter complained against me to Queen Elizabeth, expressing, 'that I came over a young man, without any estate or fortune; and that I had made so many purchases, as was not possible to do without some foreign prince's purse to supply me with money; that I had acquired divers castles and abbies upon the sea-side, fit to receive and entertain Spaniards,' &c.

The astute writer of this specious scrap of autobiography was too prudent a speculator to have entertained a view so rash as treason. None of the public correspondence contains any such awakening of the attention of Government to the danger he sneeringly says was felt lest he designed to admit a Spanish armada. Nor is it likely that four great officers of state would combine to ruin an English colonist causelessly. Ample evidence could be adduced that their characters were extraordinarily free from reproach. Gardiner stood pre-eminent as an "administrator of upright justice."* Their representations as to Boyle's acquisitions were made several years prior to the time he assigns, and his largest purchases were made subsequently.

Having "secret notice," the writer of "True Remembrances" declares, of the above complaints, he retired into Munster, intending to proceed to England, to justify himself; but was detained there for want of money, by the breaking out of rebellion. This adversity befell him in the autumn of 1598. When, at length, safe in London, he conceived an intention of renewing his study of law, and was favourably received and employed by the Earl of Essex in a service he

was an adept in, viz., of suing out his lordship's patent for the government of this country. "Whereof," he says, "Sir Henry Wallop having notice, renewed, utterly to suppress me, his former complaint to her Majesty against me."

So the quotation stands stereotyped in the complaisant peerage books. But we will supply an omitted passage, after a glance, taking other lights, at our autobiographer's history. Further disclosures being made as to the frauds of the confederates, and the support they possessed in Dublin being found "extraordinary" and overpowering, Wallop and Gardiner (whom Lord Cork describes as his principal persecutors), despatched to Lord Burgheley, in August, 1596, the informant Shane, whom they commended warmly, as having discovered "many great deceits done by one Boyle, substitute escheator, &c., which," say they "are to the Queen's exceeding loss and dishonour, and no little cause of the disquiet now present." They also state that Capstock, the subordinate villain in this dark dealing plot, "is suddenly deceased." It also appears that he died greatly in debt, which his master, Treasurer Wallop, had to discharge. The play, however, went on, led by our hero, and on the same stage; for in March, 1598, the Earl of Ormond declares to the Queen that a recent outbreak of the O'Connors "proceeded," says this aged and illustrious nobleman, "from some indirect courses held by base fellows to put them from their living." A contemporary MS. quoted by Croker in his before-mentioned paper on Lord Cork, and hitherto unpublished, gives the following succinct account of the Earl's early proceedings. Its writer was, it would seem, an English lawyer that had visited this country:—

"What are the chief complaints of the Irish, as I have heard them and know them, I have here briefly set down:—1. They complain upon escheators, surveyors, and such like, taking away their land by forgeries, rasing (erasures of records), perjuries, and the like. In this point, among many, I will name a few offenders. There is, in Dublin, one Robert Bice,† a known forger, and so re-

* Desid. Cur. Hib. I.

† Sic. Probably Robert Bice or Byssie, an English official, who is mentioned in an

recorded in the Exchequer. Richard Boyle, a man now seeking preferment at court, ran out of England for rasing (erasing) of records. He came into Ireland without clothes or money, both which he got by counterfeiting hands. By forgeries, rasings, and perjuries, he has thrust many a man out of his land, and was the first beginner of rebellion in Connaught. His wrongs were so intolerable that one Deane, now at court also, prosecuted suit, and procured her Majesty's letters touching this Boyle, to have his behaviour punished. When Boyle understood this, knowing he could not endure trial, he met this Deane, and did compound with him for £10 to tear her Majesty's letters, which betwixt them they did. What an indignity was there offered! The solicitor of Ireland, now in town, can justify this. This Boyle has several indictments of felony against him, and, being in prison for the same, he ran from his keeper, who is now in town, and can justify the same.

These circumstantial and very criminatory accusations seem to have been the true cause of Boyle's committal to the gate-house. Examinations of his principal accuser, Deane, of Hoey, the keeper of the Dublin Marshalsea, and of himself, then took place. The originals of these State papers are in the possession of Mr. Fitch, of Ipswich; and copies of them having been communicated by the late Mr. Croker to the present writer, their contents will now be taken in connexion with documents in the State Paper Office, a calendar of which is now in course of official publication.

On being examined, the keeper of the marshalsea of the Four Courts stated that Boyle was committed in May, 1597, on crown affairs, and that during his imprisonment several actions were commenced against him, amounting to the sum of £500, which grew to executions, all of which were satisfied; but that a warrant was procured by Sir Henry Wallop to detain the prisoner for examination, and another signed by Chief Justice Gardiner

for further detention, as being indicted of two felonies. After Boyle had satisfied the executions, and obtained a pardon for the felonies, he petitioned the council to examine the charges brought by Deane and Rawson; but, in the end, not being called in question on these charges, and having been allowed to go at large within certain bounds, he had, during the examinant's absence, escaped into Munster. In the third article of accusations, Deane thus discloses the process of acquiring land:—

"Touching Boile's purchases, one Rawson* had a letter from their lordships 'of the Privy Council' to have a lease for twenty-one years of £20 (*i.e.* of land that would pay that yearly as rent to the crown), when it might be found in Ireland. He gave the examinant half the benefit to procure allocation, and bear half charges. Boile refused to pass for £20 per annum, more than ten ploughlands, and the fishing of Black Rock, of great worth; or else nineteen ploughlands in O Madden's country; and asked £150 for his fee, otherwise he would lay such a heavy rent upon survey, as it should not be worth a sixpence to examinant, who thereupon, with Rawson, sold their interest to Boile. Having obtained it for his own use, Boile inserted ninety-three ploughlands, three cartrons, three parsonages, and ten castles and water-mills, for the same £20 quit-rent; and hath since got a reversion of the lease, at the same rent, for many years. Also, when (Sir) William Taffie obtained a letter from her Majesty to have a lease of the value of £30 crown-rent, Boile bought it as himself hath confessed; and, thereupon, at very small rates and undervalues, hath passed all O'Connor Roe's country, who is since become a rebel, and whose country, thus passed away, is about ten miles long and six broad, of the best land in those parts. Boile hath confessed to this examinant and others, at sundry times, and, namely, to one Richard Lennan,† that he had in Connaught 360 ploughlands and thirty-eight parsonages. He saith the said Richard Boile asks £320

unpublished State Paper of 1597 as concerned in acquiring lands by forged documents, for which he obtained a pardon on confessing his guilt. "*Gilbert's Dublin*," ii. 22. Earlier papers show that forgery and erasure were frequent in the Dublin offices.

* John Rawson had been a military officer, but became, in 1594, under Boyle's tuition, "an industrious discoverer of lands for the Queen."

† He and Boyle were imprisoned as accomplices, about the year 1591, but enlarged on recognisances; and Lennan, who was a counsellor-at-law, was afterwards in the enjoyment of a State pension for having turned evidence as to a conspiracy to seize Dublin Castle.

for lands he had in Westmeath, whereof, he saith, the said Boile is commonly reported to have deceived the nation of the Daltons, who sithence are in rebellion. Also the said Boile reports he had twelve towns (lands) in Munster, whereof he leased one to the examinant, being eight ploughlands, which pay her Majesty but 11s. 8d., yet Boile received of the tenants £12 a-year."

Further, the examinant had a note in Dublin of much more lands, part of which Boyle had sold to his accomplice, Crow. In answer, the accused avowed that he trafficked in leases as a middleman, but professed that all his purchases yielded him no more than £100 a-year above their quit-rent. He had, he says, compounded for some spiritual livings, but forgets how many; and, in conclusion, insists that he had not given any composition to stop any accusations against him, "saving to Deane and Rawson." This admission is the master-key to the locks he contrived to put upon proceedings against him. To the former, he had given £50, or more, at times; to the latter, 8d. a-day during his life, equivalent to about half-a-sovereign *per diem* now; in fact, a handsome annuity of hush money. These bribes, occasional and perennial, were rendered, he confesses, to the two strenuous accusers, "to stoppe their mouths." He seems to have subsequently provided weightier padlocks for their lips, since, in 1606, they appear as joint tenants to the crown of nearly all escheated lands in Mayo and Sligo, and their then powerful patron as, in part, their assignee.

From this dark side of the canvas let us turn to the bright sketch of these occurrences as they figure in the "True Remembrances," by taking into view the passage omitted in the peerage books, but which runs thus:—

"Sir Henry Wallop, treasurer, having notice (that Lord Essex was employing the writer) renewed, utterly to suppress me, his former complaint to her Majesty against me; and being conscious in his own heart that I had sundry papers and collections of Michael Kettlewell's, his late vice-treasurer, which might discover a great deal of wrong and abuse done to the queen in his late accounts; and suspecting that I was countenanced by the Earl of Essex, and that I would bring those things to light, which might much prejudice and ruin his reputation and estate,—although, I vow to God,

until I was provoked, I had no thought thereof; yet he, utterly to suppress me, renewed his former complaint to the Queen's Majesty against me; whereupon by her Majesty's special directions, I was suddenly attacked, and conveyed close prisoner to the gate-house; all my papers seized and searched; and although nothing could appear to my prejudice, yet my close restraint was continued till the Earl of Essex was gone to Ireland, and two months afterwards; at which time, with much suit, I obtained of her sacred Majesty the favour to be present at my answers, where I so fully answered and cleared all their objections, and delivered such full and evident justifications for my own acquittal, as it pleased the Queen to use these words: 'By God's death, all these are but inventions against this young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and these complaints urged to forestall him therein; but we find him a man fit to be employed by ourselves, and we will employ him in our service; and Wallop and his adherents shall know that it shall not be in the power of any of them to wrong him, neither shall Wallop be our Treasurer any longer.' And, arising from Council, gave order not only for my present enlargement, but also discharging all my charges and fees during my restraint, gave me her royal hand to kiss, which I did heartily, humbly thanking God for that great deliverance."

Let us briefly examine this statement. Essex left for Ireland at the end of March, so that the date at which Boyle was discharged, and at which he says the Queen heard his answers, was the end of May, 1599. Yet we have shown that February, 1598-9, was the date of his Westminster imprisonment and Star Chamber examination; and shall presently show that the close of the year 1602 was the date of another severe court scrutiny of him.

Kettlewell had been engrosser of the Exchequer and clerk to the Treasurer, Wallop, and was succeeded in the first office by Capstock, deputy to Fenton, the Surveyor-General, and chief confederate with Boyle, to whom he may have handed the above-mentioned papers. Kettlewell is stated, in Carew MS. 608, to be "of honest behaviour, moderate in his taking" (of fees); "but, touching his office of engrosser, he receiveth the fee without execution of the office." The provocation Boyle received from Sir Henry seems to have produced in September, 1599, a paper of elaborate charges

against Wallop's clerks, which is to be found in Carew MS. 616; and in March following a commission of inquiry was appointed. Fenton then writes, that the original information as to the accounts of the lately deceased Sir Henry Wallop "is derived" (we quote his words) "from one about this state, not so much upon good matter as to raise his own fortune by the hurt of another, and particularly to be revenged of him that is dead." This testimony to the vindictiveness of the accusation seems to point to Boyle, who, however, soon after became the writer's son-in-law, by, in 1603, marrying his only daughter. The questionable character of Fenton, and the extent to which this powerful official played, before as well as after the alliance, into his son-in-law's hands, may be surmised from statements that he was not worth £20, apparel and all, when, in 1579, he landed in this metropolis; that, in the year ensuing (according to the Irish Treasurer, writing to the Queen's Secretary), "Mr. Fenton is a most apparent bribe-taker," and that on obtaining the offices of Secretary of State and Surveyor-General, which he probably purchased, he became very wealthy.

Lord Cork ascribes the second rise that, in his phrase, "God gave unto" his fortunes, to the clerkship of the Council of Munster having been bestowed upon him by the Queen. Yet it would seem that he purchased this lever to his prosperity, agreeably with usage; and, moreover, that the office, besides giving him power, was lucrative in abnormal "fees," impolitely called bribes. £1,500 was the price paid for this post by his successor in it, a sum proving its valuable character.

Pausing from our inquiry as to how he managed to (if we may, not irreverently, imitate him in quoting Scripture) add house to house and field to field, let us turn to a merely trivial statement in his "True Remembrances," but not the least incredible of his figments. Being employed, he says, by the Lord Deputy to take to London news of the victory gained at Kinsale on the 24th December, 1601, he left Shandon Castle

about two in the morning, and the next day delivered his despatch, in the Strand, to Sir Robert Cecil. But we find* the Viceroy writes: "I was glad to send Sir H. Danvers over with this good news;" and that the victorious despatch appears to have taken twenty-two days to deliver. The performance of a journey between the places named, in the space of time asserted, thirty-four hours, was barely practicable, under the most favourable combination of fair wind, dry roads, and ready-laid post-horses. Yet this tale of marvellous travelling is admired by Budgell, with, however, this reservation, that he should have made some difficulty in believing the fact had he not seen it in his lordship's memoirs, "which," observes the unsuspecting and obsequious biographer, "are evidently wrote without the least affectation, and with a great regard to truth."

If Richard Boyle's first interview with Cecil did occur at the close of that year, the minister's mind was not in the dark as to the opinion, held by high as well as low in this country, respecting his new client, as is clear by the ensuing paragraph in a letter addressed to him, on the 2nd December, 1601, by the noble veteran, Ormond:—

"This Crosbie and Boyle have been the only means to overthrow many of Her Majesty's good subjects, in finding their lands by concealments" escheated to her. "which manner of dealing brought much discontentment and sedition among the subjects, and thereupon wrought much first of these stirs."

Crosbie was a natural adept in hunting out lands to which a crown claim might be got up, having been born of a bardic caste, whose business it was to preserve knowledge of native rights of property; yet he did not always run well in couple with our English law-clerk, who seems to have been too fast for him.

Boyle's introduction to Cecil, "the little beagle," as King James used aptly to call him, seems to have really occurred in October, 1602, when as clerk of the provincial council, he was sent to court with an introduction, as "a man of good judgment," from his fast friend, Sir George Carew.

Possessing copies of letters that passed on this occasion (from the originals in Lambeth Palace), we duly extract the passages bearing on Boyle's character, and the allegations against him. Sir John Stanhope writes on the 2nd Nov., 1602, from the court to his "honest cosyn," Carew, Lord President of Munster:—"for Boyle, there hath been great workings against him, and many means made me to putt me into it, by telling me you were weary of him, and would give way to any such course; butt I was loth to intermeddle, in that kind, with any under your protection; and, now he is come, am satisfied not only to deal myself, but to stop any other course against him I shall hear of. I pray you love Charles Cowl for my sake, &c." This opening of a friendly reciprocity seems to have proved serviceable, for, in the month following, Cecil writes to the Lord President:—"Although I have never heard more general inputation thrown upon any man than there hath been upon this bearer (Boyle), yet when it came to the point, I saw no man that could or would object any particular." The Secretary, "artful Cecil," also declares that he had found the bearer "sufficient in all things wherein he hath dealt;" and it must be allowed that there was congeniality between them. Stanhope also writes, from Whitehall, thus, 19th Dec., 1602:—

"I received your kind letter by your officer, Mr. Boyle, who hath been diversely assaulted here by such as would have shadowed their private malice with pretext of the Queen's service, who, (the Queen) indeed, was hardly incensed against him; but *their clamours ceasing to pursue him, by some good course taken by himself and his friends*, Her Majesty, I think, might easily both forget and let fall any hard counsel she had of him. Myself was as much pressed as anybody to incense the Queen against him, the rather because the examination of his causes had been formerly referred to me. But the slight proof I then saw produced against him, and your assertion of the trial you had made of him, made me unwilling to be made an instrument to punish one, who, perhaps, otherwise in sundry services hath deserved well."

In all likelihood, it was Boyle's success in this winter campaign at

court that clung in his remembrance, so that our expert fabricator can merely be charged with antedating to 1599 what partially occurred in 1602. Yet, this latter year should have been memorable to him, as the epoch of the great purchases that made him the largest land-owner in Ireland, by the acquisition of most of Becher's grant of 14,000 acres; and of Raleigh's, either of 12,000 or 42,000; for we cannot be sure whether he obtained Sir Walter's original grant, or his reduced one, except that, according to the royal order of 1628, above quoted, the latter vast territory came "unduly," as stated, into his grasp. In his memoir, he ascribes the purchase of Raleigh's lands to the mediation of Cecil. The doom of their owner was already determined in the minister's mind, and, the sale being effected on the 7th December, 1602, Sir Walter conveying his title to all his Irish lands for £15,000, the well-informed purchaser paid down one-third of this sum; but, after the attainder, obtained from Cecil a remission of the residue, which had become escheated to the Crown! £500, therefore, was the sole amount he gave for an estate, part of which was sold in 1738, by his descendant, for £200,000!† This master-stroke in escheating seems to have been known to Raleigh's widow, who complains‡ of the manner in which the fine property granted to her husband for his brilliant services, had been, as she says, "juggled away" an expression as apt as forcible.

Lord Cork says that this purchase was the third addition to his estate. Its circumstances are so involved with the fate of Raleigh, that we defer full notice of them until we may be able to examine the actions, as relating to Ireland, of this illustrious man.

Some interesting details as to the havoc made in ancient forests in Munster by Boyle are to be found in a recent number of *The Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, and though we do not term this cutting down of woods "destructive," since it brought Boyle money, yet this, his method of raising the wind, was so improvident as to deserve the reproach of wasteful. His practice in this particular was, indeed,

* State Paper Office.

† Ald. Barber to Swift.

‡ State Paper Office.

one of his most successful modes of acquiring property, for, in imitation of a notorious English usurer of the day, a "Sir Giles Overreach," he inveigled men into parting with their estates, and then sold the timber on the land so profitably as to make the "feathers pay for the goose." In the case of Lord Condon, owner of the barony of this name in Corkshire, an impending attainder enabled Boyle to purchase woods worth thousands for a mere song; just as in Raleigh's instance, as has been seen, a similar approach of the escheating process hurried the sale of Sir Walter's property, and lowered its price. Our hero, though no "foe," as the poet sings, "to the dryads of his father's groves," effectually chased any such denizens out of other men's fathers' sylvan scenes, by driving his axe through the wide woods of Lismore, Castle-Hyde, Kilbarrow, Glenarriff, &c. The downfall of such a quantity of old oaks, fit for building ships that would "carry Britain's thunder o'er the deep," aroused the attention of the Viceroy, who accordingly drew up a despatch, setting in a public point of view the ill effects of these purchases; and after mentioning that a pretended right was advanced to certain woods in Dowallo, the country of O'Donoghue, by Sir Richard Boyle, (who was in such favour that the Viceroy merely ventured to hint he was a grasper of lands), and stating that fifty-six tons of Irish timber were about to be sent up the Thames as a specimen, though merchants would not then give 13s. 4d. a ton for it, concludes with this significant passage:—

"There are forests in this kingdom of many thousand acres, some principal ones of which ought to be reserved for the use of the Crown, and not wasted as they now are by private men, who purchase them for trifles, or assume them upon tricks and devices from the simple Irish, who, perhaps, have no good title to sell them, or, at least, know not what they sell. But, fluding that private subjects, as mean or meaner than themselves, do for the most part make extraordinary profit of their folly, they oftentimes fall into discontent and from discontent into rebellion, when the king must be at the charge of its suppression."

So general was the disaffection caused by the almost universal opera-

tion of official intrigues for absorption of Irish soil into English hands, that, in 1610, the home government was strenuously advised that "the racking for concealments should be stopped." The inhabitants of Councaught were persuaded that it was intended to root them out by such means. Sir Richard Boyle, it is stated, had obtained a patent for a considerable estate, confiscated by the attainder of O'Connor Roe, but lost it by the clerk having forgotten to enter judgment, which enabled another courtier to get the attainder cancelled, and then secure the land for himself. We may believe this case, in which our skilled setter of patent toils was outreached, was singular; and it reminds us of Sallust's remark—that one effect of ambition is sometimes to make a man like a juggler, that hides truth in his bosom, and shows nothing in his mouth. Courtier-craft was as rife as king-craft during the disgraceful reign of the first Stuart, a minion ridden coward, led by

"Court vermin, that buzz round
And fly-blow in the king's ear, and make him
waste,
In the most petilion-time, his people's wealth
And blood.
And for themselves and their dependants seize
All places and all profits; and they wrest
To their own ends the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them."—*SOT TRIV.*

Certainly, that courtier took the prey "a country of considerable length and breadth out of our wolf's mouth; yet we may be sure the void was instantly filled by this hypocrite in sheep's clothing with some of his usual cant. Notwithstanding that slip, caused for want of a few strokes of a pen, the loss was quite a trivial one. The extent of the lands he passed patents for about this period may be seen by the printed calendar of patent rolls; and we derive a notion of one of them from a remark in a letter, dated 1610, from Captain Riche, (author of a quaint "description" of this country) to Lord Salisbury, saying:—

"The Earl of Thomond and Sir R. Boyle are at this present passing so many parcels of land, as the particulars require a roll of parchment sixteen yards long. They are thought to be for the most part Boyle's."

His favour with officials may also be judged by the fact that he obtained a reduction of quit-rent on one

article alone in this grant, a mill, from ninety shillings a-year to eighteen-pence. Trifling as this detail is, there can be no better proof that—though he boasted, in 1599, how, as deputy-escheator, he had, by new imposts, largely increased the revenue, and although he had (to turn again to his phraseology) laden himself with thick clay—he was unwilling to take much of the other species of heavy burden upon himself.

A paragraph from a letter of his, dated 1611, to Carew, gives an insight into his mode of obtaining possession of any Naboth's vineyard:—"Touching Barrett's country," he says, "Sir D. Sarsfield hath taken great pains to make a full search and discoverie of all the tittle his Majesty hath thereunto;" and, promising "upon his reputation" that his friend will advance Carew's "designs," encloses a letter from this agent, "who," he says, "is hopeful, by misprision, or other flaws, in descent or conveyance," the owner's rights may be defeated.*

Now, out upon this male Jezebel! And commend us to the rack, or the agonising embrace of "Sir William Skeffington's Daughter" (still in the Tower) rather than the slow torture of such tyranny in the name of law! In the name of law, forsooth! What answer would wild Irish chieftains have given to any man who, like their admirable viceroy, Sydney, endeavoured to persuade them to abandon their own customs and laws for feudalism and other English institutions? "Why, man," as Sir Murrough O'Flaherty did say, on being asked about his title-deeds, "I got my land by the sword, and by the sword will I keep it!" Happily, we are not living in those times, so that we can view them with little stronger feeling than regret that such evil experience as to English law was the first the Irish nation felt.

The modes by which Boyle acquired his extensive estates were so notorious as to be covertly referred to in the Petition of Grievances presented by Parliament in 1613. "Inheritances of great antiquity," it was declared, "are called in question upon idle, sleeping records, at the prosecution of some private men for

their own gain, passing letters patent thereupon;" and "escheated lands, of great value, are surveyed at very low rates, for the benefit of the surveyors and great men, whereby your Highness's revenues are impaired, and divers, who had not one foot of land in the kingdom, within these ten years are now compared to three or four of the ancient nobility for revenues." In answer to the first count it was replied that the complaint might more justly have been preferred before the King's accession, for that since such abuses have been reformed, and there are many laws to punish escheators. Sir Richard Boyle, however, had now given up escheating, for the potent and profitable public office he held in the government of Munster. Not so had he given up his private practice of obtaining property by outwitting others, as we may have further occasion to show.

At that corrupt period, when the sale of baronetcies and peerages served to supply the extravagance of James the First's courtiers, it was easy for a man, whose conduct also proves the truth Tacitus advances, *crurum ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplicandum erit*, to obtain the first step in nobilitation; and Boyle was in 1616, created a baron. His second rise seems owing to the following overture, made to him by Carew, in a letter dated 18th March, 1619,† "I am desired by a friend of mine to let you know that if you have a disposition to be a viscount he will procure it for you."

When he was elevated in the peerage, he leaped, however, at once to an earldom. It was on this occasion, doubtless, that he assumed his clap-net family motto, "God's Providence is our Inheritance," quite forgetful of texts proving that devotees of mammon are aided by the spirit of Evil, not of Good. He had now amassed an enormous fortune, but had also earned a detested name. So much was he generally execrated by the race upon whose ruin he had erected his prosperity, that Carve, an expatriated patriot, writing of the Earl of Cork, as a supporter of the Puritan and Parliamentary faction, emphatically insists that James the

* Carew MS.

+ Bibl. Egerton.

First had raised the detestable "Black Dick Boyle" to honours "out of mere hatred to the Irish nation." The same writer also alludes to the ignobility of the Earl's extraction, as already noticed; but we deem this matter of birth of little value, since it is one of Great Britain's best boasts that conduct and genius lead to the highest dignities in rank and fame, though the new-made peer may have been son of a pitman, and the honoured poet a ploughboy. It is our hero's dealings we are now considering, and they seem so ignominious that it would be ennobling him to compare them with somewhat similar doings in India, such as the forgery committed by Clive, and the rapacities of Warren Hastings. Yet the histories of the condition and conquests of Hindostan and of our country offer many curious points of similarity, besides in the modes of clutching estates, as used by a vulture like Boyle, whose swoops into distant provinces remind us of the symbol and motto of a certain Galloway clan, renowned for the far-reaching character of their excursions, viz., an eagle seizing a hare, with this legend—*licht and lang claws!*

In justice to Lord Cork's memory we must refer to the biographic accounts of him, which show that if he was at first a devotee of mammon, there is reason to believe that he was frequently, and especially latterly, guided by the divine recommendation to so use his wealth that his conduct in this regard should redound to his everlasting benefit. Some bequests in his will, and other passages in that document, prove that his mind had been awakened to his duty as regards his church property. His unquestionable merit in effecting wonderful improvements on his estates is a topic we may return to, merely noticing for the present that he seems to have not always been in the same vein in this particular.

Sir Thomas Wilson, in a letter dated 4th February, 1617, gives an account of a project of establishing a cloth manufactory near Bandonbridge, in the neighbourhood of which there were 2,000 English families who understood the trade, and multitudes of

Irish willing to work. Sir Richard Boyle at first entertained the proposal, promised to give every facility, and to advance £1,000 of the capital (£3,000) required; but on a further application, "one of the partners," says Sir Thomas, "found him changed in mind as in dignity, for he had become Lord Boyle, and refused, not only to place his money in the affair, but to enter into security for any money lent, though he had engaged to do both. Thus was a project, from which incalculable advantages must have resulted, unaccountably quashed."

We must leave in the hands of contributors to Archaeological Journals any continuance of inquiry into details developing the several personal enmities of this adventurer, whose conduct bore upon the fates of many men he was mixed up with. The truest paragraph in his "True Remembrances" is probably the one in which, in narrating his quarrel with Sir Henry Wallop, he exposes his vindictive nature. So very displeasing, but necessary a portion of his character and story, may be taken up from the days when the life of his accomplice, Rawson, was threatened; when his confederate, Capstock, died suddenly; and his brother-in-law drowned himself; through minor causes of animosity, to the condemnation of the Earl of Castlehaven to the awful notoriety of his state trial; the bringing Bishop Atherton, on similar horrible accusations, to the gallows; and lastly, the driving Stratford to the block. Lord Cork's deadly hatred to this last and great man admits of no doubt. We propose at a future opportunity to examine it by a new light, turning in the meanwhile, to notice that the protracted incarceration of the celebrated Florence McCarthy seems, in a degree, to have proceeded from his endeavours to recover part of his estate from Lord Cork; and that in a dispute his lordship had with Sir William Power, concerning the boundary of lands, the haughty and vengeful style in which the ennobled adversary wrote, ill accords with the pious profanity of his language when this style suited his purpose. The knight, a brave martialist, had bearded him in

open court, by protesting that:—"Whoever the Earl of Cork favours must rise; but whoever he frowns upon will be quashed;" and had further declared that hundreds would complain against him if they durst. Such plain speaking received punishment in the Castle Star-Chamber; but the viceroy vainly interceded with the aggrieved peer not to pursue his victory over the libeller, and the quarrel rankled for many years. There had also been a controversy about land with the wretched Castlehaven, part of whose estate fell, after his execution, into our controversialist's hands. The miserable story of Atherton, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, is succinctly told in the Rev. J. Ryland's history of that county. This prelate, an accomplished scholar and man of energy, had dared try to unfasten Lord Cork's fraudulent and iron grasp upon church property, by doing his duty in commencing proceedings for recovery of Ardmore and other lands, formerly belonging to the see, but then in the Earl's hands. Their possessor, by surrendering Ardmore, hoped to compound for the residue; but the bishop continued the suit, and being qualified by his talents to carry it on, "fell," as says Ryland, "there is too much reason to think a

sacrifice to that litigation." Among a certain and powerful party, the anti-monarchal, independent and low church, to which the Earl leant, it was the practice of the times to endeavour to make episcopacy odious. Atherton suffered for a pretended crime of a secret nature, not difficult to lay to any man's charge, and made felony by the parliament of the day. He was condemned on the evidence of a single witness, who averred that some time before he had participated in those horrors. During all the time of a most exemplary preparation for death, and at the instant of execution, the accused persisted absolutely in his innocence; but though the fellow that had sworn against him had already confessed at the gallows that he had perjured himself, even this disproof did not avail, and the victim was executed. To trace out how much of fraud and how much of force "the Great Earl of Cork" had recourse to in revenging himself upon all these men, and others that had entered into legal controversies with him, would require fuller investigation than would either suit or gratify us; yet we may some day turn to a consideration of the last years of the author of the "True Remembrances."

KAYE AND MARSHMAN ON INDIA.

OLD Indians are beginning to weary of the two years' preaching they have sat under from the press, the platform, and the pulpit, and a reaction is already setting in, in favour of the men who, without any high theories of the mission of Britain, made the yea, yea—and the nay, nay—of the Englishman as respected as his sword was dreaded. Plain men are beginning to say, "It is easy to preach. We have heard of a Portuguese proverb, about a certain place paved with good intentions and roofed with broken resolutions; and the roof and

the pavement are likely to come together, if you go on passing good resolutions for the government of India and never putting them in practice."

Now, all this is very true. To go over the theory of virtue in the head is a poor substitute for good actions; in fact, to recommend to others or to ourselves more than we expect can be done, carries the stamp of insincerity with it. Hypocrisy is hateful enough to need no condemnation on our part; but there are good men, who do not yet see that for a Government to recommend what it can-

Christianity in India, an Historical Narrative, by John William Kaye. London, Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, embracing the History of the Serampore Mission, by John Clark Marshman. In two vols. London, Longmans. 1859.

not also enforce, is to attempt something like a national homage of vice to virtue. Ahasuerus, absolute king as he was, ordained to very little purpose, through his hundred and twenty-seven provinces, that "every man should bear rule in his own house;" and Charles V., the imperial clock-maker and conscience-keeper of Spain and Germany, found that clocks and consciences would keep time their own way, and go for themselves. Now, the recommendations of many good men for the future government of India are of this impractical kind. The Honourable Baptist Noel recommends that none but *good men* be appointed to any office in India. If we could give morality so many marks with mathematics in competitive examinations, then such a recommendation would deserve attention. As it now is, it had better be left with Ahasuerus' injunction, that all wives should obey their husbands, as a piece of good advice always desirable, but not always attainable. The preamble in old statutes usually set forth the why and the wherefore of the law to be enacted. It first preached the duty of obedience, and then proceeded to enforce it in this particular instance. In modern usage what the law cannot enforce we leave as an imperfect obligation to the conscience of every man. Laws which recommend too much are apt, in practice, to enforce too little.

These objections lie against many treatises on our future policy in India. They recommend so many good things which cannot be enforced, that, in the end, those which can escape notice. By demanding too much they give occasion to the reactionary party to say that all Indian reforms are impractical, and that the only religious neutrality is "to protect the natives in the undisturbed enjoyment of their religious opinions, and neither to interfere with them themselves, nor suffer them to be molested by others."

No such objections lie against the two works on Christianity in India which have lately appeared. Instead of vague charges from the past, both Mr. Kaye and Mr. Marshman confine themselves to certain definite matters of fact, with as few comments as possible of their own; and instead of recommendations for the future which are quite impossible under a mixed

constitution like ours, they merely demand of the Government to retire from the position of a pretended to that of a real neutrality in religious matters. We are very much mistaken if either Mr. Kaye or Mr. Marshman desires any more for missions than a fair field and no favour in India.

We group these writers together, not only because we discern a substantial agreement between their views on the connexion of government and missions in India, but also because they have given us for the first time a connected and readable history of Christianity in India.

Not to speak of Baldacus and Fabricius, those dusty Dutchmen, whose tomes we have never had the courage to unearth, there is a book, in four stout octavo volumes, numbering some three thousand pages, by the Rev. J. Hough, late a chaplain in India. It is a well-meant and laborious history of Christianity in India; and we wish the sale well, as the profits are devoted to the cause of the Disabled Missionaries' Fund, but beyond this we cannot in candour go. It is a weary book, that rises higher and higher away on our book-shelves, and sinks lower and lower in our estimation as years roll by; and that will soon mingle its learned dust with Baldacus and Fabricius—*requiescat in pace*.

Mr. Kaye's book is the very counterpart of all this. It is as sprightly as the other is heavy. He is the M. About of Protestant India. Like the sparkling Frenchman he beguiles secular readers to take up sacred matters, and throws an air of vivacity over details as dry as a Blue Book, or a Missionary Report. Like M. About also, in this, his vivacity becomes a snare: he cannot resist saying a good thing, or to point an epigram well at the expense of some unoffending man. M. About has not caricatured Cardinal Antonelli so unmercifully as Mr. Kaye has Bishop Middleton. Mr. Marshman speaks of him with candour and respect. The Serampore missionaries, who were no admirers of prelacy, waited on him a few days after his arrival, and found him very open and candid. He seems to have entered at once into their projects, and given them all the patronage and support in his power; and Mr. Marshman adds that "during

the period of his incumbency no Non-conformist was vexatiously reminded that the Bishop belonged to an Established Church."

With this impression of Bishop Middleton upon our minds, produced not by a too partial biographer like his chaplain, Mr. Le Bas, but by the Baptist Missionaries, we were not a little surprised to find him shown up much in the style that *Punch* or Sydney Smith used to show up the late Bishop of London. He was a formalist, or prelate of the Prettyman school. He seemed to care more for the orientation than the erection of churches, and their erection than to fill them with converts. "The Bishop," we are told "was a martyr to prickly heat. He complained piteously of it in his letters. 'It has ignited,' he says, 'my whole frame; and what, with the sensations of pricking and burning, and itching, and soreness, and lassitude, and irritability, I am little qualified for any thing that requires attention.' But there was something that irritated him even more than the prickly heat, and that was Dr. Bryce, a Scotch chaplain, conveyed on board the same ship as the Bishop to Calcutta." Now, in all this there is a straining at effect. Mr. Kaye has made up his mind not to like Bishop Middleton, which he is quite at liberty not to do; but there is no need, therefore, to call him a cold and stately formalist—a sultanized Bishop—a Puseyite before the days of Pusey. Mr. Marshman, with far greater generosity and no less candour, gives a different account of the first Bishop of Calcutta; and we are inclined to think that in this instance Mr. Kaye has resorted to the same literary artifice which has made M. About's book such a success. It is summed up in the advice of Young Absolute in the "Rivals," when recommending the lie circumstantial over the lie direct—"Whenever I draw on my imagination for a good, current lie, I always forge a few endorsements to the bill."

Mr. Marshman's "Lives of the Serampore Worthies," Carey, Marshman, and Ward, does not make so many telling points as Mr. Kaye's "Christianity in India." It has less French vivacity and more English strength. You do not as readily refer to it for a good story or an off-hand

account of the fathers and founders of Indian missions; but, on the other hand, you are not deceived by any false brilliancy. You are always interested, though not so often amused; and you lay down the two volumes with the satisfaction of having mastered all the details of the great epoch during which the foundation of the Church of India was laid broad and deep by the wise master-builders of Serampore. For picturesque effect we would not compare Mr. Marshman with Mr. Kaye. The one will be read with delight, and read to the end, even by those who only skim through circulating libraries. It is a collection of essays much in the style of Sir James Stephen, between whom and Mr. Kaye we have detected coincidences which we can hardly call undesigned. But the other is a book that, with fewer striking passages, carries on, in an even style, the narrative from first to last. Mr. Marshman's neither fatigues us with prolixity nor offends by bad taste: it is a piece of biography with fewer faults than we have often met with. Mr. Carey's private pocket-book is not ransacked for his diary and reflections. The writer does not beckon the reader to peep round at the dark side of the soul, where,

"Dark with excessive light,"

it holds secret communion with God. When the life has been entirely, or nearly so, a hidden life, it is as well, perhaps, untold. Few biographers have the delicacy of touch for this; it is one of those things that are better left unattempted. Sydney Smith would have been spared the disgrace of a brutal caricature of Brother Carey if Brother Carey's friends had been as judicious as his last biographer. We are told all of Carey, Marshman, and Ward's public life and labours that are worth knowing, and only so much of their private as throws light on their public; but there is no "Boy Jones" allowed in Serampore to hide under the bed-curtain, and overhear Carey's prayers, or register the groans of a contrite spirit:—

"We are spirits clad in veils,
More by man was never seen;
All our deep communion fails
To remove the hidden screen."

It is to the threshold only of the hidden life that Mr. Marshman conducts us, and then reverently stops. If the

reader is obtuse, and cannot understand that the untiring, life-long energy of these Christian heroes could have been produced only by a hidden, spiritual force, no diaries or insight of the biographer can describe what this inner life is—it must be felt in ourselves to be understood in others. There is something nauseous in those attempted colloquies between God and the soul with which a weak biographer tries to turn a shadowy into a real life. We can well believe, without any assurance of others, that Marshman, Carey, and Ward were men of prayer and faith—we had no access to the weather-glass of their spiritual frames and feelings, or to read the private register of their soul's pulsations. Is not the spiritual life the "*animula vagula blandula*" fluttering in its cage of flesh and bone?—the time has not yet come to reach the inner life. Hereafter, perhaps, in the pure sunshine of the throne of God, where there shall be no shame, for there shall be no sin, we may look into each other as we do not often look into ourselves. But, for the present, such intuitions are not possible. We turn with satisfaction from the close box of the confessional to the open daylight of the outer life.

The history of the Serampore Mission is little more than the life and labours of three remarkable men—Carey, Marshman, and Ward. It is history shut in within the river-banks of biography. The Serampore Mission never lost its individuality. It was the last great attempt to carry on a mission in India on any other than the joint-stock and limited liability principle. Carlyle laments that the age of heroes is over—it is the age of committees, and talking, tobaccoless parliaments, and divided responsibility. It is the same in religious matters. The modern missionary is now little more than the agent in foreign parts of a Christian body at home, who send him out and support him there. The system has its advantages. It promotes unity of action and discipline abroad, and flatters Christians at home with the feeling that "as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that carrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

But it also has its disadvantages. It tends to exalt the commissariat into

the commander-in-chief. With common-place missionaries this is not so great an objection, but with men of strong character and determination constant reference to a committee at home cramps their influence and lessens their energy. It is a civilized kind of warfare in which both the supplies and the plans of the campaign are regularly transmitted from home. But it is doubtful whether in real war we shall not have to revert to the Napoleon maxim, that war must support war. Certainly the Serampore missionaries acted on this principle. For thirty years or upwards they supported themselves by keeping schools, or by their salaries from Government as professors or interpreters, while they religiously devoted these emoluments to the support of the mission. Few men could declare, as Carey and Marshman, on their dying beds, that in money alone they had each contributed upwards of £30,000 to the cause of missions. These men, in the receipt of large salaries, lived in the most frugal way; dined at a common table; denied themselves the use of a wheel vehicle or palanquin, made no provision for their children, or pension for themselves or their wives when disabled or old, and died at their post at an advanced age. Three low born and low-bred mechanics' apostates, as they were called, of the weaver's shuttle and the cobbler's stall, translated and printed the Bible into Sanscrit, Bengalee, the Orissa, Mahratta, Hindostanee, and Guzerattee, Persian, Telugu, Canarese, Chinese, and even the Sikh and Arracan dialects; and yet, while thousands of pounds passed through their hands, either their own fair earnings or money intrusted to them by others, they maintained to the last an honourable poverty. Mr. Marshman kept a boarding-school at Serampore which yielded him an income of £1,000 a-year; yet he took no larger sum for the personal expenses of his family than £34 a-year. The same spirit of disinterestedness animated both his colleagues. The allowance of Mr. and Mrs. Ward from the proceeds of the press was only £20 a-year; and Mr. Carey, out of his collegiate income of £600 a-year, had no larger sum than £40 annually for himself, his wife, and family, with a small addition of £20 to enable him to appear

in what they termed "decent apparel" at the college and at Government House.

But how was this generosity requited! For years the Serampore mission was looked upon with undisguised aversion by the Calcutta authorities. They were required again and again to desist from their attempts to preach to the natives. In 1806 Sir George Barlow sent a message to Serampore, to the effect that as the Governor-General did not interfere with the prejudices of the natives, Mr. Carey and his associates should also desist. So little was the principle of true toleration understood, that Sir George Barlow could see no middle course between the State undertaking missions on its own account or prohibiting them altogether. The Serampore mission owed its preservation to the protection of the Danish flag. Till the year 1810, missionary work was looked upon as contraband in the Company's territories, and a missionary was treated as an interloper, and liable to instant deportation from India; and in 1810 a partial relaxation was made in favour of Mr. Chamberlain, who was given a licence or passport to reside at Agra, on payment of two gold mohurs, then equal to about £4. Chinese exclusiveness was followed by Chinese indulgence. That which Lord Elgin wrung out of the Chinese by the treaty signed last year, was wrung out of a Christian government who seemed to hold India on the tenure of tolerating every religion but their own. We find Mr. Ward recording the circumstance with this pungent remark, "Now we are likely to get stations fixed with the public permission of government, and we shall be tolerated like toads, and not hunted down like wild beasts."

At last the Serampore missionaries had settled all their dispute with the Government. They got, in 1813, all that they had ever asked for—bare toleration; but their troubles were not over. When the battle with the Company's exclusiveness had been fought and won, they had to wage another battle with the Baptist Society at home. It is a long story, and the history of an ecclesiastical dispute between the Baptist Committee in London and the Serampore missionaries is like Menenius' fable of the belly

and the limbs. The idle belly and the active limbs fell out, and legs and arms would not obey the belly that stayed at home and only laid in supplies. The Committee in Fen Court claimed the government of Serampore, because the supplies came from home; and the missionaries refused to act under them, because they were not sent out by them in the first instance, or wholly supported since by their contributions. It was a difficult point to adjust, and perhaps both parties claimed too much; but at last it ended in a complete separation between the Society and Serampore in 1827, which for the remaining ten years of Dr. Marshman's life maintained an independent existence, and expired at last with him. His biographer tells us that by a singular, perhaps it may be considered a providential, course of events, the intelligence of the dissolution of the Serampore mission, with the transfer of the whole missionary establishment to the Baptist Society, which would have inflicted the most poignant distress, did not reach India till he was beyond the reach of pain. It was the day after his burial that the two deputations met in London, and the Serampore mission passed over to the Society. It was emphatically buried in his grave.

The history of the Serampore mission is nothing else than the biography of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. They were the triumvirs who held together this little Christian republic. San Marino has been called the Ghetto of Democracy—a republic shut in among surrounding despotisms. Such a Ghetto of independency was Serampore. Surrounded and shut in by the Company's territories—its independence menaced first by the Calcutta authorities, and afterwards by the Baptist Society at home, who desired to reduce it to a dependent auxiliary of the parent society. The Serampore triumvirs steadily stood out for their independence, and so long as one of these three founders of Serampore survived, that independence was safe from assaults whether from Church or State. In 1823, Mr. Ward died, and still Carey and Marshman held on. No offers could induce them to barter independence for pecuniary ease. The junior missionaries who joined them at Serampore, or were

employed at out stations, arrived rather as their subordinates than as independent missionaries of the same society. Their pecuniary difficulties increased—the income from home fell off, while the stations around Serampore rose in number. When the society broke off from them in 1827, the Serampore mission comprised fifteen principal and subordinate stations. In 1837 they amounted to thirty-three. The brethren united with them at the former period were twenty-eight in number, European and native: they were now forty-nine, of whom twenty-four were Europeans or East Indians, and the remainder natives. The expenditure in 1827 was estimated at £1,400 a-year: it was now more than doubled, while the collections of the last year had fallen short of the exigencies of the mission by more than £1,200. To add to their difficulties, their pecuniary obligations exceeded £2,000. Yet, while life lasted, these determined men held to their independence. The last manifesto that was printed in Serampore breathed this indomitable spirit of self-reliance. To the last Dr. Carey's motto, "Expect great things, attempt great things," was the proud distinction of this mission. Their reply to those who misrepresented their motives was this—

"It would be idle to deny that we are in difficulties. When, indeed, have we been exempt from them? The history of this mission for thirty-seven years has been a history of difficulties. Every stage of its progress has been marked by adversity and deliverance. From the time when Dr. Marshman and Mr. Ward landed in India they were ordered to quit it, and onward through the period when the open hostility of Government threatened the existence of the mission, our course was strewn with thorns. When the opposition of the Government ceased, with the charter of 1813, new difficulties arose, and we were called to sustain a far more harassing struggle with our Christian brethren, which struggle unhappily continues. We have been too much habituated to emergencies to regard the present occasion in any other light than as calling for renewed exertions. We have the answer of a good conscience, that with all simplicity we have, while labouring for our own support, endeavoured to spread moral and religious truth through India."

Thus, in the year 1837, within a

day or two of Dr. Marshman, expired the Serampore mission. It had existed for thirty-seven years, and during that time is little more than the record of the energy of three remarkable men. While they lived, it lived; and with their death it expired. If the individuality of the individual be accorded to one of Carlyle's disciples, that which both commands and deserves success, then the Serampore mission was a splendid instance of the true conduct of missions, to which we have nothing to compare in modern experience. But the secret of their success lay, we believe, not so much in their mode of management as in the men themselves. Carey, Marshman, and Ward were uncommon men. When three such men can be found to act together for a quarter of a century nothing can stand before them. If we were always sure of our man, a dictatorship is, undoubtedly, the best form of government; and, no doubt, Carlyle is right, if we can get a hero, let us make him what destiny has marked him out—a king of men and the gods' interpreter. The Serampore missionaries were dictators of this kind. Neither the Company nor the Committee could bend them to their purposes. They must do good in their own way. They are not safe models to propose for the imitation of the average missionary of our days. They remind us of the old heroic times of the age of Patrick or Boniface, when there were no corresponding committees abroad, and no reports to write home. We are not of those who pretend to a superior wisdom for the age we live in, or despise the joint-stock principle even in religious labours; but we cannot forget that there were heroes before drill-serjeants and pipe-clay came into use. The discipline of a committee is a good thing, but individual energy is even better. Carey, Marshman, and Ward went to India before the age of committees had begun; they lived on to see the new plan of missions supplant the old; but they would not give up their independence to the last. They died at their post, and Serampore died with them—the hereafter of Christianity to India is, humanly speaking, now in the hands of a few committees, who consult in rooms east of Temple-bar, and who convene the public once a year in Exeter

Hall, to hear and approve their proceedings.

The story of Christianity in India is not to be condensed into the brief compass of a magazine article; but a run-and-read summary of Mr. Kaye's book may, perhaps, whet our reader's interest for the book itself. We pass over the age of fable—the legend of St. Thomas preaching at Madras, and the absurd tradition that elephantiasis was a disease miraculously sent as a judgment on “the generation of the assassins and murderers of the blessed Apostle St. Thomas.” The account of Pantenus of Alexandria preaching in India is a little less apocryphal, and as time rolled on missionaries began to appear in India, one or two in a century, such as Frumentius and Cosmas the navigator, and later again some of the dispersed Nestorians. There is greater probability about the settlement of an Armenian merchant, by name Thomas Cuna, in Malabar, during the ninth century. This Mar Thomas is probably the original of the tradition of St. Thomas the Apostle preaching in India, though between the Apostle and the Armenian merchant there is only an interval of eight centuries. In this way a settlement of Syrian Christians had grown up in South India which had undoubtedly existed and flourished for some centuries before it was discovered by the Portuguese. The history of the Portuguese mission to India is little more than the history of aggression against an independent native Church, and the attempt to convert the heathen through the assimilation of the Syrian with the Roman Church. The Syrian Church was to be the tame elephant to the heathenism around it. But unfortunately for the success of Rome the tame elephant broke loose and would not bear his trappings. The Malabar Christians yielded a sullen submission to the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa. The native prelates were imprisoned in the Inquisition—their priests were separated from their wives. The patriarch of Babylon to whom they professed spiritual allegiance was anathematized, and, worse than all, the old Syrian records, which contained proofs of the early purity of their faith, were destroyed. “Sixty years of servitude and hypocrisy,” writes

Gibbon, “were patiently endured; but as soon as the Portuguese empire was shaken by the courage and industry of the Dutch the Nestorians asserted with vigour and effect the religion of their fathers. The Jesuits were incapable of defending the power they had abused. The arms of forty thousand Christians were pointed against their falling tyrants; and the Indian Archdeacon assumed the character of Bishop till a fresh supply of episcopal gifts and Syrian missionaries could be obtained from the patriarch of Babylon.” The attempt to supersede the Syrian by the Roman ritual and discipline failed: to this day the Syrian Christians in Travancore cling to their ancient rites and liberties—they have neither been Romanized by Romish, nor Reformed by Protestant missionaries. Their system has but little life in it beyond the power of resisting attacks from without. It is a curious relic of a bygone age; a chapter in Church history little read and less understood. Whether Christianity will supplant heathenism in the East, as it has long since done in the West, is the problem of the modern missionary which is not yet worked out. But it is certain that the reform of these native churches is not the channel through which the mass of heathenism will be reached. The living tree may extend itself by throwing out new shoots, but it will not give sap to the dead branches that still cling to it. It was a mistake of the Portuguese friars to begin at the wrong end, to require ritual uniformity instead of real conversion—they descended to be the emissaries of the Bishop of Rome instead of the messengers of Christ, and therefore they neither secured the conformity of the Syrian Christians nor the conversion of the heathen. It has been a useful warning to us, not to put the last first, to put the Church before Christ, order before heart conversion, and the spread of the propagandist zeal of a sect before the disinterested love of souls which marks a true missionary.

The same year which saw the Syrian Churches of Malabar succumb to the aggression of Menezes, the Romish Archbishop of Goa, witnessed also the foundation of the East India Company. It was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which was soon to overspread all India with the shadow

of English ascendancy. Little was it foreseen in 1599, when Don Alexis de Menezes made a progress through South India with crozier and staff, and supported by an imposing military staff, dictating terms of submission to the Syrian Churches, and denouncing the Patriarch of Babylon as a pestilent schismatic—that the heretic islanders, whose Queen was excommunicated, and who had lately stood the shock of the terrible Armada, would completely supplant the Portuguese in India: that Goa would be as forgotten as Tyre; and that the *casa santa* then would become a ruin and a relic like the Mamertine in Rome, to warn against the folly of religious persecution. Portuguese power in India culminated the same year that the English founded a Company to trade to the Indies on a purely commercial bottom. And how changed has the destiny of the two in India become? The Portuguese in Goa who indulged in aspiring visions of an empire in South India, are now reduced to a purely commercial footing. Their princes have become merchants, while our merchants, whose envoy, Sir Robert Roe, said of forts, “if the Emperor were to offer me ten I would not take one,” have become princes almost in spite of themselves. So resolved were our merchants to keep to trade only, that they discouraged every thing which might open to them a wider horizon of duty and increased responsibilities towards the natives of India. They were merchants only and would not be princes—they excluded men of good birth out of the Company lest the taint of “quality” should affect its purely commercial origin. This is the true account of the rise of the traditional policy, and not any settled resolve not to give Christianity to the people of India. It was an anti-political not an anti-Christian spirit at first. Its opposition to missionaries grew out of its commercial jealousy. If it could have secured itself against all interlopers, Dutch and Portuguese, the missionaries might have roamed through India as harmless fanatics as Robert de Nobili and the “new Brahmins,” who disguised their white skins with sandal wood ashes and vermilion paint. That the East India Company had originally no aversion to the spread of Christianity among

the natives of India is plain from this, that in the earliest appointment of chaplains they were sent there to enlighten the poor Gentoo, as the Hindus were then called, from a corruption of the Portuguese word for gentiles. Mr. Kaye gives the history of the first feeble attempt at church building during the century and a-half that Company confined themselves to a purely commercial bottom. Surat, Bombay, and Madras ran a tortoise race in church building: in the year 1681, Madras, after seventy years’ deliberation, committed itself to the cause of Christianity by laying the foundation stone of the first edifice ever erected for Protestant worship in India. It is somewhat amusing, in this age of church extension, to read of the cautious advances made during the eighteenth century in India. A church in Calcutta creeps on from a great brick barn, empty and swept, to the garniture of a pulpit and pews. An organ slowly reaches it from England, and then it takes ten years to rest before it can rise to the vast expanse of a peal of bells. One Governor bestows the hassocks for his pew, and generously leaves them behind him; and another, regardless of expense, is a public benefactor of the communion plate. We cannot say whether these prodigal offerings of the Kings of the East to the Infant Church in India are recorded on large tablets, in gold letters, to this day, in Calcutta, in the church porch of St. John. It was the wont of the eighteenth century to proclaim these examples of public virtue for the good of posterity, and to provoke us to jealousy by their liberality. We hope we have profited by it; and if church extension has wonderfully extended, both at home and in India, let us not be unmindful of the eighteenth century that let its right hand know what its left hand was doing, in order to set us an example.

Among the consignments to India which the Company sent out soon after the accession of William III., Mr. Kaye mentions “two good orthodox ministers—two gunners—able men that understand their business; and a little good English beer, as they call stout, which will be very welcome, and a little wine from your honours, as you were pleased to favour us with formerly.” The little missionary work that the eighteenth century

ventured on was undertaken by Germans and Danes. Halle gave the men and England the patronage. The Christian Knowledge Society of that day acknowledged them, bestowed on them, twenty pounds at a time, to print a primer; and the President, good Archbishop Wake, wrote a long Latin letter, full of apostolical blessing and sympathy, but little else. Ziegenbalg and Plutsch, the pioneers of missions in South India, and Kiernander, the first missionary in North India, were all sent out from Halle, where Franks Orphan House had formed the nucleus of the little pietism at home and propagandism abroad, which enlightened the darkness of the eighteenth century in Germany. Kiernander arrived in Calcutta shortly after the tragedy of the "Black Hole," and the destruction of the only church in North India by Surajah Dowlah. For fourteen years the Church lay in ruins, and might have continued so till the end of the century if Kiernander had not bestirred himself, and, he it said to the shame of the English in Calcutta, rebuilt the church almost out of his own pocket. It cost nearly £7,000, of which £5,000 was contributed by himself. He died poor, and, what was worse, disgraced with a load of debt which he had imprudently contracted in his too great public spirit. Imprisonment for debt was no rare occurrence among missionaries a hundred years ago. There was no generous public then to anticipate their wants—no corresponding committee to take the burden of serving tables off their hands. Ziegenbalg spent four months in prison at Tranquebar, because supplies ran short at the mission station, and the ships with supplies of money from the king of Denmark made a slow voyage. Kiernander, in Calcutta, had married a rich widow, and thus had a bank at hand on which to draw for supplies for his schools and churches. But this bank failed at last under the Atlas load of a whole mission station. Kiernander was unlucky in trade, and the widow's jewels went in brick and mortar to pay for a church which Calcutta nabobs could not afford to finish.

Of the state of society in Calcutta, Mr. Kaye gives us no very flattering picture. Men drank hard and gamed

Concubinage with the women

of the country was the rule rather than the exception. Balls, masquerades, races, and theatrical entertainments enlivened the settlement, especially in cold weather, and the wild excitement of duelling varied the pleasures of the senses. Drunkenness and gallantry, as it was euphoni- cally called, were fashionable vices. The advance of the age was marked chiefly by the change from native arrack to British wines. In Lockyer's account of the trade in India, written at the commencement of the eighteenth century, there is this distinction between the governor's table and that of the factor's and writer's—that at the one you have a great deal of punch and little wine; at the other, what wine you please, and as little punch. It is a curious mark of civilization, this *crescendo* scale of wine as opposed to spirits. The punch-bowl in country houses is now consigned to the housekeeper's room where it holds nothing more heady than roses, fresh in summer and dried in winter. The same change for the better took place about the same time in India. Wine put out spirits, and tea is putting out wine, and so we are growing good little by little. We commend this mark of civilization to Mr. Buckle—fermented liquors and foolish opinions went together in the good old times; but we are outgrowing the two together. We dilute our drinks and our politics. From punch to wine was the progress of India last century, from out-and-out heathenism to the half-and-half respectability of the sultanized European. We are teetotalder quite now, and have left behind, we hope for ever, the disreputable days of arrack punch and rank heathenism.

With the administration of Lord Cornwallis in 1786, a considerable improvement in the tone of Indian society became apparent. By this time the influence of George III. had begun to tell upon English society. At last it had become fashionable (as far, at least, as our ugly Queen Charlotte could inspire such a fashion) for man and wife to live together. Hannah More had begun to discover that carousing on Sunday was quite contrary to the Christian religion, and had resolved to stay at home on that day at least. Though the spiritualities of religion were still looked on with sus-

picion, and the taint of Methodism not yet forgiven to the Evangelical party in the Church, the moralities were held in higher respect than when the little drummer, George II., was King. Bishop Butler's lament "about the reprisals taken upon Christianity for so long debarring men of their pleasure," did not apply to the reign of George III. The morality was ponderous as that of Rasselas, or playful as that of the Citizen of the World, but it was an improvement on Fielding and Smollett; and this improved morality sailed to India in the ship that took out Lord Cornwallis. Mr. Kaye, by a careful comparison of the Indian journals of a few years before and after 1788, concludes that Lord Cornwallis was the immediate cause of this change for the better. The English began to emerge from the slough of profligacy and corruption into which they had disgracefully sunk in the sight of the heathen; the age of morality was "the preparation day, for the Sabbath drew on."

There were greater agents at work than Lord Cornwallis to purify Christian society in India, and to prepare the way for missionary work to the heathen. Simeon, in bidding Henry Martyn farewell, when he sailed to India, said, "I shall probably not see you again on earth, but I shall take a bird's-eye view hereafter of your work." The bird's-eye view is the only view that never disappoints. It is from the height to which Simeon soared that he saw the millions of India sitting in darkness, and pity produced zeal, and zeal self-denial, and self-denial success, of which our generation reaps the fruits. Let the Baptists commemorate their Serampore mission; but let Churchmen not forget King's College, Cambridge, and the many missionaries who were sent out under the auspices of Charles Simeon. The day of societies had only begun to dawn when Simeon conceived that chaplains might be sent out to India, who should live on the Company's rupees, and combine with it the work of Evangelists to the heathen. Had not Paul, the tent-maker, thus been chargeable to no man; and had not Carey and Marshman gone out as interpreters and school-masters, working for their bread by day, and translating and preaching during hours snatched from rest and re-

creation? So Martyn, and Brown, and Buchanan, and Thomason, and Corrie, went out as chaplains and evangelists. If second intentions, about which schoolmen puzzled their heads, were ever possible, it was in the case of these five men—their second intentions were quite subversive of their first. Had the Company, whose servants they were, read their thoughts, they would no more have employed them than the town clerk of Ephesus would have taken Paul into pay as a collector of the temple dues. Their projects were quite subversive of that torpid state of neutrality of which Hinduism for Hindus is the best description. The men themselves, perhaps, were too discreet to be either "robbers of churches or blasphemers of the goddess" Kali, but their plans were equally subversive with those of Paul. They meant like him to turn the world upside down, because they believed it was the wrong side uppermost; and the only consistent men at the India House were those who would have kept Christianity out of India altogether; not those who would have let it loose on its *parole*, which it was sure to break.

There was absurdity in that decree of the priests at Jerusalem "to strictly charge the Apostles not to speak in the name of Jesus," which Peter honestly exposed. Now, it was the same absurdity over again to let such men as Martyn and Thomason loose in India, and think to tie their tongues. The thing could not be. In spite of the directors, proselytism went on—a proselytism all the worse because it was by paid officials of a state who pledged itself not to proselytize. It was well, at last, that the anomaly broke down under those that attempted it. In 1813, India was thrown open to the professed missionary, and there was no longer, therefore, need for the under-ground work of chaplains. There was a division of labour between the two which has been for the advantage of both. But as a curious record of a former state of things, Mr. Kaye's account of the five disciples of Simeon, who were chaplains and evangelists both at once, will be a work of lasting interest.

We have read Mr. Kaye's account of these men with real interest. He has stripped off all the paint and varnish of religious biography, and given

us the men as they were, heroes with their infirmities—honest men, with their prejudices—men of faith and the Spirit, who were still in the flesh, and who found the old Adam often too strong for the young Melancthon. The life of Henry Martyn is particularly interesting. We have been sickened with the "young ladyism" with which Martyn's character has been encrusted. His biographer, who evidently never heard of muscular Christianity, has idealized him to such an extent, that our impression of his character literally goes off in smoke. He is like the imprisoned Jinn of the story. When you open the cover of the book he grows more and more gigantic; but it is a smoke-giant. You cannot handle him or talk to him as to any other man—he is a pillar of frames and feelings made up in the shape of a man. As by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, Mr. Kaye has humanized him by a touch. We have the picture of a young man of heroic temper, but crossed in love, and fairly jilted at last, by a Lydia that he was too good for. This Lydia Languish of real life is perhaps the secret of much of the young ladyish romance about Henry Martyn. It is true that in his case this disappointment had a very marked effect upon his short and bright career. But that is part of his inner history—that is no part of his life—we mean the life that his fellow-men may know of; for of the inner life hid with Christ in God we do not here speak. This distinction will seem very unfeeling to some, and unreal to others. The feeling ones will say, with Romeo—

"He jests at wounds that never felt a scar;"

that it is trifling with sacred feelings not to give them their due importance, as the key to most men's and to all women's real history. There are others again who will say we have no right to divide between the outer and inner life—that the one is the clue to the other, and that a life of Henry Martyn without the frames and feelings, would be the play without the part of Hamlet. As a proof to the contrary, let any reader take up Mr. Kaye's short sketch. He will acknowledge that more light is thrown on Martyn when he is made less of a hero and more of a man than by his hero-worshipping biographer.

Henry Martyn is a puzzle to the systematic biographer, who studies minds under certain typical forms. He was a combination of two opposites. He was a creature of imagination, yet a master of exact thought; he was a mathematician, but with a fancy so delicate, and sensibilities so keen, that he might have sat for the character of the "Man of Feeling." But if he was a puzzle to others, he was also to himself. So little did he know his own powers that he commenced his career at Cambridge by committing to memory the problems of Euclid, as the school-boy is now ashamed to do; yet he became senior wrangler of his year, and that at the early age of twenty. He seems in many respects to have resembled Pascal; in his genius for mathematics—in his melancholy—in his piety, which was more sentimental than the robust nature of the intellect in both these men would have led us to suppose possible. The two men were a strange compound of opposite qualities; they were androgynous minds, in which delicacy of feeling and strength of intellect were found jointly, as they are usually found separately, in man and woman. The machinery of mind in both men was too massive for the bony framework, and therefore, as Foster has remarked of such characters, the strain was disproportioned to the props that held up the building, and the whole gave way.

To show that Henry Martyn was unfitted for the routine duties of an Indian chaplain is only to prove that he had a higher work to do. To have turned Pascal adrift into a parish in Normandy, to hear confessions and tithe pigs, would have been a lot as unsuited to him as that reserved for Martyn. He was a sentimentalist thrown among soldiers who drank deep and swore hard. His temper was ruffled and his spirit soured by opposition to their ways. He had none of the art of humouring men so necessary in an army chaplain. Mr. Kaye suggests a very instructive contrast between Corrie and Martyn. Both were good men, full of faith and zeal in their Master's work; but where Martyn only drew down savage dislike Corrie melted men into good humour, and almost persuaded them out of their vices by worming himself into their hearts. On the voyage out

Martyn's diary reads like that of the inmate of a condemned cell. He is in torture himself, and so tortures others. "He wept for the sinners," says Mr. Kaye, "by whom he was surrounded, but he did not weep with them. The earnestness, almost the ferocity, with which he preached against the companions of his voyage exasperated rather than alarmed his hearers." To Corrie, on the other hand, the voyage to India was like a voyage of pleasure. He gave offence to no one, and endeared himself to many by the kindness of his heart and the gentleness of his manners.

The contrast between the two men is seen in a very characteristic account of the visit of Martyn and Corrie, within two months of each other, to the same hospital at Berhampore. While Martyn was treated with rudeness, Corrie records in his diary that he found much attention in the poor men; where Martyn encountered only sneers and titters, Corrie was received with tears of penitence and thankfulness. Six years wrought their work of exhaustion on the sensitive frame of Martyn. On the 7th January, 1812, he embarked from Calcutta on his way to Persia. At Bombay he met men like Sir John Malcolm and Sir James Macintosh. They could encourage him to make researches, collect manuscripts, and even correct a version of the Scriptures in Persian, but for his missionary enterprise they could only dissuade or caution. It is clear that Martyn was alone in India. There were probably not ten Englishmen on that side of the Cape who could understand his missionary ardour, or bid him God speed in it. To such a nature it must then have been as natural to go forth on a lonely mission as to the Apostle Paul. There are few men who so entirely forget the things that are behind and reach forward to those that are before. The generality of religious men are but men of their time; the times change, and we change with them: so it is of all of us. One man conforms his opinion to one class of society, another to another; and as their society rises they rise with it. But there are, now and then, Christians as much in advance of the Christians of the age they live in as the Apostle Paul was of his. Such were undoubtedly Carey and Martyn. When Carey stood up at a village meeting of

Baptist preachers, to propose that they should unite in prayer and effort for the conversion of the heathen, old John Ryland, the patriarch of the Baptist preachers, and the light of his neighbourhood for nigh half a century, rebuked him for his presumption. "Young man," he said, "when God will convert the world he will do it without you or me." So was Martyn in advance of the Christians with whom he mixed. "This bright and lovely pearl," wrote Thomason to Simeon, "first gratified our eyes on Saturday last. He is on his way to Arabia, in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides he takes in every thing. He has some great plan in his mind of which I am no competent judge. That as far as I do understand, the object is far too grand for our short life, and much beyond his feeble and exhausted frame."

It is worthy of notice that the pioneers of missions to India were not missionaries themselves in the modern sense of the word. Not to speak of the Serampore three—Carey, Marshman, and Ward, who supported themselves at one time as indigo factors, at another time as professors or interpreters—the five whom Simeon and Grant sent out from Cambridge, Buchanan, Brown, Thomason, Martyn, Corrie, were chaplains as well as missionaries. In those days there was no provision for a missionary in India; but in 1813 the "pious clauses," as they were ironically called, were passed in spite of the Company, and India was thrown open once for all to missionary effort. We pass over the history of the Indian episcopate, to which Mr. Kaye has devoted two long chapters. We think he has unfairly detracted from the merits of Bishop Middleton, and a little overloaded Bishop Heber with praise. A little more oil over the one, and some of the vinegar taken from the other, would not spoil the dressing of this episcopal salad. But be this as it may, we do not intend here to revive past bitterness. Middleton and Heber are both beyond the praise or the blame of critics like Mr. Kaye. We pass on to the much disputed subject of the Government connexion with idolatry.

It would be hardly an exaggeration to do as the Greenlanders, to use the letters B C and P C of the period

before and after the labours of Brown, Buchanan, and Carey. When Mr. Holwell, one of the twenty-two who escaped from the Black Hole of Calcutta, wrote a treatise on the Gentoos, in which he commended in the highest strain of eulogy the simple, the rational, the sublime religion of Brahma, declared that the detestable rule of Suttee was "based upon heroic as well as rational and pious principles," and concluded his panegyric with the assertion that a true Brahmin is the purest model of piety that now exists, or can be found on the face of the earth, it is no libel to say this was the anti-Christian age. The delusion about the simple virtues of the Hindu race was caught up by writers at home, and repeated, without any design to disparage Christianity, but in the simple belief of which Rousseau and the Encyclopædists had set the fashion of last century, that our vices were the result of our civilization, and that the less European a form of society the more pure and virtuous it would be. Buchanan was one of the first to dispel the delusion. His visit to Orissa, in 1806, and the account that he wrote home of the abominations of the worship of Juggernaut dispelled at last the romance about the simple virtues of heathen India, and taught the people of England what Idolatry really was. Then for the first time we grew ashamed of our Government connexion with idolatry. It was bad enough that these things should exist at all; but that they should enjoy British patronage—that officials should farm the temple revenues, collect the pilgrim tax, and hire out the dancing girls—was felt to be a national disgrace, if not a national sin. A cry was heard from home that the connexion of Government with idolatry should be dissolved; yet for twenty-five years at least, after public feeling had been aroused in England by Buchanan and others, the Company stood their ground, and the connexion with idolatry continued as before. In 1833 a despatch was sent out, desiring that all connexion of Government officials with idolatry should cease; but it was treated in India as a dead letter for five years at least, till in 1838 a more peremptory order came out, upon which the authorities acted. Slowly

the traditional support of idolatry gave way before the force of opinion from home. In 1840 the great Temple of Juggernaut was thrown open to the pilgrim for the first time without the presence of a British tax-gatherer, and the work began in earnest of disconnecting the State in India from the support of idolatry. It was easier to declare this than to carry it out. The administration of the religious endowments was so mixed up with the revenue system of the country that our public officers found themselves perplexed in the extreme, not knowing how to carry out the orders of the Government without doing injustice to a large number of people. It was not easy to find native agents, who were trustworthy, to administer these temple revenues. The same difficulty arose about temple offerings. If these were customary state payments, it seemed like spoliation to cut them off without any compensation. On the other hand, to endow the temple with an equivalent in land was to perpetuate the evil in another shape. In this choice of evils between confiscation and perpetual endowment the Government has, we think, acted right in not heeding the zealous iconoclasts. It is a short sighted Christianity which sacrifices truth and justice to abhorrence of idols, pretended or real. "Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege," is a taunt which our Government would have deserved, if in recoiling from one extreme, it had swung into the other. As it now is, the natives of India well understand that however idolatry is tolerated, it is no longer patronized by their rulers. As Lord Wellesley said of the Bible translation, which he sanctioned at Fort William College: "More than this no British ruler should do; less than this no Christian could do;" so our State is reaching the happy medium between persecution and patronage. That it does not satisfy inconsiderate zealots is only a proof that it is in the mean between two impracticable extremes.

Mr. Kaye devotes a chapter to reflections on the recent mutiny, and its effect on the future spread of Christianity in India. In this he is writing, as we all are, quite in the dark. The time has now come when we may close the discussion, and take

action on our plans whatever they are. We have had experience enough in the past to teach us two things--that the policy of State interference either to promote Christianity or to propheetism, is equally dangerous. We do not conciliate the Hindu by protecting his religion; we shall not convert him by prohibiting it. We are not believed when we disclaim all design of proselytizing. We should not succeed if we were to attempt to make proselytes as the Dutch and Portuguese did. Shall we, then, fold our arms and say as the Quietists, that when God will do the work he will do it without our help? By no means. It is our duty to lay truth before the Hindu by every agency in our power, whether schools, the press, or public preaching; but no persuasion but that of the Spirit may accompany these efforts. If the work of conversion seem to us to go on slowly, we are not to challenge God to hasten his work that we may see it--to pull up the seed in the ground, as little impatient children do, to see whether the root has struck or not. In due time we shall reap, if we faint not. At all events, we know more of the past efforts of missionaries in India than ever before. We have their ex-

perience to guide us, their success to encourage, and their failures to warn us. The Indian mutiny has thrown up a crop of new literature on Indian missions, out of which many grains of truth may be sifted from the chaff and dross of the profane or religious world. Among the few books that will be remembered ten years after the mutiny, the two we have here noticed will probably find a place. Both Mr. Kaye and Mr. Marshman have been in India, and write from their own experience. The thousand and one sermons and pamphlets which the heat of the Indian mutiny hatched into print, are going the way of all waste paper; not so with books of enduring merit like these volumes of Mr. Kaye and Mr. Marshman. No one can read them without knowing more of the advance made by Christianity in India during the last half century. The biography of the one supplements the history of the other. They throw light on each other, and the perfection of each is this, that it approaches the characteristic excellence of the other. The biographer of Serampore rises to the dignity of history. The historian of Christianity in India throws into his picture some of the best touches of biography.

THE SEASON TICKET.--NO. VI.

BLACK JOBS AND WHITE FAVOURS.

WHEN Cary bade me good-night, as related in the last chapter, I did not leave the smoking-room immediately, but lingered a while longer, for the purpose of finishing a magnificent Havannah that I had but just lighted. My last cigar at night has always been pronounced an interminable one; I take my time to it; I fondly linger over it; it smoulders in its ashes; it never burns; it is alive, and that is all; it is genial to the last, and expires without an effort. The North American Indians measure distances by pipes, instead of miles, as we do; but they are savages, and smoke as they travel, which, as sailors say, is "like throwing ashes to windward." When I indulge in a "weed," I do so at my leisure. I take no note of time--

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good night until to-morrow."

Nothing concentrates one's ideas, or supplies charming reveries, like smoking. I was indulging in one of these agreeable musings, when my attention was attracted by the conversation of two Yorkshiremen who sat near me, and were sipping hot whiskey toddy. One of them, lifting his glass, said, "Mr. Dupe, I drink to you;" "Thank you, sir, I see you do," was the reply, accompanied by a slight inclination of the head. "Have you been to the Secretary of State yet?" said the first speaker, "and secured that office you were after?" "Yes," replied the other, "I have been there, but it's no go; elections are over now, and there is no getting at these gentry when they are in London. If you ask a favour of one of them beforehand, he is all smiles and bows, and patting you good-naturedly on your shoulder,

says, 'Hush, my dear fellow. If I was to tell you what I am going to do for you, they might say I bribed you with a promise of an office ; just wait till the poll closes, and then remind me of it—you understand what I mean ; you know where to find me always (and he gives me a comical look). 'Doing a favour after the poll closes, is not promising it before you vote ; a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. When you get the office, you cannot say it was a quid pro quo, eh ? Devilish stringent act that election law ; it is a mere trap for the unwary.' Well, after the election is over, you begin to open your eyes, as puppies do after nine days. The after-piece comes then, and a grand farce it is. Dodge first is the fortification dodge ; you can't get at the great man ; he is surrounded by entrenchment within entrenchment, like the circles caused by a stone thrown into the water. There are pickets, and supporting sentries, and guards supporting pickets, and an encampment in the centre, which again is a beautifully arranged labyrinth. You cannot find this out yourself, and when you think you know your way, some one arrests your progress, or sets you wrong. 'Is Lord Tardy within ?' 'Don't know, sir ; your name, if you please, sir ; sit down here and I will see.' Well, you wait, and wait, until your patience is quite exhausted ; you count the drawers in the bureaux, read their numbers, and take a mental survey of the chairs and tables, and whatever else is in the room, and when that is done, look at your watch, and begin the catalogue again. By way of a change, you look out of the window, and you observe an area wall, several crooked brick chimney heads, with iron swivel hoods to cure smoking flues, roofs of various colours, and slopes of every possible angle, sashes of different sizes, with glass that even the rain has failed to reach, or cleave, since it was first inserted there, and that appears designed rather to let out darkness than to admit light. You then withdraw from the contemplation of this sepulchral looking receptacle of 'the dead buried alive,' with a chill that makes your very flesh creep. At last your gaoler returns, looks in at the door, starts at seeing you there (for he had wholly forgotten

you) and says, 'his lordship has not come down yet, sir ; and it is now so late, it is not probable he will be here until to-morrow.' You call the following day ; undergo solitary confinement for an hour or two again, and are informed 'there is a cabinet council in the afternoon.' You try your luck a third time ; are caged as before ; make the same enumeration of the scanty furniture, and with an involuntary shudder look out upon the 'darkness visible' of the dismal area ; the only living thing discernible is a cat, who with stealthy steps is meditating an impromptu visit to a friend in the next street. Even this interesting object soon disappears from view, when you turn from the scene of solitude, and mechanically draw out your watch to reckon the hours of your captivity. You are about to depart, in indignant despair, when the servitor again appears, and informs you that 'his lordship has to receive two or three deputations, successively, which will occupy him all day.' Your heart fails you at this, at least if it don't it is made of different stuff from mine ; you feel that if you could only get a sight of that bird you could bring him down, whether he was on his roost or on the wing ; but you can't even guess at his whereabouts. By great good luck you meet him at last at the entrance, just as he alights from his carriage, when he is delighted to see you ; he has heard you have taken the trouble to call upon him several times, for which he is very sorry ; he invites you into his room, requests you to be seated, inquires kindly after Mrs. Dupe, and the rest of the Dupe family ; 'has heard Miss Dupe is about to change her name, and if so, hopes it will be an advantageous exchange.' After giving utterance to this very civil speech, he smiles again blandly, and taking up a bundle of neatly folded papers from his desk, tied with red tape, he stares in well-affected fright at its great bulk, and looking grave, though very gracious, says, 'my dear sir, can I do any thing for you ?' You open your request, when Dodge No. 2 appears. 'You are too late, my good fellow,' he replies with mournful air ; 'why in the world didn't you apply in time ! it is given away ; but cheer up, better luck next time.'

"Dodge No. 3, is quite as true, and equally ingenious. The office you ask for is not in your borough, the patronage belongs to the county members—I am afraid it is disposed of, but I will inquire, and let you know. If this answer is not quite applicable, he resorts to Dodge No. 4, and says, 'The office is in the gift of the Board of Trade; I spoke to Wilson about it, but he assured me it was an interference on my part not usual among the heads of different departments, and got *as mud as a batter*,'" and this is the way a poor fellow is put off. Election promises, my good friend, are like pie-crusts, short, flaky, and brittle; they won't hold together till they reach your mouth—I have done with paying court to people in office—no man shall ever have it in his power to fool me in that way again."

"Don't be discouraged, Dupe," said his friend, "there is a mode of improving people's hearing, and their memory too, that you are not aware of. I'll tell you to-morrow how to put your case before him in a way he must attend to if he wishes to retain his seat. You don't know how to talk to a man situated as he is. Be guided by me, and you are sure of your office.—you must not take *No* for answer. It is your business to ask, and it is his interest to grant your request. You remind me of my little boy Bob. He begged hard the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come in, and sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor annoyed people by asking for fruit. He very readily assented to this condition, which he honestly fulfilled to the letter; at last I heard the poor little fellow crying and sobbing most pitifully—'What is the matter, Bob,' I said, 'what are you crying about?' 'Why, Pa,' he replied, '*here I am, asking for nothing, and getting nothing*.'"

"Now, you are like that child, if you don't ask, you won't get anything; and not only so, you must ask till you obtain what you want. Why, my good fellow, the whole system of representative government is founded on a principle of mutual assurance. The elector bribes the candidate with a vote, and expects to be paid by the gift of some office; and the candidate bribes the government by his support,

for an appointment or a title for himself. The only interest worth having in this country is parliamentary influence. Votes are marketable property, the highest bidder is sure to win. Every man has his price, but it requires tact to discover what that is, and still more how to offer it. Money is a gross vulgar thing, and, of course, never enters into the calculation of any but the lowest of mankind. Office is an honourable thing; it may be tendered freely, and accepted without hesitation. India would have satisfied Bright; he is as well fitted for it as any man that never saw it, and he would have got it too, but they have an awkward trick of fighting there, and the public would not be satisfied with a Quaker. Others, who are less ambitious, are content with the honour of dining with the Premier, but who can resist the offer of an invitation for their wives and daughters to the Queen's Ball? The higher the man, the greater the bribe: for the thing is regulated by a graduated scale. The office of tide-waiter will suit the son of a tradesman, a canonry is the measure of a popular partizan preacher, and a bishopric may be the reward of a pamphleteer, a judge, an Indian judgeship, a peerage a troublesome lawyer, and a governorship the son of a needy, but influential peer. To call these things *corrupt practices*, is a perversion of terms; they are simply the reward of merit. The giver and the receiver are too high-minded and honourable to view them in any other light. You must read the political, like the social world, by the light of experience. As my father used to say of women, you must study their nature. When he lived at Sheffield, and his establishment was small, he never rang the bell for the maid, but when he wanted her always went out into the street to call her, for he said women were sure to be found looking out of the window. In like manner, he always hired the prettiest girls he could find: they waited for the men to run after them, but the ugly ones always wasted their time running after the men: one staid at home, and the other didn't. Now, you must study this Cabinet Minister, and show him how important you are to his retaining his own office; and the way to do that, is to represent yourself as

more influential, if possible, than you now are."

"Yes, you," said Dupe, despondingly, "I may be useful or influential, if you like, but these fellows have no gratitude in them, they never think of you after you have served their turn. They are like the great plain we saw when travelling in Russia, that swallows up a whole river, and continues as thirsty as ever—drink, drink, drink, unceasingly."

"I believe you, my boy," said his philosophic friend, "and never drew breath the while. How I envy that plain, this hot weather; how I should like to swallow that river—just open my mouth and gulp down every drop of it. How charming! oh, wouldn't I say (no, I couldn't say it, because I should have to keep my tongue within my teeth, but I'd think it)—"

Flow on thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea
Seek Ella's lips, and give her
The draughts thou givest me."

Oh, dear, what fun! I never knew before the difference between a river's mouth, and the mouth of a river. If Ovid had seen that phenomenon of nature, wouldn't he have turned it to account in his *Metamorphoses*? What a punishment for a drunkard, to transform him into a bottomless pitcher, and what a reward to confer upon an active, influential, obliging voter, and then he laid back in his chair, and laughed until his throat emitted a gurgling sound, resembling running water. When he recovered, he suited the action to the word, lifted his glass of toddy to his lips, saying as before, but with unaccountable gravity, "Dupe, my boy, I drinks to you," to which the other as gravely responded.

"No, my good fellow," his friend continued, "it is not that they are so forgetful, but that you expect too much. Talk of gratitude; why, what is your idea of that word? why, if you 'nannylize' it, as old Arkwright used to say, you'll find it's 'a lively expectation of benefits to come.' It's far-seeing, and not near-sighted, or as that same old millionaire, when he began to study grammar at sixty years of age, used to say to his debtors to show off his learning to advantage, 'I gives no credit, I goes on the imperative mood, and likes the present tense ——— on the nail.'"

Gratitude in a member of Parliament! gratitude in a political leader! who ever heard of it except as a figure of speech? It's a law of nature, sir; why Jemmy Dawkins says that even the dead are ungrateful.

"As I was coming down Cockspur-street this morning from Pall Mall, somebody touched me on the shoulder, and as I turned I beheld my father's old coachman, Jemmy Dawkins."

"How do you do, Master Jack?" said he; "you look hearty—it's a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you—have you got a missus yet?" "No," I said, "there's time enough for that; some of these days, perhaps, I may think of it, but at present I prefer to be single."

"Well," said Jemmy, "perhaps you are right, Master Jack; it don't do to put horses or men into harness too soon, it's apt to break their spirit like. If I might be so bold as to offer my advice (no offence, sir, I hope)—as the old gentleman, your father, left you a handsome fortune—if I was you, I would go in for beauty, and not money, for as far as my experience runs (though to be sure it's more in the dead line than the white jobs), I should say it's better to have the wife under the whip hand than on the lead, and to have her well under command, than for her to take the bit into her mouth and play the devil. Shape, make, and breed is the great thing, both for horses and wives, for "An ugly woman is like a crooked pin, You can't get her out if she once gets in."

But come with me, sir, if you please, I have got some beauties to show you.

"What, women?" I said.

"No, sir, for' bless you, women couldn't hold a candle to them. I have eighty-four of 'em."

"Eighty-four what?"

"Black jobs, sir—black as ink, and not a white hair on any of 'em."

"Accordingly turned and went with him to his stables, and, sure enough, there were between eighty and ninety coal black horses, devoted entirely to the melancholy purpose of conveying the dead to their final resting-place. I assure you I felt a sort of shudder come over me when I first beheld these heralds of the grave, and listened to the jaunty conversation of their driver.

"Beautiful animals these, ain't they,

sir! I own I feel proud when I mount the box, and take the ribbons in my hand. They are the admiration of the whole town, sir; all eyes is on 'em, and people gather in crowds to see them walk off so stately. They have a mission, and they seem to understand its importance. It must be a great consolation to the survivors to know their friends have so handsome a turn-out as mine, to take their last drive in. They are very substantial cattle for such light work. I have often thought it was a very odd custom to select such big ones; for what does one insider signify to the like of them! Why, sir, it's mere child's play to them, and nothing more. It ain't bulk that's the cause, for in a general way people falls away in flesh at the last."

"Perhaps," said I, "it is because of the dead weight."

"Jemmy paused a moment as if he were gradually comprehending the explanation of a mystery that had puzzled him so long and so often.

"It's very odd, Master Jack," he said, "you should have found that out so quick; but I see it must be so, though I never thought of it before. But it don't much matter, we are paid by the job, and not by bulk or weight, for you see there is no luggage nor incumbrance of any kind. I never charged for overweight, sir, but on 'e, since I was in the trade, and that was this morning. I got the biggest, fattest, and most uncommon heavest woman out of Thomas' Hotel I ever see—she weighed twenty-four stone. They grumbled a good deal about paying extra, saying what was a stone or two, more or less, to four powerful horses like mine! "Very true," says I, "and what's a trunk or two extra to a steam engine on the Great Western Railway! nothing more nor a feather," says I, "still they whips 'em up into the scales and weighs 'em to an ounce; and if you go for to say a word, they cram the Directors down your throat, body and breeches, and say it's their orders. Every indulgence they gives is their own, and they takes tip for it; they don't demand it, but they expect it; every snub you get comes direct from the Chairman. Now," says I, "I am Board and Director both in one, I lays down the law, and sees it carried into execution. So fork out, it's the rule of the institution."

"I have had some werry distinction and gentry in my time, and it was me that had the honour of driving the great Duke to St. Paul's, though I must say that State affair they called the funeral car was so uncommon heavy, it was as much as my horses could do to move it. But, sir, would you believe it, though I drive so safely and carefully, and never met with an accident in all my life, not one of my passengers ever turned and said as much as I thank you, Jemmy!"

"And he gave utterance to a long, protracted cluckle of self-satisfaction as if he was delighted with his joke, which I have no doubt he had repeated a thousand times. When he recovered his wind, he said with a knowing look.

"Now, that's what I calls ingratitude, sir."

"So you see, Dupe, my good fellow, gratitude is not to be expected from the living or the dead. The one utters profuse and unmeaning acknowledgments, and the other maintains a dignified silence."

"You are right," says Dupe, "quite right, I will put myself in your hands, and follow your advice implicitly. I shall bother him, as a certain widow did an unjust judge, till he gives me what I ask, to get rid of me. So let us change the subject."

"What an odd fellow your friend Jemmy Dawkins must be. I wish you would show me his establishment to-morrow." "With great pleasure," replied his friend, "and I can assure you that both he and his stables are well worth seeing, for Jemmy is quite a character. When he had finished the conversation I have just repeated, I observed that the burial of the dead was too serious a subject to talk upon with such levity."

"Well," said he, "I used to think so too, master; but, Lor' bless you sir, when I come to see into matters, and to understand all I heard and see'd, I come to the conclusion, sir (though it ain't for me to say so), that there is an awful sight of hypocrisy in all these outside shows and trappings of mourning. Half the time all this parade is made, not out of regard for the dead, but out of respect to public opinion, and from personal pride. Whenever this is the case there is no money so much grudged

as what is paid to me. They say it is so much thrown away, because custom lays the tax, and that it would be better to give the amount to the poor, though it's precious little the poor would ever see of it, if funeral expenses was done away with to-morrow. A good deal of the mourning you see comes from the heart, for a great many have to feel the loss of a home and an income, and that they do grieve for, though the dead get the credit of it; and some cover bright eyes with crape, and conceal the beating of a joyful heart with broad cloth, for they are to get both the home and the fortune. The real mourners, sir, are the poor. They are all in all to each other—the outer world is chilly, and repels them, and drives them into a narrow circle, where they cheer, and comfort, and defend each other. They have a common lot, and a joint stock of affection. Where there are so few to love each other, a break in that little circle is an irreparable loss, all they have to leave their survivors is their blessing—their inheritance is not here. They have nothing for affection to expand on—it is concentrated in themselves, and is human love and animal instinct combined. I have witnessed such outpourings of grief among these people as would astonish you. Gentlefolks have so many friends, relations, acquaintances, indulgences, amusements, and objects of interest, that their grief is neither so strong nor so durable; it is like dew that falls at night—it disappears in the morning.

"Dear me! I shall never forget the way Parson Giles' son, Frank, frightened the people some years ago on the road from Uxbridge to London. I took his reverence down there with my best four-in-hand, and Ralph Carter drove another team of four. After the funeral of the old gentleman was all over, 'Jemmy,' said Master Frank, 'I can't bear to go to the house again, to-day; my heart is broke; it's a dreadful loss to me, is the old governor.'"

"I feels for you," said I, "but it's a consolation to know he was beloved by all the country, far and wide; both by rich and poor."

"Yea, indeed," said Master Frank, "he was very indulgent to me; and nobody will miss him as much as I shall. I shall never handle the ribbons again, any more, I suppose; for

all he had he has left to the old lady and my sisters, and I can't afford horses now; but change places with me—that's a good fellow! and let me handle the reins once more, for the last time." So I gives up my seat, and takes his. When he begins to feel the cattle, and put them on their mettle, it excited him so, he looked like another man. 'Clever horses, them leaders,' says he, 'look as if they had some goin' 'em.' 'I believe they have,' said I, 'them two mares on the lead, Sin and Sorrow I calls 'em, are most too high strung for this work; they require a steady hand, and careful driving.' The words were scarcely out of my mouth before smack went the whip, and off started the horses like wink! The way we flew, with the plumes waving up and down, and the manner folks stared, was something uncommon. Whenever we came to a crowd of people he pretended to lean back, and braced himself up, as if they were running away with him; and the moment we passed them he gave the horses their heads again, cracked his whip, and started afresh, singing out, 'Go it, my beauties! That's the ticket, Jemmy!' How the people stare, don't they! Tell them the governor has come to, and we are going for the doctor. What fun, ain't it? Well, it took me so by surprise, I almost forgot the ondecency of the thing in the excitement of it. I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears. At last I began to consider it might be a serious injury to me in my business, for people might think we was drunk. So I had to interfere, and put a stop to this mad frolic: says I, 'Master Frank, this won't do, it will injure my horses, and ruin me;' and I took the reins from him, and mounted a sid into my own seat. 'Ah, Jemmy,' said he, with tears in his eyes, for he had relaxed again into grief, and remembered his poor father's funeral, 'this is the last four-in-hand drive I shall ever have.' 'I wouldn't swear to that,' says I, half joking and half in earnest (for I felt sorry for the poor boy), 'unless you puts on the drag, and gets out of the fast line.' Two years afterwards we drove down the same road together; and it was the saddest, most sorrowfullest, and distressingest journey I ever made, for Master Frank was an *inside passenger!*

"As I used to say to him, sir, it's

the pace that kills both horses and men—it ain't the work. Fast animals and fast people can't keep it up long; there must be a breakdown in the nature of things at last. "Jemmy," he'd answer, "when I sow my wild oats, I'll haul up, and be as steady as a bishop." "Ah, Master Frank," says I, "it's the old story. I have heard young folks often and often talk of wild oats; but if you sow 'em year after year on the same soil, without a fallow or a green crop, you'll soon come to what father used to call the *caput mortuum*. I have travelled the road to the grave, Master Frank, so often, I knows every inch of it. I knows what people die of as well as the crowner and his jury, or dissecting doctors and hospital surgeons do, and mind what I say, wild oats is an exhausting, killing crop—the last sowing is the only one that ripens seed, and that seed is *Death and the black-jobs*."

"Why, Jemmy," said I, "you are quite a moralist. I should have thought that your very occupation would have so familiarized you with death, that your feelings would in time have become blunted." "Well, sir," he replied, "to a certain extent they do; but a thing that is ever before your eyes can't but occupy your thoughts a good deal sometimes."

"To change the topic, I said, 'Jemmy, you talked just now of the white jobs—what did you mean by them?' 'Weddings,' he replied. 'White is for marriages, and black for funerals. Of the two our line is the best, for we have our own customers, and in the end get their's too. Everybody must die; it's the law of nature; but nobody need marry unless they please, and many of them that do like it can't get suited to their mind. It takes two to make a bargain, and it ain't every bid that's accepted. Indeed, sir, in this world, when people refuse a good offer, it's an even chance if they ever get another. That's the case in regard to horses too—if you refuse a good price, it's a wonder to me if you don't regret it. Either something happens to the animal, or he remains on hand for a long time, and then you have to sell him at a loss. Well, sir, the white jobs don't pay well. Weddings are short affairs, and uncommon punctual. They must come off before twelve o'clock, or it's no go, and there is no time to be lost. Funerals ain't

tied down by law, so though the corpse is ready, the company never is. People expect to be kept waiting, and don't arrive till they think everybody else is come. Hearses and dead people are in no hurry; one is paid for attendance, and the other has no voice in the matter. It's a long time before processions start, and when they do, they travel slow. New-married folks are off like wink, and drive as fast as poor Master Frank did; and since railways have come into fashion, more nor one half of them only drive to a station and take the train into the country. Paltry white favours and small fees is all white jobs get. If charges are high, they are not by high words; but it ain't decent to dispute our bills, whatever people may think of them. What, fight about burying your father when you get his fortune, or disposing of your wife when she leaves it open to you to marry again? It's impossible. It ain't to be thought of for a moment. Indeed, what is the loss of a few pounds to the loss of such near and dear relations? People cannot think of money when they are overwhelmed with grief. Rich and poor must come to us, but they need not go to the "whites." The quality, besides, prefer their own carriages to hired ones when they marry, and the poor ride in hacks, or walk quietly home from church; but the rich keep no hearses, and the poor, when they die, cannot walk, so both on 'em require us. Fames, and bad times, and broken banks don't affect the "black jobs." When our bills are discharged, people may be said, Master Jack, to have paid the last debt of nature. In other respects there ain't as much difference as you would suppose. I have seen as much crying at weddings as at funerals. Some marry for rank and some for money, some to please parents, and some to please themselves; and the last, generally displease everybody else. To my mind weddings ain't the jolliest things in the world to the parties concerned, and they ain't always satisfactory to the job-masters. Nobody ever thinks of looking at their horses, but all eyes are strained to get a look at the bride. Now, nobody ever sees our passenger; it's the horses and the hearses that makes the show, and any man that is proud of his cattle and turn-out can't

help feeling pleased when he hears his admired. On the whole, I prefer *Black jobs to White favours.*"

During the latter part of this conversation, several people came into the room, and talked together on various subjects—some relative to the business or news of the day, and others on general topics. One of them, an old Indian officer, recognised among the company a fellow-passenger from Calcutta. "Ah, Colonel!" he said, "how are you? How have you been disposing of yourself to-day?" "The weather, Bentson," he replied, "has nearly disposed of me. I never felt the heat so oppressive in the East as it now is in London. There the air is dry, but here it is damp, and respiration is very difficult. By way of keeping myself cool, I must needs go into a crowded place, to hear the cause of *Mrs. Swinfen versus Lord Chelmsford*. It is many years since I was in an English court, and the venerable judicial robes, the antiquated wigs, and the unvaried forms, reminded me so vividly of former days when these paraphernalia of Justice used to impress my youthful mind with awe, that the wheel of Time appeared to have stood still, while all else around was changed or moulded into new shapes. If the laws are unlike those of the Medes and Persians, the forms appear to be unaltered and unalterable. For the moment I seemed to forget that I had ever been out of the country. Among the lawyers there was the same mixture of seniors and juniors as of old; and the same intelligence, acuteness, and humour in the countenances of all. I felt as if I had suddenly awakened from a long and fitful sleep, and as if all I had seen, and heard, and done, since I was in that place, was like the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' I assure you, the sensation I then experienced, was the most extraordinary I ever felt in my life. The feeling, however, was a transient one, and I looked around me with much interest in what was going on. I must say I like lawyers, especially that class denominated barristers. In my opinion they are the pleasantest people going. They are remarkably well-informed, full of anecdote, and up to the time of day. They possess in an eminent degree that sixth sense, tact; indeed, it may be called a professional attribute."

"What was the trial about?" said Bentson, "for I have suffered so much by the delays and chicanery of law, that I never read a trial, unless it is a divorce case. There never was a marriage yet, that there was not a concealment of some important fact by one or other of the contracting parties. Things that begin in fraud, are apt to end in fight. We read of love in poetry, and in novels, but do you believe there is such a thing as pure, unalloyed love? for I don't. If there ever was such an *aqua-tar*, it must have been poured into a filtering machine, for when you go to look at it you find nothing but dregs." "Why," said the Colonel, laughing, "I suppose you read divorce causes on the principle some lawyers read cases; they first give the opinion the client wants, and then look up precedents to support it." "Was his lordship's name Swinfen?" asked Bentson. "A divorce case, I suppose," and rubbing his hands, said, "come, tell us all about it."

"Not so fast, if you please, his name was Thesiger." "A breach of promise, then, I suppose; love and fraud, the old story. Liked her looks at first, then applied the magnifying glass, and converted 'moles' into mountains, or the fortune disappointed him, or he saw some other victim he liked better."

"No, nor breach of promise either, for he is a married man."

"Oh, I have it, it was the lovely and accomplished daughter; made love to her, offered the cup of flattery full to the brim; she was fool enough to believe him, and she drained it to its dregs; threw herself into his arms, and he ran off with her,—no, that's not the phrase, she eloped with him. It was all regular and romantic,—post-chaise and four, —devoted lovers, got tired of her, and left her to die of a broken heart, and the old lady brought a 'per quod' for damages."

"I don't know what you mean by 'quod.' When we used to send a fellow in the regiment to the black hole, we used to call it 'sending him to quod.'"

"If you mean false imprisonment, it was nothing of the kind."

"What do you call 'quod'?"

"Why, a 'per quod' is one of those numerous fictions that law is made up of: it supposes a child to be a ser-

vant, and gives an action to the parent for abduction, *per quod*, that is, by which means the aforesaid, and before-mentioned, above-named parent, mother, employer, mistress, and fifty other words that mean the same thing, lost the work, labour, assistance, and services of the young lady, so metamorphosed into a servant. All this is written out into an infernal long paper, called a 'brief,' as a legal joke. So now you know what a '*per quod*' is."

"But what, under the sun was it about? for you say a certain Mrs. Swinfen was concerned in it; now, if he has had anything to do with a woman, legally or illegally, equitably or iniquitably, at law or in chancery, as plaintiff or defendant, as principal or agent, any how or any way that it can be described or twisted by lawyers, and she has turned on him, and fought and scratched him—all I can say is, it serves him right. A woman, and a lawyer, what a set-to, eh? how they would give lip, and make the fur fly between them, wouldn't they? Come, tell us all about the injured lady, and her legal adviser."

"Well, I will tell you," said the Colonel, "as briefly as I can:—Mrs. Swinfen claimed an estate worth £50,000, under a will, and the question was, whether the testator was 'of sound disposing mind and memory,' as it is called, when he executed this will; if he was, then Madame would have it, if not, it would go to the heir-at-law. Well, Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chancellor), was Mrs. Swinfen's lawyer; the cause came on to be tried, and he saw it was going against her, so he compromised the suit for an annuity of £1,000 a-year, and the payment of the costs by the other side; and a very judicious arrangement it appeared, but she refused her consent, and repudiated his act. Well, the trial was brought on again, and by one of those chances that do sometimes occur, she gained it, and has got possession of the estate. Now she has brought an action against Thesiger for the loss she has sustained, by what she calls 'exceeding his authority' in settling the suit,—do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"The cause came on for trial to-day, and she lost it, and it was that trial I went to hear."

"How did she lose it?"

"Why, the gun was overcharged, burst, and damaged the man that fired it off. Her lawyer implicated the judge, Cresswell, who tried the action that was compromised, and charged him and Thesiger with combining together to do her out of the estate; talked of thimblerriggers, and used some words implying corruption, oppression, and so on. The jury at once found for Thesiger. Now it appears to me, I could have gained that cause for Mrs. Swinfen."

"Well, what would you have done?"

"Why, in the first place I would have omitted the judge altogether, who had as little to do with it as I had; and instead of abusing Lord Chelmsford, I would have extolled him to the skies. I should have told the jury I was happy to say I had no charge to make against my learned friend, who was not only one of the ablest lawyers at the bar, and one of the best judges that ever graced the woolsack, as well as one of the most upright and agreeable men in the profession; but that I thought, with all due deference, that he had misconceived, in that particular instance, the powers and authority of counsel in settling a cause, not only without the consent, but against the wishes of his client. That, however, was a question for the court, and they would only have to assess the damages, which would await and follow the decision of the bench, on the law. Such a course would have insured me a verdict beyond a doubt. Now, I should like Mrs. Swinfen to act on her own lawyer's opinion as to the liability of a counsel, and *see him for losing her cause*, by mismanaging it, which in my humble opinion he most undoubtedly did. There would be some fun in that; wouldn't there, Beatson?"

"Yes, indeed, there would," he replied. "But, Colonel, it's a pity you hadn't been bred to the law; you would have made your fortune at it; you have a knack of putting things briefly and plainly, which very few lawyers have." After musing awhile thoughtfully, he repeated the name "Thesiger." "Thesiger," very slowly, and remarked, "That name is very familiar to me. I recollect when I was in the navy (for I entered that service first), there was a midshipman in our frigate of that name, and a rollicking, jolly, good-hearted, young

fellow he was, too; I wonder what has become of him, for I lost sight of him after I went into the army, and have never heard of him since." "Lord bless you," said the Colonel, "the Lord Chancellor is the same man."

"What, little Theisger Lord Chancellor!" said the other, springing to his feet, with great animation. "You don't say so! Climbing aloft came easy to him, it seems; and so now he is on the trucklehead, and got a Chancellor's wig on, eh! Well, I am right glad to hear it. Dear me," he continued, resuming his seat, "it seems to me only the other day he was skylarking in the cock-pit, and up to all sorts of pranks and devilry. I recollect we once took a Spanish prize, loaded with cigars, snuff, and all sorts of raw and manufactured tobacco. Of course, we youngsters helped ourselves most liberally. The snuff was in bladders of the size of foot-balls: but as none of us used that, we amused ourselves by shying it about at each other. The captain's clerk, who messed with us, was a sneaking sort of fellow, and used to curry favour with him, by reporting what was going on in the cock-pit. So, in order to punish him, one night Theisger and I took one of these bladders, cut it open, and spread its contents gently all over his hammock. When he came below, and turned in, as usual, with a spring (for he was as active as a cat), he sent up a cloud of snuff that set him coughing, crying, sneezing, and swearing like mad: but the worst of it was, it nearly choked the whole of us, middies, upon whom it had the same effect; and when the officer came below, to inquire into the cause of the row, he *tee-hee'd* and *tee-hee'd* as bad as any of us; and as soon as he opened his mouth to speak, down went the snuff into his throat, and nearly suffocated him with coughing. He could do nothing but swear, stamp his feet, and shake his fist at us. There was a precious row, as you may suppose; but the best fun of all was to see the young, sucking lawyer threatening to report the clerk for trying to stifle us all like rats, by attempting to conceal the snuff in his hammock. Dear me, how I should like to see him again. Oh, Colonel, those were happy days we passed afloat. I always regret having left the navy. I was fond of the sea, and

for years after I quitted the service used to sleep in a cot, that the swinging motion might remind me of the rolling of the dear old ship, and rock me to sleep while thinking of old times and of old companions. Theisger Lord Chancellor! Eh? Well, it's better than being laid up as an old bulk of an admiral at Greenwich, ain't it? or turned out to grass like a worn-out cavalry horse, as I am. Come, pass the whisky, and I'll drink his health in some good toddy. Many's the glass of grog we've had together when we were midshipmen. But, bless my soul, how hot it is here. As you say, I never felt the heat in the East as I do now, and I never suffered so much as I have to day, even in the West Indies, which I think the hotter of the two, but once in my life, and that was at Barbadoes. In the year 1819, the 4th, 5th, 9th, and 21st Regiments went out to the West Indies. I was in the 21st, and we were stationed at Barbadoes. It was a Fusilier Regiment, the officers all wore double epaulettes, and were literally covered with gold lace. It was a crack corps, a thousand strong, and we had as much attention paid to us as if we were guardsmen. To add to our attractions, the officers, with one exception, were single men. It was what Lord Combermere, the Commander-in-Chief, wanted for the purpose of display, so he kept us with him at head-quarters, at Barbadoes, and the other regiments were distributed among the islands. We arrived early in the morning, and as soon as possible disembarked and marched to our barrack. The colonel, as a matter of course, immediately proceeded to Government House, and made his report, when, to his astonishment, his lordship, who was a disciplinarian of the old school, though otherwise a good sort of man, forgetting that we had but just landed from a long voyage, and had not even begun to unpack, and establish ourselves in our quarters, informed him that he would receive the officers at Government House at two o'clock that same afternoon! You may easily conceive the consternation we were in; it was with the greatest difficulty we could get at our baggage, and equip ourselves full fig in our regimentals in time. But it was an order, and we were soldiers, and bound to obey the

commands of our superior officers, and by dint of scolding, fretting, working, and sweating, we accomplished it at last; after which we had to walk under the broiling sun of that tropical climate, one interminable long mile to Bridgetown, cased in our heavy toggery (the gold lace of which nearly put our eyes out), our heads pilloried in the regulation stock, our feet adhering to the parched leather of our boots, and our sword actually singeing our hands. I never had such a march in my life. It was enough to have killed us all, and it did lay many of us up for a long time—in fact, it is a wonder it did not send half of us into hospital. In those days, and indeed until very lately, commanding officers seemed to be ignorant that there was any other climate in the world than that of England; and when we were sent abroad we were clad in the same manner in the West Indies as in Canada. Is it any wonder that the mortality in our army is so great? We live by order, and die by order. What astonished us more than all was, that an old campaigner like Lord Combermere, a man who had seen so much service, and had more experience than most men, should have so pertinaciously adhered to routine. The fever, like every thing else in this world, came to an end at last, but the retreat was worse than the advance, for the heat became utterly insupportable by three o'clock. You would have laughed to have seen the extraordinary figures we made on our return to quarters; coats were unbuttoned, stocks discarded, and sashes thrown loose over the shoulders. When we reached our barracks, we were more dead than alive; sangaree, lemonade, and tamarind water, and the fatal punch, were called for on all sides, and vanished as quickly as a pool before a drove of camels. I had just emerged from my bath, and was lying exhausted on my bed, when I heard shouts of laughter, the shuffling of many feet, proceeding from the next room, and a dead, heavy, irregular blow on the floor, that shook the very doors and windows of the fragile house. Far above the din sounded the well known Scotch accents of poor Macpherson, who was raving like a madman, and, as far as I could judge, was hopping about on one leg. 'Halloo,' said I, to a brother officer who was passing

my door, 'what's all that row about?' 'Only Mac,' he said, 'making a few "curious" remarks' on our grand tour to Government House; his feet have so swelled, and the leather so contracted with the heat, he can't get his boots off. He has four men tugging at them, and every now and then he jumps up in a rage, and stamps and roars like a bull.' 'Go and cut them off,' I said, 'he must not commence life in this country with an inflammation, or he will soon end it with yellow jack.'

"Poor Mac" hedied soon afterwards, adding another unit to the thousands of noble fellows who have fallen victims in that fatal climate to regulation clothing. He was a great favourite in the regiment, respected for his bravery, and endeared to all by his kindness of heart, and inexhaustible fund of humour. His origin was humble, being the son of a small tenant farmer on the banks of the Tay. One night, after having indulged rather too freely for he was a most imprudent fellow, he said to me, 'Beaty, I hope I shall survive this climate, and live to return to Perthshire. I have a mission, and I shan't die happy if I don't accomplish it.' 'And what is that?' I said. 'You recollect my poor brother, John, don't you, who fell at Waterloo?' 'Perfectly; I helped to carry him to the rear myself. I suppose you want to erect a monument to him.' 'No, sir,' he said, with his eyes glaring like those of a tiger, 'but to pull one down, and to horsewhip the man that set it up, within an inch of his life.'

"Mac, Mac," I said, 'pray don't excite yourself that way. If you imbibed as freely as you have lately done, and suffer your passion to get the better of you, depend upon it, you will never live to fulfil your "mission," as you call it.' 'Well, well,' he replied, 'for poor dear John's sake, I will keep myself cool. We are poor, but that is our misfortune, and not our fault. It is nothing to be ashamed of at any rate, especially by those who have as good a pedigree as any family in Scotland. But if we are poor, we are proud, Beaty; and no man living shall ever hold us up to the ridicule of every idle southerner who can beg, borrow, or steal a rod to come and fish in the Tay.'

"Why, who has been doing that?"

"Colin Campbell, the parish school-master, he is the scoundrel who did it."

"In what way?"

"Why, my father put up a monument to my brother, and he got Colin Campbell to write the epitaph, which he did, and had it cut on the stone, and there it stands to this day, the laughing-stock of the whole country—"

"John Macpherson was a very remarkable person ;

He stood six feet two without his shoe,
And he was slow at Waterloo."

"Well," I said, 'the versification is certainly not very elegant, though the epitaph is by no means devoid of

truth. But if you will promise me to take better care of yourself, I will write you one more worthy of the occasion, and more befitting so distinguished a member of the Macpherson clan, as your brother. You can then obliterate the present doggerel, and substitute mine for it. Now, good night, don't drink any more, and go to bed.'"

The last words of Beatson coincided with the last puff of my cigar, and both reminded me that it was also time for me to retire, and make an entry in my journal of "Black jols and White favours."

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG.

"Those whom the gods love die early" is a mournful saying, old as Menander, repeated by Plautus, and sadly re-echoed by Quintilian as he laments the death of a beloved son. It seems indeed as if in the natural course of things it must be that "the soonest to ripen should be the first to fade;" and that this is not only the necessary, but the best arrangement.

The reader who knows the works of Friedrich Von Hardenberg will understand why these thoughts should have arisen.

Carlyle, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, first brought the subject of the following remarks before the English public.* Since then a third volume of Novalis' Remains has appeared, and this fact must be pleaded as an apology for attempting to add to the words of a master critic.

The story of Hardenberg's life has been told by no less celebrated a writer than Tieck. From him chiefly is borrowed the narrative with which it is necessary that we should be acquainted before proceeding to Novalis' writings.

The Baron Von Hardenberg, owner of some landed property in the "Grafschaft" of Mansfeld, and Director of

the Saxon Salt Works, was "a vigorous, unweariedly active man, of strong, open character; a thorough German." He was both brave and devout, and thus, though he joined himself to the religious community of the Moravians, he ever retained a fondness for his early profession of arms. His wife was "a pattern of exalted piety and Christian gentleness," able to bear with unflinching resignation the cruellest pang that adversity has in store for a mother, the loss in quick succession of nine out of eleven rarely endowed children.

Such were the parents of Friedrich Von Hardenberg, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Novalis." He first saw the light at the family estate in Mansfeld, May 2, 1772. One sister had preceded him. Three sisters and six brothers were born after him. The whole family was bound together by the strong tie of close affection; and each of the young members of it gave promise of great abilities, and exhibited that happiest of all unions, the marriage of the large brain to the loving heart.

Friedrich was a feeble child, not suffering from any definite disease,

Novalis Schriften, herausgegeben von Ludwig Tieck und Friedrich Schlegel. Fünfte Auflage. Drei Theile. Berlin, Reimer.

(The works of Novalis, edited by Ludwig Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel. 5th edition. 3 vols. Berlin, Reimer.)

* This essay now appears in the second volume of the new edition of Carlyle's *Miscellaneous*.

but frail. He would make no friends. His mother, elder sister, and two elder brothers constituted the whole of the world in which he cared to live. When nine years of age a heavy sickness fell upon him, which sorely wasted his little strength. Yet from this bed of pain he rose to a new and quickened intellectual and spiritual existence. This was the turning point of his life. Unfortunately perhaps for him, his father, holding a Government appointment, was compelled to be frequently from home. Friedrich's education was thus left entirely to the mother, and he lost the robust element which his other parent would have implanted, and which would have added so much in after years to Novalis' influence. This mother was of the gentle pietist school, possessing that serene demeanour which veils unfathomable depths of lore. She was dreamy withal, and in this respect unlike the more realistic "Frau Aja" of Goethe.

Thus it was that Novalis grew up to write "*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*" and the "*Hymns of the Night*." If we cannot understand all that he has written let us not blame him, but be thankful for what we can comprehend. The rose tree may have uses which we cannot divine, at least we should not complain that the Creator of the rose tree has not invariably planted in its place the more useful oak.

The portrait of Novalis prefixed to the third volume of his works, exhibits just such a countenance as the reader of his writings would have imagined. There is the forehead, low and wide; eyes, large, full, and dreamy; the clearly chiselled lips, the chin somewhat weak and effeminate, while rich waves of "light brown" hair fall about his shoulders. Add to this, as Tieck tells us, that he was tall and slender, of good proportions, save only his hands and feet, which were too large, and you have a picture of Friedrich at seventeen. Tieck, who knew him some ten years later, says that his countenance closely resembled that of St. John, as painted by Albert Dürer.

In the year 1780 Friedrich spent some months at a gymnasium, and in the following spring he went to study at Jena. Here he remained till 1792, and then, with his brother Erasmus, entered at the University of Leipzig;

and lastly, in 1793, he immigrated to Wittenberg, where he finished his studies.

At this time the trumpet-sound of the French Revolution stirred the hearts of all men. Friedrich shared the general excitement, and would have quitted the lecture-room for the battle-field had not the united prayers of his parents prevailed.

During his university career he became acquainted with Friedrich Schlegel. They were kindred spirits; both belonged to the band of romanticists, who at the beginning of this century marked a new era in German literature. A more valuable acquaintance was Fichte, whose stronger intellect perhaps saved Novalis from the extremes into which Schlegel afterwards ran.

On quitting Wittenberg Novalis went to Arnstadt in Thuringia, and studied "practical affairs" under the "Kris Antmann" Just. Spite of all the very evident tendencies of his disposition, it seems never to have been for one moment doubted that Friedrich was to follow his father's profession, with a view probably of hereafter filling his father's place. It is greatly to his credit that he studied hard all the necessary dry details; and although he never failed to convert his knowledge of chemistry into some sort of spiritual alchemic lore, he did not neglect the more prosaic details of positive science.

An interesting book has been written on the "Loves of the Poets." It would be well if the author appended to the next edition statistics of the ages of the "Poets," and their "Loves." In most cases it would be found that the poet, if a male, began to love at a very tender age, and that the object of his affections was considerably older than himself. Boys, for the most part, love women and despise girls; boyhood passed, girlhood is no longer scorned.

Hardenberg does not appear to have gone through this preliminary stage. At least the biographer makes no mention of such, but shows him, at the mature age of twenty-three, choosing a "maiden" of the ripe age of thirteen. But let Tieck tell this part of the story in his own words, Carlyle serving as interpreter:—

"It was not very long after his arrival at Arnstadt, when in a country mansion of the neighbourhood he became ac-

quainted with Sophie von K—. The first glance of this fair and wonderfully lovely form was decisive for his whole life. Nay, we may say that the feeling which now penetrated and inspired him, was the substance and essence of his whole life. Sometimes, in the look and figure of a child, there will stamp itself an expression, which, as it is too angelic and ethereally beautiful, we are forced to call unearthly or celestial; and commonly, at sight of such purified and almost transparent faces, there comes on us a fear that they are too tender and delicately fashioned for this life; that it is death or immortality which looks forth so expressively on us from these glancing eyes; and too often a quick decay converts our mournful foreboding into a certainty. Still more affecting are such figures when their first period is happily passed over, and they have come before us blooming on the eve of maidenhood. All persons that have known this wondrous loved one of our friend, agree in testifying that no description can express in what grace and celestial harmony the fair being moved, what beauty shone in her, what softness and majesty encircled her. Novalis became a poet every time he chanced to speak of it. She had concluded her thirteenth year when he first saw her: the spring and summer of 1795 were the blooming time of his life. Every hour that he could spare from business he spent in Grünningen; and in the fall of that same year he obtained the wished-for promise from Sophie's parents."—*Carlyle's Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. ii. p. 65. New edition.

But the tranquil current of Friedrich's life was now to be sorely ruffled. Sophie became seriously ill, and had to endure the twofold suffering of severe pain and distressing weakness. She recovered for a time; and her lover was consoled by the opinion of her physicians that she was quite free from organic disease. For a time the hours sped on golden wings. Friedrich and Sophie were often together. He was just now appointed auditor in the same office in which his father was director. The only drawback to his happiness was the continued ill-health of his favourite brother and fellow-student, Erasmus. Thus passed away the spring of 1796, Novalis living generally with his family at Weissenfels, but anon making excursions to Grünningen. The summer was appointed for his marriage; but just when the days were at their longest he received the startling in-

telligence that Sophie was at Jena, and had undergone a surgical operation. She would not have him know it till all was over; but now he must be told that she was very ill. He hastened to her. He found her sorely suffering. Still the physician spoke cheerfully. But the operation must be repeated, and they feared lest her feeble powers should give way. Bravely the poor patient submitted to the knife, Friedrich supporting her. In December she expressed a wish to return to Grünningen. Novalis persuaded his invalid brother Erasmus to accompany her; he himself was compelled to return to Franconia. For the next few weeks, he journeyed backwards and forwards between Weissenfels and Grünningen. Unwillingly he must confess that on each visit he found his betrothed weaker; Erasmus also was failing day by day. It was a mournful family party which gathered round the fireside that Christmas. Long before the evergreens should again be twined, two loving hearts must have ceased to beat.

The 17th of March was Sophie's fifteenth birthday. Two days after she quietly slept away in the arms of her sister and an intimate friend. Noon on that first ventured to tell Friedrich. His brother Carl at length broke the sad intelligence. The bereaved lover abruptly withdrew, and shut himself up in his room, where, for three days and three nights, he remained alone with his great sorrow. He then set out for Arnstadt, in order to be near the grave in which the young sufferer had already been laid.

Among the few letters of Novalis which the editors have given to us, is one written to a friend of Sophie's on the third day after her death:—

"It is my sorrowful duty," the letter runs, "to inform you that Sophie is no more. After unspeakable sufferings, borne in the most exemplary way, she died on the 19th of March, at half-past ten in the morning. On the 17th March, 1796, she was born; on the 15th of March, 1795, I obtained from her the promise that she would be mine. Since the 7th of November she has suffered. Eight days before her death, I left her with the firm conviction that I should never see her again. It was more than I could bear, to look upon the terrible conflict of the gradually yielding and once blooming youth, the fearful agonies of the blessed one, and

to be powerless. This fate I never once expected. Only three weeks ago I for the first time saw it darken upon me. The shades of evening are gathering about me while it is yet but early dawn. My grief is boundless as my love. For three years she has been my hourly thought; she alone has kept me to life, to my country, to my business. With her I am separated from all, for I am no longer master of myself. But it is evening, and it is for me, since I would early take my leave, and since I would peacefully rest, and see only benignant faces around me, living only in her spirit—to be gentle and patient as she was."

Six weeks later he writes:—

"I am often with you in thought. I live the old past life again in memory. Yesterday I was twenty-five years old. I was at Grünningen, and I stood by her grave. It is a friendly place, shut in with a simple white railing, lying apart and high. There is still room there. The village, with its blossoming gardens, slopes round the hill; and at some points the eye is lost in the blue distance."

Just four weeks from Sophie's death, Erasmus also was taken. This time Friedrich was to be the messenger of heavy tidings. He writes to Carl—

"Be comforted: Erasmus has overcome. The blossoms of the dear crown are dropping one by one, in order to bloom there fairer and for ever."

At this time Novalis lived only for his grief; and it seemed natural to him to consider the visible and the invisible world as but one. At this time, adds Tieck, "his whole being floated away in a bright conscious dream of a higher existence. At this time, too, were sown the seeds of that early death which was to rob the earth of this her noble and generous child." In the third volume of Novalis' works, we have given to us his diary, in which he notes down every day, affixing to each the number that has elapsed since Sophie's death. Thus he continues, with few intermissions, for 110 days. He often visits the grave. He chants over it Klopstock's "*Wie sie so wuñt ruhn*," (How they so softly rest.) He reads continually "Wilhelm Meister," and sometimes, (strange medley!) Horace, Shakspere, and Young's "Night

Thoughts." Sometimes he sheds hot tears. At other times his heart is cold as ice; then he bitterly reproaches himself, for he is happy only when he is sorrowful. On the eighty-sixth and eighty-seventh days after the day, he writes, "She is dead. I die also. The world is desolate. Even my philosophic studies no longer restore me." A week later he, nevertheless, buys some books. Two days after he is spectator of a grand procession. A fortnight later than this he holds an earnest conversation with a friend on the subject of suicide.

There is then an ominous pause. The summer passes away—the year expires, but no longer does the hand write down in this sacred book the wonted words of sorrow, upbraiding, despair.

"Can you not foretell the rest?"

"To die to sleep,—
No more,—and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

Yet stay! Is there no other escape than this? Let me tell my story and you shall see.

In the December of this year, 1797, the year of Sophie's death, Friedrich went to Freyberg. Here he became acquainted with the illustrious Werner, and by him was induced to return to his old studies, physics and mining. At Freyberg, too, he learnt to know Julie von Ch—. You are shocked. The novelist has no right to violate all the canons of his art. But *que voulez-vous?* Would you have a man wear crape for ever—a young man, too, with large spiritual eyes, light brown curling locks, and tall, well proportioned figure? What says the "old lord" Lafau, who, doubtless, had had experience in broken hearts, and knew that there was such a thing as a junction so neat that the fracture would never be found out? "Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living."* Surely one hundred and ten days is "moderate" lamentation, to say nothing of divers pilgrimages to the little grave—the friendly spot with its "simple white railing," where there was "room for another."

Moreover, whether moderate or not, be pleased to remember that this narrative is not a novel, but a veritable history; a dry matter of fact biography, and not a romance after the "Bride of Lammermoor." "It may seem strange," Tieck naïvely remarks, "to those who were not his intimate friends, that Novalis should have loved Julie in this year, 1798. But Sophie, as we can see in his works, remained the centre point of his thoughts; as departed he honoured her yet more than when she was near him visibly; but he believed that amiability and beauty could in some measure supply her loss." And truly Tieck is right, after all; for what says Goethe?

"Leben muss man und lieben, es endet Leben und Liebe;
Schneitest du, Parze, doch nur beiden die Fäden zugleich."

And since Novalis had made up his mind to "live," he must fain "love." The widower who marries pays a compliment to his deceased wife. This is a precisely similar case; and if we would rightly interpret Friedrich's conduct, we should draw two conclusions.

1st. How lovable Sophie must have been that Friedrich was induced to try his fortune with Julie.

2nd. How large a heart Friedrich must have had that he was capable of loving both Sophie and Julie.

Henceforth the "*Tagebuch*" (for it is commenced again in April, 1798) is somewhat confused. The two "Maidens" are mentioned in turn. Sometimes together. Once he writes, "I feel for Sophie religion, not love. Absolute love, independent of the heart, grounded upon faith, is religion."

Novalis is successful in his second suit. At this time he writes, "Faith and Love," "Pollen of Flowers," "The Disciples at Saïs," and other fragments.

In the spring of 1799, Friedrich obtained promotion. At this time he made frequent visits to Jena, where he learnt to know Wilhelm Schlegel, Schelling, and his biographer Tieck. After the marriage of his eldest sister he withdrew to a "lonely place in the golden fields of Thuringia, at the foot of the Kyffhäuser Mountain," and in this seclusion a great part of "*Ofterdingen*" was composed. The book

went on bravely throughout the spring and early summer of 1800. Every thing seemed to brighten around him. His writings met with the approbation of his friends, and his powers seemed to grow with their use. Now, too, he was looking forward to his marriage. His house was prepared; and Julie had promised to become his bride in August. He was about to set out on his last visit to his betrothed, when he was seized with spitting of blood. The wedding was postponed; and Friedrich went with his parents and his brother Carl to Dresden. The former left him to visit their married daughter. Fortunately Carl remained behind; for the hemorrhage returned, and the physicians declared their patient incurable. Julie now came to support him, as he had formerly supported Sophie. As he became weaker, the wish grew strong in him to travel to some southerly climate; but he was pronounced unfit for such a journey. Thus the year passed away. The first month of the new century found him longing to return to Weissenfels; thither he proceeded at the end of January. His little strength now waned from day to day. Yet he suffered no pain, but was able to write some hymns and sonnets; he also read much; chiefly the works of Zinzendorf and Lavater, and the best of all books. The nearer he drew to his end, the more confident he felt of recovery. "If I could but get stronger;" how often have those words pierced the souls of loving watchers, who have known well what this painless weakness is—known that it is a weakness unto death.

On the 21st of March he was overjoyed to see his oldest friend, Friedrich Schlegel. The two talked earnestly together, chiefly of their projected writings. On the 25th he awoke at six in the morning, and having read for a while and breakfasted, his brother played upon the piano. The patient sunk into a peaceful slumber, and woke to be with God and Sophie.

"Thus," says Tieck, "before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, died our friend, in whom we know not which most to admire and love—his extended knowledge, his philosophic genius, or his poetic talent. Without vanity, without pedantic pride, free from all affectation and hypocrisy, he was a genuine, true

man, the purest and most beautiful incarnation of a high, immortal spirit."

Poor widowed Julie!—a widow before a wife. It was now for her to learn what Friedrich had learnt four years ago—

"God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us. But when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off, and love is left alone."

Not for very long, let us trust. Friedrich had left her an example. We will hope that she followed it, and that before the year of mourning was expired she consoled herself as he did.

Thus far for the man. And now what of his works! Truly it is difficult to form a correct estimate. In Germany they have learnt to appreciate them, partly perhaps because they cannot altogether understand them. That which we, who boast not Novalis' mystical insight, can see, we love and admire. His aphorisms are often sparkling, nearly always profound. Many times a truth shines through them bright as the star of the Epiphany.

He is deeply reverential in an age of mocking unbelief. He cares not to rush in with tools, knowing that where such come the very Holy of Holies becomes a place all common and unclean. His is not the superficial gaze satisfied that it has comprehended the universe at one glance. Rather he will take up the meanest stone, too ugly for the little child to build into its fairy grotto, and seek to find a meaning there—a history and a prophecy.

In studying the works of Novalis, the reader is constantly reminded of Aubrey de Vere's noble "Hymn to the Meek"—

"The single Eye alone can see
All truths around us thrown."

Novalis, we have been told, was a "genuine, true man." He was "free from vanity and hypocrisy." His was the "Single Eye." But to descend to particulars.

The first volume of the "*Schriften*" contains "*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*," of which mention has been already made. This piece remains unfinished; and in his last illness its author expressed his intention of rewriting the whole of it. It is a tale of a somewhat

rambling character, and was intended to be the "Apotheosis of Poetry." The "Hymns to the Night," with which the second volume commences, are obscurely solemn, mystically grand. There is a wealth of words and power of expression in them which make us, as we read, believe that we are listening to some involved, but stately music. "The Disciples at Sais" are at present unfathomable—perhaps they are not unfathomable. The "Spiritual Songs" and the "Fragments" are special favourites. Three of the former Miss Winkworth has already made known to the English reader, as we will find by turning to the hymns in the first songs of "*Lyra Germanica*" for the first Sunday after Easter and the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, and to the second series, p. 40. Many of them are now incorporated into the German "*Leinpfaches Gesangbuch*," and are sung publicly by whole congregations in a way that only a German congregation can and does sing. Bulow, one of the editors of the third volume of Novalis' writings, mentions the following incident in connexion with these "*Geistliche Lieder*."

The Baron Von Hardenberg (father of Novalis), though a kind parent, and interested in all the employments of his children, yet allowed them very much to follow their own devices. He had noticed the poetical disposition of Friedrich, but had never cared to inquire how far this disposition developed itself. One day, after his son's death, he went into one of the Moravian churches, where they sang "a wonderfully spiritual song, which he had never heard before, but by which he was deeply moved. The service ended, he left the church, and asked with inward emotion of a friend what was that splendid hymn which had been sung, and who was the author of it?" "What?" was the astonished reply: "do you not know that your own son wrote it?"

The following we offer as a very imperfect rendering of one of Novalis' shorter hymns:—

"When in heavy tearful hours
Our feeble hearts are over-worn;
When weakness wastes our little powers,
And fear makes sharper sorrow's thorn;
When thinking on the loved ones taken,
What care and anguish once were theirs,
No beam of hope then gently breaking,
Shines through the blinding cloud of tears."

"Ah, then, the Comforter draws nigh—

His mighty love is very near;
With eyes upraised to His bright sky,
We see, with vision strong and clear,
His angel bring the cup of Life;
And whispering softly in our ear
Sweet words of peace, calm all our strife,
And in their blessed rest we share."

The "Fragments" are probably little known to the reader. Some few of the best were translated by Mr. Carlyle in the essay referred to above. They are very weighty, and full of meaning. It seems as though each contained materials enough for a dozen sermons of a very superior class to what we, poor *habitantes in sicco*, are fated to hear from Sunday to Sunday.

Tieck likens Novalis to Dante. Carlyle more justly calls him the German Pascal. He was not endowed with the dramatic power of the Italian, but he did possess all the depth, and what, for want of a better word, may be termed the *penetration* of the Frenchman. Pascal is often grand in his "Thoughts." Novalis, too, is grand when, like Pascal, he is most simple. It is difficult to mention any English writer who may compare with him. Shelley has some points of contact. Both Shelley and Novalis were deeply imbued with mysticism; each was gifted with a wonderful wealth of words, and dealt in the same impassioned language. But in other particulars the two are wide asunder as the poles. Shelley, it must be confessed, after all the allowances which Christian charity can make, was a blasphemer. Novalis was a most devout believer. We carefully withhold from the youthful reader many of the writings of the Englishman. There is not a line written by the German which may not be perused with perfect safety. The contrast may be summed up in a word. Shelley is the author of "Queen Mab." Novalis wrote that most touching hymn, "*Was war ich ohne dich gewesen?*" (What had I been if Thou wert not?*)

We will not test the literary merits of Novalis upon the mere dictum of the reviewer. Let him speak for himself.

"The heart is the key of the world and of life. Man lives in a helpless

condition, so that he may love and be indebted to others. Through imperfection he is made subject to the influence of his fellows; and this strange influence is the end. In sickness alone others can or ought to help us. So from this point of view Christ is every way the Key of the World." Novalis is no Gnostic, no ascetic of the Simon Stylites race; for, he says, "There is but one Temple in the World, the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand upon a human body." He shares Jean Paul's love for the young; he deems that "where children are is a golden age." He has a high opinion of poets and their vocation; he holds that "The poet can better understand nature than the most scientific head;" that "poetry heals the wounds which the understanding has inflicted," and that "the more poetical a man is, the more truthful he is." The truly artistic mind is not effeminate, for "the artist stands upon the man as the statue upon the pedestal." "Knowledge," he deems, "is only one half, faith is the other." It would seem, though, as if the opposite to faith were often necessary to correct false impressions, and to reduce men and things to their proper dimensions, thus, "When we see a giant we look at the position of the sun and consider whether it is not the shadow of a pygmy that appears to us." For want of which consideration, we may add, it has often happened that the small men in the decline of art or literature have got themselves placed with the giants that stood proudly erect at noon-tide. "Woman," says our author, "is the symbol of goodness and beauty; man, of truth and justice." "Fear (*furcht*) is the sign of a praiseworthy quality, reverence (*ehrfurcht*)." English *hauteur* is well represented in the aphorism, "every Englishman is an island." In the school of sorrow Novalis learnt the truth of Lavater's words, "Deep sighs of the heart are sure steps towards heaven," and said, "Men should be proud of their sorrows. Every sorrow is a re-

* See *Lyra Germanica*.—First series, page 96.

membrancer to us of our high rank." "Misfortunes are a call from God. Only by misfortunes can man become holy; for this cause were the saints of old overwhelmed by misfortune." By the "little grave, the friendly spot" he may have said, "Life is the beginning of death. Life is for the sake of death. Death is at once beginning and ending—separation and closer union at once." Perchance the first rumours of revolution suggested to him the thought which Carlyle has made a household word: "We are near awakening when we dream that we dream." While he must have continually found that "philosophy is properly home sickness; the wish to be everywhere at home." Novalis was not the man to make a "*Dout-bruder*" of every stranger. "Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love, and religion should be treated mysteriously. Only in rare moments of confidence should we silently converse with ourselves thereon. There are many things too sacred to be thought of, much more to be spoken of."

History was with him a very favourite study. His aphorisms on this subject are many and profound. He looked upon himself and all men then living as placed at the "confluence of two eternities," the past and the future. We, living in these troublous times, may readily repeat his words: "We bear the burdens of our fathers even as we have inherited their possessions. Thus men live in the past and the future, and nowhere less than in the present." And lastly for a solemn word on a subject too often lightly thought of:—"Marriage is a great mystery. Marriage with us is a vulgarized mystery. Alas for us that our choice lies only between marriage and solitude: two extremes; yet how few men are capable of a true marriage; how few also can bear solitude. There are unions of all kinds. Marriage is an endless union. Is woman man's goal, and is woman herself without a goal?"

These are but the crumbs that fall

from Novalis' well-spread table. They will give our readers but a poor idea of the goodly feast in store for them if they choose to become Novalis' guests, only (it is fair to caution them) not every dainty will suit them; let them pass by such, grateful for the abundance of which they may partake.

These remarks will be fitly closed by a discriminating criticism borrowed from the author of "*Hours with the Mystics*," by the Rev. R. A. Vaughan.

"The suggestive and sparkling aphorisms of Novalis should be read with due allowance. Some contain admirable thoughts pointedly expressed. Others are curiously perverse or puerile. Now they breathe the lofty stoical spirit we find in Schlegel's monologues. Presently Fichte seems forgotten; the strain of Titanic self-assertion is relaxed, and Novalis languidly reclines with the lotos eater among the flowers. In one page life is but 'a battle and a march,' in another, the soul's activity is an eating poison; love, a sickness; life, the disease of the spirit—a brief fever, to be soothed by the slumber of mystical repose, and healed at last by healthful, restful death. In this latter mood he woos the sleepy abstraction of the oriental mysticism. Action is morbid in his eyes, to dream is to overcome. All activity ceases," he says, "when knowledge enters." The condition of knowledge is *Endemion*—saintly calm of contemplation. Such is the aspiration dimly discernible through the florid obscurity of the '*Hymns to Night*.' Shutting out the garish outer world of the actual, forgetting all its tinsel glories and its petty pains, the enthusiast seems to rise into that mystic meditative night whose darkness reveals more truth than the searching brightness of the daylight, and in whose recesses his transported spirit celebrates its bridal with the queen of heaven—the æsthetic Mary, the eternal beauty." (Vol. ii. pp. 303-4.)

E. S.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN PRAYERS, AND OTHER POEMS.

THE reason of a woman's poetry being generally true to nature and humanity, so far as she touches it, is that she is throughout tender; for tenderness is a deep characteristic of truth. For example: a woman writing of a child or a sufferer is almost invariably happy in her expressions. No learning, no peculiarity of life, can divest her of this. Few women have had so decided an education as Mrs. Browning; yet how perfect, how delicately close to human nature is the scene with Maron's child in *Aurora Leigh*. And so, though a woman may not suggest to us strong or metaphysical thought, yet within her own limits she is true. This is the cause why female poetry is always worth reading once.

But when a woman has gone beyond this, and not content with educating her heart, trains her intellect, and by its help cultivates her imagination, then her poetry becomes, like that of Mrs. Hemans, a household word. This is the excellence of Mrs. Alexander. She has ennobled imagination, whose source is in the heart, with the culture of reason. She has pruned that luxuriance of images, that wild growth of unchosen words which producing want of dignity and weight of thought, are the great and common faults of Poetasters. She has studied expression, and added a metrical training to her natural power of rhythm, and the result is a volume of poems which the world will welcome.

It is always difficult to review a number of detached poems. The critic has no settled foundation to build his thoughts upon. No sooner has he erected a little edifice of praise or censure on one subject, than he is obliged to begin another. Therefore to concentrate a review on a book of this class, we must lay a foundation of our own; and the first which has occurred to us is to investigate the general characteristics of Mrs. Alexander's genius. These we

will illustrate from her poems, and thus we may hope to give the public a fair conception of her book.

We begin with womanliness. These poems are womanly in the highest and truest sense. There is no false sentiment; there is no morbid perversion of feminine powers. Her idea of self-sacrifice is not wrought into a false image of the virtue, as the French authors have attempted. Her idea of justice is not pushed beyond the limits of human infirmity. Her tenderness is not degraded into a weak excuse of wrong. Her sympathy does not degenerate into mere philanthropy. In a word—her feelings are not the guide either of her reason or her conscience. With this premise we proceed to the poems.

It is womanliness which sees in 'Southey's' grave no lonely spot, but a hallowed hillock haunted by the love of winds and sunbeams. It is womanlike to feel that he was not dead, but only sleeping, while nature led all her handmaids forth to soothe his slumber: she could not but feel that all around was sympathizing with the poet's heart; that all the fountains, and clouds, and waters were beautiful for him. It was womanlike to make the poet in his grave the centre, the heart, of the landscape—to feel that round it rose the religion of nature.

By that green grave where daisies grew,
In Nature's own cathedral laid.

But Mrs. Alexander rises to a far higher strain of poetry in the poem on Mrs. Hemans' grave. These lines, some of the best in the book, are full of true and noble thinking. Escaping from the girlish sentiment, beautiful as it always is, however common, of the poet finding fittest rest in the shade of gentle trees, and with the violet on his tomb, she turns and contemplates the grave of Mrs. Hemans, lying amid the city's roar and surge of men, as a higher and a truer thought. For the loftiest singers

have interpreted men rather than nature. So with our authoress:—

"Let the poet lie among his brothers,
Where great words of Christian truth
shall be;
He that hath most fellowship with others
Is most Christ-like in his sympathy.

"And all Nature's charms, the bright, the
real
Are but shadows, though they live and
move,
Of his own more beautiful ideal,
Of his dream of purity and love."

Womanlike, too, is her dislike of conceiving any thing as utterly alone. The Dutch seaman's skeleton found by Lord Duffin, lying open to the air on a little tongue of icy land, suggests to her a happy subject for a poem; and she paints around him the everlasting ice, and coruscating skies, as he slumbered where

—"Only the shy reindeer mate
In the black snows a track,
Or the white bears came out and played
In sunshine by the place."

But, in her pity, she cannot leave him there, but weaves around him, in imaginative fancy, the dreams of home and the love of woman.

Womanlike, too, is her sympathy, and when that is so deep as to get into the heart of things, there it rises into imagination, a tropic river flowing deep and wide. She sees it as it were herself in calm, and says

"The very beat of the broad river
Is even as a silent heart."

a northern rock, beaten by the Atlantic surge. She watches it: as she gazes, to her it grows

"Where such, a giant fast asleep,
Lay folded in his purple cloak
Upon a purple deep."

the solitude of the sea. She enters the mariner's heart, and the loneliness of the deep ocean is thus forcibly given:—

"His ship has drifted to the gale,
Where, many a night, the full round moon
Saw but herself and that white sail
O'er all the central ocean strewn."

But the noblest example of imagination in the book occurs in the second part of the Legend of the Golden Prayers. Mrs. Alexander is describing the woodland, and thus she pierces to the very heart of forest scenery:—

"For the shadow of the forest lay
On the crush'd heart of the forest maid;
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,
And the blue air of long summers play'd
Ever in the green tops of the trees:—
Down below were depths and mysteries,
Dim perspectives, and a humid smell
Of decaying leaves and rotting cones;
While, far up, the wild bee rung her bell,
And the blossoms nodded on their thrones."

For the forest is not only the home of joy and light, of racing leaves and flying sunshine—that were but a half description; but the home, also, of sorrow and darkness, where the mournful moan of homelike sounds is in the trees, and the gloom of the stillness of night lies heavier in the glades than on the open downs;—is not only the home of life, where a myriad of flying creatures rejoice, and where the spring is abroad among the branches, but also the very habitation of decay and death, of leaves which rot into a humul soil, and living things which perish in a day—holds within it not only lessons which all men may read, but also strange weird mysteries and speechless horrors which curdle and hush the heart, and this last none have so deeply felt as the Germans. Goethe's ballad of the Erl King is a matchless expression of this human feeling of the forest. Who that has ever read has ever forgotten the knight's midnight ride through the forest which girdled the cottage where Undine lived, when every tree was writhing into mocking forms, and strange shapes of wickedness lived in every branch.

Not only in the lines already quoted, but in the description which begins the second part of this legend, we recognise Mrs. Alexander's feeling of the double nature of the forest's expression of itself in us. There she describes:—

"Where the twisted path is rough and red,
The huge tree trunks, with their knotted
bark,
In and out, stand up on either side"—

the dark arches, and the contrasting brightness of a delicate little glade.

"A little patch of purest green
Where, when in the spring the flowers un-
fold,
Loeth a long gleam of blue and gold
Hidden in the heart of the old wood."

But in this solitude she will not leave us: it is too terrible both in

ugliness and beauty without humanity; and so there lies amid a "wider space"—

"A plot of open ground
Whence the blind old woodman hears the surge

Of the sea of leaves that toss their foam
Of white blossoms round his lowly home,
Whose poor thatch, amid that living mass

Of rich verdure, lieth dark and brown,
Like a lark's nest, russet in the grass
Of a bare field on a breezy down."

How felicitous and fresh is the closing simile.

And if imagination may be said to be that which adorns the common, or penetrates through the unpoetical outward to the inward poetry, then the last verse of the poem, entitled "Sorrow on the Sea" is imaginative—

"Then bring her back where burden'd Clyde
Round many a lashing wheel raves white."

The scene is made poetical. The river, like a strong man, is burdened by the weight of shipping,—the poetical of steam is seized in the words "lashing wheel" power, unweariness, rapidity; and it is not the discoloured stream, but the gleaming madness of the foam, which the poet pictures to our view. Apropos of the poem—as a work of art—it would have been much better had the two last verses been altogether omitted. They are an incumbrance. Before, however, we leave it for some time, we instance from it another example of imaginative power—

"The feathery clouds
Lie loosened on the distant hills."

No one who has watched the lifting of a flock of vapours from the sides of a mountain, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," but must at once recognise the imaginative penetration of the word "*loosened*." It is exactly the right term. For the clouds when rising after rain always appear first to shake themselves free from the side of the hill, still keeping, however, its outline, and to lie, seemingly, at the distance from it of a yard, so that we imagine it possible to walk in a clear space, and touch the mountain with one hand, and the cloud mass with the other. It is when that condition takes place, and generally not till then, that the mist lifts. That is what is painted for us by the word *loosened*.

Another characteristic of Mrs. Alexander's genius is felicity of expression. No natural gift is worth any thing without accurate and steady training. No class of artists neglect culture so much as second-rate poets. They do not revere their gift sufficiently—they use it with pride—for themselves, and do not feel that it is not theirs—for self—but theirs for all the world. It needs the solemnity of that thought, and the dignity of that motive, to impel a second-rate poet to careful training, and the highest praise is due to our authoress for her manifest cultivation of her natural gift. A few instances of this felicitous and condensed expression will not be out of place. Here is a beautiful contrast drawn by a father over his daughter's grave, between her youthful health and her sad decline, and both thoughts linked to his native land by a few graceful touches.

"For a short, low cough I hear,
There lies in mine a thin, small hand;
Or a voice singeth in mine ear;
The voice that haunted the old land."

"When that brave mountain breeze of ours
That dash'd the scent from golden tuces,
And swept across the heather flowers,
Touched not a brighter cheek than hers."

The character of Mrs. Hemans' poetry is given in a line

"And the wind in the tall trees should lend
But
Musical delight on stormy days,
With a sound half-chivalrous, half-tender,
Like the echo of her own wild lays."

Taste is thus happily described—

"For what is taste, but the heart's earnest
striving
After the beautiful in form and thought,
From the pure past a nicer sense deriving,
And ever by far nature taught."

The "Irish Mother's Lament" for her sons in a far land, is imagined with great delicacy; and if any one should wish, after a course of hacknied nonsense on the Princess Royal's marriage, to cheer his heart with something fresh, poetical, pictorial, with something which touches the exact points to be touched, let him read the "Royal Bridal" in this book.

We pass on to another characteristic—religious feeling. For Mrs. Alexander's religion is no name, but a universal and inward power; is no sentiment which it is pretty to introduce, and effective, as the peroration,

The Legend of the Golden Prayers.

so to speak, of a poem, but with her an essence, without which all things are dull. To her God's presence is felt in the universe, from the smallest leaf to the blaze of the star Sirius. The description of the poor woman whom the Lady Beata had taught from "her Gospel," and of her simple recognition of Christ in all the forest landscape, is exquisite.

The hymns, however, are the worst writing in the book. The scene-painting of the death of Christ, in which we hoped Mrs. Alexander would not have indulged, is a degradation to the sufferer. The cross in itself was no infamy to the spotless One. It was not the nail which pierced His hands— it was the iron which entered into His soul that drew from Him that exceeding bitter cry.

Mrs. Alexander has yet another characteristic: it is her deep sense of the connexion between Nature and Humanity. She has expressed this thus:—

"From Nature's beauteous outward things,
What gleams of hidden life we win!
For still the world without us thrings
Strong shadows of the world within."

Now these analogies are often carried too far; Nature is made into Humanity, and the result is that poets who are not so appear Pantheistic. The reason of this is, that the dignity of the human element is not sufficiently recognised. But in our author's poetry this is not so: she marks the want of joy and suffering in Nature. She sees that what seems thus in Nature is in reality only ourselves projecting on the world without. She feels that we have no greater dignity than our capacity of suffering.

But Nature has yet another office, one which has ever been to poets a mine of wealth. It is founded on the truth that the Author of Nature is also the Author of Humanity. God speaks through the dumb universe to man; and we understand the silent world, because he who made the world has given us a mind similar in kind, though not in degree, to His. Owing to this likeness, the things seen voice forth to us the things unseen, and from all outward life we can draw deep lessons for our inward spirit. Mrs. Alexander has felt this strongly. Every poetic heart must feel and tell it to the world. One poem especially,

which we quote for its finish and roundness of expression, is based on her consciousness of this:—

"Waves, waves, waves,
Graceful arches, lit with night's pale gold,
Boom like thunder through the mountain
roll'd,

Hiss and make their music manifold,
Sing, and work for God along the strand.

Leaves, leaves, leaves,
Beautiful by autumn's scorching breath,
Ivory skeletons, carved fair by death,
Fall and drift at a sublime command.

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
Breaking, wave-like, on the mind's strange
shore,
Rustling, leaf-like through it evermore,
O, that they might follow God's good hand!"

In another poem she guards this method of analogy from mistake. For some think that the comparison of these relations is sufficiently strong to be accepted as positive proof of spiritual truths. Men have attempted to establish the reality of a resurrection by the analogies of spring, and the chrysalis opening into a butterfly. But these do not prove the immortal life of form, they only render it probable, and serve to confirm the truth when once it has been received. Useless as proof, they are useful as helps of faith. In the lines we quote our readers may see how the philosophy of this may be touched into poetry:—

"Silent as snow from his airy chamber,
Down on the earth drops the wither'd
leaf,
Silent & back on the heart of the dreamer,
Noticed of none, falls the secret grief.

Yet ye deceive us beautiful prophets;
For, like one side of an ocean shell
Cast by the tide on a dripping sand-beach,
Only a half of the truth ye tell.

Much of decadence and death ye sing us;
Rightly ye tell us earth's hopes are vain;
But of the life out of death no whisper,
Saying, 'We die, but we live again.'

The last characteristic we shall mention is gracefulness. It is this which marks the book especially. It is graceful in its strength, and graceful even in its weaknesses. It has no rugged vigour, like an oak of centuries which braves and bends not to the blast; but delicate power, like the hardy silver-columned birch which waves in infinite gracefulness, triumphant and beautiful in the centre of the storm.

A PEEP INTO OLD DUBLIN.

THE topographical features of the olden time in the leading cities of the empire constitute an important element in archæology. In these, illustrating as they do the traditions of a people, the story of progress is best read. Society in the provinces, commonly by a gentle process, takes shape from the course of events in great cities. Almost invariably throughout the history of every country, those movements which influenced the race may be found to have had origin in the latter. Excitements causing empires to quake to their foundations, have passed unheeded over the heads of the rustics dwelling not half a-score leagues from the scene of the city's turmoil. Brilliant strokes in statesmanship and strides in science only become accommodated to the circumstances of the community at large after the great populations have been agitated by them. This was truer before modern rapidity of communication, and the agency of the printing press in spreading a cheap and wholesome literature, imperialized remoter districts, and made the kingdom, as it were, one vast city, of which the separate towns are only so many different streets, and the railways a species of parish omnibus system. Still, among the streets and lanes of our Babylons must we go to witness the endurance and triumphs of the master-thinker—the struggle between opposing principles of truth and falsehood—the elaboration of social experiments—the hot conflict of politics, and the caprices of fashion, which mould the character, and determine the happiness of the people. To those puzzling mazes of brick and mortar the contemplative eye turns with peculiar interest. There are sermons in other stones than the smooth, shining pebbles of the brook, or the rocks on which the geologist moralizes. To stand aside and gaze upon the tide of human beings surging with ceaseless alacrity and variety through our greatest thoroughfares, is to receive impressions of nature and of things

more solemnizing, more practical, more poetical too, than can be experienced on the brow of the mountain or the skirts of the broad and lucid landscape. Admiration of antiquity is a sentiment which, no less than the desire of mastering the philosophy of life in the busy crowd, finds here the fullest indulgence. Were it not for an occasional ruin,—and these are becoming fewer every year as those rudest iconoclasts, the railway and factory, creep upon the virgin domain,—the country would present few attractions for the antiquary. The perennial renewal of its surface does much to blot out the relics its bosom bears. The battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino will soon lose all but the faintest traces of the last conflicts, as the former did of the victories of the First Napoleon. It is to history we owe most of the charms attaching to plains where the fate of peoples was decided. In most cities, on the contrary, the past comes upon us at every other turn, where the attention is arrested by the memorial column, or the dingy ecclesiastical edifice, with its quaint graveyard and singular epitaphial conceits, or the crumbling gateway marking the ancient utmost verge of a town, beyond which miles of dwellings have now stretched; or the hoary prison around which numerous romances cling; or the narrow, faded street, yet classic in its air through all its vicissitudes, that once was the abode of wealth, or worth, or genius.

When we expect the historian to bring us back to the Britain of two centuries ago, that we may form such an estimate of the national life of that period as ordinary observation enables us to attain as respects our own time, we do not wish him to invite us to a pedestrian excursion in the quiet interior, where hamlet and farmhouse, and church nestling in ivy, and old family mansion embosomed in firs, make up the rural condition. Did he do this, we should not find much difference between the same picture of then and now; but we deem it

necessary for the writer to lay his principal scene in the great city, whether he treat his task in the cold spirit of Hume, or design to reproduce other days in vivid colours for popular instruction after the enchanting style of Macaulay. He is scarcely afoot upon his task, indeed, until he has plunged into the labyrinth of the murky metropolis, pointer in hand, to show where sage dwelt and poet wrote; where the golden remains of a great divine were prepared as a legacy for future generations, or a great orator on things spiritual was wont to stir up the flame of piety in a gross age; where popular tumult carried a sound principle to victory in spite of banded opposition; where traitor fell a headless propitiation to outraged country, or martyr sealed a good testimony by a glorious triumph over death. Those histories charm the most in which this patient and sympathetic attention is bestowed on the localization of the narrative; and none knew better how profound is the interest these civic reminiscences awaken than that wizard interweaver of local history with dramatic fiction, with whom, in younger days, we roamed through Old London, to take actual part in the stormy escapades of the apprentices of the Fleet, to visit George Heriot in his sanctum, or Dame Ursley in her cave of enchantment over her barber spouse's shop, or repaired to the Gascon Chevalier's "Ordinary," to behold the high life of a former age, in all its frivolity and vice, as the gallants flit by with jingling spurs and waving feathers, and profusely embroidered doublets, or stake fortunes upon a cast of the dice. That street antiquities, and the literature which historically or pictorially illustrates them, constitute a charming and valuable portion of History, is established by the fact that no writer who has enriched our shelves by such researches has failed of his reward.

Among the works of this nature, which the public have favourably received, may certainly be classed Mr. Gilbert's entertaining volumes on Dublin. A former occasion served us for expressing our sense of this gentleman's services to Irish history; and his claims to regard are greatly enhanced by the second and third volumes, with which we propose now to deal. In these the author displays more than

the skill of which his first volume gave promise, and so arranges his copious selections from a multitude of not easily available sources, as to bring their separate rays of light to bear full upon the social life of the various classes of the Irish people in the period embraced by his investigations. He is not to be ranked among the collectors of antiquarian lumber. His praise arises from the fact that he has disinterred a vast amount of reliable and interesting matter, and made the Streets of Dublin yield fresh and ample materials for what is still a desideratum, an impartial and a discriminating history of the English rule in Ireland, from the early part of the seventeenth century forward.

Mr. Gilbert has admirably methodized his quotations from old documents, chiefly state papers, taking up a particular street or public building, and hanging about it, as it were, all its furniture of associations. This method leads him into rich veins of antiquarian ore, and enables him to elucidate passages of our history generally misconceived. Many of his citations have an additional historical value from the circumstance of never having been intended by their authors to serve that purpose. As unstudied corroborations or corrections they have frequently peculiar force. In linking these passages of narrative, Mr. Gilbert, even where there are temptations in his path, avoids partizanship. If we could point to several paragraphs in the third volume which might be considered exceptions, these are not sufficiently numerous to call for further observation; yet although he prudently abstains from rendering his pages the vehicle of the narrow views of party, he is, as he ought to be, thoroughly, and in a just and worthy sense, national. For example, he labours successfully to save us, in Dublin, from the reproach of being behind our sister cities in the arts and letters, by showing that in the middle of the last century, the engravers, medalists, and even the painters of the Irish metropolis, excelled their London contemporaries; while among scholars, wits, orators, and actors, there were also in the foremost grade Irishmen, and residents of this city, of whom less is known than their merits demand.

From the year 1600 one of the

busiest localities in Dublin was Cork-hill. It derives its name from Cork House, built there about that period by the crafty and successful official, Richard Boyle. During the panic of 1641 the building became state offices, and continued such until the commercial growth of the city rendered its demolition necessary. It was here the famous clubs and coffee-houses of the latter part of the seventeenth and following century flourished. Their records illustrate the manners of the period, often in the most amusing and graphic way. Among their frequenters might have been seen a motley company of courtiers, lax divines, intriguing lawyers, disaffected gentlemen of attenuated estates, bullying officials, and money-making cits well able to hold their own in brawl or bout. All these are associated together in hail-fellow fashion over the foaming beakers of the Swan-tripe Club, the Cock-and-Punch-Bowl (which was a masonic establishment), the Jacob's Ladder, and the Sot's Hole. The first of these bowers of Bacchus is storied of as the most remarkable, from being the meeting-place of a confederacy which aimed at promoting the interest of the Pretender. There were several disloyal clubs in this classical quarter, but nothing seems ever to have come of their plottings of a character to fright the isle from its propriety. Their patriotism had a safety-valve. This was the tap in the wine-butt. A satirist of 1706 describes the heroes of the Swan as treasonable only in their cups. One of their number, no less sacred a personage than Dr. Francis Higgins, prebendary of Christ's Church, a type of the fraternity, had but one desire, and that was, as the versifier sings, to "wet his pious clay" with daily, nay hourly, assiduity. When the process had continued sufficiently long in his case, and that of his brother Swans—

"Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To secure heroes and the acts of kings."

This valour always displayed itself overnight; with the morning came vertigo and a sudden flush of returning loyalty. From the history of these patriotic tipplers governments annoyed with seditious subjects might take a hint. Furnish the "Phoenix" Club with a keg of the "native" occasionally, and there will be no necessity to

institute magnificent State prosecutions.

Cork-hill was the Athens of Old Dublin. Here more than half a dozen booksellers resided before 1780; and here also several newspapers were published in the same year, their chief attraction being squibs, always personal, and often scurrilous, most generally in rather respectable doggerel. There were local notorieties, who became the butts of the journalists; and there are who aver, that even still, in this year of grace 1859, it is a point of trade with newspapers to select each some standing victim. In the same district of the city, the proprietors of local amusements flourished, and the most renowned of the exhibitions of a hundred years back, was "a picture by Raphael, and several *flouts* by gold chains." The old master proved a failure, until the startling novelty in natural history was added, when the receipts ran up instantly. Near this hall of the fine arts stood the Cockpit Royal, where matches were fought between the representatives of various Irish counties for large sums. Forty guineas a battle, and £500 for the main, became, in the heyday of the sport, a common figure. These bets were generally arranged in Lucas's Coffee-house, the best of its class; and among the picked company there to be met with daily, Talbot Edgeworth may be presented as a specimen of a "gent" long since abolished.

"Of the various frequenters of Lucas's in the early part of the last century, one of the most eccentric was Talbot Edgeworth, son of Colonel Ambrose Edgeworth, ancestor of the authoress of 'Castle Rackrent.' Talbot Edgeworth, we are told, 'never thought of any thing but fine clothes, splendid furniture for his house, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income, which, at best, was very inconsiderable; in other respects he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped and of good height, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of George the First. He bestowed himself very happily of one extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at Lucas's Coffee-house, where he might walk back-

wards and forwards, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders, in which particular he was indulged almost universally; but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his table-book as a man he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world his common phrase was, 'they may look and die.' In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women. This unhappy man, being neglected by his relations in his lunacy, was taken into custody during his madness and confined in Bride-well, Dublin, where he died."

When the Cork-hill clubs began to wane, the *Sot's Hole* rose into favour. It occupied a recess between Essex-bridge and the old Custom-house, and enjoyed a wide-spread reputation for ale and steaks. A sober Oxonian, Dr. William King, avowed himself enraptured with the substantial charms of this tavern, and wrote of it, referring *inter alia* to the statue of George I., then prominent on the crown of the arch of the bridge, but now buried behind the wall of the Mayoralty-house in Dawson-street:—

"Near the bridge, where, high mounted, the
brass monarch rides,
Looking down the rough Liffey, and marking
the tides;
Near the Dome where great publicans meet
once a day
To collect royal imposts, and stop their own
pay;
Far within a recess, a large cavern was
made,
Which to Plenty is sacred, the place of
grillade;
Here the Goddess supplies a succession of
steaks
To mechanics and lordlings, old saints and
young rakes;
Here carnivorous kernes find a present relief,
And Britons, with joy, recognise their own
beef."

From the number of such rhymes associated with the coffee-houses of the period, it is obvious that they were not the resort of the lower classes of the population. Thretford, the master of the *Sot's Hole*, loved and cultivated the best company, having

himself seen better days; and, indeed generally, the keepers of these "caverns" were broken-down gentlemen. Sometimes they had belonged to a profession; and in those cases their houses became the rendezvous of physicians, or lawyers, or even divines, as the landlord had professed either physic, law, or theology.

In that entertaining book, "*Glasgow and its Clubs*,"* Dr. Strang brings together many curious anecdotes of the literary clubs of his native city during the last century, which bore a striking resemblance to those at the same time in fashion here. As in Dublin, the most sedate men regularly assembled to unbend in joke, repartee, friendly chat, and often animated political or scholastic discussion. As this formed the prevailing custom, nothing seemed wrong in it. The divine did not lose caste, and incurred no censure by resorting to the *Sot's Hole*, to meet a merry lot on a winter evening. The client thought nothing less of his lawyer for having encountered him in Thretford's back parlour at a free-and-easy. Nor did the physician find his practice affected by indulging the proverbial love of his profession for good fellowship in the same temple of humour. It would be scarcely fair to conclude from the names given to these clubs, that their patrons were a mere band of boozing brothers. Genius of no common order often presided at the board; and sparkling eloquence, and rare wit, and profound observations on affairs, made the intercourse pleasant. Had the "reporter" been abroad then, many a portrait of a literary eccentric of masterly abilities would have been preserved to us; many a practical joke would we have had to shake our sides over. As Dr. Strang's work is not familiar in this country, one of the most characteristic of his club stories may be chosen to illustrate what has just been written. It will be necessary to bear in mind that the common dinner-hour among the Glasgow citizens of all classes, in the middle of last century, was one o'clock. Shopkeepers usually

* *Glasgow and its Clubs; or Glimpses of the Condition, Manners, Characters, and Oddities of the City, during the past and present centuries.* By John Strang, LL.D. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Company, publishers to the University of Glasgow. 1837.

locked their shops at this hour, and the chop-houses then filled; but the literary clubs did not begin their operations until two, when the president was supposed to be in the chair. Professor Simson, the celebrated mathematician, the founder of the Glasgow Anderston Club, seldom absented himself from his post at the orthodox moment. His portrait, as sketched by Dr. Strang, has many quaint features:—

"Every Saturday, for years, did this gifted personage sally forth from his comfortable bachelor manège in the University, as the College clock struck one, and turned his face in the direction of Anderston. The Professor, like all individuals who have devoted their energies to the study of the exact sciences, was in every thing precise to a fault. It was his rule to assert or believe nothing without a Q.E.D.; and hence his life might be said to have been the very beau idéal of ratiocination. Upon no occasion whatever, when absent from the walls of *alma mater*, was the Professor of trigonometry ever at a loss to tell the exact number of paces that would bring him back to his own snug elbow-chair. Invariably in his promenades did he note each step he took from home; and, although accosted by an acquaintance, was never put out of his reckoning from the habit he had acquired of repeating, during the pauses of conversation, the precise number of paces he had journeyed. To his friends this love of mensuration often proved singular enough—to strangers it was sometimes absolutely ridiculous. As an instance of the latter kind, the following anecdote may be taken as an illustration. One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the Professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometrician knew that he was just *five hundred and seventy-three* paces from the college towards the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying point of the *Acrobath* amateurs; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number at stated intervals, as the only species of Mnemonics then known. 'I beg your pardon,' said the personage, accosting the Professor; 'one word with you, if you please.' 'Most happy—573!' was the response. 'Nay,' rejoined the gentleman, 'merely one question.' 'Well,' added the Professor—'573!' 'You are really too polite,' interrupted the stranger; 'but from your known acquaintance with the late

Dr. B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?' 'Precisely!' replied the Professor—'573!' 'And there were only four nieces, were there not?' rejoined the querist. 'Exactly?' said the mathematician—'573!' The stranger, at the last repetition of the mystic sound, stared at the Professor, as if he were mad, and muttering sarcastically '573!' made a hasty obeisance and passed on. The Professor, seeing the stranger's mistake, hastily advanced another step, and cried after him, 'No, sir, *four* to be sure—574!' The gentleman was still further convinced of the mathematician's madness, and hurried forward, while the Professor paced on leisurely towards the west, and at length, happy in not being balked in his calculation, sat down delighted amid the circle of the Anderston Club.

"Here the mathematician ever made it a rule to throw algebra and arithmetic 'to the dogs,' save in so far as to discover the just *quadratic equation* and *simple division* of a bowl of punch. One thing alone in the Club he brought his mathematics to bear upon, and that was his glass. This had been constructed upon the truest principles of geometry for emptying itself easily, the stalk requiring to form but a very acute angle with the open lips ere its whole contents had dropped into the *oesophagus*. One fatal day, however, Girzy, the black-eyed and dimple-checked servant of the hostelry, in making arrangements for the meeting of the Club, allowed this favourite piece of crystal, as many black and blue-eyed girls have done before and since, to slip from her fingers and be broken. She knew the Professor's partiality for his favourite beaker, and thought of getting another; but the day was too far spent, and the Gallowgate, then the receptacle of such luxuries, was too far distant to procure one for that day's meeting of the fraternity, Had Verreville, the city of glass, been then where it has since stood, the mathematician's placid temper might not have been ruffled, nor might Girzy have found herself in so disagreeable a dilemma. The Club met—the hen-broth smoked in every platter—the few standard dishes disappeared, the *Medec* was sipped, and was then succeeded, as usual, by a goodly-sized punch-bowl. The enticing and delicious compound was mixed, tasted, and pronounced nectar—the Professor, dreaming for a moment of some logarithm of Napier or problem of Euclid, pushed forward to the fount, unconsciously, the glass which stood before him, drew it back a brim-

mer, and carried it to his lips; but lo! the increased angle at which the Professor was obliged to raise his arm, roused him from his momentary reverie, and, pulling the drinking-cup from his lips, as if it contained the deadliest henbane, exclaimed, "What is this, Girzy, you have given me? I cannot drink out of this glass. Give me my own, you little mixx. You might now well know that *this* is not mine," holding up the crystal with a look of contempt. "Weel a wat it is a 'I hae for't, Maister Simson," answered Girzy, blushing. "Hush, hush," rejoined the mathematician, "say not so; I know it is not my glass, for the outer edge of this touches my nose, and *mine* never did so." The girl confessed the accident, and the Professor, though for some moments sadly out of humour, was at length appeased, and swallowed his *sherbet* even at the risk of injuring his proboscis."

Returning to Mr. Gilbert, we wish to do the Irish engravers of the first half of the eighteenth century justice.

One of the most noted was John Brooks. To have been esteemed highly, as he was, by no less a person than Hogarth, whose Richard III. he reproduced "in pen and ink," to the satisfaction of the painter, is sufficient proof of his ability. But Brooks was only one of a number of Irishmen eminent in the art of mezzotinto, which first came into use in London by the labours of Henry Luttrell, a native of Dublin. So distinguished were the Irish artists of the period, that an English contemporary writer observed, "If Ireland had produced such great men in the other branches of the fine arts as she has in mezzotinto engraving, she might say to Italy, 'I, too, have been the mother of immortal painters.'" But the Irishmen of that age, as now, having ultimately settled in London, were claimed as English artists. In addition to Brooks, we may boast of Gwynn and Michael Ford, both superior engravers, who published a number of works in Dublin, of which Mr. Gilbert supplies a catalogue. These comprised portraits of distinguished characters, along with Irish landscapes, and historical compositions. "In general, the Dublin engravings," writes Mr. Gilbert, "excel in softness, depth, and finish." In another branch two real sons of genius, the Mossops, father and son, reflected honour upon this country. They stood alone in

their age, as medalists. Both received their education in Dublin, and executed and disposed of their works here. Poetry of idea and delicacy in execution characterized their productions. The younger even excelled his father in originality of design and chasteness of workmanship; and it is sad to have to say that he died in a state of imbecility, partly from the neglect which he experienced when, after the Union, art had decayed. In a pecuniary point of view, his last work was an utter failure. If completed, it would have proved a valuable national possession. Mossop entertained the project of publishing a series of forty medals, portraits of such Irish worthies as Ussher, Swift, Sheridan, Moore, Charlemont, Grattan, and Goldsmith, but he received no encouragement, and only two were finished.

Additional evidence of the high state of artistic cultivation attained by the Dubliners of the eighteenth century appeared in the decorations of the famous Crow-street theatre. The panelings, which were elaborately classical, representing almost every incident of Greek and Roman mythology, had been painted by two Italian artists of reputation. The scenery, however, also extremely rich, was the work of Irishmen. To the Dublin Society the honour belongs of having given this popular love of art guidance and instruction so early as 1770, when Francis Robert West became master of their figure-school. By him Martin Archer Shee was trained; and in November, 1786, the embryo president of the Royal Academy received from the Dublin Society a silver palette, with a suitable inscription, in testimony of their approbation of his drawings from the life. Shee was only one of many pupils in West's School, afterwards distinguished. Although there are now young artists of great promise amongst us, the training of the Society, the fruits of its far more successful efforts for art nearly a century ago prompt the ejaculation, *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hecore!*

It ought to be added, however, that a decline of the body, which began about 1790, was referable to the neglect of its national claims by the wealthy classes. The most remarkable fact in the art-history of the

corporation was the exhibition, in 1763, of Barry's great painting of "The Baptism of the King of Cashel," afterwards burned in a portion of the Irish Parliament House in 1792.

"The picture was founded on an old tradition relative to the first arrival of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, at Cashel, where the fame of his preaching reached the ears of the sovereign of that district, who, on further investigation, having satisfied himself in the truth of Christianity, professed himself a disciple; hence he is admitted by St. Patrick to the sacrament of baptism. Water being provided by his order, the King steps before the priest, who, disengaging his hand from the crozier, which, according to the manner of the times, was armed at the lower extremity with a spear, in planting it to the ground, accidentally strikes the foot of his illustrious convert. St. Patrick absorbed in the duties of his holy office, and unconscious of what had happened, pours the water on his head. The monarch neither changes his posture, nor suffers the pain from the wound for a moment to interrupt the ceremony: the guards express their astonishment in gestures; and one of them is prepared with his lifted battle-axe to avenge the injury by slaying the priest, while he is restrained by another, who points to the unchanged aspect and demeanour of the sovereign; the female attendants are engaged—some kneeling in solemn admiration of the priest, and others alarmed and trembling at the effusion of the royal blood. The moment of baptism, rendered so critical and awful by the circumstance of the King's foot being pierced with the spear, is that which Mr. Barry chose for the display of his art; and few stories, it is presumed, have been selected with greater felicity or greater scope for the skill and ingenuity of the artist. The heroic patience of the King, the devotional abstraction of the Saint, and the mixed emotion of the spectators, form a combined and comprehensive model of imitation, and convey a suitable idea of the genius of one, who, self-instructed, and at nineteen, conceived the execution of so grand a design. Having embodied the story on canvas, he proceeded to Dublin, and arrived on the eve of an exhibition of pictures at the [Dublin] Society in this capital, which was the parent of that afterwards established in London, for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce. Without recommendation, and accompanied only by a friend and school-fellow, he obtained leave to have his picture exhibited. The general notice and approbation which it received were in the highest

degree grateful to the ears of Mr. Barry, who was himself in the midst of the spectators, though unknown; and in that moment he was repaid for all the labour of his performance. Curiosity succeeded to the idle gaze of admiration; but as no one was able to give a satisfactory answer to the inquiries so loudly repeated for the author, the subject might have remained for some time longer in impenetrable obscurity, had not Mr. Barry himself been impelled by an irresistible impulse publicly to declare his property in the picture. His pretensions, as might be expected, were treated with disdain, and Barry burst into tears of anger and vexation; but the insults which he received were the tribute due to the extraordinary merit of the painting, and must have proved an ample recompense to the author for his temporary mortification. Although no premium had been offered that year by advertisement, the Dublin Society voted Mr. Barry £10 as a testimony of his merit."

Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Gilbert's later volumes is his account of Thomas Sheridan's connexion with the Dublin stage, which gives occasion for bringing upon his pages the talents of Irishmen in another department.

If we may justly boast of having produced superior engravers in Luttrell and Ford, and painters in Shee and James Barry, we had the credit also of supplying London with actors in Spranger Barry, Miss O'Neill, Macklin, Jones, Williams, and a host of others. Assisted by Lord Chesterfield, Viceroy in 1766, Sheridan made efforts to reform the Dublin theatre, which had previously been riotous, obscene, and vulgar. But the manager encounters no easy task who seeks suddenly to give public taste a new direction. Repeated disturbances in Smockally drove Sheridan to distraction, and beggared him besides. It was impossible to avoid or appease these riots. He tried concession. It was as unsuccessful as defiance. His appeals to the clamorous audiences which night after night for months made his theatre a pandemonium, were all in vain. He explained and reasoned, and scolded by turns; but the mob, once aroused by never so slight a pretext, became uncontrollable. Picture the sorrows of a manager who describes his position thus:—

"The galleries assumed a right to call

for what tones they pleased; but not always agreeing upon the tune, one party roared out for one, and the other was as clamorous for another. As the musicians could not possibly play both together, they thought that playing them one after another would satisfy all parties, but that would not do. If they played the one, the advocates for the other thought they had a right to precedence, and saluted them with a volley of apples and oranges. At last the outrage rose to such a height that they threw glass bottles and stones, cut several of the performers, and broke their instruments."

What was to be done in this state of affairs? Sheridan had only one expedient untried, and it also, after a partial success, failed him:

"Then there was no resource but that of ordering the band never to go into the box, but to play behind the scenes, at least till the pit was so full that they might be protected."

Benjamin Victor narrates the consequences of Sheridan's further efforts for theatrical reform. The riot which followed the intrusion of a "Connacht" Adonia, Kelly by name, into the dressing-room of one of the actresses, was not the worst that occurred during Sheridan's career, though certainly alarming enough. The intruder having been taken from the room, to which he had unwarrantably proceeded, and conducted quietly to the pit, from whence he had come, his faction, enraged, rose at once, and climbing upon the stage, with the young hero at their head, rushed to the green-room, broke open the wardrobes, and thrust their swords into the chests of clothes, in quest of the manager, who had fortunately left the theatre. Repairing to his private residence, and failing to find him there, they postponed their vengeance until the next evening, when, on his appearance as Richard the Third, a sudden cry sprang up, "chiefly from the boxes," of, "a submission, off! off!! off!!!" The riot did not even then reach its climax, but was resumed on a third occasion, when the students of the College becoming involved in it, they paraded the streets, as a demonstration against Sheridan. The shops were shut, the population retreated to their houses in terror, and the matter went so far, at length, that the Government were obliged to order the closing of the theatre, to

bring the manager to trial on the charge of assaulting Kelly, whilst arraigning Kelly for beating Sheridan. The Connacht spark having been eventually condemned to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of £500, the excitement subsided, and Sheridan used his influence to get the fine remitted. The populace, however, soon broke out again. Sheridan having established a theatrical club, at whose board lords and members of Parliament were welcome, earned the hatred of the galleries for being a courtier; political feeling became excited against him, and

"At the representation of 'Mahomet,' at Smock-alley, on the 2nd of February, 1754, the pit was filled with the leaders of the country party, who, with much violence, insisted that Digges, who performed 'Alcanor,' should repeat the following lines of his speech in the first act, which they considered applicable to the venality of their opponents:—

"If, ye Powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account. Crush, crush
those vipers
Who, singled out by the community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe."

"On the day preceding the repetition of this play, which was again produced on the 2nd of the ensuing month, Sheridan delivered an address to the assembled actors, expressing his views that it was derogatory to the dignity of the stage for any performer to pander to the humours of an audience by repeating what they regarded as a party speech; but on Digges inquiring whether he should incur the managerial censure if, in compliance with the demands of the audience, he again repeated the speech, Sheridan replied in the negative, adding, that he left him to act as he thought proper.

"On the night of the performance," says Victor, the stage manager, "the pit was full as soon as the doors were open, the house crowded, and this remarkable speech in the first scene. As soon as ever it was out of the mouth of the actor, he was called upon to repeat it, with the same vehemence as on the first night. The actor (who secretly harboured a violent animosity against Sheridan), seemed startled, and stood some time motionless; at last, at the continued fierceness of the encores, he made a motion to be heard, and when silence was obtained he said:—"It would give him the highest pleasure imaginable to comply with the request of the audience; but he had his private reasons for bagging they would be so good to excuse

him, as his compliance would be greatly injurious to him." On his saying that, they immediately called out—"Sheridan! Sheridan! the manager! the manager!" and this cry soon became universal through all parts of the house. After some short time Mr. Digges left the stage, and the uproar continuing, the manager, who stood by me (Victor), behind the scenes, ordered the curtain down, and sent on the prompter to acquaint the audience that they were ready to perform the play, if they were suffered to go on in quiet; if not, that that they were at liberty to take their money again. The prompter was not heard, and obliged to withdraw. Mr. Sheridan then said, with some agitation—"They have no right to call upon me; I'll not obey their call; I'll go up to my room and undress myself." Some of his best friends left the pit and boxes, and went to his dressing-room after him; and, as I was told by them, entreated him not to undress, but to go down and endeavour to pacify an audience that knew he was there, and must be enraged at his refusal to appear before them. But, at these reasons and these entreaties of his friends he remained unmoved; and being strongly possessed of the notion that personal mischief was intended him, he got into a chair, went home, and left the house in that uproar and confusion. Mrs. Woffington was persuaded to appear before them, to see if a fine woman could assuage the fury of the many-headed monster; but, alas! her supposed influence there was adding fuel to the flame; she was offensive (by her known connexions), to the whole party, and, therefore, stood no chance to be heard. Digges was the seeming favourite and reigning orator. He was desired to go on, and assure the audience Mr. Sheridan had laid him under no injunction not to repeat the speech, and, therefore, should not on that account have incurred their displeasure. Digges went on, moved to be heard, and a profound silence ensued; he repeated what he had been desired, but in vain; as they had called so long for Sheridan, they would insist on having him before them, and his answering for himself. At last, when they were told he was positively gone home, they insisted on his being sent for, and added, they would wait patiently an hour, as he was known to live at some distance; and accordingly they sat down quietly to amuse themselves. Messengers were despatched to the manager to acquaint him with the resolution of the house; but no arguments could prevail on him to return back; and when the hour was expired they renewed their call; and, after continuing it some time, two of their leaders (per-

sons of gravity and condition), rose up from the middle of the pit, and went over the boxes. That was the agreed signal. The gentlemen in the pit desired the ladies to withdraw; a youth stood up in the pit, and cried out—"God bless his majesty King George," with three hurrahs, at the last of which they proceeded to tear up the benches, pull down the wainscot, and destroy every thing in the audience part of the theatre. "They then," says Sheridan, "mounted the stage, the curtain was set fire to in two places, but the flame was put out, and it was cut to pieces. All the scenes within reach were entirely demolished. A party was detached to attack the wardrobe, but the precaution of the carpenters in barricading the passage to it, and the resolution of a sentinel, preserved it. When the gentlemen were withdrawn, the mob forced their way into the house, part of whom plundered and stole whatever they could carry away; others drew the large grate in the box-room from its place into the floor, and heaping the benches and wainscot upon the fire, would soon have consumed the house, and probably that whole quarter of the town, as the buildings stood so close there, had not this sight roused six of the servants belonging to the theatre to a desperate courage. At the immediate hazard of their lives, they assaulted and drove the mob out of the house, extinguished the flames, barricaded the doors, and afterwards dispersed the mob, by firing out of the windows upon them." "As soon," says Victor, "as I saw them attack the stage, there was no knowing where their fury would end. I then hastened directly to the Castle, to inform my Lord Lieutenant of the danger we were in; his Grace sent away for the Lord Mayor, who excused himself as being ill of the gout; then the Town Major and I went in pursuit of both the High Sheriffs to their houses, and from thence to the taverns where we heard they were; but we could find no magistrate till one o'clock in the morning, above a deputy constable. These were the only civil officers the Town Major and I could find; and the Captain of the Guard very justly refused to march under the direction of such a man; and without a magistrate or constable the guard could be of no manner of use. But I must observe, that on the report of the intended riot at the theatre that night, and knowing also that it was to be on a party occasion, the magistrates were supposed to conceal themselves designedly."

What afterwards befell the Dublin theatres; how Daly, a fellow-commoner of Trinity, kept up the drama

by a succession of stars, among whom were John Philip Kemble, Elizabeth Inchbald, Digges, Johnstone, Miss Pope, and Dorothea Francis, afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Jordan; how he introduced dancing-dogs upon the stage, and got chastised soundly for the offence; how by mingled humour and firmness he skillfully managed a crotchety public; how he prevailed on Macklin to perform for £50 a night, when that great actor had attained the patriarchal age of ninety-five; how a rhymester, on seeing the veteran then perform, sang of his unabated vigour—

“Revere sturdy Macklin, the dramatic sire,
For nor age nor disease can extinguish his
fire;

Like an evergreen sent as a rare vernal
treasure,

Though he bloom all the year, all the year
gives us pleasure.

Innately convinced of his strength and
capacity,

Like a giant ‘mid pigmies, he crushes
audacity;”

how the classical Smock-alley passed in 1790 into the hands of a respectable whisky and flour dealer, who converted it into a store; how afterwards it fell to decay, and in 1815 became finally a Roman Catholic chapel, the only vestige of the theatre now remaining being a portion of an arched passage on the south-eastern side of the edifice, whose vaults for the dead occupy the site of the pit, where once the rabble roared and rioted: how all this came about Mr. Gilbert describes in an interesting manner, as he also does the varied fortunes of the older establishment in Crow-street.

We must pass swiftly through Dame’s-gate, on our way to Hoggen-green (now College-green), leaving behind us the ancient and romantic church of St. Andrew, beside which, so far back as 1171, Henry II. kept his Christmas “with solemnity” in a temporary building of polished oakers; leaving also the residences, with orchards and gardens stretching down to the river, of the Eustaces, Wandesforda, Coghilla, Fitzgeralda, Fownesca, Bligha—English and Irish families intermingled; leaving the shops and dwellings of foreign booksellers, musicians, artists, and literary men, who between 1730 and 1790, pitched their tents round the great houses of Dame-street, we reach that spot of Dublin where the most prominent features

of our local and national history present themselves, the site of Winchester House, and the fields round Trinity Mount. But we cannot linger upon the vicissitudes of Hoggen-green, or describe it, as in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, a maider-garden; subsequently as a spot where viceroys were received with ceremony; then as a field for the reviewing of local militia corps; and again as the scene of endless brawls round the statue of King William. We can only indicate the course of Mr. Gilbert’s painstaking tour through the authentic record of its fortunes, and glean from his pages such waifs as may seem interesting in themselves and of a character to illustrate the Ireland of a century ago.

Among the newspaper notables of Dublin, one of the most historic is John Magee, of whom a capital story is told. Fiats having been issued against him for libel by Lord Clonmel, he took revenge in the manner related:—

“Magee, who styled himself the ‘Man of Ireland,’ at first behaved in an eccentric and violent manner, reviling the judge in his paper, challenging him to send his officers to arrest him on Essex bridge, and declaring that he could find bail for half a million sterling. Eventually, however, the law requiring that each of the two sureties in such cases should swear himself worth twice the sum for which he became bail, the aggregate amount of which, in this instance, would have been £31,200—Magee, being unable to furnish security to such an extent, was lodged in gaol. He was, however, subsequently liberated on surety for £4,000; and on his application in Michaelmas Term, he was admitted to bail for £200.

“Lord Clonmel had a villa named Temple Hill, close to Sea-point, which, writes Lord Cloncurry, ‘was made the scene of an ingenious stroke of vengeance by John Magee, then printer of the *Dublin Evening Post* newspaper. Mr. Magee thought himself made the subject of undue severity on the part of the bench. He certainly was subjected to a very rigorous imprisonment, in efforts to alleviate the hardships of which, I,’ says Lord Cloncurry, ‘myself took an active part, and with some success, but not sufficient to obliterate from the prisoner’s mind the obligations he thought himself under to the Chief Justice. This debt weighed heavily upon his conscience, and no sooner had his term of confinement expired, than he

announced his intention of clearing off all scores. Accordingly, he had advertisements posted about the town, stating that he found himself the owner of a certain sum (I think it was £14,000), £10,000 of which he had settled upon his family, and the balance it was his intention, 'with the blessing of God to spend upon Lord Clonmel.' In pursuance of this determination, he invited all his fellow-citizens to a 'bra pleasure' [*ἡ βραδὴ πλεῦρα*—a day of great amusement] to be held upon a certain day [in August, 1789] in the fields immediately adjoining Temple Hill demesne.

"I recollect," continues Lord Cloncurry, 'attending upon the occasion, and the fête certainly was a strange one. Several thousand people, including the entire disposable mob of Dublin, of both sexes, assembled as the guests at an early hour in the morning, and proceeded to enjoy themselves in tents and booths erected for the occasion. A variety of sports were arranged for their amusement, such as climbing poles for prizes, running in sacks, grinning through horse-collars [asses dressed up with wigs and scarlet robes, dancing-dogs in gowns and wigs as barriers], and so forth, until at length, when the crowd had obtained its maximum density, towards the afternoon, the grand scene of the day was produced. A number of active pigs, with their tails shaved and soaped, were let loose, and it was announced that each pig should become the property of any one who could catch and hold it by the slippery member. A scene impossible to describe immediately took place; the pigs, frightened and hemmed in by the crowd in all other directions, rushed through the hedge which then separated the grounds of Temple Hall from the open fields; forthwith all their pursuers followed in a body, and, continuing their chase over the shrubberies and parterres, soon revenged John Magee upon the noble owner."

The political riots, of which Dublin was the scene in the eighteenth century, alternated between the theatres and the celebrated statue in College-green. Somewhere about a score serious scuffles took place round the pedestal on which the hero of the Revolution is exalted. In the early part of the century, a Jacobite spirit existing in Trinity College, the monument was repeatedly bedaubed with filth, and otherwise treated with indignity. These proceedings are characterized, in a resolution of the House of Lords of 1710, as insolent, base,

and ungrateful, and £100 offered as a reward for the discovery of the delinquents. Subsequently we find an individual condemned to take up his position at the statue, with a poster on his breast, inscribed—"I stand here for defacing the statue of our glorious deliverer, the late King William." On most occasions of outrage upon the erection the guilds of the city, with the resident nobility and the government officials, proceeded in full form, and with great ceremony, to repair the injury, to present his Majesty with a new truncheon, to put a fresh tail to his horse, or, as the case might be, a nose to the rider. The worst that befell the bronze representation of the conqueror of the Boyne did not happen until 1805, when a particularly scurvy trick was played upon him:—

"In 1805, the 4th of November falling on Sunday, the usual procession was postponed to the ensuing day. At midnight on Saturday, the 3rd of the month, the watchman on duty on College-green was disturbed at his post by a painter, who stated that he had been sent by the city decorator to prepare the statue for the approaching ceremony, adding that the apprehended violence of the people had rendered it advisable to have this office performed at night. Having gained access to the monument, the artist plied his brush industriously for some time, and, on descending, requested the watchman to take care of the painting utensils left on the statue, while he repaired to his employer's warehouse for some material necessary to complete the decoration. The night, however, passed away without the return of the painter; and at daybreak on Sunday the statue was found completely covered with an untutious black pigment, composed of tar and grease, most difficult to remove, the vessel which had contained the mixture being suspended from a halter tied round the king's neck."

So early as 1692, the struggle between the Irish Parliament and the British Crown, which was only terminated by the Union, had origin in the rejection, by the Commons of Ireland, of a money bill, sent from London to supply funds for discharging the public debt contracted by the war against the Irish Jacobites. The Viceroy, Lord Hydney, protested against the conduct of the Commons as an infringement of the royal prerogative. Then, in 1698, Molyneux published

his protest against the Act of the English Parliament prohibiting the export of the woollen manufactures of Ireland, and the pamphlet soon after was burned in London by the common hangman. Repeated and serious mistakes in the management of Ireland, on the part of Viceroy, chiefly influenced by their fears, and English ministers led astray by their ignorance of the country, fostered the tendency to factionship which had manifested itself at an early date in the Irish Parliament. Popular resistance in Ireland gave occasion and pretext for new laws of an injurious character. Then came the Penal Code, that grand blunder in statesmanship. But on these features of Irish history we cannot dwell. It would require a volume to discuss so as to do justice to the motives of all the parties; and numerous misconceptions still prevail upon the subject, which Mr. Gilbert's observations, now and then occurring, do but little to remove.

Among many proofs of the weakness of the Irish Parliament must be reckoned its frequent conflicts with the press. The satires common in the Dublin journals during the earlier years of the Second George's reign were, indeed, biting and powerful; but repeated prosecutions of the journals for alleged libel only increased the crop of offences. If the legislature assailed the press, its retaliation was effective. The House of Commons are spoken of, in a journal of the time, for example, as

"Rascals of inferior note,
Who, for a dinner, sell a vote"—

as a pack of pensionaries, as lunatics and fools, as rogues who fleeced their country, as a filthy rabble; and Swift, in his famous "Character, Panegyric, and Description of the Legion Club," signalizes their house by the name of "Goose Pie," from the shape of its original dome, adding such compliments as "den of thieves," "harpies' nest," and then breaking forth—

"Let them when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit apicking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city.

Let them with their goaling gulls,
Scribble senseless hands of Bills."

For the modern straw-picking we must repair to Washington, but for the grand committee nuisance a counterpart may be had nearer home. Swift was not always so civil in his satire as these passages might be considered to show, for he subsequently declares that he can only see in the House

"Three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes."

It was in 1759 that the intention of passing an Act of Union first became known in Ireland, and serious riots were the consequence. The populace had been inflamed even before this time by the "ratting" of many, whom they regarded as patriots, to the side of the Government. Anthony Malone and Henry Boyle were the most notable of these pensioners, the latter being lashed by the earldom of Shannon. Those defections gave the report of a Bill of Union greater importance; and the mob, on the 3rd of December, 1759, rose in all parts of the city, and having seized the avenues to the Parliament House, and laid hold of the members, obliged a number of them to take an oath against the obnoxious measure.

"Rowley, a rich Protestant, was seized, stripped, and threatened with drowning. They pulled off Lord Inchiquin's periwig and red ribbon; and on his stammering, when the oath was put to him, they cried, 'D—n you! do you hesitate?' but hearing that his name was O'Brien, their rage was changed to exclamations."

The fury of the mob knew no bounds. They even prepared a gallows for Rigby, the Master of the Rolls, and had he not been out of town, it is probable he would have swung. The Commons passed resolutions on the occasion, and so the quarrel went forward between the Parliament and the People, prosecutions of the journals being the weapons on one side, and on the other popular outbreaks of a reckless nature. It is particularly notable that the first step towards the remedying of this state of things was the publication of reports of the debates, which was first done in 1763 and 1764. In 1769, the Irish Parliaments became octennial. Then followed, in 1778, the relaxation of the Penal Code, Roman Catholics being allowed from that time to purchase land under certain restrictions. From

the commencement of the free trade discussions, Irish Parliamentary history is familiar to every educated person, and it is sufficient to say that Mr. Gilbert summarises it with clearness and accuracy, introducing various new facts, valuable as illustrations of the course of opinion outside the walls of the legislature during the Union debates. This opportunity may be taken of stating that the attractiveness of Mr. Gilbert's book is enhanced by the beauty and correctness of typography for which our University Press is so noted.

By way of extending our view of Irish society at this period it may be noted that the price of a borough was then from £14,000 to £16,000. This even beats Marylebone. An exceedingly resolute Republican party sprang up in the Irish Parliament about 1797, and it is not unlikely that had the Union not taken place, would have rapidly increased in influence. One of the stanzas of a song which constituted for it a species of charter, ran in a strain that would ecstasize a Yankee:

"These nicknames, marquis, lord, and earl,
That set the crowd a-gazing,
We prize, as hogs esteem a pearl,—
Their patents set a-blazing."

One of the most amusing incidents related by Mr. Gilbert of the notables of 1750, or thereabouts, is the following respecting the Earl of Rosse, who out-Rochestered Rochester in humour and reckless wickedness:—

"He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the *beau monde* call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do; and, finally, his health beyond repair. Some asserted that he dealt with the devil; established a Hell-fire Club at the Eagle Tavern on Cork-hill. Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the Groom Porter's, where he was a man of honour, and at the taverns, where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. John Madden (Vicar of St. Anne's and Dean of Kilmore), a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life, the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gambling, drinking, rioting, turning day into

night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Rosse. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover), he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare; he likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, inasmuch that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal observed the letter was not written in the style of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. John Hoadly) about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner—"I pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamester, a rioter, and every thing that's base and infamous?" "You, my Lord," said the Bishop, "every one knows that you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue." "Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and revered divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?" "Surely," answered his Grace, "no man in his senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court." Upon this, Lord Kildare delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's ser-

vant, and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discouraged with the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace looked very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The Dean answered, 'I did, my Lord.' 'Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain; besides, sir, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the Ecclesiastical Court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or give up your possessions in the church.' 'My Lord,' answered the Dean, 'I never either think, act, or write any thing, for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it. And so saying, the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the meantime the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended him to ask my Lord's pardon before the matter became public. 'Ask his pardon,' said the Dean, 'why, the man is dead!' 'What! Lord Kildare dead?' 'No, Lord Rosse.' 'Good G-d,' said the Archbishop, 'Did you not send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?' 'No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rosse, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did.' Upon examining the servant the whole mistake was rectified, and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Rosse died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour."

Pensions were conferred upon those who lost their appointments in the Irish parliament, amounting in all to £32,000 14s. 1d.; and a list of these, reprinted from the Journals of the House of Commons of the kingdom of Ireland, shows that the Earls of Clare and Mayo, and Speaker Foster, fared best, having got nearly £11,000 per annum among them. After the Union various suggestions were made as to the use for which the Parliament House was best fitted. Lecture-halls for Trinity College was the favourite proposition; but finally this idea dropped, in consequence of a fear that disturbances between the students and citizens would occur in the passing of the latter to and from the structure. In 1802, Comerford, the miniature painter, exhibited his works in the edifice. During its varied fortunes it was afterwards, like Trinity College in the last years of King James, converted into a barrack for a short time, and the front portico suffered such injury, by a fire at a still later period, that it became necessary to insert large pieces in the columns. Then the building passed into the hands of the Bank Directors, who purchased for £42,000, subject to a ground-rent of £240 per annum; and it is a startling evidence of the want of spirit and self-respect which then prevailed in Ireland that when Aaron Baker, master of the Dublin Society's Architectural School, was declared the winner of the first prize of £300 for the plan to adapt the Parliament House to its new purposes, he was found to have competed under an English name, and had his drawings sent from London, as from an English architect, fearing that the knowledge of the competitor being an Irishman would prejudice his chances of success. To strangers visiting Dublin it may be interesting to know that the chandelier of the House of Commons is suspended in the Examination Hall of Trinity College; while the Speaker's chair of the House of Lords is in possession of the Royal Irish Academy, and that of the Commons stands in the board-room of the Royal Dublin Society. The Speaker's mace, which Foster peremptorily refused to deliver to the government, remains in the hands of his grandson, Lord Massereene.

The reader will find in Mr. Gilbert's

volumes many portraits of an attractive character — such as those of the benevolent Bartholomew Mosse, founder of the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, whose memory is to this day justly held in veneration by the faculty; the clever, witty, winning Solomon Whyte, preceptor of Tom Moore, whose grammar-school in Grafton-street was the type of a species of academy for youth now, unfortunately, much more rare than forty or fifty years ago; "Don Philip the Moor," the easy-going, successful, stoical Tisdall, representative for Trinity College in the early part of the last century; Richard Parsons, first Earl of Rosse, a "fellow," as the reader has already been made aware, "of infinite jest;" the unapproachably humorous Baron Dawson, whose song of "Squire Jones" is inimitable; fop O'Hara, the burlesque writer, spectacled and in antiquated wig, whose narratives at fashionable entertainments were interminable; Luke White, the millionaire bookseller of Crampton court, and founder of a respected family, whom Sheil panegyrizes; Henry Brooke, author of "The Fool of Quality," recently republished with a somewhat extravagant preface by Mr. Kingsley; and a host of less remarkable men, each of whom, on Mr. Gilbert's well-stored pages, brings his contribution to the social history of Ireland in the noisy, eventful, and fertile Eighteenth Century. How these nobles, wits, pedagogues, and gallants distinguished themselves in local annals the reader of the "History of Dublin" will learn, as he glides through its chapters without effort or fatigue. The third volume, in short, comprehends a complete picture of Irish life in the latter half of the period mentioned; and those ignorant and assuming persons who, with an affectation of superiority for themselves and their part of the kingdom, are accustomed to speak of the Ireland of 1730-90 as altogether barbarous and behind the age arrived at elsewhere, will be probably astonished on discovering that in the arts of landscape painting and engraving our countrymen took a higher place a century ago than the Londoners,

while the works of our architects of the same period survive in public buildings which even so accomplished a person as Lord Palmerston has lately complimented with warmth; that the oratory of our Parliament was fully equal to any thing produced at the same date on the other side of the water; and that several measures passed by the Irish House in the latter half of the century were far in advance of English political opinion; that many Irish nobles of that period, also, rivalled the splendour of royalty, and displayed the nicest taste in their equipages and the decoration of their mansions.

It is no spurious sentiment which induces educated Irishmen to vindicate the reputation of their forefathers. Faults Irishmen of the last century had, numerous and mischievous in their effects upon the nation, but these have been painted worse than the reality. If their *amor patriæ* was more ardent than farseeing, it was seldom insincere, if irreconcilable differences of opinion perpetuated conflicts with the Crown, the existence of these, and all their evil consequences, must be traced to a long course of mistakes in the government of this country: in part also, no doubt, to the unwise and unjustifiable conduct of "patriots," who, even in the earliest times, as in later years, traded in the sorrows and wrongs of their countrymen. So much as is creditable to the character of the British people in the occurrences of the Eighteenth Century in Irish history, let us be careful to preserve, recollecting that among the names of the honestest and noblest of our public men of every crisis throughout that stirring period are to be found a few which are unmistakably English; and what is dishonouring to either the Irish people proper, or the English settlers, it is wiser to bury for ever, since we of to-day find ourselves in happier circumstances, and ought to be grateful that the population of the three kingdoms, designed by nature to be one nation, are now at length one in every thing essential — in blood to a great degree, in language altogether, in patriotic feeling also, and in common commercial interests.

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CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND JOHN STUART MILL.

IN those gospels, which are the confessed source of Christian Ethics, are two sayings, not in themselves of easy reconciliation, nor in their application of obvious and ready adjustment :

"He that is not against us is for us."

And then, by-and-by--

"He that is not with me is against me."

A fair and candid reader of Mr. Mill's *Essay upon Liberty* may well be at a loss to decide whether of these two sayings he ought in justice to fit to it in respect of such ethics as are specially Christian.

In all honesty, we ourselves must say, after careful perusal and re-perusal of this thoughtful book, that the former of these two sayings may fairly be applied to its main conclusions : that the latter may not unfairly be stamped upon certain of its incidental assertions, and of its arguments as built upon them.

The widest and most absolute liberty of thought and discussion, is, first of all, claimed by Mr. Mill.

A claim, as we believe, allowed by Christian ethical doctrine, when sound, and deep, and true.

But before passing on, we desire to explain in what sense the very word "claim" itself may be applied to the teaching of Mr. Mill. It is one of the excellences of this *Essay*, that its

tone is essentially unselfish. There is no querulous demand for personal immunities. Its plea, as for personal inculcation of duties, for liberty is an requisition of rights. Other than a to be no trifling difference, as we take secure signification. Hence, nor of ob- is when they with whom they indeed it authority, influence of asside power, kind, understand that the genuine other men constitute their own rights of and that in conceding such rights duties, are doing no less justice to themselves than to others. This is essentially²⁸ Christian doctrine--"it is more blessed to give than to receive." Well had it been for Christendom if its application to concession of liberties, moral and material, had at all times been more heartily recognised.

Mr. Mill does not fail to acknowledge the debt due by the world for what religious liberty it possesses, to "great writers," who in the case of "religious belief" exceptionally did take "higher ground, on principle," and "assert freedom of conscience as an inalienable right;" but we fear it must be allowed that the "higher ground" taken has but too rarely been the highest, and that there is but too much truth in his account of what has driven men to that "higher ground" lower than the highest, namely, that "minorities, seeing that they had no chance of becoming majorities, were under the necessity of

pleading to those whom they could not convert, for permission to differ." Who can dispute his assertion, that "those who first broke the yoke of what called itself the Universal Church, were in general as little willing to permit difference of religious opinion as that Church itself?" The writer's argument being wholly against intolerance in the introductory passage whence we quote, it was perhaps to be expected that he should speak of intolerance, "so natural to mankind," as the one source of that "little willingness to permit difference of religious opinion."

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Whatever Mr. Mill may say, we must, upon higher authority than his, pronounce that there be such things as "damnable heresies."* In all times of vehement spiritual, moral, and intellectual disturbance, these stormbirds of ill omen appear above the dark waves of human thought. Who knows not how the disruption of the old Pagan superstitions, and the dissolution of the effete philosophies of the old Pagan world, were accompanied by such portents in swarms. Even when the pure gospel word, caught fresh from Christ's own lips, and wafted upon the wings of the Holy Dove, the Paraclete himself, was attested to such disruption and dissolution by the first Apostles of the Lord, the infamies of Gnostics and Manichæans abounded,

and were charged upon the true followers of the Word of Holiness. So was it at the Reformation, so will it be at every such tremendous crisis in the spiritual, moral, intellectual history of human kind.

The Reformers, therefore, were in this predicament, that they found themselves charged with heresy, and that damnable. Concerning the first branch of the indictment, they might have been, and were, in the main content to say, as that great-souled Paul had said, whose writings were so dear to them—"this we confess, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship we the God of our fathers."

Concerning the second, in their anguish and fear, they perhaps were too anxious at times to demonstrate by any means that with what were truly damnable heresies they had neither sympathy nor any common bond. They feared more than they feared the dungeon or the stake (therein they showed the grandeur of their souls) to be confounded with such as were, or appeared to them also to be, "deniers of the Lord that bought them;" and to make their repudiation of the damnable heresies clear and apparent to all men (therein they showed the human weakness of their souls) they proceeded, sometimes, to deal by this kind of heretics as their opponents dealt by them. To allow and to approve are sometimes identical, and men are very keen in interpreting allowance as approval when their adversaries' case is in question. And so, in order to disprove an unjust accusation by an unjustifiable disproof, men come to refuse allowance where they should simply have signified disapproval. Human respect, we repeat it, rather than theological hatred, is that which in such cases warps the moral sense, and unless this also be taken into account, there will be great injustice done to the whole character of Protestantism in respect of this question of intolerance.

For certainly Protestantism has done much for toleration, and that not upon the score of mere "religious indifference."

We do not deny that Protestants have been, and that many of them

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often are still intolerant; nor will we hesitate to say that intolerance in them is meaner and more detestable than in Papists. "*Corruptio optimi pessima*" is an aphorism as true as it is old. But it is no part of any true Protestant principle to persecute, and there is always hope, a hope not on the whole deceived nor frustrated entirely by the facts of the case, in the history of Protestants,—that when the true moral sense in them shall cease at any time to be disturbed by some passion contending against their genuine religious principle, toleration will resume, and not only resume but extend, its sway.

Intolerance, which we fear approves itself almost always as consistent with religious principle to the Romanist, is, sooner or later, recognised as inconsistent with it by the genuine Protestant.

We now return to the general consideration of the Essay, and follow as nearly as possible, in so doing, the order of the author's own assertion and argument.

We must not stifle an opinion, says Mr. Mill, and for two reasons:—Firstly, we can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion; secondly, if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

We agree with Mr. Mill that we must not stifle an opinion; we agree with him that there is great evil in stifling an opinion, even when sure of its falsehood; but we think we need hardly tell our readers with what energy we deny the proposition, that we can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is false.

The unhappy Pyrrhonism of that last sentence involves even so clear a thinker and writer as Mr. Mill forthwith in the most awkward mistiness and confusion, either of thought or expression, so soon as he proceeds to develop it.

"All silencing of discussion," he says, "is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, not the worse for being common."

We suppose the syllogism is meant to stand thus:—

All assumption of infallibility is to be condemned.

All silencing of discussion is assumption of infallibility.

Therefore all silencing of discussion is to be condemned.

We simply deny the premises.

No man is to be condemned for assuming himself to be infallible in asserting the existence of God, any more than for assuming himself to be so in asserting that the three angles of any rectilinear triangle are in sum equal to two right angles.

There are, we must affirm, even though Mr. Mill would appear to contradict it, truths other than mathematical, which are not merely relatively but *absolutely* certain. When we enunciate such truths we do assume and maintain our infallibility, and we do *not* mean to say by that that *we* are certain of such truths; but that such *truths* are certain: more certainly true than even we are certain of their truth.

None but a fool, it may be objected, questions that twice two are four; there is no occasion to assume infallibility on that point.

Well! none but "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

We assume our infallibility against the one fool as against the other, and refuse to admit that in either case we incur a fair condemnation for the assumption.

It is very true that ten pages farther on Mr. Mill seems to face some such challenge as we have thus given. His imaginary objector is there made to question him:

"Is the belief in a God one of the opinions, to feel sure of which you hold to be assuming infallibility?" To which the author's answer is:

"I must be permitted to observe, that it is not the feeling sure of a doctrine (be it what it may) which I call an assumption of infallibility, it is the undertaking to decide that question *for others* without allowing them to hear what can be said on the contrary side."

Now every man has a right to his own definition; but we put it to our reader whether this definition of an assumption of infallibility is not of the most awkward and confusing kind; whether it be not so much in contradiction to the usual sense of the words when used in ordinary argument as to render it hard to justify.

A man has a right to his own defi-

nition ; but he should begin by clearing the way with it as he first enters upon his argument ; and above all, he should not use, nor even appear to use, the word or phrase defined in two varying senses. Surely Mr. Mill is not prepared to contend that in the "common argument" upon which he says the condemnation of silencing discussion may rest, men usually intend to define the assumption of infallibility, as himself has done at last.

"However positive any one's persuasion may be, not only of the falsity, but of the pernicious consequences of an opinion; yet if in pursuance of that private judgment, though backed by the public judgment of his country or his contemporaries, he prevents the opinion from being heard in its defence, he assumes infallibility."

Thus does Mr. Mill develop his definition. But we protest all the more against it. The man *may* in the case supposed "assume infallibility," but if so, surely he does it "per accidens," and his allowance or refusal of hearing to the obnoxious opinion on its defence is *not* that which in any reasonable sense determines the contingency.

The doctrines of which men feel most truly certain, are not always those on which they forbid attacks, as Mr. Mill seems to be well aware when he describes the people of this age as feeling sure "not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know what to do without them." Let people of that stamp choke all contradiction of those doubtfully held opinions as they will; surely it is only by a wrench given to the language that these semi-sceptics can be said to "assume infallibility."

Mr. Mill, we think, does great disservice to the argument in favour of toleration by this anxiety to prop it up with the rotten buttress of the duty of scepticism.

He reproaches "individuals" with not allowing their "faith" in "the collective authority" of the "party, the sect, the church, the class of society" to which they belong, to be "shaken at all by being aware that other ages, countries, sects, churches, classes, and parties have thought, and even now think, the reverse."

Well! why should it be shaken by the knowledge of this fact?

We are aware that the question may seem bold; but we contend that it is entirely justifiable as against the loose hypothesis of our author.

For he is not careful to distinguish the nature of the subject matter of those opinions, which men refuse to allow the sense of their own fallibility, individual or collective, to shake, and without such distinction his reasoning is worthless.

The indictment against this obstinate unshakable "individual" proceeds thus:—

"He devolves upon his own world the responsibility of being in the right against the dissentient worlds of other people; and it never troubles him that mere accident has decided which of these numerous worlds is the object of his reliance, and that the same causes which make him a Churchman in London, would have made him a Buddhist or a Confucian in Peking."

Why should it trouble him? We mean, of course, in respect of shaking his "faith in the collective authority."

It may be, and in our opinion it is, a perfectly fair argument to say: Do not persecute by way of propping up truth. By so doing you are practically making violence or the ability to resist violence the measure of what is true or false. You are forcibly bending the lever of the balance itself by way of entering upon proof that the goods you are delivering are of just weight.

Violence proves nothing more *in favour* of truth in London, than it proves *against* truth in Peking.

But that is a very different thing from saying, "be suspicious of a universally received truth in London; because the negation of it is in universal credit at Peking."

Am I to hold as of doubtful certainty the Newtonian system, universally received in Europe, because a mere accident has prevented me from being born a Hindoo? "The same causes which make me a Newtonian in London," would have made me at Madras, perhaps, a believer in the cosmogony of the Shasters; is my adhesion to the true doctrine of the solar system to be held in sceptical solution? Had I been born in Peking, I should have held China to be the "Central" no less than the "flowery" land; am I, therefore, to have misgivings about

"the World on Mercator's projection," and to misdoubt, on that account, the accuracy of Mr. Wyld's map of Asia?

It may seem audacious for an anonymous reviewer to charge such a thinker as the author of this *Essay on Liberty* with confusion of thought upon a matter of this kind; but really we cannot account for the course of Mr. Mill's argument at this point except upon the theory of his having confused one of the common attributes of those who have assumed infallibility with the assumption itself. These assumers have been almost always impatient, but such impatience is no necessary concomitant of the assumption. Infallibility is an attribute of Deity. Let a man assume to be one with God. Must he therefore necessarily be impatient of all contradiction? Is the Almighty so? Does either his revealed Word or his action in history proclaim him to be so? Wiser is the old adage, "*Deus patiens quia æternus.*" A real profound unshakable assumption of infallibility ought in truth to communicate something of that eternal patience. And indeed it does so. There is a vehemence born of weakness not of strength in the conviction. Had Galileo denied that a square had four equal sides, his opponents might have blistered him behind the ears as light-headed; but they would never have treated him as a criminal—they would have been absolutely certain of the falsehood of his opinion. But, as we read it, they had no such calm, profound, unassailable conviction of the truth of that mundane system, which they professed to take on faith from the Scriptures; they had no sufficient assurance of their own infallibility on this head; and conceived they might help themselves and others to a little more of it by chaining and gagging the impugner. Men do not build breakwaters to protect granite rocks against the dash of waves, but to protect roadsteads of shingle and of shifting sand.

There was a man once upon earth, who assumed, and rightfully assumed, infallibility; who not content with proclaiming himself "come into the world that he might bear witness to the truth," affirmed himself to be "the Truth," in his own person. Was he impatient? Was he intolerant? Or was it not his special characteristic to

"endure the contradiction of sinners against himself?"

We have said that to allow and to approve are sometimes identical; but they are by no means always so. Forgetfulness of this has often hurried men of pure and benevolent mind into adopting a course of conduct diametrically opposed to that of Him who is the author of all good, and the necessary antagonist of all evil,—plunging them into the folly of acting, in their attempts at moral government, as if they esteemed their wisdom wiser than the Wisdom Infinite.

Yes! there is a reason which weighs with us beyond every weighty reason which the soundest of this world's philosophy can put into the scale in favour of long suffering, all-enduring tolerance, and that reason is the tolerance of the True Infallible. Your pretended Vicars of Christ would have done more a thousand times to strengthen the validity of their own claim to His infallibility, had they manifested in proof of it a little more of His Infinite patience, in their own dealings with men's rebellious souls.

Of that one intallible man Mr. Mill has not omitted all mention. And not having omitted it, we must express our profound regret that he should have ignored his teaching upon this very point of unlimited forbearance. Still more profoundly do we regret that this mention of Him and of men's dealings by Him should have about it so much which is false and reprehensible. These are strong words; but we fear that we can fully justify them.

Still harping upon the confused notion that assumption of infallibility must necessarily imply the determination to stifle, by violence of some kind, all manner of contradiction, and still misled, if we mistake not, by the deplorable doctrine, that we can never be sure whether the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle be false or true, Mr. Mill proceeds to speak of the condemnation of Socrates, the crucifixion of our Lord, and the persecution of Christianity by Marcus Aurelius. These he gives simply as instances of the commission of "those dreadful mistakes which excite the astonishment and horror of posterity," attributing, so far as we can see, the making of them simply and purely to the imaginary crime of assuming infallibility, "an assumption so far from

being less objectionable, or less dangerous, because the opinion is called immoral or impious, that this is the case of all others in which it is most fatal." In his zeal to warn men against the danger, Mr. Mill begins by absolving the judges of Socrates. "He was put to death by his countrymen, after a judicial conviction, for impiety and immorality; of these charges the tribunal, there is every ground for believing, honestly found him guilty." Now if we are to take, as Mr. Mill does, for the virtues of Socrates, the "Apologies" as evidence worthy of trust, it strikes us that there is little or no ground for believing in the honesty of the verdict against the marvellous pagan philosopher. Private enmities, to the full as much as honest though deluded zeal for public good, mixed the poison cup, which the "wisest of the Greeks" drank down. Xenophon and Plato would hardly have subscribed to this modern "rehabilitation" of the men who pronounced, rather than found their great teacher guilty. But we have neither time nor inclination to push this debate far. We come to that which is unspeakably more important.

Mr. Mill taxes mankind, at least modern mankind, with allowing their feelings to render them "extremely unjust in their judgment of the unhappy actors in that lamentable transaction, the event which took place on Calvary rather more than eighteen hundred years ago."

Surely it was necessary here to distinguish between comparative and absolute injustice. "These were to all appearance, not bad men; not worse than men commonly are, but the contrary." To say that they were "not worse" may be, and is, when rightly applied, most profitable because most humiliating, most soul-searching doctrine. But to say they were "not bad," is to rob, beforehand, such doctrine of all its humbling, soul-searching, corrective power. To remind men that "most of those who now shudder" at the high priest's conduct, if "they had lived in his time, and been born Jews," in much probability "would have acted precisely as he did," may be to render them a real service, if the reminder be given to enforce upon them the danger of self-deceit, and the insecurity of the safeguard afforded to men,

even against desperate wickedness, by remaining satisfied with being "the very kind of men who, in all times, our own included, have every chance of passing through life blameless and respected." But we must reckon it as an audacious contradiction of the gospel narrative, a hideous perversion of the spirit of its lessons, to use such manner of talk for the semi-absolution of the murderers of the Holy One, for the representing of them as the unhappy victims of a fated, no less than a fatal mistake, much as *Œdipus* is in the tragedy, when by an almost justifiable manslaughter he becomes a parricide, and by an innocently contracted marriage he commits the foulest of incest.

We cannot, and will not believe that Mr. Mill had any such intention as this, in penning the passage under review, but that he has been betrayed into so doing, we think, must be apparent to every careful reader.

Mr. Mill attempts after a fashion to clear Caiaphas, or at least to mitigate our condemnation of him on these grounds:—

"The high priest, who rent his garments when the words were pronounced, which, according to all the ideas of his country constituted the blackest guilt, was in all probability, quite as sincere in his horror and indignation, as the generality of respectable and pious men now are in the religious and moral sentiments they profess."

Has Mr. Mill ever carefully read through the whole four Gospels? One is tempted to think not, when finding him write at random thus.

St. Matthew tells us that Caiaphas rent his clothes, when the prisoner before him had answered affirmatively to the question so solemnly and urgently put:—"I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

Now leaving aside the sincerity or insincerity of the indignation of Caiaphas at this *special person* for answering affirmatively, we may fairly ask how it can be asserted, that "according to all the ideas of his country," the answer "constituted the blackest guilt."

Was not the Christ expected? Was He not to be the Son of God? The latter question is answered in the very form of the High Priest's interrogation; but did not the "ideas" of the coun-

try expect this Son of God to be revealed in the person of a Man?

What does St. John's Gospel let us know on this head? There we read that when the preaching of the Baptist had shaken to its centre the heart of the nation, the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him whether he were not that Christ, and wherefore, unless he were that Christ, he took upon him to baptize. They apparently thought it by no means improbable that the skin-clad preacher of repentance would announce himself to be the Messiah; how can we reconcile such anticipation with the notion, that "according to their ideas" a claim of Christhood must "constitute the blackest guilt?"

Mr. Mill offers no apology for Pilate; but, unless He whom Caiaphas condemned spake falsely, the Roman magistrate was less guilty than the High Priest, for Christ himself said to the former—"He that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin."

If the condemners and crucifiers of the Lord were "not bad men," then He was bad, or else He too "committed a dreadful mistake."

Pilate was no very just judge; but he was a shrewd, clear-sighted man, and he found his way to the bottom of the motives of those who dragged before his judgment-seat one in whom neither he nor Herod could find any thing worthy of death.

"For he knew that for *very* they had delivered him."

Has not "envy" been called "eldest born of hell?" Is the designation false?

See to what baseness of crime it drove these miserable men, whom Mr. Mill calls "to all appearance not bad."

First, there is the blood-money transaction with Judas.

Secondly, these judges deliberately "seek false witness against Him to put Him to death."

Thirdly, having themselves *accepted*, they next *bear* false witness against him, and depose before Pilate, that He who had said, "render unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's," had been found by them "forbidding to give tribute."

Fourthly, they who could hardly keep their hands from doing Him violence, when He had spoken of the bondage of sin, loudly asserting

"we were never in bondage to any man;" they, who were putting Him to death on pretext of his infringement upon the majesty of their Messiah's kingship, deny the Messiah and his kingship and all, and in their lust for blood, hawl out the lying submission to Rome, which their inmost heart spurned, crying—"We have no king but Cæsar!"

But why check off any farther the separate counts of the crushing indictment?

Envious, and covetous, and proud, and prevaricators, omitters of judgment, mercy, and faith, full of extortion and excess, whited sepulchres for hypocrisy, and full of iniquity within, very serpents for venom and malice, a generation of vipers: such was the character of the "unhappy actors in that lamentable transaction," unless He, whom they cruelly and shamefully diel to death, were Himself a cruel and a shameless slanderer. It is unpardonable that a grave teacher of justice and mercy, pleading the cause of liberty, should even in one careless "*obiter dictum*" say of such men that they were "to all appearance not bad."

Mr. Mill "altogether condemns" such expressions as "the immorality and impiety of *an* opinion." Now, we repeat it, we do not accept this verdict upon the character of those who hunted Christ to death, *as* the deliberate opinion of our authors; but if we did, we should, for all his remonstrance, stigmatize such an opinion as both immoral and impious.

And yet we should agree with him in concluding that it were wisest, juster, safer, not to forbid its expression or its advocacy under any penalty beyond that stigma.

We are not so deeply concerned to examine what use is next made of the example of Marcus Aurelius, save to note the practical weakening of the argument against repression of opinion again inflicted here by Mr. Mill's confused, awkward, and we might add, false definition of what it is to assume infallibility.

"Unless any one," he says, "who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions, flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius—more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time—more elevated in his intellect above it—more earnest in his

search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it, when found; let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result."

But what if a man defy the "unless?" What if a man should flatter himself, that if not better, he is, at least, wiser than the great Antoninus?

Few men, perhaps, would choose to subscribe to Mr. Mill's entire eulogium on the philosophical and amiable persecutor. We should hesitate to do so ourselves. We do not scruple to assume that we possess a wisdom, not indeed our own, but a wisdom passing that of Aurelius, on many things of the highest consequence to man's spiritual and mental well-being; our knowledge of his "mistake," and of its "unfortunate result" is of itself an acquisition to our wisdom denied to him. But would that superior wisdom justify us in doing as he did? By no means.

The argument in favour of abstaining from persecution on the ground that the persecutor may possibly be wrong, appears to us likely to weaken, practically, in thousands of minds, the argument in favour of abstaining from persecution altogether. It bears to the inconsiderate man the aspect of a quasi-permission to persecute whenever it is impossible, or appears to them impossible, but that they should be right—the very last result at which our author would desire to arrive.

We are, however, almost at one with him in his strictures upon "the dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution, one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes." We partly agree with him that "history teems with instances of truth put down by persecution," because he qualifies the saying thus:—"If not suppressed for ever it may be thrown back for centuries." We think there is considerable force in these remarks:

"It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth merely as truth has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. The real advantage which truth has, consists in this, that when an opinion is true it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times; but in the course of

ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time when from favourable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it."

But we think that he has overlooked here the fact, that much of this may be predicated in a certain sense of error as well. And we count it an oversight that he should have neglected here to introduce what we consider a fair subsidiary argument to be based upon recognition of the fact. We are far from saying that error has the same inherent vitality as truth, the same power of revivification after death, or what seems death; but assuredly it does possess a very great and harassing share of such vitality, and such power of resuscitation. We have falsehoods in the world that are as old as many of the greatest truths. Errors that have been slain and buried out of sight for centuries, but which reappear sometimes with the same old features, sometimes with a difference in the grin of the mask which covers them. And persecution does not and will not kill them outright, any more than it kills their opposite truths. It fails of its object in the one case as in the other. Of course to this it may be objected, that at all events persecution of such kind scotches the snake it cannot kill, and scotching a snake is so far so good. To this objection forcible answer may be given, and is given, though not to that specific objection by the author of our Essay. Worthy of being deeply pondered are these words:

"Those in whose eyes this reticence on the part of heretics is no evil, should consider, in the first place, that in consequence of it there is never any fair and thorough discussion of heretical opinions; and that such of them as could not stand such a discussion, though they may be prevented from spreading, do not disappear."

No, they do not; and it might have been said without the modification, "though they may be prevented from spreading."

The possibility of such prevention is, to say the least, doubtful. When one or two measly spots appear on the child's skin, they may be prevented from spreading, nay, be made to disappear—from sight, but not from

its fevered body, which the suppression and supposed disappearance kill. Suppress the gout which is reddening an old man's knuckles, it goes straight to the heart, and the undertaker's hearse may be fetched round to the door whence the doctor's carriage drives away. Freethinking, so called, had freer play in the England of the eighteenth century than it had in France. London saw no Goddess of Reason set up upon the altar at St. Paul's.

Liberty of discussion is strictly forbidden in the Pontifical States, and the prohibition enforced by many so-called preventive, as well as repressive measures; nevertheless, we have been told, again and again, that, as the Editor of *Gioherti's Remains* expresses it—"Nowhere, perhaps, in Europe, are greater incredulity and heresy to be met with."

The Russian government again, though tolerant under certain conditions of various religious bodies, has an organized and powerful system for suppressing dissent from the National Church; but those who have paid the slightest attention to the subject know how widely, and under what incongruous forms schisms and heresies, more or less secret, prevail throughout that vast empire.

We are not certain of that doctrine of scotched snakes after all. A dead snake cannot bite, that is unquestionable. A live snake will dart into the thicket from the eye of man oftener than it will dare to spring at him; but walk into the thicket where a scotched snake is hid, happy are you if you come out of it with ankle unbitten.

And this is, perhaps, no unfitting place for introducing notice of another fair subsidiary argument in favour of toleration. Mr. Mill has not used it, nor should we, perhaps, expect him to do so, considering the difficulty which he seems to discern in righteously holding the positive truth of our opinions. Nevertheless, we think it worthy of some consideration.

It is natural to man to persecute; but it is also natural to man to pity the persecuted; and "pity is akin to love."

The fierceness with which the claims

of Romanists to political privilege were resisted, the reluctance to admit the claims of Dissenters at the time when the repeal of the Test Act was mooted, produced eulogies upon Romanism and Dissent from zealous advocates of liberty, such as under other circumstances their own judgment would scarcely have approved.

Many a man, we verily believe, has voted time after time for Baron Rothschild, in the city of London, under the impression that his vote was a protest against intolerance, who yet does not believe that a Jew can, in any real and true sense, be the fitting "representative" of the political Christian man.

One of the mischiefs arising from forcible repression of even mischievous opinions, is the enlisting of sympathies on the side of them and of their holders; for there is a stage in men's opinion and feeling upon questions of intolerance and repression, wherein their indignation against such, or what they may fairly take to be such, overrides their sound and genuine instinct of antagonism to the error itself which is intolerantly repressed.

Intriguers of divers kinds know this well enough, and rejoice in being dealt with intolerantly up to a certain point.

Before proceeding to reflect upon the second branch of Mr. Mill's argument, namely, that howsoever sure we may be of the falsehood of an opinion, we are not thereby justified in endeavouring to stifle it, we may be permitted to remark that his definition of what it is to assume infallibility has, by a very distinguished reviewer of his Essay, been entirely ignored.

Mr. Buckle, in professing "to give a summary of its principal arguments, so full and decisive, that he despaired of adding any thing to them," roundly puts the matter thus, whether as from himself or from Mr. Mill, as interpreted by him, it is not, perhaps, very easy to determine.

"If an age or a people assume that any notion they entertain is certainly right, they assume their own infallibility, and arrogantly claim for themselves a prerogative which even the wisest of men never possess."*

This is set down without any manner of previous or subsequent qualification. As it seems to us, the arrogance of believers in the multiplication table, in the saltiness of red herrings, in the combustible nature of dry lucifer matches, and in the painfulness of a fit of the gripes, is established upon concession of the notable axiom.

By-and-by we have, "To affirm that a doctrine is unquestionably revealed from above, is equally to affirm their own infallibility."

And presently, "No one who is not absurdly and immodestly confident of his own powers, can be sure that what he believes to be true is true."

Naked enough Pyrrhonism this; and of its nude figure, Mr. Buckle is so enamoured, that for his part he would be quite content to break off here all argument with objectors to liberty of discussion: "leaving our opponents in the dilemma of either asserting their own infallibility, or else of abandoning the idea of interfering with freedom of discussion."

The patience of the infallible seems to Mr. Buckle as to Mr. Mill, inconceivable. Should either of these thinkers arrive at "being sure that what he believes to be true is true," we fear we shall want all the force of their own subsequent arguments to keep them from producing thumbscrews after all.

Happily that subsequent argument is very powerful, and is stated with singular force and perspicuity by the Essayist.

"If the received opinion be true, unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost, or enfeebled and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct, the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction, from reason or personal experience."

Mr. Mill, we are sorry to say, appears to be but imperfectly satisfied with the comprehensiveness of the moral teaching of the New Testament; but whatsoever omissions may be charged against it, at least it has

not omitted to suggest the very argument here developed and insisted upon by himself.

St. Paul, in writing to the disciples at Corinth, scrupled not to say, "There must also be heresies among you that they which are approved may be made manifest."

The Greek is so much more pointed in one particular and most important word, that we must be excused for giving it textually:

Δὲ γὰρ καὶ αἱρέσεις ἐν ὑμῖν εἶναι, ἵνα οἱ δοκιμοὶ φανεροὶ γίνωνται ἐν ὑμῖν.

Our "verbum prœgnans," of course, is *δοκιμοί*.

It is upon the power of assay, of test, *δοκιμασία*, which contradiction has, that our author insists, in pages well deserving to be read with the most respectful consideration.

These pages are compactly and closely written and reasoned. Transfer of them to our own is manifestly impossible; abbreviation would be almost as evidently unfair. We can only, therefore, commend their perusal to our readers, and express our agreement with the main drift of their conclusions, whilst we feel it our duty to proceed in detail with strictures upon very much of what is incidental in them.

Mr. Mill is anxious it would almost seem for the institution "of a devil's advocate":

"So essential is this discipline," (that of attending equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavouring to see the reasons of both in the strongest light), "to the real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up."

Is not this a rhetorical overstatement, scarcely justifiable in a severe didactical essay?

Toleration of devil's advocates is a different thing from institution of them. Would Mr. Mill conceive it to be advantageous to the formation of his maid-servant's enlightened opinion upon the excellence of chastity, that she should be invited to spend her Sunday afternoon in earnest controversy upon the matter with a profligate dragon from Kensington barracks, whose "opinion" on that point, though differing from her mas-

ter's, cannot otherwise than wrongfully be spoken of as "immoral or impious?" Even with due precautions taken, that this "most skilful devil's advocate" should not proceed beyond the rigid boundaries of legitimate argument, we think the proceeding would be pronounced by the philosopher as unadvisable after all.

There is something very sad, very serious, if not very startling, about the decisive way in which Mr. Mill cites the common defection of Christians from energetic practical belief in the "maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament." Some, who turn a deaf ear to the denunciations of "average" Christianity from the pulpit, may, perchance, feel compunction when thus, "ab extra," they find that average Christianity denounced, in a non-theological essay, as "a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life."

But we cannot curtly conclude with Mr. Mill, that this defection is sufficiently accounted for by saying that people believe the compromised doctrines, "as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed;" nor, with Mr. Buckle, that there is no "reason for this universal defection beyond the fact, that when Christianity was constantly assailed, those who received its tenets held them with a tenacity, and saw them with a vividness, which cannot be expected in an age that sanctions them by general acquiescence."

We think there is more than one fallacy lurking here.

First and foremost, the body of professed believers is multiplied millionfold, and therefore the number of those among them who neither "see with vividness nor hold with tenacity" their received tenets, is and must be enormously increased, whether those tenets be or be not contradicted. Contradiction, pure and simple, does not naturally and inevitably fortify the convictions of average minds. Hardy plants be all the harder for the nip of frost; but there be plants, not worthless, which the nip of frost kills outright.

Secondly, Christianity in those early days had not only contradiction pure and simple to contend with, but such contradiction enforced by fiery

and bloody persecution. Under pressure of this latter, none but the choicest, noblest, most genuine spirits would dare to profess adhesion to its tenets at all; and it is not fair to measure the intensity of their convictions with the average unsifted, *apparent* non-intensity of the convictions of the present mass of unmolested professors. We have underlined the word *apparent*, because, after all, the "*universal defection*" predicated, at least by Mr. Buckle, is a loose term; and probably must be reduced to mean the *apparent general* defection. No man can fairly say, after a glance upon the mere surface of modern Christendom, whether it would furnish a greater or a less proportion of thoroughly convinced holders of Christian tenets than other ages, were the modern mass thrown entire into the old crucible of persecution.

There may have been, and indeed we doubt not there were, many men *intellectually* convinced of the truth of Christian doctrines, who for *moral* cowardice concealed their convictions from the persecutors, irrespectively of any effect that the mere contradiction or non-contradiction may have had upon their personal apprehension of them; and of their existence, our author's appreciation of the character of Christian belief omits to take account on one side or the other. Indeed, the distinction between the moral and the intellectual diluents of the strong spirit of conviction appears to be entirely and unaccountably overlooked in this matter by both writers.

There are heaps of Christians now-a-days, who have heard Christian doctrines questioned, denied, assailed by argument and ridicule, and that in much more trenchant and pointed manner than when the first clumsy Pagan contradictions were blurted out against the unexpected phenomena of gospel truths, whose intellectual apprehension, such as it is, of the tenets they receive, had not been much affected either way by this contradiction, or whose intellectual hold upon them has even been tightened by it, as our writers contend must always be the case. But these men, for all that, swell the ranks of the so-called "*universal defection*." They are just the men whom Mr. Mill de-

scribes, "in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrines just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A. and B. to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ."

But absence of contradiction has not made them such. It is quite another species of cankerworm than that slug which has eaten out the heart of their "living belief."

Mr. Mill takes no account here, where special account should be taken, of those tendencies and influences which he had thus noticed in an earlier portion of his Essay:—

"Men's opinions on what is laudable or blamable, are affected by all the multifarious causes which influence their wishes in regard of the conduct of others. Sometimes their reason, at other times their prejudices or superstitions—often their social affections, not seldom their anti-social ones—their *envy* or *jealousy*, their *arrogance* or *contemptuousness*; but most commonly their *desires* or *fears* for themselves—their legitimate or illegitimate self-interest."

Here, at least, are recognised disturbing causes in the formation of men's "opinions," which we must insist on it do grievously disturb and profoundly affect the practical fashion of their holding such when formed; causes lost sight of in over-eagerness to magnify, that which we do not deny, the bracing effects of contradiction upon the minds of professed believers.

The oversight disfigures all the argument here, if we mistake not greatly. It betrays, even so precise a thinker as Mr. Mill, in his appreciation of "the early Christians," into all that vagueness of conception and expression which a thoughtful student of ecclesiastical history greets with a half-regretful, half-ironical smile, in the prismatic, "high-pointed," sentimental dogmatism of a very white-faced unexceptionable young preacher, fresh from Oxford.

Those were very "early" Christians concerning whom St. Paul wrote to Timothy, that they "had a form of godliness, but denied the power thereof." Very "early" Christians in Crete, of whom he wrote to Titus, "they profess that they know God, but in works they deny him." That

was an "early" enough Christian community at Corinth, for certain, which gave so much trouble to the same teacher, and it existed in a city as full of real thorough-going "devil's advocates" as the most keen appreciator of the usefulness of such functionaries could desire. "The creed," in Corinth, was "still fighting for its existence," and yet, in spite of Mr. Mill's assertion, that at these early periods, "no such difficulty is complained of," St. Paul had to "lament the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognised, so that it might penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct."

Let us take an instance or two, supplied by Mr. Mill himself, for our days, and apply them to those "early" times.

"All Christians believe that blessed are . . . the humble."

Want of contradiction, or want of "devil's advocates," causes this to be an inert belief now-a-days.

Was it not inert in those of whom the Apostle complained once and again that they were "puffed up?"

"All Christians believe . . . that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also."

Such abnegation is difficult to practise now. Was there no practical difficulty discovered by those with whom their teacher thus remonstrated?—"Brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers. Now therefore, there is utterly a fault among you?"

"All Christians believe . . . that blessed are the poor."

Now-a-days the desperate struggle to escape from poverty, and the contemptuous eye cast upon its threadbare victims, proclaim the dulness of men's faith upon this point. With "early" Christians otherwise. We suppose then that it was for "latter" Christians, first, foremost, and exclusively, that St. James wrote thus sharply:—

"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust and have not, ye kill and desire to have, and cannot obtain."

And elsewhere—

"Are ye not then partial in yourselves and become judges of evil thoughts?"

Hearken my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world? But ye have despised the poor."

Bitterly true no less than taunting is the old reproach uttered by the Essayist, that the remark, "see how these Christians love one another," is not likely to be made by anybody now. But can Mr. Mill intend to argue seriously that defection, whether universal or particular, from obedience to the Divine law of charity is to be in any way, however remotely, connected with absence of discussion upon its truth and value? Or does he mean to contend that such defection was unknown in those "early" days of discussion and contradiction, when, in spite of the admirable obedience to the law of love which won heathen hearts as no sort of discussion could do, it was yet necessary to warn professing Christians after this manner:—"If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

We hope that no reader will, inadvertently, mistake our meaning in insisting upon this matter as we do.

Far be it from us to disparage the glorious world-conquering earnestness of our forefathers in the faith. Far be it from us to decline the wholesome bitterness of the rebuke administered to us modern Christians for our degeneracy from that earnestness, by whomsoever administered! But we think it is to disparage the vital power of Christianity itself, nay rather we will say to disparage the vital power of Christ's own presence in the heart of believers, when the mistaken zeal of friends, or the unscrupulous recklessness of foes, is suffered to represent the effect of faith in men's hearts as essentially different at different ages of its existence in the world. This is not in truth to exalt the ancient, but to depreciate the ever young vigour of the gospel.

We think, moreover, that we render a service to what is just and true in Mr. Mill's doctrine of the rousing, bracing effect of contradiction, by stripping his description of the false, because exaggerated character it presents upon closer scrutiny.

Mr. Mill speaks, not very explicitly, of the probable causes to which it is owing that "Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain," and is still nearly confined to

Europeans and their descendants. One thing is certain, that it is not mere want of contradiction against Christian doctrine which keeps Christian churches low in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, nor which makes their first planting difficult in Oude, Kaffirland, or Nepaul.

When, next, he passes on to point out the advantage to mankind of diversity of opinion upon the score that "the nonconforming opinion is often needed to supply the remainder of the truth, of which the received doctrine embodies only a part," we feel again that we must yield to his conclusion a general assent. What wise or thoughtful man will not readily subscribe to the following statement:—

"Popular opinions on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjoined from the truths by which they ought to be accompanied and limited."

But when, to test the general maxim, he proceeds to the particular instance of the case of Christian morality, we are forced again to draw careful distinctions and to introduce numerous qualifications. Mr. Mill indeed, in entering upon this topic, begins himself by a distinction.

He draws a strong line of demarcation between "the morality of the New Testament," "the work of Christ or the Apostles," and that which "is called Christian, but should rather be termed theological morality," asserted by him to be "of much later origin, having been gradually built up by the Catholic Church of the first five centuries." But we have to complain that, presently this line of demarcation is no little blurred, which makes it somewhat difficult to be certain whether the charges of deficiency brought by him against "purely Christian ethics," are levelled against the New Testament morality, or against the body of ethical doctrine eked out in part from the Old Testament, in part from other sources, which "is, in great part a protest against Paganism, whose ideal is negative rather than positive; in whose precepts 'thou shalt not predominates unduly over thou shalt.'" And this indistinctness, though occurring in few sentences only, we regret the more,

that we are most anxious not to rouse any prejudice against what Mr. Mill advances on the "*a priori*" ground that he disparages New Testament morality.

He is specially careful to disclaim any intention of insinuating "that the many requisites of a complete moral doctrine which 'Christian morality' does not contain, do not admit of being reconciled with the doctrines and precepts of Christ himself," and nothing would grieve us more than to deprive him unintentionally of the credit due to this disclaimer.

Nevertheless, we must avow that, so far as we can gather from the closest examination of our author's assertions, he does bring certain charges of deficiency against the morality of the doctrines and precepts of our Lord, and these are founded upon a grievous misconception of the true character of gospel morality. None of his qualifying sentences appears to us to diminish the force of reproach conveyed in these words:—

"Many essential elements of the highest morality are among the things which are not provided for, nor intended to be provided for, in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity."

And once again, less clearly, because of the ambiguous terms "system" and "diversity":—

"The Christian system is no exception to the rule, that in an imperfect state of the human mind, the interests of truth require a diversity of opinions."

Which be those unprovided *essential elements* of the highest morality, Mr. Mill has omitted to specify—an omission of which we think we have a right loudly to complain. We cannot parry thrusts, which are not delivered, but only hinted at as deliverable by the controversial antagonist.

Mr. Mill is a distinguished thinker and writer; but we think that we,—and indeed every man who professes to believe in the perfection of the moral doctrine taught by the Son of Man,—have a right to challenge him to state explicitly of what "*essential elements*" of the highest morality he charges that doctrine with being destitute.

And we insist upon the term "*essential elements*."

In the passage which contains his strictures upon Christian ethics, Mr.

Mill has thrown down more than one gage of battle into the lists; but this one of essential elements is that which we would pick up.

When he talks of "systems" or "bodies of ethical doctrine," we do not feel concerned so deeply. There is a sense, though not his, in which we too might admit that the New Testament is no such "system" or body of ethical doctrine as some men have supposed. We agree with him that "the gospel always refers to a pre-existing morality."

We agree with him that "St. Paul assumes a pre-existing morality," though we conceive it to be childish on the part of such a thinker as he, to describe that as the "morality of the Greeks and Romans," and the Apostle's "advice to Christians" as being "in a great measure a system of accommodation to that!"

But the invention of this pitiful depreciatory description we do not charge upon Mr. Mill himself. He has caught up but too readily, and retained too faithfully, the mean, and narrow, and disparaging estimate of gospel morality, upon which too many professed preachers of the gospel have not only agreed, but which they seem to take a perverse delight in enforcing. The deplorable habit of ignoring, nay, of denouncing the notions that "natural religion" has in it much of goodness and truth, and that it is, in so far, a revelation from the same God who is the author of that religion, which we call specifically "revealed;" this, we believe, has had much to do with making it possible for such men as our Essayist to talk of "eking out" a body of New Testament Ethics from the Old, and of "accommodating" gospel morality to that of the Greeks and Romans.

When Christian teachers pared down, as they too often do, the glorious truth that the "Founder of Christianity" is, as St. John proclaims that he is, and was, "The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," it is, perhaps, little wonder, that they who affect to judge Christian doctrine impartially, as from without, should talk of the necessity of supplementing its morality by "other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources."

But when we turn from the charge, so explicit, and yet so vague, made against the recorded deliverances of

the Founder of Christianity himself, and look into those made at greater length, and with more precision, against Christian ethics, generally so called, we still have many things of which to complain in the treatment this morality receives from Mr. Mill. Unless he shall accuse it, which we cannot see that he has done, not only of being an addition to, but a destructive addition to the doctrine of Christ and his first followers, he surely does it injustice in attributing to it so decided an excess of negative character.

All morality, with such a being as man now is, must be largely negative. We do not know whether Mr. Mill admits, questions, or denies, the doctrine of original sin; but no man can read his Essay without perceiving that his estimate of both the wisdom and goodness of human kind is low. Indeed, we think it rather hard that he should impute it as a serious fault to a system of morality affecting human beings, that "thou shalt not" should therein predominate over "thou shalt," when he himself has previously laid it down, that "all which makes existence valuable to any one, depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people."

We do not wish to press too far the "*argumentum ad hominem*;" but Mr. Mill is surely the last man who should confute the nature of a *method* with that of its *result*.

He who complains of the "fashion of the present time to disparage negative logic," and who insists upon the loss we have suffered in discontinuing the use of "the Socratic dialectics essentially a negative discussion of the great questions of philosophy and life," ought not simply to have reckoned up the instances of "thou shalt not" as against "thou shalt;" but should have weighed well their relative position, tendency, and value in the system treated of. In photography the negative precedes, and is essential to the positive impression. Turnip hoeing is a negative process; it only kills weeds: but the result is positive; turnips grow—grow as they could not have done without it.

No man accuses an architect of being more destructive than constructive because he cuts down fifty forest trees to build up one only palace on a site.

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The relation of the negative to the positive in Christian ethics, of prohibition to injunction, is very plainly taught by St. Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans:—

"He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. *For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely*"—

Another negative or a positive saying? Mark it well:—

"*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*"

With all the necessarily negative admonition, was not the neophyte of the Christian morality instructed always thus in general terms?—

"Abhor that which is evil, *cleave to that which is good.* Put off concerning the former conversation the old man which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts, and be ye renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

And when it came to particulars, was there not ever the same advance from mere negative to positive injunction:—

"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour. Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth. Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another."

Let Mr. Mill say what may seem good to him, it is not the exclusive adhesion to unsupplemented Christian ethics, but the forgetfulness of their first principles, which can produce what he describes as, "a low, abject, servile type of character, which, submit itself as it may to what it deems the Supreme Will, is incapable of rising to, or sympathizing in the Supreme Goodness. For Christian ethics, without any manner of supplement, teach, that "if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And concerning that spirit the Christian doctrine is unequivocal.

"Ye have not received the spirit of

bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father."

Unsupplemented Christian ethics, indeed, unable to make men rise to appreciation of, or sympathy with, the Supreme Goodness! Who then will undertake to supplement in that sense for us the "recorded utterance," which runs—

"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Indeed, we cannot but complain repeatedly of the superficial treatment with which Christian morality meets at our author's hands in almost every line. What can Mr. Mill mean by deliberately maintaining that—

"While in the morality of the best Pagan nations, duty to the State holds even a disproportionate place, infringing on the just liberty of the individual; in purely Christian ethics that grand department of duty is scarcely noticed or acknowledged?"

Here is one of those instances where we feel at a loss to determine with certainty, whether by "Christian ethics" he intends the "theological morality" built up by the first five centuries, or the morality of the simple gospel; in either case we have somewhat to object.

We fancy that gospel morality is here meant, because this is the following sentence:

"It is in the Koran, not the New Testament, that we read the maxim; 'A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God, and against the State.'"

Now, to begin with, the maxim, as given here, is just one of those sententious, unpractical sayings of which the Koran is full. How is the ruler to be certain that there may not be a better qualified man in his dominions, however well qualified the man he may appoint? Insert the words, "if he be conscious that there is," and then perhaps the maxim may become practical.

In the next place, the word "State" may or may not have the technical meaning given to it by Mr. Mill.

The Mahommedan "State" is the community of believers, religious believers we apprehend; that is not what Mr. Mill means, but it is certainly what the Koran does. "State" in its separate "secular" sense is unknown to the mind of the followers of Islam. The parallel word in the Christian sacred books is "Church," which is also the community of believers; and it so happens, that the very case of the duty of discrimination and impartiality in the selection and appointment of officers in that community is noticed, and earnestly treated of by St. Paul. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," wrote he to Timothy; "neither be partaker of other men's sins; keep thyself pure." And he had previously given the wisest and most practical rules for conjecturing by past experience of a man's life and work, what was the stamp of man best fitted for office, and for "taking care of the church of God." Even the man to be appointed to the inferior "office of a deacon," must "also first be proved, and then allowed to use it." And, if in spite of the well-known confusion of the "spiritual" with the "political" community among the followers of Islam, it shall be objected that this caution is not exactly "in *pari materia*," inasmuch as St. Paul contemplates appointment to "spiritual rule" alone; then we gladly embrace the opportunity of insisting upon the great and happy truth, that the New Testament system of morality is not a collection of cut and dry maxims, but just a setting forth of the highest morality in its essential elements; not somewhat requiring to be "eked out" with supplements taken from elsewhere, but endowed with an innate power of wondrous expansion; not a thing to be "built up" by five, no, nor by fifteen centuries, nor fifty; but certain to grow and spread out its fruitful branches throughout them; not a ready laked batch of ethical loaves ranged systematically upon any number of categorical shelves; but as its Founder said, "a lump of leaven," which hid in never so many measures of meal, should "leaven the whole lump."

It was intended to be, and is a system of morals which should suit all changes of time and condition, not from the circumstance of its own mu-

tability, but from that of its inherent possession of a universally corrective power—a system which bids even an absolute monarch to be “servant” of his people, and which bridles the lust of dominion in a democratic majority by charging those that are “strong” to “bear the infirmities of the weak.”

Thus the principles of the rule given for the selection and appointment of the “spiritual ruler” over a little despised congregation of believers, in days when the world spurned their belief, retained, and do retain, in the succession of the centuries the vital power of wisdom, which can make them fit to direct the conduct of rulers in mighty empires, when the kingdoms of this world have, in a certain measure, become already the kingdoms of God and of his Christ. For the “essential elements of the highest morality,” in regard of duty to the State, that is, to the community, let there be no unworthy quibble on words, we back the text of the Epistle to Timothy, with perfect confidence, against Mr. Mill’s extract from the Koran.

We do not hesitate to say next, it is a monstrous falsehood complacently advanced by him, that—

“What little recognition the idea of obligation to the public obtains in modern morality, is derived from Greek and Roman sources, not from Christian.”

We could crowd our page at once with sentences from the sacred Christian books, sentences which mould and fashion in this respect the thoughts and feelings of thousands upon thousands who are imbued with the liveliest sense of public duty, and public obligation, and personal self-sacrifice to public good, who yet never heard one sentence of a single Greek philosopher, nor could name the name of any single Roman, save that of Pontius Pilate, which they have learned from the Christian creed. But we will give only one, one from a letter penned by a Galilean fisherman:

“Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.”

This at least cannot be stigmatized as—

“Giving to human morality an essentially selfish character, by disconnecting each man’s feeling of duty from the interests of his fellow creatures, except so

far as a self-interested inducement is offered him for consulting them.”

After all, what idea of obligation to the public, recognised by Greek or Roman, ever took such large views of human freedom as those “ethics evolved from exclusively Christian sources” have done, with all their imperfections? What Greek or Roman idea of the nature of that “public” to which obligation is due, ever embraced the Helot portion of the Spartan public, or the servile portion of the public of Italy? It is very well, after the manner of a South Carolina nigger-driving divine, to charge St. Paul with “giving an apparent sanction to slavery:” does Mr. Mill know so little of the formation of human opinion during those first Christian centuries, as not to perceive what a few lines from St. Paul’s pen did for servile emancipation? Has he never calculated what weight of fetters has been cast off as “old iron” at the touch of the thoughts and feelings embodied in the verse—

“He that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord’s freeman: likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ’s servant. Ye are bought with a price; ye are not ye the servants of men?”

Was it Platonic philosophizing, or Ciceronian plagiarism of it, or Pauline preaching, which blotted out the stain of African slavery from the charter of the liberties of Britain?

Constitutional liberty may not yet have reached its legitimate and full development; but in what non-Christian nation in antiquity, or in the most modern times did it ever so much as attempt to embrace the whole body of citizens, without reserve of any class of human creatures?

But Mr. Mill is not satisfied when he has charged upon Christian ethics a non-recognition of the idea of obligation to the public. He proceeds:

“Even in the morality of private life, whatever exists of magnanimity, high-mindedness, personal dignity, even the sense of honour, is derived from the purely human, not the religious part of our education.”

Here again we think we have a fair right to complain loudly. Not so much at the accusation, cruel though it be, as at the careless want of precision with which it is made.

Certainly such an ethical system as should leave its disciples destitute of

"magnanimity," for instance, and the "sense of honour," would be deficient in some "essential elements" of the highest morality.

But before we enter any plea of guilty or not guilty, we think the terms of indictment should be cleared from ambiguity. Mr. Mill favours us with no definition whatever of magnanimity, yet every serious ethical student must know that it is an ambiguous term. Neither does he attempt to define the "sense of honour," although with some men it means the sense which would make them perish rather than do a foul act, with others a sense not incompatible with firing a pistol at the man whose wife they may have taken away.

May we be suffered to tell a story we read, as children, spelling through a childish Christian handbook, called "Moral in Action," we believe, or the like?

A party of hussars were foraging in some German province, in one of the First Napoleon's wars. They pressed an old Moravian villager, who got none of his ethics, we will warrant, from Greek or Roman sources:

"Show us a good field of green oats, Landsmann!"

They come to one, where the oats stand thick and vigorous.

"Not that one, Captain, please!" quoth he, and leads on for a quarter of a mile, or more.

"Confound the blockhead!" storms the Captain, when, at last, the old man points and says: "these oats will do!"

"This forage isn't half so good as what we left behind!"

"No, Captain, not quite so good; but your men take without payment; those other oats were not my own, these are!"

Is that the sort of magnanimity, the sense of honour, that Christian ethics have forgotten, Mr. Mill?

But in the absence of definition, and since our Essayist has spoken of Greek and Roman sources, it will hardly be unfair to turn to his works, whom the Essayist delights, with

Dante, to hail as "Maestro di color che sanno," to a chapter of Aristotle on "Magnanimity."* Willingly would we transcribe its every line, and prove, as we copied each sentence, one by one, that whatsoever in the Greek sage's teaching is sound and true, finds its due place and weight in Christian ethics; whilst the unsound and the false, which enter largely into it, receive from them qualification and correction ample and exact. But we must only raise a few prominent points. We may premise that we quote in English from Mr. Browne's translation:—

"The magnanimous man (*ὁ μεγαλόψυχος*) acts with propriety on subjects of honour (*τιμῇ*) and dishonour. And in the case of great instances of honour, bestowed by the good, he will be moderately gratified; but honour from any other persons, and on the score of trifles, he will utterly despise."

The founder of Christianity said, and no Christian ethical teacher that we know of has dared to contradict, or to suppress the saying: "How can ye believe, which receive honour, (*δόξαν*) one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only?"

Surely the difference between *τιμῇ* and *δόξα* will not suffice to put any disparity between the subject matters.

That granted, we may inquire whether reference of judgment to the supremely good, the all-seeing infallible Judge is or is not likely to heighten, and deepen, and widen, the conception of what is truly honourable?

Is the man who seeks for and refuses to be satisfied with other than the "honour which cometh from God" more or less likely to be magnanimous for that cause, in respect of appreciating "honour bestowed by the good," and of despising "honour from any other persons, and on the score of trifles?"

But of Aristotle's magnanimous character it is farther said:—

"In wealth and power, and all good and bad fortune, however it may come to pass, he will behave with moderation,†

* Ethic Nic. lib. iv. c. 3.

† "Let your moderation be known unto all men," wrote St. Paul to the Philippians, iv. 8, and we believe the *ἡμετέριος* of his injunction might fairly be taken for "moderation," as in our English version, and shown to be a fair attribute of magnanimity. But as Aristotle treats elsewhere of *ἐντροπία*, (Eth. Nic. i. x. 6,) and omits mention of it here, we do not press the suggestion.

and not be too much delighted at success, nor too much grieved at failure."

May we ask whether it was simply as an "accommodation to pre-existing Greek morality," that St. Paul professed

"Not to speak in respect of want. For I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."

"Magnanimous men," continues the Greek, "have the appearance of superciliousness." Ay, more than the appearance, when his full notion of their character is taken into account. But if that appearance be but the aspect which is sometimes borne by the magnificent indifference of the magnanimous to what awes and dazzles meaner souls, then, with deepest reverence, we point to the impassible bearing of "the Founder of Christianity" before the magistrate when his "appearance of superciliousness" drove to the query, "Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not, that I have power to crucify thee, and power to release thee?"

"The magnanimous man neither shuns nor is fond of danger; . . . but to great dangers he exposes himself, and when he does run any risk, he is unsparing of his life, *thinking that life is not worth having on some terms.*"

Must we write out the whole book of the Acts of the Apostles, in proof that here are features of magnanimity not unknown to the type of character which "purely Christian ethics" form?

Apostles indeed! No! Let a man have looked with what jaundiced eye he may upon the history of those "first five centuries" of Christianity which Mr. Mill has designated, he cannot but know that it needs not to cite Apostles and greater Saints and select Heroes of the Christian moralists, to describe those among them, whose large souls "have thought life not worth having upon some terms."

Let him listen to the sweet girl voices and the childish trebles of the hymns of praise, which dominate the very tiger's roar, as the blood soaks into the sand of Rome's great Coliseum!

That is answer enough.

One feature more, and only one, we will quote from Aristotle:—

"The magnanimous man must care more for truth than for opinion. He must speak and act openly. . . . for he is bold in speech (*παρρησιαστικός*)."

Paul, it may be said, knew something of Greek morality, perchance had read the ethics of Aristotle.

Had Peter and John done so, the rough fishermen from Bethsaida?

These two men were standing one day upon the steps of one of the grandest of temples, in one of the most populous and venerable cities of the world. There they spake openly, spake out an indictment against its whole people, and its priestly rulers, and the pro consul of imperial Rome. Sentence had been passed by the sacred council of their ancient race, countersigned by him who sat in the curule chair of that ancient race's new rulers. Sentence passed, and judgment executed; perhaps the hole in the ground, where the gibbet of execution had been fixed, was not filled up full yet with stones, on which the clots of blood were not yet dry.

And these two fishermen stood up, in sight of all the people—the magnanimous must speak and act openly, saith Aristotle—and with their tar-stained hands, they tore in two the scroll of condemnation.

Zion had judged, Rome ratified, and, after her stern fashion, executed judgment. The two Galileans, with fish-scales on their fisher-coats, reversed the decree, and brought counter indictment.

"Ye denied the Holy One, and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life."

That night they spent in prison. Next morning, high priest, rulers, scribes, and elders "set them in the midst," and they "saw the boldness," *παρρησίαν*,—Aristotle's own word,—which we are not sure that the men could then have spelt, for their inquisitors "perceived that they were unlearned men," *ἀδύνατοι διδάσκαλοι*. We pass over the incidents of the sitting, and come to its result.

These priests, scribes, elders, rulers, called into court again these "letterless" fishermen, whom for a while they had put out of it, and, with all the force of spiritual and temporal au-

thority, bid them hold their tongues henceforth. But, saith Aristotle, the magnanimous man must care for truth rather than opinion. Well!—

“Peter and John answered and said unto them, whether it be right (*δικαιον*) in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.”

We are not arguing here the question whether or no they were hearkening to God, or to some generous delusion of their own hearts; we are affirming only that, so far as undaunted openness and resolution and plain-speaking, not to be silenced, are magnanimous, these men knew something of practical magnanimity.

And they were not singular in this peculiar knowledge. They went their way “to their own company”—fishermen, vine-dressers, peasants, in great part, like themselves, with a sprinkling of naturally timid women—and reported all that the chief priests and elders had said unto them.”

In this company we think we may safely say were none who had gotten any morality from “Greek sources,” and yet, so perfect was their appreciation of the magnanimity which consists in *παρρησία*, that forthwith, upon their knees, they supplicate the God whom they adore, to gift them largely with the great-hearted quality:—

“Now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness (*μετὰ παρρησίας πάσης*) they may speak thy word.”

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Mill's statement may have in it some tinge of truth. It may be, that in the morality of private life, whatever exists of magnanimity, high-mindedness, and sense of honour, is derived from the purely human, not the religious part of our education; but if it be so, it must be, because the reading of the New Testament, with the commonest attention and respectful intelligence, is to be reckoned “a purely human,” not a religious part of the education we have received.

And that notion is at least paradoxical.

Had Mr. Mill ignored New Testament morality altogether, or had he established, and then rigidly kept himself to the distinction between it

and the subsequently developed system of Christian ethics, supposed to be mainly founded on it, even then, we should, in the one case, certainly have remonstrated against his passing under silence the character of a moral philosophy so great, and so stupendous in its practical effects upon the destinies of mankind; and in the other, should, probably, have found no little to criticise in what he would, apparently, have said.

What we now complain of is, that he occasionally leaves us in doubt, as to whether, in particular instances, he wishes to maintain the distinction; and, also, that where he leaves no room for such doubt, he handles the subject with a looseness and want of precision, as unworthy of the calibre of his own mind, as of the importance of the matter dealt with.

He deals with St. Paul, for instance, and his objections “to the Judaical mode of interpreting the doctrine and filling up the scheme of his Master,” with much less of respectful explicitness than Mr. Buckle shows in dealing with Aristotle and his knowledge of induction, whilst reviewing Mr. Mill's treatises. For Mr. Buckle is careful, when predicating incompleteness of Aristotle's knowledge on that score, to “go through Aristotle's logical works,” and “bring together” from them “the most decisive passages, then leaving them to the judgment of the reader.” Had Mr. Mill done thus by the ethical writings of St. Paul, we can hardly suppose that such a thinker as he could have fallen into the error of supposing that this declared enemy of the Judaical mode of “eking out” the gospel ethical doctrine from the Old Testament, would ever, for one moment, have admitted that such “eking out” was in any sense a “filling up” of his Master's scheme.

Mr. Mill, apparently, has utterly failed to understand the character of St. Paul's magnificent protest against the Judaical interpretation of the gospel. He did not object to it that it was an addition to an imperfect scheme; but that it was a destructive attempt to contract and fetter a scheme, of which one great perfection was, that it must of necessity swell, expand, and grow, invading every form of thought, and consciousness and habit of life, for the purpose

of bursting bonds, not of riveting them.

And St. Paul was not alone in this.

Did Mr. Mill never read the acts of the Council of Jerusalem; or does he consider St. Peter to have been an idiot, or a hypocrite, when his argument there against these Judaical "ekings out," was thus:—

"Now, therefore, why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear?"

Mr. Mill endeavours to write, not always unsuccessfully, with the consciousness of a logician, as he is. He has written, in thirty-two pages, a chapter, well worth every one's reading, on "The Limits to the authority of Society over the Individual." Does he imagine, or is his most zealous admirer ready to assert, that he could concentrate the essence of all that is sound in his reasoning on this important subject, into a sentence more terse and pithy, pregnant and yet exhaustive, than this of Gamaliel's pupil, "Why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?"

We must once more crave pardon of our readers for entreating them not to misunderstand the purpose of our strictures.

We are not prepared to say, that there is no point in some of the charges brought by Mr. Mill against Christian ethics, *so called*. Indeed we are so certain that much of the current talk about them, and still more of the practice, supposed to be guided by them, is unworthy of their true nobility, that we frankly acknowledge the service rendered by Mr. Mill's sharp sayings. He who punctures a blister does no injury but a kindness to the skin. But what we are concerned to deny is that Christian ethical doctrine has not, in its own case of surgical instruments, fit needles in plenty for the needful puncturation.

What we cannot pardon is that assertion of the non-provision of "many essential elements of the highest morality," in the recorded deliverances of the "Founder of Christianity," and of his immediate Apostles. Shall we be taxing beyond endurance the patience of our readers in endeavouring, finally, to illustrate our meaning by a reference to some of the topics discussed in that valuable chapter of

the Essay, entitled "On Individuality as one of the Elements of Well Being?"

Mr. Mill therein has laid it down that—

"Few persons, out of Germany, even comprehend the meaning of the doctrine which Wilhelm Von Humboldt, so eminent both as a savant and a politician, made the text of a treatise—that 'the end of man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable dictates of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires is the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole;' that, therefore, the object 'towards which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts, and on which especially those who design to influence their fellow-men must ever keep their eyes, is the individuality of power and development;' that for this there are two requisites, 'freedom and a variety of situations;' and that from the union of these arise 'individual vigour and manifold diversity,' which combine themselves in 'originality.'"

We begin by meekly confessing that we ourselves are "out of Germany;" may we plead in mitigation that we have been at least six times "in it?"

We fear lest we should seem to assume too rashly, what we disclaim, that we are certainly of those gifted "few" who can "even comprehend" these mystic utterances. Nevertheless it appears to us that there is something about "the highest and most harmonious development of man's powers to a complete and consistent whole," which even out of Germany, may be suggested to any old cottage grandsire, with spectacles on nose, in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, by a pondering of the following verse:

"That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

As to directing ceaseless efforts towards the individuality of power and development, we are of opinion that this cottage philosopher entirely "out of Germany," might possibly decry—ay, and although "individuality and development" would check their forefinger as they croned over a page—thousands of such have descried and do decry ample teaching upon this head in an apologue with which they are very familiar, entitled "the Parable of the Talents." "Occupy till I

come," said the master, in that simple story; wherein the "individuality of power" is marked by giving one servant ten talents, another five, another a single one; wherein also the necessity of an effort at "development" is rather practically illustrated, by what befell the man with the napkin.

"For this," says the inscrutable German baron, "there are two requisites, 'freedom and a variety of situations.'"

Let us take the variety first.

We can assure Mr. Mill that the first classes of Sunday schools in the Three Kingdoms, "out of Germany," are full of scholars, who could give him very intelligent answers when catechised upon the meaning of such sentences as these—

"There are *diversities of gifts*, but the same Spirit. And there are *differences of administrations*, but the same Lord. And there are *diversities of operations*, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to *profit* withal."

"For the body is not one member but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?"

The eye is not bidden to merge its individuality in the ear; nor the ear to force its development ocularly; and we repeat it, there are plenty of first-class Sunday scholars, even in our villages, who thoroughly "comprehend" that, though they might not express it Humboldt-wise. So much then for "variety of situations"—now for the "freedom."

St. Paul's morality, we grant, speaks of a Spirit, "dividing to every man severally as he will." But we have already noticed that in his theory, He is *not* a "Spirit of bondage unto fear," regulative though His action may be. Far from it: he says expressly of this Spirit whom he glorifies as glorying in the "*diversities*" and "*differences*" of his gifts:

"Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *liberty*."

We open our German Testament, as it lies on our table, and we do not

think that the German sage could have written plainer German words than those of the common German version of Paul's Epistle—"Der Herr ist der Geist. Wo aber der Geist des Herrn ist, da ist Freiheit."

There is in this same chapter of Mr. Mill's an admirable sentence—we would gladly see it written up at every street corner, in letters of flaming gold.

"It really is of importance, not only what men do, but also what manner of men they are that do it."

Unspeakably important! Unanswerably true! But we do not think to detract from its importance or its truth by reminding its author of what the Founder of Christianity said eighteen hundred years ago to that effect:—"Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity."

And we do not imagine that his Apostle got the doctrine from Greek or Roman sources either, when in the same spirit he declared that "though he could remove mountains and bestowed all his goods to feed the poor, and though he gave his body to be burned," it was nothing unless he, the doer of such heroic deeds, were a hopeful, helpful, kindly, brotherly, loving man.

Christian doctrine wants no kind of supplement to make its learners understand that "it really is of importance not only what men do, but also what manner of men they are that do it." But if it did, we might safely challenge Mr. Mill to point out from what non-Christian source the supplement could be derived. And that challenge, we verily believe, is almost a sufficient answer to a suggestion which we omitted to notice in his former chapter on Liberty of Discussion. Therein the author had warned us:—

"It can do truth no service to blink the fact, known to all who have the most ordinary acquaintance with literary history, that a *large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching* has been the work, not only of men who did not know, but of men who *knew* and rejected the Christian faith."

The italics are ours, put there by us, because, in the first instance, we should demand to have the place in morals of that large portion of *most valuable and noblest* teaching specified, before attempting to discuss the assertion; and because, in the next instance, we think the sting in the scorpion's tail turns on itself to sting the scorpion.

If these men *knew* the Christian faith which they rejected, what guarantee is there that they did not, whilst refusing to acknowledge the dogma, adopt in a measure, the ethical system?

This has happened again and again.

We will cite a sentence from Edgar Quinet, no "Christian advocate," we fear, in our sense of the word:—

"Voltaire," he says, "is the destroying angel sent by God against his Church fallen into sin . . . What makes the wrath of Voltaire a great act of Providence is, that he strikes, mocks, and overwhelms the unbelieving Church with *Christian weapons*. Humanity, charity, fraternity, are not these the very sentiments which the gospel reveals? He turns them with irresistible force against the violence perpetrated by the false doctors of the gospel."

Of course, if Mr. Mill's meaning is, that there be noble and valuable ethics *contradictory* of gospel morality, we must join issue on other ground; but we are not certain whether this be his meaning in the doubtful passage:—

"I believe that other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources, must exist side by side with (?) Christian ethics to produce the moral regeneration of mankind; and that the Christian system is no exception to the rule, that in an imperfect state of the human mind, the interests of truth require a diversity (?) of opinions."

Mr. Mill elsewhere complains "that so few now dare to be eccentric?" we accept the figure intimated.

"The heavens," saith the Psalmist, "declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handy work." And we see no fair limitation to the lesson taught in the petition: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Mr. Mill does not question, we presume, the truth of the conjecture, that all the "celestial mechanism" of the great universe has some central ordinance and law fixed by the Will Su-

preme. He does not quarrel with the obedience of the Kosmos thereunto. The microcosm of the human race below would, surely, be none the better ordered or developed for going at adventure desperately. The eccentricity which he desires cannot mean the having no centre of principle or motion at all. It cannot mean the absence of any centripetal to counteract the centrifugal forces in society!

But that Kosmos, with its certain though undiscerned centre and central tendency and law, has it not bodies in countless millions, with cycle without cycle, orbit within orbit, ay, ellipse intersecting ellipse, in diversity and in variety, infinite and incalculable as their own numerical existence?

What is this trashy talk about the "necessary conditions" of a tame and dreary uniformity in the rules of an obedience commanded by the authority of God?

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is 'that resurrection from the dead,' which is the redemption of human nature according to the will of God."

Mr. Mill again complains of those who hold that "All the god of which humanity is capable is comprised in *Obedience*;" and goes on to accuse them of holding a theory of life which thinks it no evil to crush out "any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities."

We, on our own part, must again cry out against the absence of that "distinguo" so necessary in dialectics. Obedience to what? That is the question.

Does Mr. Mill mean that humanity is capable of any good comprised in *disobedience* to the all-wise Will?

And then, who, after all, speaks, ἀπλῶς,—Mr. Mill as a logician, will pardon the term—of crushing out human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities?

"Human," is an ambiguous term again. Aristotle might have taught him that there is somewhat "in man,"—and so far "human"—which requires crushing out. For, in his Politics, he makes it a main objection against despotic contrasted with legal rule, that he who calls in the *man* as ruler,—καλεῖται τὸν ἀνθρώπου ἀρχεῖν,—

brings in brute force and passion, *ἐκ τῆς βίας καὶ τοῦ θυμοῦ*.

But killing true humanity in man is no rule of true Christian ethics.

Christian doctrine is, that redemption came of Incarnation—that man's corruption, "the sin of the world," was taken away by *God made man*.

Christian doctrine does speak of "crucifying the old man with the affections and lusts;" but counterbalances the phrase by speaking of the "new man"—"*man*" mind you still, "the new *man* which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

The Christian creed begins by looking with the shepherds into the manger, where lies a babe in Bethlehem, and lo! the heavens opened and the Son of Man stands there in the right hand of God. "We say must, what we are now going help it, bet-

we fear, wear the appearance of an anticlimax. We cannot answer to better so than let it, a question that we must there is not about self-assertion" along given to the insinuation of self-denial" into the bring in "Paganism" to keep it from re- with "Christianity" continually one "pinched human character and type." producing contradiction.

Mr. Mill says that there is a Christian no expected th-

less than a "Greek ideal of self-development." We will prove it by no theoretical maxim, but simply by a string of names; the anticlimax arising necessarily from this, that we begin with those which the veneration of ages has circled with golden halo of praise, whereas we end with such as run risk of some tinge of the contempt which is apt to touch most venerable names when "familiar" in our mouths as household words.

Where is the dreary uniformity of type in the persons of these men, formed by the religion which believes that the end of man's being is to do and to suffer the will of God?

St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul? Or these:

Augustine, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria?

Or these:

Luther, Melancthon, and John Knox?

Or these:

John Bunyan, Richard Baxter, and John Wesley?

Or these:

Matthew Hale, Isaac Newton, John Locke?

Others crowd in upon our recollection, and are at the pen's point, down to the best and noblest of our own contemporaries. But we forbear. What reader cannot swell the list into hundreds for himself?

THE DYING SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A PLEA FOR THE LAWRENCE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Ah! well the sun is sinking—it will all be over soon,
When the hungry jackalls shriek to-night to the yellow moon.
You will hear them, little daughter, and shudder in your bed
But I shall be gone, my darling, beyond those bars of red.

For the sun is burning crimson, down on the date-tree's crown,
And the hills in the distance rising, show purple, and blue, and brown.
Rising up height over height, sheer into the hot thin air,
I can see them where I lie, like a tinted marble stair,

Inlaid with green and amber, wrapt in a violet glow,
While the white pagodas shine, and the palm-trees shake below.
But I would give all this glory for one pale Northern morn,
For the grey light in its Heaven, and the gleam of its golden corn.

It's far away in the west, and it's long ago, my dear,
But the shadows grow sharp and long, as evening draweth near.
And all the long day I have heard, across this sultry heat,
A patter of rain in the leaves, and the salt waves tremulous beat.

It was early autumn weather—the flax was in the pool,
And just this time of evening—but a night so calm and cool.
The curlew came up and cried in the shingle along the shore,
And the blue hills turned to black, as I stood at my father's door.

Ah, why should all this come back to-night on my dying brain?
I heard their footsteps coming, and their voices in the lane.
Mother was in the byre; I, too, should have been there;
But I knew they were talking of me, and I slipped out unaware.

"Neighbour," my father was saying, "forty pounds has the lass,
And if you will not have her, you can even let her pass."
Washing, washing, washing, came the tide on the black rocks by,
But my heart beat louder and faster for fear of the man's reply.

He was the wealthiest farmer in all our country wide,
But he was not to my mind, Jane, had he been an Earl beside.
Angry and sharp came the answer—"Forty is little," he said,
"You should give your eldest daughter a trifle more to wed."

Spoke out then your soldier-father, he stood the next to me,
I knew it before he said a word, although I could not see.
"I reckon," said he, "there's that can never be bought or sold,
And if you give me Mary, I ask nor silver, nor gold."

Washing, washing, washing, came the tide up over the stones,
Was it that or my own heart beating, that changed my Father's tones?
"Forty pounds is her dower, and you shall have her," said he,
It's long ago, my darling, and it's far, far, over the sea.

Ah! why should all this come back to-night, when my brain is weak?
The rush of the wild south-wester, and the salt spray on my cheek.
I've forgotten so many things, but this lives in my breast,
Like the blaze of a crimson dawn burnt into a gloomy west.

I've forgotten so many things, or they pass me by in a maze ;
The Sepoy's murderous battle, and Lucknow's weary days ;
The dropping shot on the rampart, the sight of your father's blood ;
And the wail, and the fear, and the hunger, behind those walls of mud.

They pass me by like spectres, as I go down to the grave,
But a music tender and strange comes to me over the wave.
The church stands under the wood, where the hill dips to the lough ;
She sings as a mother sings, when she makes the cradle rock.

Solemnly moves the pastor's lip, and as he prays and reads,
The words of love, and of promise, drop down like golden beads.
O ! it's well that strain has linger'd within me to this day,
For it's little I've heard of Christ in this land where Christians sway.

Is it well, O land of glory ! to send thy brave sons forth,
From thy sunny southland meadows, thy grey cliff-guarded North ?
You give them bread in the barracks, and weapons for the strife,
But not a sword to fight the fiend, and not the bread of life.

From your valleys crowned with churches, a dry cross on their brow,
You send them out, with never a one, to bid them keep their vow.
They fight your battles bravely, they die for you, sword in hand,
And leave their fair-faced orphans behind in a heathen land.

Behind, with never a church-bell rung, never a chanted psalm,
But hellish rite, and song impure, and the idol 'neath the palm.
They may grow up in that darkness, there's none to care or know :
O rich men over in England ! O mothers, should this be so ?

There's never a heart among you, up to the Queen on her throne,
But thrills, when the terrible tale of this Indian war is known.
Never an eye but weeps, where her soldiers' arms are piled,
You give him tears and honour, give gold for his perishing child.

Hush, hush, they are passing away, the long wash of the sea ;
And the singing down in the church, makes music no more for me.
I am drifting slowly homeward, and though there be clouds afar,
They touch but the sails of the ship that crosses the harbour bar.

For it's not the dying sun that shines in my dying eyes,
But a trail of the glory of Heav'n over the mountain lies.
So lift me up, my darling, 'tis a gleam of the golden floor,
Through the gate that is all one pearl, where Christ has passed before.

I have served Him badly, my child, weakly, below my desire,
Fearing, and falling, and rising, yet evermore coming nigher.
But, as the sunbeam draws all other lights into its ray,
As a hand takes tenderly in the bird that wandered away,

So the love of that heart divine absorbs my poor weak love,
So the hand of my Saviour in Heaven takes in his weary dove.
And I could go so gladly, but ever there rises a mist,
'Tis you and your little sister, betwixt my soul and Christ.

C. F. A.

CONTINENTAL NOTES IN JULY AND AUGUST, 1859.

SAVOY AND PIEDMONT.

To say that travelling is the best means of learning geography is merely to vary the terms of an aphorism stamped with the highest authority. "Travel," Bacon declares "is a part of education"—most persons will add, "and the most pleasant part." Certainly it is the most successful. The lessons learnt on road and defile, lake and mountain, are not soon forgotten. Listen to two men as they discourse of a recent campaign, one of whom is a mere porer over newspapers, while the other has himself tracked the steps of the advancing armies through the country which they have desolated, and you will find that the latter will speak of a march or a battle with a certainty, and will discuss the manœuvres, the errors and successes, with an authority which the former cannot assume.

Nor is it merely in gaining a clearer idea of localities that the traveller obtains an advantage over the stay-at-home. Say what we will about the pureness and the independence of the English press, it cannot be denied that "our foreign correspondents" look at things only through coloured glasses. Scandal declares that not long since the correspondent of an influential journal received a handsome retaining fee on behalf of the most enlightened government in the world—the Neapolitan. It cannot be doubted that without any direct pecuniary inducement, men see and interpret things according to their preconceived notions. A member of the Teuton family would be apt to sneer at the frequent efforts made by Italy for the attainment of her freedom; while the traveller who belonged to any of the Romance nations would become enthusiastic in praise of the heroic peninsula, and wax eloquently indignant in his denunciations of Austrian tyranny and Austrian perfidy. Knowing, then, that the saying, "the eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing," is not only proverbial, but a truism; and having, moreover, a poorly developed organ of locality, I determined on the very day that the news of peace reached my far-off western home, to start for

Italy, and behold with my own eyes the scene of one of the most notable conflicts of modern times.

"But," says the reader, "why should we trust you more than 'our own correspondent?'" Answer—I do not wish you to trust me more than you please. I can only say as one slight evidence in favour of impartiality, that I left England an Austrian in all my symy athies, that I returned to England praying that the day may speedily arrive when not one single shred of the black and yellow flag shall be found in all that land, which God had made so fair and man has marred with his ten thousand crimes;—earnestly longing that the imperial threat may soon be no idle boast, and that the robber hordes of Croat and Hungarian, Tyrolese and Bohemian, may in very deed be chased from the Alps to the Adriatic.

Alas, not yet, it seems, is that bright prophecy to be fulfilled! But it was not altogether a mere bragging vaunt. It is not in vain that blood has been shed like water, since the broad plains between the Ticino and the Mincio are free from the hated yoke of the northern stranger; those bloody triumphs were no barren splendours which, won on the hard fought fields of Magenta, Palestro, and Solferino, delivered fair Lombardy so shamefully oppressed by the most "paternal" of governments, and gave to Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Legations, power to declare their own freedom. It has been the fashion to abuse the leader of this great warfare, and to assert that nothing has been gained by all the vast expenditure of life and treasure. True, the mere extent of country wrested from bondage is but small, not more than seventy or eighty miles square; yet when we consider what it is to have rescued even one such city as Milan from the intolerable thralldom of the most iniquitous despotism that ever disgraced a nation calling itself Christian—when we remember that it is not merely Milan, but Pavia and Como, Sondrio and Bergamo, Brescia, Cremona, and Monza of the Iron Crown, which can now hoist the Sardinian

tricolour where the detested eagle once waved, and that the region in which all these towns are situated is one of the most fertile in the world, we may, while mourning that the Quadrilateral is still unstormed, and Venice still remains a captive Queen, rejoice that so much has been well and truly wrought. Certainly, history can point to other strifes far more prolonged, far more costly and bloody, of which the results had been far less momentous, nor need this campaign of two months fear comparison of results with the 'Thirty years' war.

I, for one, determined to see for myself what has been lost and gained since that memorable April day, when a hundred thousand Austrians crossed the Ticino, and threw down the gage of war. So, turning my back on Paris, with its countless palaces and regal streets, more than ever gay in their adornment of flags and banners, that hung from every house; and armed with About's *Question Romaine*, and *The Idylls of the King*, I started one intensely hot evening in July by the express train from the eastern railway station, mid the glare of lightning that rent asunder terrific masses of thunder-cloud. The morning broke cool and balmy, and through the glimmering twilight loomed the dark tower of Dijon Cathedral. At Macon we branched off from the main line, and crossing the Saone arrived in due time at Amberg. It is here that the truly grand scenery begins; the route runs along a narrow valley shut in by huge limestone cliffs that rise abruptly some 1,500 or 2,000 feet, and are covered with vines, corn, and grass, to the very summit of their steep sides. Just beyond Culoz we crossed the French frontier, and submitted to the visitation of the Italian *douanier*. Beyond Culoz the line runs by the side of the Lac du Bourget, and the traveller finds himself now buried in the thick darkness of a tunnel, now gladdening his eyes with vine-clad mountains, at whose feet the bluest of waters sparkles in the bright sunshine with a clearness most tantalizing to unfortunate *voyageurs*, dissolving in a fiercely hot atmosphere, which sends the mercury up to nearly 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. A large proportion of the sufferers alight at the increasingly popular watering place of Chambéry; but it is

not till we reached St. Jean de Maurienne, the present terminus of the Vittorio Emanuele Railway, that the unhappy passengers for Italy beyond the Alps are allowed to escape from their cushioned oven, and rush towards the two basins where they may cleanse themselves, after their imprisonment of twenty hours. Taking a hasty meal we mount the diligence, and trudge along slowly by the side of the Arc, whose white waters rush roaring and foaming over rocks, borne down from many a rugged mountain side. As we journey on, I converse with my companion about European politics. He was a Frenchman, and rallied me on the attack of Gallomania from which my countrymen were suffering. I told him that I at least did not labour under the same disease. I believed Napoleon was too wise to engage in an enterprise which would be attended with utter disaster and disgrace. This remark put an end to the topic, not a pleasant one to an Englishman; and we did not again break the silence of the *coupé*, until we reached Modane, where my fellow traveller directed my attention with enthusiastic pride to what was certainly a very striking scene.

Imagine a large plain surrounded by mountains, with here and there a snowy peak, while deep down below rolls and rages the boiling Arc. Then picture to yourself, scattered upon this plain, hundreds of horses curvetting and prancing, and trying in vain to shake off the pestilent flies, while the riders lying on the grass in all directions, some lighting a fire, some cooking their food, some sprawling lazily outside their tents, or passing away a heavy hour in furbishing their arms; and then call to your mind that these are some of the bravest men in that brave army who fought at the bidding of their Emperor, in behalf of a country not their own, and whose only regret is that they are now encamped in the Alps, on their homeward march, instead of in the plains before the great Quadrilateral, or in sight of the Adriatic. These are the *cent-gardes*, the flower of the French forces; braver men never drew the sword, nor charged right up to the guns of the enemy.

We pass through the town of Modane, gay with triumphal arches, in honour of the returning conquerors,

and soon darkness hides rock and valley, and the tinkling bells of our horses chiming with the deep base of the distant river, lull to sleep the *voyageurs*, now commencing their second night of travel. At eleven o'clock, I was awakened out of a sound nap by our arrival at Lanalebourg, at the foot of Mount Genis. Here everybody turns out and drinks wine or coffee. A curious scene, this Italian village, with its one street blocked up by the lumbering diligences with their teams of horses, while here and there a cigar glimmered like a glow-worm through the darkness; and, even as we waited, the waning moon clomb up above the barrier of the everlasting hills, and shed a dim light upon the crowd of Italians, French, and English below, the latter represented by the writer alone. We start again, for the hardest part of our journey has to be taken. With ten horses yoked to our diligence, slowly we wind up the great road cut by the First Napoleon. We reach the summit of the mountain about two o'clock, and experienced the novel sensation of chilliness. Then leaving eight of our horses behind, we rattle down at a glorious pace, catching glimpses through the dawn of rushing waterfalls, headlong precipices, and unfathomable abysses, and reach Susa at sunrise. Here again, one sees signs of war. In the square near the railway station are some 200 guns and mortars, while troops of soldiers are bivouacking beneath the trees. In striking contrast to the gay uniforms of the military, stands a bareheaded sandalled monk, with pendent cross and rope, looking upon the busy scene, and ever and anon scanning the English stranger, whose heresy he seems to scent with the acuteness of a St. Filippo Neri, until the tinkle of the monastery bell calls him to matins.

At Susa, the Vittorio Emanuele Railway, interrupted at present by Mount Genis, recommences. In about six years, travellers between France and Italy will be carried right through the mountain, in a tunnel of some five miles long, although those who have leisure will do well to prefer the glorious pass, to the dismal underground route. The journey from Susa lies through a most picturesque and fertile plain, at the foot of the Alps, which bound the view. Every square inch of ground is hidden by some luxu-

riant crop of maize, vines, mulberries, hemp; while standing proudly on some steep mountain slope, rises an ancient monastery, ruined castle, or lordly chateau. At length we reach Turin, and I gladly find myself in the walls of Trombetta's *Hôtel d'Europe*, after thirty-six hours of travelling. I am not going to Murray-ize. The reader who wishes to know all about the churches and galleries of the Sardinian capital, must turn to a certain red hand-book; only let me remind him that the *Palazzo Madama* contains a very fine Paolo Veronese, and, which are better still, a Hans Hemling and a Fra Angelico. Having paid my respects to these and other beauties, artistic and ecclesiastical, I feel at liberty for my favourite study, men and manners. Let us wander together slowly, as befits this fiercely hot sunshine, through the long arcades that surround the great piazze of this regal city. This book-stall has attractions for one of us, at least. What is the literary food of this freest of continental nations? Between classic Dante and Tasso lies the history of Mr. Pennycuik, translated from the English. A novel of Dumas' reclines upon Stuart Mill's Political Economy; the Code of Napoleon is supported on either side by Macaulay's History and a tale by Bulwer; while the Adventures of Mr. Pickwick are separated from Mary Barton and the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin by the Life of Orsini. *On dit*, that when the news of the treaty of Villafranca became known, the portrait of Napoleon, hitherto displayed in every window and stall, was withdrawn, and Orsini's was substituted. Whether this be true or not, I cannot tell; at all events, the Emperor must have regained his popularity, for the well-known face is everywhere visible, side by side with the lovely countenance of Eugénie and the baby features of the Prince Imperial. Nor is this all. Reverence for the name of Bonaparte is so strong, that old portraits of the First Napoleon are almost as numerous as those of his nephew; while Prince Jerome and his bride, the Princess Clotilde, "daughter of the nation," are everywhere to be met with. But the favourite engraving contains the heads of Napoleon III., Victor Emmanuel, and General Garibaldi, the "Saviours of Italy." Count Cavour holds his own

with all these notabilities, while more rarely one sees the Marquis of Azeglio. A very common print represents a zouave, who is styled "*Le premier soldat d'Italie*."

See, here is General Giulai receiving his portrait, and stammering out his indignant astonishment "*Maestà l'hanno fatta per me, ma*." You will notice that the artist has done full justice to the General's well waxed moustaches, trimmed as becomes "*Giulai alla guerra*;" but what have we here! The portrait is turned upside down, and lo! an ass's head appears, and what were moustaches are now the longest of ears erect, and this is "*Giulai ritorna dalla guerra*."

This war has been a fine thing for "*Il Fischietto*," which, like our "Punch," must find it a hard matter to get materials for laughter during the monotony of peace and prosperity. A large engraving, the size of two pages in our "London Charivari," is headed, "The Wandering Jew." A railroad is here represented, by the side of which stand, instead of policemen, the gods of the rivers Ticino, Po, Adda, and Mincio; while rushing on at full speed, and nearly out of sight, is the Emperor of Austria, with the funnel of a locomotive growing out of his head, from which are vomited huge volleys of smoke; this, says the subscription, is "*Una macchina a vapore che i cantonieri non vedranno mai più ripassare*."—An engine which no policeman will ever see return.

Il Fischietto does not like the treaty of Villafranca. Within a coffin, on which is written, "*Villafranca, 1859, Trattato di Pace*," Italy, half reclining, applies the tip of her left thumb to her nose, and extending the fingers, "takes a sight" at the diplomatists who are knocking the nails into her coffin. "*Gli imbecilli!*" she exclaims, "*Si credono che io sia morta! Ci vuol altro che un cencio di carta per ammazzare una nazione*."—Fools! they believe that I am dead! They want only a piece of paper to murder a nation.

The letter-press of *Il Fischietto* does not spare the French Emperor. The debts of Italy to France are sarcastically detailed, and are summed up with "*Tanto peggio per l'Italia, se non saprà o non vorrà profittarne*."—So much the worse for Italy if she

does not know, or cannot see what she has gained. The sovereignty of the Pope gives rise to some satirical verses, headed "*Il Papa Re*."

The *Confessione di Fede politica* is a collection of irreverent political parodies on the creed, the Lord's Prayer, and sundry devotional exercises of the Romish Church. The *Atto di Carità* is so liquidly musical in the original Italian, that I will not translate it:—"O Italia mia perchè sei sì bella a tutte cara ed infinitamente civilizzata io ti amo sopra ogni cosa, e per amor tuo esponge ed esporrò il mio petto alla mitraglia dei tuoi oppressori." The concluding Paternoster is a reprint from a parody well known during the great struggle of 1848, and is addressed to the Emperor of Austria, with such modifications as are necessary to convert a prayer into a curse.

But while we are poring over these *fogli*, a knot of people has gathered round one of the pillars of the arcade, and is intently reading some notice affixed thereto. It is printed in Italian and French, as is common with all the public notices. It is an official advertisement exhorting all classes of persons to pay their taxes as soon as possible at this "solemn" national crisis: since the expenses of the war have been very great, and the government is anxious to fulfil its engagements without delay.

Fancy a London crowd in the Haymarket, staring at a pathetic appeal from Mr. Gladstone, imploring the speedy payment of the income tax, in order that he may carry on the national defences. Do you think that Englishmen would "respond with enthusiasm?" Would they not rather, accustomed to the plain speaking of tax collectors, "laugh consumedly" at the eloquence of the right honourable gentleman?

You are tired of sauntering about the streets. We will rest awhile in this *ristorativo*, and order fruit, and ice, and newspapers. Every one here lives on ice. They serve up your butter surrounded by ice. Do you ask for a glass of water, they bring not only what you demand, but solid water as well. At the railway stations, if you want any thing to drink, you will have a glass of some fluid that tastes like cider, rendered deliciously refreshing by the crystalline lumps

that float and sparkle in it. To put wine on the table without ice, would be to bring down fierce anathemas on the negligent garçon. This is a pleasant custom—(the ice serving, and not the anathematizing)—and one which we shall assuredly import into our own country if we get many more such summers as the last three. But ice is not the only Italian luxury, or necessary rather. For a single franc you may purchase a handsome dessert. Grapes, peaches, apricots, figs, are a choice substitute for the stone-hard apples, rotten pears, and sour oranges of our London costermongers. And then the *cioccolata*, most nectar like of drinks. If you have never been to Turin you do not know the real beverage in all its scented richness. Immortal praise to that great physician who invented and gave his name to this bundle of sticks, which the waiter has just placed on the table. These sticks, known here as *grissini*, are a most delicious kind of bread, infinitely superior to the customary sour *pain*. The ever to be remembered doctor of whom I speak, suffered, not unnaturally, from dyspepsia, and tracing his complaint to its source, determined to remove the cause by making a compound which should indeed be the staff of life;—honour to him.

But it is time to dress for the *table d'hôte*. We must not miss seeing one of the most splendid *salles à-manger* in Europe. This has been a poor season for the *albergatori*. You will scarcely find an English tourist throughout the whole of Italy. Here and there you may hear the English language spoken, but it is with a twang and an accent that proclaim the speaker to have come from the western shores of the Atlantic. Indeed, everywhere on the Continent Americans are found in shoals, and they almost outnumber their British cousins.

We shall find the evening cool and pleasant out of doors. The sky is covered with clouds, and hundreds upon hundreds of swallows are skimming about the grand *Piazza Castello*; careering round the towers of the *Piazza Reale* or the *Madama*, and whistling in shrill triumph at the thought of coming rain. We wander down to the *Piazza Vittorio Emanuele*, one of the finest sites in Europe; and cross the bridge over the Po, and mount the long flight of steps that

lead to the dome of the *Gran Madre di Dio*; and then, climbing still higher, we come to a monastery upon a steep hill, from whence we get a glorious view of the whole city. On our right is the *Collina*, with its white churches and villas gleaming among the dark masses of wood; close at our feet is the River Po, full of bathers and horsemen cooling their steeds; and beyond the river is the city, with its towers, domes, campanile, and broad piazzas; while, behind all these, rise the Alps in background, alas! only dimly seen to night, through clouds and mist that threaten storms. Bare-headed monks, in their long serge robes, are flitting about us; and here a little Italian girl is prattling her innocent music to an aged friar, bent double by years, until the vesper bell begins to chime, and all the city resounds with answering peals, when the little maiden trips lightly away, and the monk disappears within the gloomy gates of his prison home. Then we descend, and returning by the Boulevards, see how the Turinese women like our English journalists, wash their dirty linen in public, and spread their clothes to dry by the side of the street canals. Or we watch a yoke of heavy oxen drawing an uncouth and almost classically shaped cart, whose two huge wheels, that know no "dish," and long pole with horn like point turned high in the air, would shock our Frys and Milfords, while the whole machine moves at the pace of ladies promenading in the most fashionable street of the most fashionable city in England, Milson street, Bath. But if you are half asleepy as I am, after two nights of travel, you will be now turning your steps hotelward, in the hope of a long and dreamless repose.

I know no greater pleasure than to awake in the morning in a room whose shape and furniture tell you that you are far away from your own dormitory at home, where you know every leaf in the pattern of the paper, and every line in the engravings that adorn the walls; and then to take the map, and spreading it open upon the bed, to consider to what part of Europe you next shall bend your steps. The professional man, especially, confined by his daily work within a circle of very small radius, revels in the thought that he has all the world before him, where to choose: that he

may sleep in the Alhambra, sail up the Golden Horn, or see the sun at midnight lighting up the waves that dash against the rocks of the Northern Fjords; a glance at his purse, and the thought of the inevitable day when he is bound to be home again to fulfil innumerable appointments, are generally sufficient to recall his ideas within a narrower compass. I, at least, must be content with more modest exploits, and accordingly determine to proceed to Genoa.

Perhaps you may remember that Southey used always to buy a book at every town in which he passed a night. His library, thus, became a most interesting diary, a memento of many pleasant days spent in wandering through far-off lands. I always follow his good example, and this volume which I have just purchased, will while away the first two hours of our journey, during which there will not be much to see without.

"*Les Autrichiens et l'Italie*," by M. Charles de la Varenne, is just now in every Italian's hands; it was published in February, and this copy is of the third edition. It is dedicated to Rattazzi, the new Prime Minister, and is preceded by a preface from the pen of M. Anatole de la Forge. What gives greater weight to the work is the fact that its author is a Legitimist, and, therefore, not at all disposed to assist the development of any *idées Napoléoniennes*. It is a base slander, says M. de la Varenne, to assert that the Italians are only incorrigible anarchists, a degraded and corrupt people, who show their gratitude for the benefits which their rulers shower down upon them by conspiring their ruin and their massacre. It is "a wonderful and horrible thing" to see how omnipotent Machiavelism has contrived to make public opinion an accomplice in holding enslaved a people whom treachery and violence may fetter, but not subdue. True, there is a treaty by which, in 1816, the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was ceded to the Austrian Emperor; but antecedent to all treaties, and not to be altered by any compact made between the most powerful states in the world, abides this fundamental truth of civil freedom: No one is a

lawful sovereign who has not either inherited his title by birthright, or been raised to the throne by the consent of the people. But poor Italy had no part in that cruel decision by which she was handed over to the tender mercies of the paternal government of Austria. Had her feeble voice been listened to at all, it would have been heard protesting against the perfidy of England in assisting to enslave a country which, only one short year before, had been roused by the spirit-stirring appeal of an English general,* as he landed at Leghorn, and uttered these famous words:—"Courage, Italians! We hasten to deliver you from the iron yoke of Napoleon. Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Holland, will tell you what English generosity has hitherto accomplished. Spain, by her determined resolution, her bravery, and by the aid of her allies, has terminated the most sublime of enterprises. Her independence is decreed, her liberty is established. . . . Shall Italy alone remain in chains. Shall Italians alone fight against their own country in favour of tyranny, to keep Italy enslaved? Delay no longer—be Italians! We ask you not to follow us to other lands, but that you give effect to your rights, and that you be free!"

But even supposing that Italy had voluntarily taken refuge beneath the wings of the double-headed eagle, it was in reliance upon the most solemn promises freely made by Austria herself. Listen to the cheering words, which now we know were words of bitterest mockery—"People of Lombardy, of the States of Mantua, of Brescia, and of Venice, a happy fate awaits you! Your provinces are definitely annexed to the Empire of Austria. You shall all live united and equally protected under the sceptre of the very august Emperor and King Francis, the father adored by his subjects—sovereign much desired by those states who have the happiness to belong to him. After having gloriously accomplished by his arms the greatest enterprises, he returns to the midst of his subjects, of his people, and to his capital, where his first care will be to give to his provinces a satisfactory and durable form of govern-

ment, and an organization promoted to secure your future happiness. We hasten to make known to the people of the above-mentioned provinces the gracious intentions of his Majesty; and we remain convinced that you will be transported with joy in contemplating an epoch as happy as it is memorable, and that your gratitude will transmit to far-off generations an indelible proof of your devotion and of your fidelity." Since then how have all these promises been fulfilled! By extortion and robbery, by torture and murder in long and tragic succession; while even in the most favourable and quiet times the petty tyranny has been almost more exasperating and more intolerable than downright cruelty. Truly, that was no highflown metaphor, no melodramatic oration, which Victor Emmanuel addressed to his parliament on the 10th of January; "Italy's cry of anguish" was only too real, too heart-rending!

Laughter and tears are akin, after all. There is a comic as well as a darkly tragic side to the Austrian policy in the Peninsula. There is something utterly absurd in the jealous and obstinate pretension to candour, *bonhomie*—to the part of the father of the family gently and fearfully chastising his rebellious children, and ever repeating such words as *padre indulgente, cari figliuoli, inesauribile clemenza, serena benignità*, when we know that women are beaten to death, youths shot without mercy, and deeds done worthy of Indian sepoys by this most "paternal government." One must almost smile when one sees the Radetzki, the Gorzowski, the Haynaus, the Giulays, hiding their swords, and subduing their ferocious countenances to a most insinuating smile, and lowering their hoarse voices to a gentle whisper. The transformation is too absurd: the sheep's clothing cannot conceal the wolf.

But you are not content with vague accusations. You ask for specific charges; so, as we are still a long way from Alessandria, hear a few particulars, and *ex patris diace multa*.

What think you of the Austrian courts of justice, where not only are all proceedings kept secret under the most stringent provisions, but the accused is denied the assistance of an

advocate, and is kept ignorant of the offences with which he is charged? Corporal punishments form a fundamental part of the law. As many as fifty blows of the stick may be ordered at one time; true, this number, although ordered, is rarely given, for the simple reason that the victim is scarcely ever found to survive the fortieth blow. The magistrate has the power of inflicting the torture on all those who refuse to answer the questions of the judges. The Bastonade is the portion meted out to those who refuse to criminate themselves by replying to the cunningly devised questions of those who are supposed to be at once accuser, defender, and judge. A wife is bound to accuse her husband, the father his son, and the man who does not denounce his friend is liable to divers severe penalties. The *tribunal statario* is composed of German, Bohemian, Croat, and Polish officers, who generally do not know a word of Italian, and who interrogate the accused in what is to him often an unknown language. He is not informed of his supposed crime; and understanding but little of what is going on, hears with dismay that he is to be hanged in half-an-hour. The civil courts are conducted after the same fashion. German judges are called upon to arbitrate in purely Italian matters, where the witnesses speak only Italian, not one word of which the judge comprehends. If he does not decide at haphazard he will either dismiss the case, or send it on to Vienna, in which latter case the plaintiff must abandon all hope of receiving a verdict under seven or ten years.

The story of Austrian management of Italian finances would take hours in the telling. This fact is significant: the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom forming a seventeenth of the Austrian territory, and an eighth of the population, pays *one third* of the revenue; and in the sums mentioned in the general budget as total Austrian receipts from Italy, are not included the enormous local expenses imposed upon the communes, nor the thousand extortions by the functionaries, nor the cost of the public works, nor many other details, which often make the municipal charges more heavy than the government imposts. While Bohemia pays taxes at the rate of

only four livres two centimes per head, and the Tyrol, Galicia, and Croatia, from two and a-quarter to two and a-half livres, Italy pays nearly nine livres. The owner of landed property in the last-named country pays in ten years taxes and imposts to the amount of the value of his land. It is calculated that since 1815, the Lombardo-Venetian states have paid more than eighty millions sterling of taxes, besides the innumerable charges of the civil servants. Now all this money goes to Vienna—not one sou of it is spent in Italy. Again, the imperial government not only refuses to promote Italian industry, but it has used its best endeavours to destroy the existing commerce, and prefers to pay for inferior articles at an infinitely higher price, so that they are not of Italian workmanship.

Until the time when Lombardy was called upon to rejoice at the "happy fate" which placed her under the fostering care of Austria, she could boast of manufactures famous in the world of commerce. Immense cloth factories gave employment to thousands of hands in Como, Gandino, and Schio; in the neighbourhood of Brescia were noted establishments for the fabrication of arms; many large foundries and iron-works were in full operation at Bergamo, Brescia, and Lecco, while the cotton mills at Lodi, Cremona, and Vinnada were the centres of a most industrious population. But now all has changed: these streets no longer resound with the busy hum of whirling machinery, nor with the sturdy clang of the armourer and the smith. The "paternal" wisdom of Vienna has thought fit to prove the affections of its children by a hard trial of their faith. And so Como, Gardino, and Schio must yield up their treasures to Bohemia; Brescia must stand by while Hungary steals its birthright; Lodi, Cremona, and Vinnada must be content to be sacrificed for the benefit of Styria and Carinthia. Enormous duties, imposts utterly prohibitive have extinguished Italian enterprise, except in one branch where Austria had not the power to work all the harm she would have wrought. Even German covetousness has not been able to alter the German climate, nor to raise the silk, the rice, the finer cattle, and the

choicer wines of the plains of Lombardy on the cold Hungarian marshes, and the rugged sides of the Carpathian mountains.

But this is not all: more remains to be told. Venice, once the joy of the whole earth, a queen in glorious attire, now sits widowed and desolate, her glory filched from her by a prosperous rival. Venice has been stripped and left helpless and naked, while Trieste has been clothed with the spoils. The noble port, where the doges in happier times were married to the sea, is now filled with sand; the canals, over whose blue waters our Turner used to dote with all an artist's love, are choked with mud, and no longer reflect the marble palaces that time, and a more reckless destroyer than time, have hitherto spared to show how fair was once this Queen of the Adriatic. Each day the slimy fog gains ground; and soon this royal city, which has borne so many shocks of fate since Attila, the Scourge of God, with his reckless Huns, drove the old Italian nations to take refuge in the lagoons of the *Mare Superum*, will be no better than an impure cloaca. Listen to the words of one of the chief writers of the century:—

"There, in Venice," says Lamennais, "are misery, oppression, irreparable ruin. Formerly so flourishing; she has now neither motion nor life. From on high in the air the imperial eagle swoops down upon the corpse, and greedily devours the remains. I know nothing so saddening and yet so instructive as the spectacle of this city, fallen under foreign rule. The population reduced to one-half, toils painfully to procure a pitiful livelihood, which the avarice of their master disputes with them. Commerce, which in better times was the source of their prosperity, has passed to the other shore of the Adriatic, into the hands of the more favoured inhabitants of Trieste. A police, justly dreaded, since a single suspicion on its part may consign you to the depths of one of these dungeons which despotism has multiplied in every direction, spreads distrust in all the relations of life, and renders arbitrary the law, the administration, the tribunals. Some palaces, upon those pretexts which never fail the strong against the weak, have been confiscated, and nearly all are rapidly falling into decay. Some Austrian satrap, or other, occupies that of the doge. Cannons pointed against the neighbouring piazza represent the tie

that binds the people to the sovereign given to them by the Congress of Vienna."

But, again, you ask for facts instead of oratorical declamation. Let the following figures speak for themselves. The total amount of exports from Venice in 1855 were only of the value of eleven million francs; those from Trieste during the same year were estimated at seventy-two millions. The imports were respectively forty-eight and sixty-six millions. It is really almost gratifying to know that the prosperity of Trieste has rather decreased of late years; for whereas the tonnage of Trieste in 1853 amounted to 911,000 tons, in 1857 it had fallen to 782,000 tons.

You think, perhaps, that there must be some exaggeration in these complaints of Austrian oppression. Is it likely, you ask, that even the most despotic government would do the utmost to ruin its fairest provinces? But the fable of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and her foolish owner, is an old story, and still of common application.

This question has been asked repeatedly by those who did not believe in the dark tales of cruelties said to have been wrought in the country of the "peculiar institution." Sceptical readers thought they had proved it impossible for the Legrees to have a real existence, just because they would destroy their own property if they flogged their Uncle Toms to death. But this most logical *reductio ad absurdum* supposes that men always act for their own interests, and are never led astray from the paths of prudence by any disturbing emotion. And yet, even in our own country, where murder is a punishable offence, men are found to risk the almost certain fate of the gallows, to gratify a sudden passion or to satisfy a deliberate animosity, and rather than allow it to remain unconsummated they will brave a shameful death. Much more, then, will a nation, feeling itself the master of a country utterly alien in all its ideas, manners, and people, be little mindful of self-interest when it has the power of gratifying malignant spite. Besides, it should be remembered, that although Austria herself may be injured by the excessive extortion and systematic spoliation which Italy has to endure, Aus-

trian officials are the gainers, and always amass large fortunes. Places of trust may be sold to the highest bidders; the scales of justice may always incline in favour of him who is most assiduous in filling the balance with golden weights; the most reprobate villain may purchase escape from merited punishment, while the inoffensive but wealthy citizen has to pay a larger sum to ensure him against the dungeon and the torture; and in the meanwhile the accumulated wrongs of years of oppression and fraud will at length recoil upon the head of Austria in some great storm of revolution, or in some disastrous campaign like the last. But what care the *fout-toumains* for that? Judges and magistrates, prefects of police, and officers of the customs, every man bearing a commission in the army, from the field-marshal to the lieutenant, each and all have made their fortunes, and are quite ready to return and spend them in Vienna. I will tell you another time something more about the conduct of the Austrian troops in Italy; but now we are reaching Alexandria, and we must use our eyes instead of our tongues and ears.

Alexandria, built in a year by the Lombard league, is a very strong fortress, although not like Luxembourg, strong by nature, but rendered formidable by art.

The citadel is a specimen of Vauban's system carried to perfection; the amount of warlike material which the city contains is immense, and being situated in the middle of a widely extending plain, the fortress offers no advantageous point of attack. In fact, it is almost impossible to obtain a finer base for military operations, connected as it is by railroads, with the chief seaport, and with the capital, Genoa, and Turin. The Piedmontese garrison here is very large, and it was only two short months and a-half ago that the French troops arriving from France were received here with an ovation. A ceaseless shower of bouquets poured down upon the shakoed heads of the "deliverers of Italy;" while those who bore the Crimean medal met with peculiar marks of favour. The happy warriors deemed themselves in Paradise, after the weary march from Lyons and over Mont Cenis, where they were nearly drowned

by the incessant rains. To find themselves beneath an Italian sky and a cloudless sun, with smiling women bending their dark eyes in admiration upon them, was a glorious exchange for the bleak misery of the mountain pass. No wonder that we find countless rapturous letters sent to the friends they had left behind them. The large railway station here is crowded with these heroes in various uniforms, now no longer of brilliant hue, but faded, patched, and ragged. They are on their way home to join the great military procession of the Emperor's fête.

Crossing the Bormida we skirt along the western side of one of the First Napoleon's hardest fought battlefields, Marengo; then running into Novi, celebrated for its silk, we admire the picturesque old houses, while our lamps are lighted in anticipation of sundry miles of underground travel.

The country thus far has certainly not been particularly interesting, except to the agriculturist, who will admire the long narrow patches of maize and hemp, the vines, and the mulberry trees, the handsome and spacious farm-buildings, and the general air of prosperity. But now we are entering upon a different scene, and the journey from here to Genoa is one of the finest railroad rides in the world.

Hitherto we have been traversing the intermontane regions south of the Alps; but now we are going to pierce the very heart of the Apennines. We are borne one minute over high viaducts, and embankments of massive masonry; then through deep cuttings and dark tunnels, twisting and winding our snake-like course by the broad but nearly dried up channel of the Scrivia. Every instant the view changes wonderfully: here we are imprisoned in a narrow defile, from which there seems no escape; then, suddenly, the hills break apart and we peer into deep gorges through

which, in winter, the floods roll down in mad haste. Then we gaze upon some snug village at the foot of these ravines, with its picturesque old houses and tall church tower; and as we look, we are borne with a scream and a roar into densest darkness, wherein we are buried for minutes that seem ten times their length; then dashing suddenly into daylight, we once more behold the glorious mountain peaks sloping up from the narrow valleys; and so we go on alternating light and darkness with Dantean vividness climbing up the steep incline, until, at last, having cleared in ten minutes the great Bussalla tunnel, two miles in length, we run rapidly down into a very fairy-land.

A wondrous contrast, truly. Just now we were surrounded by mountains, rugged and bare, with cloud-hidden peaks. Yet, here we have entered Eden itself, where the hills are covered with vines and olives, and every inch of ground is a garden rich with all kinds of mellow fruits; where the myrtle shines with star-like radiance, and the oranges gleam with a golden light from out their bowers of dark-green leaves. Then, on the right, you have your first glimpse of the Mediterranean, deeply violet; and at last, you are borne into the "City of Palaces." You do not wonder now, that "*Mignon*" looked so sadly sorrowful, with her large mournful eyes, as she thought of the Italy that she never more should see, and sung in fondly plaintive tones of the land:

"Wo die citronen blühen
Im dunkeln Laub die gold-orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht."*

"Gineva La Superba!" "City of Palaces!" No usurped titles these. Here every building is a study for the architect; the corner of every street fit subject for an artist's pencil. Not ranged in square blocks like the *Isole*

* The reader who has been fortunate enough to visit the Ary Scheffer collection, exhibited this summer at Paris, in the Boulevard des Italiens, will know well what I am thinking of now. Those who have read Ernest Renan's glowing description of Scheffer's great work, *La Tentation du Christ*, will perhaps think, when they see the original, that it has been over-praised, more especially if they have lately gazed upon that countenance of mingled majesty and sorrow, Hunt's *Light of the World*; but it is impossible that they should be disappointed with *Mignon aspirant au ciel*, and *Mignon regrettant sa patrie*.

of Turin, the narrow tortuous passages, with houses higher than in the wynds of Edinburgh, are so close together that the sun rarely shines into them; and even the blue sky can scarcely be seen overhead. Threading these mazes, you suddenly come upon some great piazza, where there are cloisters all round, or a fountain, crowded with women and children bearing their pitchers, or a church with its lofty portico, or a mediæval palace, or modern classic theatre; or else, wandering through some dusky lane, and climbing long flights of steps, you find yourself unexpectedly on the fortifications looking over the harbour, where the sea, dimly visible in the evening twilight, sleeps darkly and silently, reflecting the innumerable lights that shine on the quays and from the palaces that are built close to the water. Wandering back to my hotel, an old palace fallen from its high estate, I lose my way in some architectural maze, and for the first time, have answer to my inquiries for direction, *non comprendo l'italiano*. So having once more reached the "marble hall" assigned to me as sleeping-room, I brush up my little stock of Italian against the morrow's demands.

The morning has come bright and burning. Most welcome is the shade of the straitened *strade*, most refreshing the gloomy coolness of the marble vaulted churches, where dark-eyed Italian girls are praying to their favourite saints. Ah, happy saints to have such worshippers! Devoted admirers though they may have been of the fairer portion of the fair sex, they know not how to resist the slender figures, and oval faces, and melancholy eyes, with their dark fringes, and gloriously long black hair, from which gleam the chased silver ornaments of exquisite workmanship that fasten the delicate white veils drooping most gracefully behind, a splendid substitute for our hideous English bonnets. Involuntarily one thinks of our great cathedral-painter, and another painter in words as bright as Roberts' colours. You know the lines :—

"I reached the door
Before the chaunted hymn began to rise,
And float its liquid Latin melodies
O'er pious groups about the marble floor.

"Breathless, I slid among the kneeling folk.
A little bell went tinkling through the
pause
Of inward prayer. Then forth the low
chant broke
Among the glimmering aisles that thro' a
gauze
Of sunlight glimmered. Thickly throbbed
my blood.
I saw, dark tressed in the rose-lit shade,
Many a little dusk Italian maid
Kneeling, with fervent face close where I
stood.

"The morning, all a mitty splendour, shook
Deep in the mighty windows flame-lit webs.
It touched the crowned Apostle with his
crown,
And brightened where the sea of jasper
rolls
About those saints' white feet that stand
serene
Each with his legend, each with his own
hue
Attired some beryl golden: sapphire blue
Some: and some ruby red: some emerald
green.

"Wherefrom, in rainbow wreaths the rich
light rolled
About the snowy altar, sparkling clean.
The organ groaned, and pined: then, grow-
ing bold,
Revelled the cherubs golden wings
atawn."

Having forgotten the Tuscan proverb, which says of Genoa, "*Mare senza pesci, montagna senza alberi, uomini senza fede, e donne senza vergogna*," and having dreamed ourselves into the belief that this is a paradise of saintlike devotees, it will be healthy to correct all such illusions, by crossing over to the law courts that are close to the *Duomo*. Here one sees judge and jury, lawyers and criminals, as in matter-of-fact England. Note one thing, "conspicuous from its absence." Yonder *avvocato*, who is pleading in behalf of some scamp in the soft dulcet language that seems fit only for the opera, wears no wig, neither do any of his learned brethren. When will the time come that the English bar shall share this happy freedom?

From the law courts let us stroll

down to the quays, which are on a style befitting the first seaport of Italy. They are laden now with vast stores of military supplies; great blocks of hay, twenty feet high, weighing several thousand tons; long rows of flower-barrels, and casks filled with English biscuit, all marked *L'Armée d'Italie*, now no longer needed, and left for the government to dispose of by auction. The Genoese certainly do not share the national reproach of laziness. See how the *facchini* (porters) run across the narrow planks from ship to shore, with huge burdens upon their broad backs; and see how they swarin in and out of the 355 warehouses, that no soldiers', priests', nor women's feet may profane.* Then walking to the *Mole Vaora*, let us, with infinite toil, and much dewy effusion from the skin, climb the steps of the *Fanale*, whence looking down from the lantern we see the whole harbour spread out before us, and its thousand ships, decked with the flags of all nations, and rising out of the Mediterranean, deeply blue to day beneath a cloudless sky. See where the proud city stands, rising higher and higher in lordly terraces, while a background of steep, but softly-rounded and richly wooded hills breaks the force of the cold northern winds that sweep down from the Apennines. But the thought of those breezes is sorely tantalizing now, as we crawl back along the quay, dissolving beneath the fierce sun, and almost too much exhausted to creep into the hotel, where we rest till evening.

As the sun sinks down we sally forth again, and visit the book stalls, which are pretty numerous. Notice first that About's "*Question Romaine*," which I was obliged to carry in my pocket all through France, lest it should be taken from me and burnt before my eyes, is here sold openly. One sees here much the same class of books as at Turin. My purchase to-night is Legoyt's *Ressources de L'Autriche et de la France*, a work to charm the statistician. But what is

this broadside which everybody is reading?—

"LA CAMPAGNE D'ITALIE.

Rondeau Historique
Par Alexis Champagne
Dédié à M. La Compté Cavour ex-Ministre de S. M. Victor Emmanuel.
Air de la Petite Margot."

The poem is rather frothy, like the author's name; nevertheless you shall hear a verse or two, that you may form some idea of foreign popular minstrelay. It begins:—

"No le Italie,
Reme chene,
Qu'on subjugué sous perfides lois
Quoiqu'il arrive,
Belle captive
Reprends, reprends ton sceptre d'autrefois.

"Ainsi parlait un guerrier philanthrope,
Quand tout-a-coup des lauras Autrichiens
Vinrent troubler le repos de l'Europe
Et reveiller tous les Italiens;
On s'organise,
Et pour devisa
On prend ces mots: Patrie et Liberté.
Puis aux scianes
Les volontaires
S'en vont prouver leur intépuidité.

The poet then goes on to describe the Sardinian preparations, and how the French troops came pouring in from the Alps, and how General Garibaldi was roused, and—

"A l'estro point prix de son courage
Emmanuel est nommé corporal (*)

Then the battle of Magenta is described, followed by a stanza denunciatory of the "House of Habsbourg." Then are narrated the uprisings in the Duchies, and the writer sings

"Soyez sans crainte
La guerre sainte
Va dès ce jour passer le Mincio."

Then we have a psalm in honour of Solferino, and the *rondeau* thus concludes

"Pierres, marchons jusqu'à l'Adriatique.
(C'est convenu; mais chât! restons en là,
Il faut laisser la voix diplomatique
Donner son mot puis après l'on verra.
La paix se signe,
Qu'on se résigne!
Soldats français, demain il faut partir.
Pauvre Venise
Reste soumise.
Ton tour viendra, compte sur l'avenir!

* In explanation of the above, consult that learned and scarce work, "Murray's Handbook for North Italy," where you will read, that "according to ancient regulations, entrance is forbidden to the warehouses (except by special permission), to the military, the priest-hood, and woman kind;" all these being, as it would seem, equally liable to suspicion.

† So in the original.

" Vous qui sortez des étroites tudesques,
Ralliez vous, et puis serrez vos rangs ;
Servez du R i les projets gigantesques,
Dans l'univers vous redeviendrez grands,
Noble Italie,
Reine chérie,
Qu'on subjugué sous de perfides lois,
Quo qu'il arrive,
Belle captive,
Reprends, reprends ton sceptre d'autrefois."

Clearly a French view of the war, this.

We are now in the *strada Nuova*, and walking on through the *strada Nuovissima* to the *Piazza dell' Annunciazione*, we pass one long succession of palaces. Looking through the lofty doorways we see court-yards adorned with statues and orange trees, fountains that keep perpetually moist the flowers of brilliant hue that surround the little ponds, while branching off to left and right, rises a wide staircase with steps and balustrades of purest marble. Many a name celebrated in history, or renowned in the great world of commerce, is connected with these buildings. This palace belonged to the Doria's, that to the Viceroy of Bray-like Pallavicini; the Palazzo Negroni stands here not far from the Palazzo Spinola.

They are generous, the lords of these mansions; and kindly throw open their picture galleries to the public between the hours of 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. If you see all the paintings that are worth looking at, you will stay several days in Genoa. For my own part, I am not fond of these rapid scrambles through room after room, in each of which there are masterpieces enough to keep you for hours. If, from a sense of duty, I undertake to "see all that there is to be seen," I select some choice gem

a Fra Angelico, if there be one, or a Van Eyck or Hemling; or, best of all, a Mother and Child, by Murillo; and learn these by heart, so that, instead of a dim, confused remembrance of Poussins and Rubens, Correggios and Salvator Rosas, Titians and Rembrandts, I have before my mind's eye a choir of golden angels, or a white and spotless lamb, or a Holy Family with fair Flemish faces, or a virgin meek and blessed, and innocently childlike—I can call these up at will, and feel no pang as I read over in Murray the long list of *chefs d'œuvres* that I did not even look at.

To-night, at least, we have something better to gaze on than a dusky, brown Poussin-Nicolas, or Gaspar. Seeing all around us the dark Italian girls, with necks and arms half veiled by the graceful *pezzotti* that hang in graceful folds from their blue-tinted black hair, we fancy ourselves in the middle of a never-ending bridal procession. Ah, happy cavaliers in gay uniforms, that walk beside these queen-like maidens, well may ye be brave, lighted to battle by the fire that softly gleams from those large eyes. But leaving the sentimental, there is one good quality for which these Italian girls cannot be too highly praised. They do not talk too much. I was nearly maddened the first night of my journey from Paris to Turin by the ceaseless chatter of a pretty French girl, who *would* continue to prattle out her *ahs* and *mon Dieux*, and raise her little hands, and shake her little curls, long after all decent travellers should have been fast asleep. I need not tell you that I was careful not to be in the same carriage with her the second night of our journey. But these Italian girls are gravely quiet; if they converse at all it is in low tones, plaintively musical; but they are often silent, thinking all the more about their dear country, or their next new dress, or revolving inwardly whether they shall have an ice before they go home.

Leaving Genoa we pass again through the glorious Apennine country, and retrace our steps as far as Alessandria; then, branching from the main line crowded with troops returning from the war, we proceed due northward, and cross the Po near Valenza. We are now in the very midst of the district which was so shamefully pillaged by the Austrians. The triangle of which the Ticino is the base, Turin the apex, and the railways to Novara and Alessandria are the two sides, was plundered by these worthy descendants of the Goths and Huns in a style that would have done credit to Odoacer and Attila. The destruction of railroads, telegraphs, and bridges, forms but a very small item in the long list of devastations. The Austrian army was "self-supporting;" and taking for granted that the defenceless, unarmed inhabitants of the towns and villages were unfat-

ourable to them, they put in practice the old, and now happily nearly superseded rule of living upon the enemy. At Vercelli the officer in command, under the instructions of General Giulay, ordered the inhabitants to furnish immediately, under pain of four-and-twenty hours' pillage and flames, 26,000 rations of bread, the same quantity of meat, of salt, and of tobacco; 12,000 rations of oats and of hay. At Novara 500,000 rations or five millions of money were demanded. Only a few hours were allowed for furnishing this contingent. But not content with this wholesale robbery, the soldiers at night were permitted to ravage all the country round; and if any unfortunate farmer was bold enough to defend his property, he was arrested for the crime of having arms, tried by court martial, and might deem himself fortunate if he was not shot. At Tortona the shops were pillaged, jewels, clothes, carriages, horses were carried away; arms were everywhere diligently sought for and taken off; even the linen in the hospitals was not spared. When any town became exhausted by their exactions before the required amount of food or clothing was made up, the mayor was furnished with a safe conduct, and sent to Milan where he was bound to purchase enough to supply the deficiency. The least resistance to these extortions ensured arrest, imprisonment and the bastonnade.

But worse remains to be told. These Austrian gentlemen, not content with theft, must add brutality to their crimes. They spare not the weak, and wreak their cruelty, for which they have not the common excuse of the madness of victory after desperate fighting, upon grown women and young girls. "The wife of a deputy, well known in Turin," says the correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, "a young woman four months *enceinte*, has died a victim to the brutalities of a band of *uhlans*" (lancers).

But while I have been talking the train has reached Novara. For a panoramic view I know scarcely any finer than that which you get from a boulevard close to the railway station. The eye first wandering over a vast plain rests upon the Alps, whose long chain of peaks, with Monte Rosa like a central jewel, extends from the Simplon to Mount Cenis. This afternoon the sky is black with dense clouds, and the mountains are of sombre hue. Sheets of rain are pouring down in the eastern horizon, while the lightning, like fiery serpents, is rushing through the leaden heavens. There is not much to see at Novara. One visits the *Duomo* as a matter of course; then, as the rain has reached us, and will wet us through and through in ten seconds, we will, to use the joke of a Puritan divine, make, not a cloak, but an umbrella of religion, and take refuge in the fine *Basilica San Gaudenzio* of Pellegrini. A friar, whose voice we hear, but whose form we cannot for some time see through the deep gloom, is preaching a sermon. As in all the Italian pulpits a crucifix is erected on the left side; and to this the preacher now and then turns with clasped hands and eyes upraised, and in impassioned tones addresses his suffering Lord. As the speaker continues his discourse the lightning blazes through the darkened church, and gleams for an instant upon the gold and silver vessels on the altar, while the loud thunder-roll, and the hissing rain, and the roaring wind combine in one grand chorus, that proves rather detrimental to the devotions of the hearers.

The storm over we again take the train *en route* for Milan. Passing onwards through a fertile country, and running over two canals, we cross a broad river, and then stop at a station in the midst of an insignificant looking village. That river is the Ticino; that village is Magenta.

E. S.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER XL

PIA. THE MAESTRO'S COFFEE.

(GAILY and pleasantly, yet with profound respect, did the Viscount bow, sitting easily his English thoroughbred, as the carriage, in which were Clara and Cousin Martha, crossed him in the Cascine, a day or two after their arrival in Florence. The worthy cousin, for a wonder, was wise enough to say nothing upon recognising him; but her heart fell within her. She was certainly no judge of horseflesh; but she had eyes quick enough to see that the animal Lord Windlesham bestrode—to say nothing of a groom in livery following on a shower—was no hired hack; and she concluded that the Viscount had sent home for horses, and therefore meant to stay for good and all that year in Italy. He had cautiously abstained from announcing an intention of so doing, and she had not seldom, already, speculated upon the contingency.

For all it was a winter's day, the sun shone brightly, and there was no wind; therefore, after a few turns, the carriage halted opposite the Duca's dairy, in the open space where the band plays, in fine weather, as it was doing then. By-and-by, the Viscount rode up, and came to the carriage window to exchange greetings.

"How was the Maestro? Was he in Florence? What? not yet for a couple of weeks, or so. Would he not, then, be present at Miss Jerningham's first opera night there?"

"Oh, dear, yes! he had heard from some of his friends. From Mr. Digby, who had found woodcocks in abundance in Albania, and would have sent a box to Miss Jerningham at Venice, had it not been for the intolerable slowness of the Austrian Lloyds' boat. No! He was not there now—gone to Syria, Persia, Egypt, and elsewhere"—so said his letter; not likely to be back this two years or more. Had heard of Mr. Ingram, too; not from himself, but through a mutual friend at Oxford. He had left the University and taken Holy Orders, as

he had always meant to do: had been looking ill and out of sorts, his friend said: seemed to have something sorrowful on his mind." And here the Viscount, without actually staring, looked full and straight with inquiry into Clara's eyes; but saw there, perhaps to his satisfaction, just what the mention of the matter was likely to bring into them, a polite sort of half interest, and nothing whatever more.

"Miss Jerningham probably knew more than he did of Mr. Trelawney's movements. Did Miss Beatrice partake of his admiration for Polgarthen, and all things Cornish? Any time fixed for the marriage?"

And then the talk wandered off desultorily to the current Florentine topics, to Florentine chitchat—musical and social—then came request of permission to call and pay respects at the ladies' apartments, made as an ordinary common-place act of politeness: then the hat is raised, the heel slightly presses the flank of the thoroughbred, and Lord Windlesham rides away.

"He took good care not to ask after Mark Brandling!" thought Cousin Martha.

The call for which permission had been asked and received, was duly paid; but very little came or could come of it, in the way of leading to that easy visiting intimacy, which circumstances had made not only possible, but natural at Venice. As a kind of compensation, however, the Viscount had frequent opportunities of meeting Clara in society. There were old Italian acquaintances of Sir Jeffrey in Florence, and their invitation could hardly be declined. Acceptance led, of course, to the receiving of many others; and as the Maestro was yet absent; and as there were but two nights a week at the theatre; and as the probable shortness of her stay in Florence made Clara think there would be no great harm in relaxing her Venetian rule a

little; there were not a few drawing-rooms, both English and Italian, where she found herself in company of Windlesham. He knew most people in them, and most things about most people; and thus was really not a little useful to Clara, giving her such information, or such hints at it, as much assisted her in steering a wise course on these new waters. And this he contrived to do in the pleasantest and least obtrusive manner, insomuch that not even cousin Martha could have found reasonable cause of offence.

There was one house at which they visited, that of a widowed Countess de' Guari, where Clara was one evening asked to sing. As she took her seat at the piano, she felt a slight draught from a door opposite, and to avoid any ill effect, drew round her more closely a light shawl or scarf which she had on. The watchful Viscount perceived the movement, made his way to the open door, and shut it. Neither Clara's action nor his had been noticed by the Countess, who, at that moment, was receiving the salutation of some late-coming guest; but when, upon turning round, she saw the door shut, she moved towards it gently, and set it open again. In so doing, it struck her, as it had not done before, that the open door just opposite Miss Jennings might, in some way, be disagreeable to her. As soon, therefore, as Clara's song was ended, she went up to her, and putting her own hands into an attitude of supplication, begged her forgiveness in the most engaging and almost touching manner. "Cara signorina mia, I should have remembered that a cold air might come streaming through the door, although, in truth, all that suite of rooms is warmed throughout. The great black gap, too, right in front of you, must any way have been disagreeable and depressing to look at; and might have checked the poetical feeling as you were about to sing. How shall I rightly beg forgiveness?"

It was in vain for Clara, in her turn, to betake herself to entreaty, that she would think nothing of what was nothing indeed; she seemed really distressed; and at last said, speaking rapidly, but yet as with an effort:

"I will tell you the whole truth, signorina, for your deep blue eyes do

not look cold as some. It was for Pia's sake, my poor darling Pia's, that I set the door open. She is a passionate lover of music, and she had heard so much of that voice of yours—that voice so rich, so joyous, and yet so tender—that I opened the doors all through to her own room that its notes might reach her, where she lies, poor dear!"

To such words the only possible kind of answer was a look of interest and sympathy. It cost Clara no effort to assume it, for there were great depths of tenderness in her nature. The Countess soon spoke again, when she saw how her first words had been received.

"My poor child's spine is injured," she resumed, with a deep sigh, "and has been so for some years now. She is moved from her bed to her sofa, and very little farther, except on very favourable days, and then she is put into her great wheeled arm chair, and sometimes brought in here; but scarcely ever when there are more than two or three persons present, who are not of our own family. It is a very torpid and stagnant physical life for her, poor child; but she makes up for it by her intellectual energy, and the quick play of the soul, that, indeed, is lively, strong, impassioned, beyond what you could conceive."

And therewith the Countess rose, and after a turn or two through the room, not to be remiss in playing her part as lady of the house, she was observed by Clara to slip through the door in question, doubtless on her way to spend a few minutes by the side of Pia. On her return, she came and sat down again by Clara, and laying her hand on hers—it had a tender and sympathetic touch in it—she said:

"Do not think it rude or strange of us, who, 'per disgrazia,' know you yet so little; but we seem to feel you are kind and 'simpatica.' Pia says she hears it in every note of yours. I tell her I have seen it in your eyes; and now nothing will satisfy her but looking into them herself. So she sends me to ask whether you will come to her bedside and let her do so!"

Clara contented herself with returning the pressure of the widowed lady's hand, and rising to follow her.

Although the most simple and natural thing in the world, there was something almost impressive in the sudden transition from the brightness of the drawing-room, with its lights, and mirrors, and flowers, to the dark rooms through which they passed, towards the shining of one little lamp, which hung in a globe of ground glass, just over Pia's door. And when that was opened, all the light that was in her room—clear, though soft—was concentrated by a little careful skill upon the place where she lay propped on pillows.

"How good of you!" she said, as Clara went straight up to the bedside, and without any awkwardness, as without any affectation, knelt down, to bring the face, which she knew that Pia wished to look upon, into the light, and under the sick girl's inquiring gaze; "how very good of you! I am sure you will forgive me even this;" and she did the long thin fingers of her wan hands under the braided hair on either temple, holding the nobly shaped head of the Englishwoman steadily and firmly, though gently between them, and raised herself a little to look down on it, with a minute, moving, exploratory action of her own lustrous dark eyes. There was a marvellous contrast, and yet a strange affinity of appearance between these two. The frame, the features, the complexion of Clara, vigorous, healthful, clear, instinct with a joyous radiance of life and beauty: poor Pia's frame, angular, without one rounded outline, her complexion pale and transparent, her features marked with the wistful grey blue lines, which again draws upon the ivory of a sufferer's countenance. But upon the brow of either there was a loftiness of expression enthroned; around the lips of either a sweetness playing; and in the eyes of either a strong still depth of light, half veiled, which gave a kind of sisterhood to two such different countenances. To a mere superficial observer, it might have seemed as if the Italian's face were shamed out of pretence to beauty by that of the glorious English girl. But in truth it was not so. Untouched by her sad injury she would have grown also into a comely and a stately maiden. And all broken and wasted as she was, there was a spiritualized beauty of expression on her counten-

ance, with which the firm, round outlines of Clara's face, for all the finish and softness of their moulding, could not compete. Endurance and resignation, and the vivid realizing of better things hereafter, which faith stamps upon the mind and heart of sufferers in anticipated compensation, had given to Pia de' Guari a certain high type of loveliness that any thoughtful loving eye would not have failed to discern.

She passed the tips of her thin fingers presently so smoothly and caressingly along the white forehead of Clara, that they scarcely seemed to touch the skin, and yet seemed to magnetize her as they passed. Then, with one of them, she drew the arch of the eyebrows one by one, and with both hands, held the head again as at first, and kissed the white forehead gently, and next, almost passionately, the full ripe lips.

"Ah, pardon, pardon, dear young lady! but so much life, bright, and golden, and fresh, is in you, that it appears to stream out on me and warm and kindle me! Do speak, and say you forgive me!"

"May I come to-morrow and sit and read to you, or sing to you?" was Clara's answer, as she rose up, and took one of the thin hands into both hers and patted it. "Your mother says you liked my notes just now, when I was singing, and if you knew what pleasure I should have in letting you become familiar with them, you would not refuse!"

"Mamma mia! Do you hear her? Was I not right? Did I not say what I could tell of her from that deep sweet voice?" She is coming here to-morrow. Ah! I shall find it hard not to wish the hours gone till she shall come; and that is wrong, the precious hours so fruitful and full: one has no right to wish them away. Good night, Miss Jerningham! Ah, you are smoothing your hair! I put the braids as little out of place as possible; but I could not help doing what I did. How they must be hating we out in the drawing-room there for having fetched you away. Go back again now quick to them; good night! good-bye!"

"May I?" said Clara to the Countess, as they reached the drawing-room again; and she kept her from shut-

ting the door, from which the whole incident had arisen. "I left your daughter's ajar on purpose."

And therewith she went straight to the piano, and sang a clear, plaintive, Venetian night-song, "almost louder," some critic of nice ear ventured to say. "than such music should have been sung;" but though he was right, Clara had her reason for what she did; and Pia must have heard every note and every word of the melodious good-night distinctly.

So private, so lonesome in a certain sense, so still and inactive was the sick girl's life; and yet so full was heart and mind withal, of what would have been her active energy, had Providence ordered the circumstances of her life otherwise; that it would scarcely be possible to exaggerate either the vehemence or the sincerity of that interest which she came at once to take in Clara. It was not that there was in her a mere trivial and blameworthy love of novelty, nor any more grievous rebellion against what had been appointed and was unalterable, but that she listened to Clara's account of her stirring, thronged, shifting life in the face of crowds, with that thirst for information, and not wholly without that power of gaining instruction from it, which makes many choice minds to read with constant eagerness, books of geography and of travel. For such books, read and pondered by such minds, do not merely bring to them enlargement of their knowledge of what things exist upon the surface of lands unseen by them; they give light and life oftentimes to the knowledge of things known and familiar already at home. A restlessness is sometimes certainly bred thereby; but sometimes also a deeper and truer capacity for acquiescence in rest.

And Pia's life, contrasted with the artist's, must needs have shown to a meditative searcher, some traces of that incontestable spiritualized superiority which might have been discerned upon her worn countenance, even in the light of Clara's.

To have looked, indeed, into the artist's life, for the mere purpose of contrasting it with her own, and in deliberate hope of discovering therein grievances or deficiencies, which should ease her own mind, as it were,

and comfort it, by the reflection that out of her golden cup the gifted one must also taste bitter drops, would have been mean and hateful. This truth is too much overlooked at times, in certain moralizing exhortations to learn contentment from looking on our neighbour's lot. But the penetration which an enforced thoughtfulness had given to Pia, and her long confrontation with stern enough realities of suffering and its sorrows, showed her, of necessity, much in Clara's career, of what was not yet apparent to herself. And if, out of ever so tiny eggs laid by temptation, little wormlets of envy would begin to crawl into life, she was no little helped hereby to pierce out, as with pin points of truth and wisdom, their poisonous and ugly little lives.

As for Clara's music, it was a pure and delicious luxury to the sufferer. And this exercise of her gift,—so charitable, so sisterly, so very different from that which brought upon her the ringing applause of the full theatre,—was no less delightful and consolatory to Clara. They had a small piano on castors, in the invalid's room, which they would wheel round into such positions as should allow Pia to see her new friend's face, when singing, as she herself lay upon the bed or sofa, according to her state of health on any particular day. Sometimes, indeed,—and it was not what Pia enjoyed the least, there was no accompaniment, nor any rule or governance of the melody, save only the rising and shifting fancies in the singer's mind. On clear bright mornings, when no "tramontana" was blowing keen, and the windows were thrown open to the early sun, Clara would come in, with hands full of such gay flowers as never appear wholly to fail the skill of Florentine gardeners; and as she went to and fro, sorting and arranging them, and playfully disputing with her friend about the placing of them, her song would be girlish, and frolicsome, and wayward, as in the first old thrush-like days in Wymerton woods. But if her daily visit had been paid in the afternoon, and the early darkness had fallen upon the walls of the palazzo, she would sit in an arm-chair, near the hearth, on which the red logs of beech were glowing, opposite to Pia's sofa, and in

soft minor keys, croon gentle dirge-like music, a reminiscence also of her earliest age, when she would humour the tender melancholy moods of Willie Jerningham, her father, whose thoughts had wandered down to where his Beatrice's tombstone lay on the greensward in Wymerton churchyard.

This unexpected intimacy with the *de' Guari*, did not, as may be imagined, fall in too well with Lord Windlesham's design of growing, somehow, in Florence, more deeply rooted into intimacy with his young countrywoman. With the Countess' family he had no closer acquaintance than that of persons in the same circle of general society. Pia had a brother, but "*Orazio*" was just then absent from Florence: there was no chance therefore of becoming a family friend at the palazzo, by sedulous cultivation of his acquaintance. And even had this not been so, the doors of the sister's sick room were, of course, and would remain, impassable barriers to the Viscount. He was therefore reduced to be content with patience, or discontented therewith, as he might choose.

When the Maestro came, in due course of time, he certainly had more opportunities of seeing and conversing with Clara, upon such pretext, as the resumption of his musical studies with their common teacher would naturally afford. On the other hand, the old musician's arrival was marked by a circumstance, ominous and disagreeable to his lordship, though to cousin Martha, very cheering and comfortable. That was simply the re-appearance of Mark Branding's name, not seldom, in the course of their familiar conversations at Miss Jerningham's.

The sturdy, manly bearing of the workman; his strong practical good sense; perhaps, also his respectful devotion to Clara had made, early in their acquaintance, a favourable impression upon the Maestro. Moreover, ever since the fire, he had owned a sense of personal obligation to the young man of which neither the existence nor the origin was suspected by any one but his ownself. And poor Mark, since Clara's departure from Venice, had done violence to his strong shyness and reserve, and had sought out the old man, with a sort of silent appeal to his social charity, not made in vain. The musician understood

that for some reason or other, Mark found pleasure in being in his company. He contrived also to let the workman understand that he was glad enough to see him of evenings, provided that no interruption were made upon him while absorbed in his own work of composition. It came therefore to this: that daily, somewhere about eight o'clock at night, Mark would put a book into his pocket, and climbing the stairs to the Maestro's rooms, upon the third floor of an old Venetian mansion, and knocking lightly at the door, would pause a minute or two, till it was plain that no reply was coming to the inquiring rap. Thereupon he would open the door noiselessly and put in his head, and seeing the Maestro with ruled paper before him, and his hair upright, in bushy tangle, with perchance a quill or two sticking out at wild angles;—he would come in, and, without a word of salutation, walk to the stove and put on the coffee-pot. When the hot fragrant steam gave token it was ready, he would fetch out two cups from a certain cupboard, and filling them, put the Maestro's right in front of him upon the desk, still without a word—his own, upon a little table where a lamp stood, which he would light, and then sit him down to sip and read; sometimes, we fear, with his eyes fixed straight out upon the opposite wall, the book upside down, and his thoughts busy somewhere, out upon the banks of Arno. A whole evening might be spent, that is to say, till the clock was upon the stroke of eleven, and not three sentences pass between Mark and the Maestro, and so the time would come for "*good-night*!" and a nod, and the departure of the former, as quiet as his arrival. But there were other evenings, when perhaps a cheery "*come in!*" would answer the knock, and the piano was shut, and the desk with the ruled paper pushed already into a corner, and the dear little old man would hold out one hand to clasp Mark's, whilst the other grappled in the basket with a thick new log for the fire in the open stove. On such grand occasions, maybe there was chocolate, instead of coffee, and little sugar biscuits, into the bargain, of which choice dainties the Maestro himself was careful to do the honours duly. Then came pleasant chat, com-

parison and contrast of the artist life with the craftsman's; and strange discoveries of coincidence or divergence in the vein of thought and feeling. Then at last, by some fatality, round would come the conversation to group itself and all its turns and chances round one person and one name. No tinge of jealousy, nor of possible rivalry was here to mar the delight of this. Or again, at other times, it would fall out thus:—Mark would have served out the coffee silently, and for some time the Maestro would have been tilting up the back legs of his chair, spinning it in a quarter circle, now deskwards to the ruled paper, now towards the instrument on which he would strike a few chords. On a sudden, he would be conscious that the dictating voice of genius was hushed just then; or he would recognise the presence of a difficulty requiring a patient deliberation, and the decision of a mind rested:—so not a note more is to be written down to-night;—he pulls the quills out of his hair, sends them darting across the room, arrow-wise into the corner: spins round his chair for good and all, a whole semi-circle this time: rubs his hands together rapidly, and facing Mark, says—"Ah, Signor Vulcano sei quà?"

Then, perchance, - oh how violent was the beating of the young man's

heart!—his hand would dive down into the depths of his great inner side-pocket, and produce a letter. "Di Firenze, Vulcano mio, sì, di Firenze mi ha scritto la Jernietta. You shall listen, I shall read. Ah! she writes well a long letter to her old Maestro, the Jernietta, the dear Miss Clara, you shall hear!"

It was no wonder therefore, that when, at last, he came away from Venice, and rejoined his dear pupil with her good cousin, the Maestro should make frequent mention of Mark's name. Nor yet, perhaps, was it great wonder that the Viscount should feel some vexation at its reviving demizenship among them as an household word. With the consciousness, which he carried about him, of the character of his own proceeding against Brandling's position among those who now made mention of him, it was almost as difficult to bring himself to speak of him unconcernedly as it would have been awkward and significant to avoid pointedly all utterance of his name.

Thus then did Lord Windlesham at Florence, no less than the man at Venice, against whose possible rivalry he had condescended to plot, begin to pay the penalty of such wrong as he had done, by the suffering of inward disquiet, confusion, and annoyance.

CHAPTER VII.

ROSINA. THE COUNTESS.

COUSIN MARTHA was no Sevigno. She had no natural, nor any acquired taste for letter-writing. Moreover, her bringing up had been in those good old times in England, when, as yet, penny-postage was not; and when, in the class of society to which she belonged, the despatch of a letter, with the concomitant expense of its transmission, was not that inconsiderable, off-hand, trivial matter, which, happily for the charities of family life, even among those far below her in the social scale, it has become in these latter times.

She had thought, indeed, as the weeks went by, and budded and grew to full-blown months, of writing to Mark Brandling. She had purposed, first of all, to do so, out of mere friendliness, and to prevent the snap-

ping of any threads of intimacy. When fulfilment of such purpose had been so long delayed, as to give awkwardness to attempting it, unless upon some definite occasion, she had resolved to seize upon the first which should present itself. Certainly such an occasion was the moment at which it was determined that Clara should prolong her engagement at Florence, and not return to the city of the waterstreets till a period much later than had been fixed originally. But at that crisis also some procrastination took place, and to excuse it to herself, Cousin Martha chose to adopt the suggestion, her fancy one day made, that Mark must needs have learnt all about it from the Maestro. He, however, had not written a single line, there being, indeed, no valid

reason for which he should have done so, and many for which he might have been absolved for the offence of omitting to write, had it been more akin to duty that he should have written. Sadly would Cousin Martha have grieved could she have known what sickening heart-weariness her long silence brought to the young man, for whom she had so much gratitude, esteem, and affection. An overpowering sense of loneliness, almost of desolation, had settled down upon him with fresh cold and gloom, when the Maestro went. A great change had come over him since the date, which seemed so far off, the time when work and study, and the nursing of political and social dreams had been sufficient to fill up thought and feeling, before his meeting with that blue-eyed artist girl of lofty brow, under the olive-trees of Garda. It was not only in regard of the one absorbing passion that his meeting with her had affected him. If it were true that all the "current of his being" had thenceforward "set to her," there had been other new movings in his mind, as we have seen, swirls and eddies, set going in pools and back-waters and undercurrents, other than the main flow. And now he was left alone, to feel all this, and to gain a consciousness of the disturbance such as he could scarcely realize, while yet the disturbing causes were present and in action. Vigorous and firmly knit as was his physical frame, those mental emotions, violent, keen, and continuous, began to tell somewhat upon the strength of it. For it must also be remembered that such strength as it had, was daily taxed to the full by physical work, and of such kind moreover, as did not leave the intelligence wholly free. That work itself, with its twofold aspect, kept the whole man fairly upon the stretch, which stretch became an overstrain now, in more ways than one. When the Maestro was gone, Mark, foolishly enough, seeing how dark and cold the evenings yet were, and how chilling the night wind blew, would make his way over to the Lido for long, anxious, solitary paces to and fro. More than half tired, as his day's work had left him, those dreary walks would make exhaustion complete. When, on returning to his lodgings, he would enter the rooms of the honest folk, from whom he

rented them, to light his oil-lamp, or to beg the loan of a shovelful of glowing charcoal to kindle his fire, they were astonished and pained to see the weary sunken expression of his features. The dark, bright-eyed, eldest daughter especially took scrutinizing note of the increasing paleness and painfulness of his face. She had no scruple in bestowing those searching looks upon the countenance of the young Englishman, for she had a double reason to know that they ran no chance of being misinterpreted. The reader may recollect one Rosina, whose salutation, and that of her partner Toniutto, Clara and her friends had acknowledged, when passing by the dancers, on the last night on which Ingram had joined them on the Lido. That Rosina was the house-daughter at Mark's lodgings. Toniutto was her betrothed; one of those sprightly water-carriers, whose saucy, bright, red caps and striped trousers, tucked up above the supple bronzed knee, and metal buckets, nicely poised upon the yoke across their shoulders, show to such picturesque advantage in the streets and piazzas of Venice. Toniutto, whose claim upon her heart and hand was perfectly well known to Mark, was, of course, her first reason for feeling quite at ease in her friendly relations with the English workman. Her second was the shrewd guess she had made at the existence of the strong tie which had begun to bind Mark's heart to another woman. Rosina, besides the ready help she gave her mother in the thrifty housework at home, plied her needle point for a livelihood, as sharply and as briskly as those quick eyes of hers. The person from whom she got the most of her work was herself employed in designing, fitting, and making theatrical dresses for the chief cantatrice of the Venetian opera. Hence, Rosina found herself, from time to time, in contact even with the prima donna, and, of course, came to take much interest, and, indeed, to have no little knowledge in much of what concerned the "personnel" of the theatre.

It is well known what charm for southerners, of every social class, mantles in the blue eye, and gleams from the golden reflections of a northern beauty's hair. And when to the effect, which the mere sight of Clara

would have made upon the fancy of the Italian girl, was added the impression which her frank good-nature and unaffected kindness made upon her feelings, it is easy to understand that Rosina was soon enrolled amongst her warmest and most affectionate admirers. The poor girl's admiration, indeed, went to such enthusiastic extremes at times, and her notions of *La Signorina Jernietta* were so strangely intermingled with those of the queens and priestesses, and fairy-like beings which she sometimes saw her personate on the stage, that in much probability she would never have brought herself to couple the thoughts of her with those of the friendly workman, who occupied two spare rooms at her father's, had it not been, first of all, for the fact that they were both English persons, the only two of that mysterious race with whom she had ever come in contact. So much freedom and so much constraint; so much energy and so much repose; so much seeming pride and so much hearty kindness; so much habitual gravity and so much of relish for humour; together with other paradoxes, discovered by the observant girl in the character of both these persons, unlike, in many respects, to all other her acquaintances, inclined her, almost unconsciously, to class them together. Then, again, there was another reason, less reasonable, certainly, which seemed, in her judgment, to diminish the infinite distance which she would have thought to exist between one so far off from her as the brilliant *prima donna*, and the sober-clad, often toil-stained mechanic, who seemed so much nearer akin to her and hers.

Quick, observant, and keen as Rosina was by nature, her general ignorance was magnificent in its completeness. Now, though Mark were a working man, and sweated for his bread, as did likewise *Tonietto*, *Tonietto's* waterpails were intelligible, and Mark's locomotives were not. Reports had reached her of the dread and mystic powers of those inexplicable engines, the constructors and familiar handlers of whom were no ordinary working folk to her astonished apprehension.

And, then, there were the books; the books, and also the working drawings; and, even beyond these, the two or three cases of mathematical instru-

ments, which, sometimes, when he had studied late, Mark had left open upon his table, and had not found time to shut when hurrying away, next morning, to his work. How she had marvelled at them, and at their possible uses, when she came in, after he was gone, to help her mother to make tidy the room! She would dust them with a little brush or fan of turkey-feathers, just as they lay; but neither she nor her mother—happily, perhaps, for Mark's patience—had ever ventured upon handling them, or attempting to return them into those curious, flat, velvet-lined boxes, their dwelling-place. Mark's work, indeed, whatever it was, brought him, it was evident also, some very different ratio of remuneration from *Tonietto's*. But to do Rosina justice, it was neither Clara's apparent wealth, which set her up so far on high above all persons whom she had known; nor yet Mark's high wages, which seemed to bring him so much nearer to Clara than they were themselves, among whom the workman mingled upon an easy and almost equal footing. There was not wanting in the poor girl a certain nobility of conception, which made her try to measure things by some truer standard than that of dollar pieces.

Mark Brandling had in the composition of his character one element, which not only Rosina, but every member of the family with whom he lodged, had appreciated at once. He had a special tenderness for children. The toddlers in Rosina's family had been themselves the first to discover it; and when Mark came home from work, grimy and toilworn as he seemed oftentimes, there was a grand commotion among them. For them were the bunches of grapes he would bring home from across the laguna; for them, when no grapes appeared, the apricots or peaches, after which little hands soon learned to dive into his pockets. When autumn fruits were gone, and oranges were not yet come, curious stratifications of gingerbread, with gravelly deposits of sugar plums were unaccountably discovered from time to time in those interesting cavities. One or two of such "*giorni di Festa*" as had witnessed the boating expedition up the Brenta, had been by the wonderful and delightful Englishman devoted to the construc-

tion of some simple mechanical toys, the marvel and the joy of all that urobin tribe. His very name of Mark was to these juvenile Venetians a sound of good omen and patriotic fellowship; the barbarous "Brandling" being, by universal consent, discarded and buried in oblivion. Finally, by reason of certain magnificent lion-like roars, which he could indulge in, upon grand romping occasions, the name of the patron saint of Venice was exchanged for that of his Republic's heraldic symbol, and when the children wanted the Englishman, "Marzocco mio!" was the cry.

When therefore it became plain to every one in the house that the good Marzocco was dispirited and downcast, sincere was the concern; and when, one day, he fairly sickened and took to his bed, with flushings and shiverings and all tokens of an approaching fever, the sorrow and anxiety could not have been more lively had one of their own number been stricken down. They nursed him very tenderly those few weary weeks—too tenderly thought Toniutto—in so far as one of the nurses was concerned. It never came to a violent or raging fever, but was of a languid and low type, just such as requires the petting and humouring and watchful care of which motherly and sisterly women, who are good-hearted, seem alone to have the true secret. The very children learned to hush their noisy chattering voices, and to measure the tread of their bounding feet, when they accompanied their mother or Rosina into their sick friend's room. One of them, a girl, of course, gifted with that charitable nursing instinct of her sex already, though she was not in her teens as yet, could even be trusted to sit for hours in the room, where the sick man was dozing, ready to give him his drink or his medicine; or, if need were, to call for assistance should his requirement be too much for her young helpfulness. Poor foolish Toniutto! Would the knowledge that this child always was with her sister when Rosina had occasion to visit the sick room without her mother, have helped to cool the heat of that unjust but uncontrollable jealousy, which was beginning to seethe in the red veins under thy bronzed skin? Truly 'tis hard to say, when we remember how fitful, wayward,

and wild the passion is. Certainly Rosina did expend treasures of pity upon the stricken Englishman; and pity is akin to love. But, in her, it was akin to the love, thou silly water-carrier, which her true little heart bore constantly to thee. When thou wast loveless and beggar for the priceless coin of love, imploring ever so small a mite of it from her, did she not have compassion and freely give thee all, and more than that for which thou daredst hope? Well, then! understand that she has learned to pity the poor sick "Marzocco" in the school of that compassion which drew her towards thee. As thou wert, he is; but what he craves, he craves not, as thou didst, from her. Neither is it in her power to give what she gave thee. She gives him pity. Would'st thou, then, Toniutto, have been indeed satisfied with that dole from her, and with nothing more? Would that, then, have relieved thy necessity? And hast thou so far forgotten how such necessity can pinch hearts, as not thyself too to be sorry for the sad Englishman?

Entirely to the purpose as such questionings would have been, no one, I believe, put them to Toniutto, nor did it occur to him, apparently, to put them to himself. He therefore missed of the soothing effect they might have had upon his chafed mind, and went about fuming, and sulking, and brooding, and giving such entertainment, as he should have denied manfully, to suggestions of evil anger and revenge. But Mark began to mend, all the more readily, that being somewhat ashamed of his illness and of its enforced idleness, he charged their victory over his strength in part upon himself and his want of determination to resist the languid influence which had stolen upon him. The rousing of his will was no ineffectual tonic, and did as much for him, perhaps, as the doctor's quinine. Yet, neither roused will nor sulphate of quinine could make him suddenly well and strong again, although they might hasten some little the process of recovery.

The spring feeling of that year came very early, and the morning sunshine was very bright and genial. This also had much power of revival in it. The windows would be set open towards mid-day, when the freshness of

the wind from the seaward was now warmed into softness, and Mark, at first with each hand upon one shoulder of two children of the house, would walk up and down his room. It was bare enough of furniture, for certain, considering its size; but it was lofty and spacious, and thus much fitter for a sick man's convalescence and incipient exercise than such an abiding place as he would have occupied in England. Poor as were the people with whom he lodged, they lived in part of what had been a princely mansion in the palmy days of Venice.

But Rosina's sympathetic little soul had now been some time set upon administration to the Englishman of such a tonic as entered not into the doctor's pharmacopœia; such as even the young spring-time would not, of itself, waft in at the open window; and the time at last was come, when she found herself capable of administering it. It was a costly remedy, as her active, charitable little fingers knew; for she had worked at extra work, early and late, to compass the price of it, which now, with a tiny contribution from the children's money boxes, was within her reach.

It was a better portrait of Clara than such popular lithographs are wont to be. Not a complete likeness, yet undeniably suggestive of her countenance and its expression. The head and bust were given and no more: underneath, a tiny circlet of stars, and within that, the initials C. J. Rosina showed the natural good taste and judgment of her eye in making this selection, and in rejecting those many tasteless, not to say outrageous, disfigurements of the Jernietta's likeness, which gave her not only theatrical costumes, but theatrical affectations and exaggerations of expression and attitude, of which Clara was certainly guiltless. Indeed, in this selection, she had shown the correctness of her taste and judgment in some other things than the mere question of art. Very subtle, very delicate and touchingly true was the instinct, which told her that what Mark loved in Clara was Clara, rather than the Jernietta, and this perhaps, it was, which, really, by an unconscious process of elimination, made her reject all other portraiture of the artist, and fix upon the simple personal presentment of

the gifted English lady. She had it glazed and framed, in a polished frame of lemon wood; and her scheme was to watch for the hour, when Mark, after his mid-day walk about the room, lay back and dozed in an arm-chair. At that precise time, she would noiselessly hang up the portrait upon the wall just opposite the chair, so that his opening eyes should rest upon the dear image in wonder and in joy. It so chanced that on that very day and at the watched-for hour, the housemother was out, and all the little ones had run down stairs to paddle on the steps of the canal.

Tonietto had a spare hour on hand, and was come to spend it in a visit to Rosina. The children, plashing the muddy water on the steps, nodded an affirmative when he inquired of them if their sister were at home. Up the wide staircase he bounded, singing as he went. No Rosina was to be seen, however, when he reached the rooms. He turned to come down again; thinking that, perhaps, the children had sent him up on a fool's errand in fun. But as he came out, he saw Mark's door half open opposite. Moved by some uncontrollable impulse, he pushed it wide open and went in. He could not see the sick man's face: the arm-chair had its back towards him; but he could just see that he was in it for certain; the brown hair showing a tuft or two on one edge of it. And Rosina,—his own Rosina,—no! the false Rosina,—that hateful Englishman's Rosina,—was bending over Mark, so tenderly, so lovingly—her breath, if not her very lips, must be touching his pale forehead as she bends her down. What wicked fire is that which flashes in Tonietto's eyes? What cruel steel flashes in his hand? Quick as the thought of hate, revenge, despair, that has stricken him, he has drawn a knife, and struck the sleeping Englishman.

He cannot double the stroke; for Rosina, with a silent horror, more terrible than any cry, has sprung forward, and has caught him by the wrist, with a grip, of which he had not thought her weak woman's hand capable.

"O Tonietto! Misero Tonietto!" she says in a broken voice. "Tonietto mio!" with so deep and tender accent of reproach, that his heart at once misgives him he has made some

terrible mistake. His heart misgave him, and would have done so had she not uttered a sound; for her look, scared as it was, had gone searching into his, had never faltered under it, and—proof more significant,—had never wandered from himself to Mark! until he dropped the knife, and crossed his arms, and said—half dogged, half repenting:—

“What have I done, Rosina?”

“Oh ToniETTO! you have done what bad, and cruel, and unjust men do.”

And therewith she turned to Mark, who waked up, as much by the voices as by the sting of the knife point, appealed to her with inquiring look, quite unaware of the thin red stream which was beginning to trickle down from his right shoulder.

“Quick, ToniETTO! pull off his jacket sleeve on that side; but gently; and now rip open his shirt, and let us see what the wound is.”

ToniETTO did not dare, nor did he wish in truth to disobey: for his, though a passionate, was far from a malignant nature. There would have been, however, something almost comic in the scene to any unconcerned bystander, who should have seen how submissively, and how assiduously he waited, under Rosina's orders, upon the man whom, in his own wild freak, he had just stabbed. Happily, the wound was of no great consequence—the blade had but grazed and slipped on the clavicle. Rosina ran for sponge, and plaister, and lint,

leaving ToniETTO to press firmly a piece of linen, torn from Mark's own shirt, and hastily folded, upon the wound meanwhile. Neither of the young men spake a word in her short absence. When she came back, and had done her best for the Englishman's hurt, she took ToniETTO's hand and bid him kneel down with her, and when, sheepishly enough he had complied with her request, she entreated Mark simply, but touchingly, to forgive them both.

“ToniETTO did it, good Marzocco,” she said; “but he did it in foolish blind love of me. He did not know that I was leaning over you, when he struck, to find out whether you were still sound asleep, and had not been disturbed by me whilst hanging up the picture of the beautiful English Signorina. Look there, you miserable, wicked ToniETTO!” and she pointed, whither his glance and Mark's followed her finger, to Clara's portrait on the wall—“that is the lady the Marzocco loves, and not a poor little sempstress like Rosina. Yes! I tell you, that lovely Signorina, whom you saw walking with him on the Lido, that is the lady whom he loves, as you once pretended to love me, you cruel, jealous ToniETTO!” And here the poor girl's bravery gave way, and she began to sob, while the luckless and dumbfounded ToniETTO now plumped down again upon his knees before her of his own accord, and entreated pardon piteously.

CHAPTER XIII.

RECOVERY AND RECALL.

THE stroke of ToniETTO's knife, as we have said, was no serious matter; nor did it interfere with Mark's steady progress to recovery.

Rosina found great reason to congratulate herself upon the powerful efficacy of her present, in its medical, tonic, invigorating result. In all probability, the bare fact of her having made it, and of her having spoken as she did, under compulsion of ToniETTO's misdeed, more than the presence of the portrait, and more than the words she had uttered in themselves, contributed to cheer poor Mark, and to assist his bodily recovery, by imparting a more cheerful tone to his mind.

That a third person, and that third a woman, should have coupled his name with Clara's in her outspoken words—not lightly, nor in raillery, but with foregone deliberation, and under the influence of genuine emotion—could not seem other than an omen to his heart, at which it caught with trembling, quiet joy, that there might indeed be some bond between her and him, and that the gap which sundered them might not, after all, be so wide, since the fancy of some other than himself could also dart across it an electric spark of communication.

Rosina had not said that Clara did, or could, by any possibility, love him;

but she had said, plump out, that he loved her, and had not seemed to think the notion fantastic, inexcusable, monstrous, mad, as sometimes it would appear to his very self.

That seemed no small gain to poor Mark in his present depressed and humble mood. It was the breathing of a ghost-like reality into some of those dear shadowy nothings, for whose growth and change into something real his whole heart seemed to pine.

Immense was his gratitude to Rosina.

It is indeed a very genuine, lovable, lasting sense of brother and sisterhood, which will sometimes thus arise between a young man and the woman, whose claim upon his gratitude stands on this twofold foundation,—her own admiring love for what himself loves and prizes beyond all, and her generous divining and allowance of the truth, and depth, and worth of his affection for it. For a long time, at least, not one word more upon the subject crossed the lips of Rosina, or of him who now was her fast friend. Only sometimes, when, in his room, her look met his, it would glance off, close followed to Clara's portrait. If thence Mark's eye met hers, there was a pensive smiling light of sympathy discernible. Tonietto, who had forgiven himself somewhat too easily, perhaps, when he found that Mark had forgiven him, as matter of course, and that Rosina would probably do so too, would go so far as to grin, as his eye went between Mark's and the picture; but being detected in that delicacy by his "promessa," he received such admonition upon the glaring impropriety of his conduct, as made him feel wondrously constrained and awkward, when the propensity came on him to offend again.

At last, there came a letter from Cousin Martha. Mark's name, one day, had come up in the Maestro's talk, coupled with an expression of wonder at what he might think of their long stay in Florence. Forthwith, Martha's heart smote her that he must, after all, be still in ignorance of the causes of this long delay. She therefore, half in fear and half in hope of what the answer would be, inquired of the musician how long it was since he had written last to Mark at Venice.

"Written!" said the Maestro. "Well! I might have done so, had I thought of it; but in truth, dear madam, it never has occurred to me to write at all."

Cousin Martha burst out, "I too, Signor, have never written him a line. Oh! how forgetful, and how wanting in common gratitude he must be thinking me!"

That very afternoon she sat her down and penned a lengthy penitent letter, prolix and diffuse enough in composition, as may be supposed; but, such as it was, it seemed to Mark a boon inestimable. For it was written in kindly and familiar tone, almost affectionate, and its entreaty of forgiveness for not having been written long ago, was a kind of endorsement of Rosina's allowing that Mark indeed could never be a stranger to her cousin and herself. True, there was no more from Clara conveyed in it than "kind remembrances," over which expression and its exact force, and its more or less of necessarily conventional meaning, Mark spent more meditation than many a problem of mechanical or mathematical science had cost his patient and strong brain. But it gave many details, and said much of Clara if little from her. It told him of her health, and wealth, and unvarying, nay, multiplying success. If it announced the unwelcome presence of the Viscount, it softened the sting of that announcement by mention of the fact that they were not so much, nor so often in his company as they had been at first in Florence, and might have expected to continue all along. It told of Clara's newly-made but close friendship with the disabled *Pia de' Guari*; and though deep in his hidden fancy, Mark may have sighed to think that Clara's presence had been by no sick bed of his, nor could have been, yet his own recent experience of the gratefulness of watchful kindly presences by the sick bedside, made him delight in picturing her to himself fulfilling something like such a ministration. Then there was some hope held out of a return to Venice, not very distant, though not at any period fixed upon as yet. Lastly, there was, what can scarcely be called the permission to write an answer, so much as the evident expectation that an answer would be

given. An answer, think of that ! An answer to Cousin Martha only, yet, one which Clara would read, or of which, at least, she would certainly hear. An answer, in which he might, without offence, write down the letters of her dear name, and send back some message—what message ?—responsive to those “kind remembrances.”

He had the wisdom to write very simply and straightforwardly, expressing his heartfelt pleasure at hearing from them at last, the weary difference their absence seemed to make in every thing, and the joyfulness of the prospect of seeing them again. His recent sickness he mentioned only casually. On the announcement of the Viscount's presence at Florence, he maintained an absolute silence. To the Maestro he sent a cordial greeting. To Clara, nay rather of Clara, what he found courage to say was no more than this, that the kindness of her having in any way remembered him was felt too deeply for him to find any fit expression of acknowledgment. And now his strength had come again, and with a joyous reaction of spirit, no less than of body, he went back to his work. His work, toilsome and hard, but not ignoble, nor yet ungrateful, for all he had it in his mind and purpose to leave it by-and-by ; if in truth that may be called leaving, which consists in stepping onward from the execution to the direction of it. There may indeed have been in the man some leaven of more personal ambition. He had his faults, as we have seen in other respects already. It were certainly overrating the attainments of his moral character, as yet, to attribute to him freedom from “the last infirmity of noble minds.” But he would have done Mark injustice who should have represented him as set upon raising himself above the purely mechanical part of his craft, from any contempt or ignorance of that nobility which is in the patient, manly toil of the craftsman. A ladder was upreared before him, practical skill and manual acquirements were the first rungs of it. Upon them, in early life, his foothold had been set firm. He might endeavour to climb, obedient to the perpetual invitation which his increasing intellectual clearness of discernment made, no less than in obedience to the covetousness of

personal exaltation ; but his was not that base and frivolous cast of character, which, as the foot leaves an under rung for an upper, spurns at it. Whether the desire and determination to pass up from the ranks of the handworkers to that of workers with the brain, may not have been quickened and sustained in a fresh energy by those vague aspirations which his new-born passion had raised within him, it were, perhaps, hard with truth to determine. Mark could not in his most honest and searching confession have made the point clear, at this time, to himself or to any other.

Had Clara been false to her own birth as a bookbinder's daughter ; had she shown any kind of shrinking with the touch of her soft, fair, white hand from the touch of that hand which, though not otherwise than delicate in its dexterity, was hard and tough in its strength, then, indeed, his meeting with her would have produced on a man of Mark's temperament, a contrary effect. He would undoubtedly have clung the closer to his handwork, as a generous mind will cling to an humble friend all the closer, when from others his rugged genuine worth meets with undeserved depreciation. But Clara's whole conduct had been so frankly without pride, and so genuinely without condescension, that there had been no shadow of occasion for asserting,—what had been so completely unquestioned on her part,—the respect due to his own calling and position. How happily, too, the treatment experienced by him from the Oxonians had left this tender point untouched, I have shown already. Having, therefore, found nothing to work in him, what, under other circumstances, might have been wrought easily in such as he was,—nothing to make him tighten for stubbornness, and indignation, and in a spirit of self-assertion, his hold upon his own rungs, to return to the ladder simile—it was, perhaps, but a natural result of his intercourse with those whose occupations were intellectual and aims ideal, that brainwork should seem to him a more natural and desirable exercise of what faculties were in him, than that handwork, which had not absorbed, yet had engrossed them for the most part hitherto.

Little did he suspect the quarter whence, upon a sudden, should come

the furtherance of his views, or at what cost to his feelings he should soon purchase the first upward step.

Mr. Linton, as the Viscount had correctly surmised, soon came to have intimate relations of business with Mark's employers in England. Although at a loss to understand what possible interest the heir to the Wansford estates could take in the fortunes of a foreman in any workshop of Messrs. Bright and Brassy, the agent knew that young nobleman well enough to be certain that inattention or disregard to any wish expressed by him, in a small matter or in a great, was not likely to be forgotten; perhaps not likely to be too readily forgiven. He made it therefore his business, whilst keenly contesting, as in duty bound, all matters of consequence to the estate, to infuse into his dealings with the firm all possible courteousness and consideration. When one of the partners came down in person into the neighbourhood, for inspection and oversight of works to be put in hand, he was not suffered, as otherwise he might have been, to seek the usual hospitality of the Wansford Arms; but the best bedroom at the snug house of my lord's agent was at his disposal. My lord's park furnished an admirable haunch of venison for the dinner, and Mr. Linton's cellar was not despicable in regard of its own part wine. An occasional brace of pheasants would find its way to Manchester; and when the shooting season, as it soon did, came to a close, there were pike and trout from the Wansford waters. When the shrewd agent conceived that the favourable time was come, he watched his opportunity for inquiring, not without compliment to the administrative abilities of the firm, concerning the selection and promotion of those in its employ; and, to be brief, found his moment for mentioning Mark's name, and for intimating that the Wansford people would not be displeased to see the young man advanced, if he were fit for it. The suggestion was not otherwise than favourably noted; the firm having, necessarily, an impression, though not very definite perhaps, that in Brandling there was something beyond the common run of others in his position under them; and it ended in their determining, at

all events, to recall him to England, and to judge for themselves in Manchester what further use to make of him. But the letter which announced his recall, was a simple business-like order to leave Venice on such a day "*proximo*," with a cheque enclosed for payment of expenses, "as per agreement" at the time of coming abroad in service of the firm, with a statement also that such service would be required in England; but without intimation of the probable alteration in its nature and its conditions. There was therefore nothing to break the violence of the blow to Mark's feelings, nothing to sweeten the bitterness of his disappointment. The time was creeping on for Clara's coming. Rosina's busy fingers were already stitching at the finery, which the reopening of the Fenice was to make necessary. Expectation beat in every throb of the young man's heart. Then came this letter, irresistible, inexorable. Fancy writing to Messrs. Bright and Brassy to beg a respite, until, at least, the first week of the opening opera season at Venice should be past!

It was a terrible opportunity for the tempter to whisper envious, rebellious, malignant thoughts again into the young man's troubled spirit. "That smooth-faced, smooth-handed younglord now! He was at Florence, where she was, this very moment. There was nothing to prevent *him* from coming back to Venice close upon her footsteps; nothing to banish *him* from the sunshine of her countenance, nor out of earshot of her thrilling voice!"

Poor Mark! sorely tried, yet how truly dealt with in tenderness even in sore trial. Had'st thou known, nay, but suspected, what share Lord Windlesham had in bringing this dark hour upon thee; what shipwreck mightest thou not have made in the blindness of wrath and hatred? Tonietto's hurried knife-stroke could not have killed charity within his inconsiderate volatile mind so surely, as within thy calmer sterner nature it might have been slain by the rousing of passion, not only fierce, but stubborn in ferocity.

Well was it for thee, Mark! that the meek English mother, whose features thou canst scarce call to mind, she has been gone so long, taught thee

to pray the prayer of the Divine Teacher, to pray for preserving from temptation; and in temptation, for deliverance from evil: well is it for thee now that thou hast ever asked for them both! Well, too, for thee, that thou didst forgive that knife-stroke of the water-carrier; so wert thou made capable, it may be, of the forgiveness which, even at best, was sore needed by thy troubled fretting heart, when this thing befell thee!

Loud were the lamentations of the children at the announcement of the good Marzocco's instant departure; and if less loud, no less sincere the sorrow of his kind friend Rosina. Her only consolation was in the reflection, that her notion, in presenting him with Clara's portrait, was now proved to have been kinder, wiser, and more fitting than she could ever have anticipated. By way of giving some practical vent to her feelings upon this point, she undertook the packing of that most precious article of Mark's little property. Never did the choicest work of art, sent away from under the artistic sky of Italy to a new home under the cloudy heaven of England, have nicer care bestowed upon its preparation to encounter safely the jolts and thumps and accidents of the way.

"I know, Marzocco, that you will take good care of it. But promise me that you will hang it up in your dark English room, where no sun ever shines in. Promise that when you come in there from out of doors you will look on it; and that you will look

on it when you are going thence out of doors. All I ask is, Marzocco, that when you look on it, you will sometimes think of the sunny room here, and the grand old palazzo, and the canal down stairs, and the madre and all the bimbi, who will cry their eyes out when you are gone. And you must think of poor Tonietto, who is very sorry about the knife, you know, much sorer than he seems, I know. E dopo di tutto, after all, Marzocco, you must think of Rosina, and remember that the last word she said was *Coraggio*!"

Well, the bimbi did cry; but were soothed by the glad necessity of playing with the new toys, which, at the last moment, the Marzocco produced from his spacious pockets. And Tonietto, under pressure of direful threatenings from Rosina if he were silent, began a confused apologetic reference to that unfortunate little knife play in question, which oration was stopped, in its incipient stage, by Mark's hand, laid firmly, but gently, on his mouth. Into his hand at the same moment Mark put a little fine gold chain, with a heart hanging under it; bidding him give it himself to his betrothed, that there might be no mis-understanding. Neither Tonietto nor she knew what more Mark had done to testify his deep regard for her; how he had left himself nearly penniless, all but his journey money, to intrust a little sun to Signor Vantini, which should furnish their room when betrothal became bridal.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALME NATRIS FILIA NIGRA.

OXONIANS know how pleasant a place is St. Sylvester's: how sturdily the castellated front of the low tower which guards the arched gateway of the college: how stately the pinnacled height of that other taller tower, where hang the silver-toned chapel bells. Sylvestrians know, as not even other Oxonians can, how venerable, within, are those sacred chapel walls; what echoes from its fretted roof reverberate the hallelujahs of the quire; what tinted glories enamel the pavement worn by footsteps of generations of prayerful scholars, as the western sun sends its lust rays beam-

ing through the prisms of the storied glass. They know how that same setting sun inlays the lengthening shadows of the deep buttresses, which prop the library walls, upon the glowing green and gold of the trim velvet garden lawn. Familiar to them the cawing of the rooks "creeping" homeward across that "amber sky," to the tangled aerial thicket of the topmost branches of elms, that have stood for centuries. Familiar the plash and ripple of the lightly feathered sculls, and the merry laughter of the boy-men, coming down stream, under the leafy green of boughs, that

dip in the gliding water. Quaint traceries of cloisters, within massive quadrangles; rich contrasts of flowers in bloom, beyond grey mouldering courts; mystic darkness of staircases with groined roofs of stone; bright vistas over meadows, jewelled with king-cups, seen when the window lattice is open wide: what pictures of you rise before the whilom collegian's imagination, when he recalls old days, and thinks of St. Sylvester's!

And college memories have the singular power of becoming soonest old, retaining yet their freshness. Except for those who linger on in Oxford as fellows, tutors, professors, and the like, the aspect and the use of places and things collegiate grow not into familiarity by course of many passing days. Three short years only pass, and the academic dream is over. But the time of its dreaming was so peculiar and so singular a time; so strangely separate from all other periods of life before and after, that once over, it seems wondrous soon to have been over long ago. Imagination keeps no count of the time measurably; not any more than of the true length of those seconds between sleep and waking, in which the thoughts and fancy girdle oceans and live cycles of event. Moreover, men in college live in sets, in separate generations for the most part. Predecessors of a year's standing are a kind of ancestors; and freshmen of some three or four terms later matriculation a sort of posterity. Now, I fancy, if Deucalion were but one-and-twenty, and his Pyrrha a blooming bride of eighteen, the week before their deluge, they must have seemed to themselves monuments of a far-off antiquity the week after; when among all the stones made human there was not one old face to be seen, nor one tone heard of any voice of old familiar sound. Of course, in Oxford it will not absolutely be the case, until some few years have passed by, that the student, returning, shall find all faces new in Alma Mater, all voices strange. The "Dons" be there, that college aristocracy so strangely compounded of elements contradictory; of the most active brains and the most sluggish temperaments in the scholarly community. The "old fellows," who are just "old fellows," and of whom it were hard indeed to give other just description of any

kind. The tutors, active and energetic still, intellectual captains, whose lead there are spirits among their pupils eager enough to follow; and who must mismanage strangely, save in a few exceptional cases, not to leave some impress of their mind stamped upon the most sluggish minds of all the men that line the walls of their lecture-room day by day. The younger fellows, of two kinds: those that have made obtaining of the fellowship an aim and end of itself, and the scale of whose being is even now slowly quivering on the downward turn. Recruits for the sluggish brotherhood these. And those brighter, more genial, younger students, who fought more for the fighting's sake than for the prizemoney, whose Ireland or Hertford scholarship, or English poem read in the Sheldonian, or Essay, which even noisy undergraduates applauded there, are a sort of Victoria Cross or Legion of Honour, won almost unconsciously in the intellectual breach.

Then, besides "the Dons," there are the minor college officials. The stout porter, the burly manciple, the sleek cook, the plausible scout, the impudent errand boy, his deputy. How it cheers one to return the nod, or the more deferential touch of the beaver's brim, wherewith they recognise you. How delicious, spite of the conscious delusion, to see them shake their heads, and hear them affect likewise to have had a special interest in the ephemerides of one's own short singular day. Kindly hypocrites! To whom your "good old time" seems what it was, a sort of day before yesterday: no more; and in whose primeval monumental memory some of those elder Dons live yet as freshmen.

So that, I repeat it, some years must pass before there come to be no familiar tokens, save on the carved stones or the old wrinkled trunks of trees, to greet the some time absent Sylvestrian on his revisit.

Nevertheless, the genuine generation of the collegian's own time went, just about when he went; and he comes back as to an old world, which became such in a single day. An old world, yet ever new. New, not with the novelty of repetition; but with the novelty of an unfaded freshness of shape and colouring in memory. The fears and hopes, the joys and sorrows,

the failures and successes, the righteous resolutions acted out, the sins and shameful falls of that strange and special time, keeping their vigour of outline and their brightness of colour, as paintings, done on the fresh plaster keep them, whilst later easel pictures have become indistinct and dingy.

But wherewithal shall I justify this rambling exordium? Ingram, at all events, had still friends enough in St. Sylvester's to feel it no deserted home; though he too sighed as passing up the dining-hall to the dais of the fellows' table, he looked right and left in vain for many a familiar countenance, in seats, where now strangers sat.

Dinner was done; so was the sober sitting over a glass of the old college port in common room. The coffee was in the room of one Travers, a dear friend of Ingram's, a tutor of a few terms' standing only. There was one Mr. Curling present also, a junior fellow on the descending scale, and a third academic, a nondescript, between two ages, as the French say, sometimes, of ladies.

"The question is," quoth Curling:—"by the way, Travers, are you too strict for a cigar?—Why can't men take life quietly, and let things which will go to the bad, by all means go there!"

But as no answer was vouchsafed by any one in company to this pertinent, though comprehensive question, he lit his cigar, and after a puff or two, returned languidly to the charge.

"Hasn't a man enough to do with keeping his own self from going there without fussing about a pretence of keeping others from it; for I believe that, after all, the best efforts in that line are apt to be but nugatory?"

"Hav'nt you shaken up two questions rather roughly?" said Travers.

"As how, precise one!" retorted Mr. Curling.

"Why, you started with *things* going to the bad, and what had best be done thereupon. Next you inquired about keeping, or pretending to keep other *men* besides yourself from going thither. Do you mean to make men and things all one?"

"Well, I don't exactly know that I meant to do so, deliberately, and of fixed intent; and yet, why should'nt I, seeing that things are a great broad

stream, which, in fact, sweep men down whether they will or no?"

"What's that," Ingram broke in, "have you stuck fast in your Greek plays, Curling, and written '*awayen*' over your lazybones's bed, like the man in the German Hospital story?"

"Oh dear, no," said the other; "catch me writing so much as one Greek syllable again anywhere, except under some dire compulsion of that savage-eyed mistress '*awayen*' in person. But when I smoke, as I now do, the pipe of contentment, I muster Turkish enough to say '*Kismet*, and half close my eyes."

"*Kismet*, indeed!" said Ingram, almost indignantly; "I am no Oriental scholar, nor have I read even right through Von Hammer's history of the Ottoman Turks; yet, I make no doubt that there have been two ways wherein the tribesmen of Ortoğrul have pronounced that word. It was one thing to say it, when, reeking from travel and battle, the active trooper, who had been fighting hard for Islam, and would be in the war-saddle again to-morrow, accepted the lost labour of the day's unfavourable issue, and the weariness of his own loins, and, it may be, the ugly swipe of a foeman's sword across his snub-nosed Tatar pate; but quite another to utter it after centuries of stagnation, among ruins of what the fathers overthrew, but which neither they nor their sons replaced by any new construction worth mentioning; amidst the tall rank hedge of weeds waving over what were once glad corn-fields, trampled long ago into barrenness by the war-horse, and never since then furrowed into new fertility by the laborious ox."

"By-the-by," ventured the nondescript, "I remarked when I was in Turkey, towards the end of last 'Long,' that an ox's skull is often stuck on a pole by Turks to make a scarecrow."

"Is the observation quoted here, '*ad rem*'?" inquired Travers. "Any thing typical in it, think you, old fellow? Solemn confession of the final vanity of toil, or mere admonition of vague import to thoughtless cock-sparrows, bent on petty larceny in the corn?"

But the nondescript was not a man to heed any such attempted interrup-

tion of his recorded observations, nor likely to be turned out of the beaten track of his utterances by the sparkling of any stray suggestive hints thrown out alongside of it. Wherefore he proceeded, lumberingly, to state:—

"It struck me now, that, very likely, those bleached ox skulls lying about, at shrines and temples, after sacrifices, gave the Greeks the notion of sculpturing them on the whatdyecall'em, and 'chitraves, and so on."

And Well, really, my good fellow," angular Fred Curling, "I should'n't wonder retainin'—e was something in that obser- for those fellows, 'tstitute of probability, I must like, the a-

and things Curling," said Ingram, again familiarity! "let alone the metopes, and days. Three—ave it out fairly, if we can, the acader—our notion of the comfort of time of it; g by with crossed arms to look so singular—going to the bad, and taking parate from a—sticks and straws there fore and after, "Do you mean seriously wondrous soon t—th as your theory of an ago. Imagination, not to say a desirable! the time measural—ceive it possible that than of the true k—imsel from going to conds between sleep— you speak, who which the thoughts an—y to do so for dle oceans and live cycl—y

Moreover, men in college—w that I am in separate generations f—opt the 'ance part. Predecessors of a—tute that it's a ing are a kind of ancestor— upon the dis- men of some three of—he flood. But later matriculation a sort—try to see them Now, I fancy, if Deuca—tion is, I re- one-and-twenty, and—question is, I re- blooming bride of eig— worth while to before their deluge— them?"

seemed to them—t even to pull one or a far-off anti— there might be some- when any— in that, perhaps."

man t—"Something in that, sluggard with- out a soul!" retorted Ingram, half joking, yet not otherwise than as one who utters a deep conviction. "Some- thing in that! Your trumpety two- foot rule of 'something' will never measure the grandeur of the satisfac- tion in it. But I must have larger concessions yet from you. There's *every thing* in it, I maintain—and more besides."

"Every thing and more besides! Just hear the man. Why one would think you had turned Yankee politico

philosopher, and joined the famous Now-or-sooner faction."

"I meant that there is every thing to satisfy—every thing to make it worth while, as you call it, and more besides that. I meant that quite in- dependently of any gain of satisfac- tion, great or small, there is much to make one take the leap."

"What! One of those giddinesses which seize imperiously upon one sometimes, on a church tower or a steep crag, suggestive of one only con- ceivable pleasure, that of a bound, a somersault, and a grand smash at the bottom?"

"No! no! Not that; but an irre- sistible and yet sober conviction that there is no being swept away to the real 'bad' for him who can only shudder at the notion of it in his own case; but that in his desolat- ing selfishness he is swept off already; that those deep waters have in truth already gone over his head."

"A terrible thought," said Travers, "yet, I fear, a true."

Mr. Curling had no strictures to offer upon the turn he himself had given to the conversation, further than an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders; and the nondescript having upset a coffee cup and broken it, the disturbing incident put an end to the talk for the present.

Ingram was up at St. Sylvester's to take his Master's degree, his place of work being as unlike academic Oxford as could be well imagined.

Newton-Forge was the name of the district, the pastoral duties of which, young as he was in his ministerial ex- perience, were committed almost en- tirely to his care. It was a large new built suburb to an overgrown town; and had been almost entirely called into existence by the necessity of providing houseroom for the fami- lies of the men who swarmed in the sheds and workshops of a great junc- tion railway station.

Our readers can surmise what manner of consideration turned the scale of his resolution, when two curacies were offered to his choice. The one, a quiet upland village, with acres of fine tilth, and meadows where cowslips grow, where the squire's house is embedded in pleasant cop- pices, and bartons rich in stacked corn gird about the farm houses;

where the church tower is grey, draped with dark satin mantle of glazed ivy, and where yew trees, whence were cut staves for bows that twanged at Cressy, shadow the turf mounds of rustic graves.

The other, such a congeries of cinder-paved streets as the very name of Newton-Forge, and mention of the railway junction will summon into mind. Long formal rows of brick-built, two-storied houses, clay-red or mud-brown, according as the batches of brick burnt in succession well or ill. Roofed with blue slates, exhibiting shutters, mostly on the outside, the ascent to whose threshold is up three stone steps, whitewashed and sanded every Saturday afternoon. There, the objects most nearly resembling trees, are lamp-posts, and what æsthetic reverence the mere outward fabric of the church can claim, must arise from its superior bulk, its yellow ochre bricks in contrast with the prevalent domestic red, and the pointed arching of its latticed windows, triumph of the local builder's vague predilection for Gothic.

A learner no less, if not more, than a teacher, Ingram knew that he must be in either case, when so novel and so solemn duties as awaited him were now first to be discharged. For so young a man as he was, he was more than ordinarily well read; but the book of men's hearts, and the reading aloud out of them, profitably to themselves, is another lore than that which academic studies teach.

Of peasant men, such as they whose toil has brought to their fine tilth the acres of that upland village, and who worship in that grey church with ivy-clad tower, Ingram knew but little, say rather, nothing. He had no insight into their habit of thought, their mode of feeling, their utterance of speech. Having none insight, he feared how it might go with sympathy. Whereas, concerning the men in fustian, who peopled the red or brown brick houses in that unlovely suburb, and who should have worshipped, if they did not, within the ungainly yellow ochre church's walls, there was this much to note, that his latest-born friendship and intimacy had been with one of their own number. He, indeed, was no vulgar specimen of their class, yet had he in fulness and in variety many of their

special characteristics; in his long and many conversations, he had shown unconsciously, sometimes, and at other times, with purpose, no few things to the Oxonian touching his fellow-craftsmen, their peculiarities, their cast of thought and feeling, things unhappily too often strange to men in Ingram's position.

He judged, therefore, that the recent, and, for so many reasons, noteworthy circumstance of his acquaintance with Mark Brandling, ought to determine him in his election between the two offers made: and so it came to pass, that because he had walked upon the Lido at Venice, he went to be curate at Newton-Forge.

At St. Sylvester's they were sorry to lose him. They had reckoned upon his standing for a fellowship, at the next vacancy, and there was scarcely a vote among the electing body which would not, as a matter of course, have been gladly recorded for him. Travers and the tutors, together with all the active-minded members of the common-room, who understood that there was work in abundance, and of a right noble kind, for such as themselves in the life academic, had been expecting to be reinforced by a valuable recruit. Whereas, Curling, and the more careless sort regretted in Ingram a companion, who, if not like-minded with themselves, was of so gentlemanly manners, cultivated understanding, and generous temper, as to have made his entrance into the number of the college fellows a decided acquisition to the whole society. His choice of Newton-Forge as against Summerly was to the latter division of his collegiate friends a further subject of perplexity; perhaps, almost unconsciously, of a little vexation. It was certainly made in defiance and contempt of every axiom of their own facile and self-indulgent philosophy. Such unspoken, indeed, unintended rebukes, are often the most suggestive and disquieting. Curling's insinuations of the needlessness and futility of interference with the current of other men's mischiefs, may very well have been dictated to him, without his knowing it, by the chafing of some such disquieting thoughts, roused into more than usual liveliness, by the presence of Ingram within the college walls again.

Within those venerable walls, he

had now a few weeks to spend—a well earned and not little needed rest and diversion. He had so truly enjoyed the rational student life of Alma Mater, in his day; had found so much pleasure and profit in its studious aspect, relieved by its social habits of friendliness, that he had almost feared what might be upon his mind and disposition, the effect of such visit and sojourn, aided by the reaction of feeling, which might come upon a worker, wearied, for the first time, by a spell of such work as was his at Newton-Forge. But though this collegiate holiday was full of pleasant refreshment to mind and body, he was relieved, and perhaps a little surprised to find how soon, and yet how deep the strangely dissimilar life, whence he had come, had burrowed into his affections.

College life may well be, and is, to such men as his friend Travers, not only laborious and busy, but earnest and practical. Yet for all that, he seemed to himself on coming back to it, as one that might have returned from campaigning ground to a fencing school, from a railway survey over flood and fell, into a class for linear drawing. When he came up to college first, from school, he had begun, as the custom is of them that take the gown, to call himself a man, and in good sooth his college career had not been other than manful and manly. But now, he was come back thither, from among "men," in a rougher, sterner sense of the word so full of meaning, and could not but be conscious of having intensified his own manhood by contact with theirs. He enjoyed—how could he fail to do so / his present sojourn at St. Sylvester's, but he looked forward without shadow of regret or shrinking to his return to the underpaved suburb. He had fast friends there. Not only such as almost every zealous, kindly clergyman conciliates in every place, thanks not so much to any thing in himself, as to the strong impulse of loving souls to attach themselves to the man who ministers in matters they have so near and deep at heart; but he had made some friends also among those who hang back often from the "parson," young or old. For their friendship, full of interest and value to him, he was indebted, in great measure, undoubtedly, to the

respect and fraternal spirit towards them that he had learned to entertain for Mark Brandling. Indeed, there were some of Mesara, Bright and Brassy's men in Newton, and his acquaintance with their working foreman at Venice proved an excellent introduction among that class of his parishioners.

Ingram had the wisdom—less common, even at so little distant a date, than it has since happily become,—of not holding himself aloof from such associations as existed among the men for mutual assistance or culture. He was soon enrolled among the committees of their own benevolent societies, and even sat upon that of their incipient Mechanics' Institute. In this matter indeed, his zealous and earnest co-operation was of the greatest value to those among whom he was thus thrown. They came to understand, and to value the man's "aptness to teach," and though they began by recognising it in other matters than those, to the teaching of which, above and beyond all, his life was henceforth to be specially dedicate, yet, as might have been expected, there grew in not a few of them a gradual conviction that the young clergyman's teaching was in no matter to be despised; but that contrariwise it might be no less profitable for them to grant to it, in what he never shrunk from proclaiming as the highest, deepest, purest, noblest lore, the same respectful attention as his ability and sincerity had soon won from them in other respects.

Ingram's old Oxford habits clung to him too closely to permit him, at the Mechanics' Institute, to be content with mere lecturing, of the sort which, at Alma Mater, was known, and perhaps undervalued somewhat, as belonging to "the professorial system." From the first moment of his connexion with the Institute, he had attempted, not without a fair measure of success, to form classes for regular and definite instruction; for "lectures" in the "tutorial" sense; and this he was enabled to do the more readily that his accession to the ranks of the society took place at an early period in its history, before it had yet had time and opportunity to stiffen into a more showy and superficial system.

To say that he encountered no diffi-

culties, that he had to contend with no doubts or misgivings, that he made no mistakes, nor even any enemies, were, of course, to say too much. His was a disposition keenly sensitive to such matters, and a conscience not otherwise than exquisitely tender. He, therefore, had his discouragements, and his occasional temptations to despond; yet, there had been vouchsafed to him so considerable and hopeful a measure of success, and of conscious influence for good, that he would have been strangely ungrateful to the Vouchsafer had his heart not learned to cleave to the work in which he was engaged. Besides this, since the whole truth is here to be told, he discovered, when at his ease in Oxford, of how great help to the subduing and consolation of his heart, troubled in one peculiar respect, had been the constant, absorbing, practical, self-forgetting nature of his occupations at Newton-Forge. Not that he wavered in his determination, when once again returned within the much-loved precinct of St. Sylvester's. It still seemed to him manifest, that such an affection as had fastened upon his mind may fulfil an office for good to men in two distinct and different ways—ennobling some by its own growth, development, purification, and fulfilment; but others by painful struggle against its dominion and manifold consent to the foregoing of its sweetness. And it still seemed to him, undoubted, that in his own case, the circumstances did clearly indicate that the good must come by that second and searching method of discipline. But at St. Sylvester's, the practical pressure of life seemed to be lightened for a time, and imagination therewith to have gained free play. Old associations, there, were all in favour of this. Not that the image of Clara had been a familiar haunter of his fancy there in former days, since she was then wholly unknown to him; but that there was room for it to come in now, and a fair reception for it, amongst those remembered, vague, beautiful, flattering, and harmonious aspirations, which will visit the glowing fancies of even a studious youth in the golden mists of those days of choice.

He would find himself sauntering in those early summer mornings, even before the chapel bell called with its

melodious tenor to morning prayer, by the lilyed banks of Cherwell, bethinking himself how the willows dipped in the waters of the Brenta, and what thoughts moved him as he watched their dipping. Or sometimes, at evening, as the towers and spires of old Oxford grew purple dark against the western sky, a red gleam, as from the lagoons, would flash from the windings of Isis through the flat meadows, the campaniles and domes and turrets of the fair Water-queen city would seem to fashion themselves in air before him, instead of what he truly beheld; and the music of the nightingale, from a neighbouring thicket, would strangely gather human modulations in his ear; and he would remember how the plash of Digby's oar would hush itself as, returning from the Lido, Clara's notes would pour forth in rapturous song.

Now, indulgence of such musings he was too wise to concede, but repression of them was not other than difficult and painful. Return to Newton, and to his daily round of duty there came thus to wear something of the aspect of return to a haven of peace. Strange, ever-shifting motion of man's heart! Whither it cometh for rest and refreshment, thence for refreshment and rest, it will and must go forth again. Oh, for the deepening within of hope, and desire, and conviction, and foretaste of such rest as is not found here by him! Rest, it may be, nay, must it not be! wherein is yet an activity undying.

Alma Mater—gentle mother—that is an endearing term, indeed, which the gratitude, the esteem, the love of generations have given to great Universities. I insert, with purpose, that word "great." For it is of these "great" nursing mothers that I would now say, happy are they, when their sons feel and understand such greatness in its true proportions. Nursing mothers be they for nations, not for little successive cliques of scholars. Good is it, therefore, that from the special closeness of their maternal embrace, those favoured ones, which their breasts have nourished, should come and go, bringing from a distance knowledge and feeling of the moral and intellectual wants and woes of children in a certain sense, who yet have never been

folded, nor can be, directly, in those fostering arms. Good is it that there should be kindled and kept alive remembrance and care of those *τίκτα δάσκαλοι*, as the Greeks might have said, no-child children, in the maternal breast. Ingram was doing, unconsciously, a good and a great work in his present short stay at St. Sylvester's. He was, by many points, in close contact and sympathy both with the men there, and with those in some respects so different from them, whom he had left at Newton-Forge. In hall, at "high-table," and in the cosy common-room, and out on the smooth lawn, on whose velvet the bowls make glistening satin stripes as they roll, there was talk, and inquiry, and discussion, and suggestions concerning the grimy workers in brass and iron. A wholesome interest was excited in them and their like, and in the possible connexion and fellowship between the learners and the workers, between the home of the Muses and the lives of Industry. Obvious enough connexion and community of interest, as one might think, yet such as the old, outworn, and childish hostility between town and gown, added to natural indifference and carelessness, prevented many a collegian from discerning so clearly and so vividly as he should have done.

Light and warmth were in the sacred fire which burnt for ever, watched and tended by Vestal cares, upon the altar of the circle-temple, girt with columns, which stood, and yet stands, in unbroken roundness upon the brink of Tiber. But that altar was the hearth of the nation. *Vestia*, Vesta, the hearth-goddess herself, was the divinity honoured by the glow and upspringing of that perpe-

tual flame. Rude hands, indeed, were not to intermeddle with its tending in the very shrine; but the jealousy which watched it, forgot its own true meaning, if ever it conceived that the warmth and the light ought not to be carried thence to the domestic altar of the meanest hearth. Far more sacred the warmth and light of the fires of learning and of science, kindled upon the altar shrines of such temples as Christian men have builded by the water of Isis or of Cam. Yet sacred with such a sacredness as can still less consist with envious concealment, or with jealous exclusiveness. Not for such self-culture as issues only in self-adornment were those gay-grave gardens fenced off, or those stately groves planted in grand wide alleys. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the motto divine, which might well be carved above every arch of entrance there. "*Dominus illuminatio mea*," "the Lord is my light," is written upon the open scroll of Oxford's heraldic bearing. "*My light!*" but that same is He who "*lighteth every man that cometh into the world.*"

Long and earnest were the conversations which Ingram held upon such topics with his friends at St. Sylvester's. It may very well be that nothing came of them immediately. Men of the Travers stamp might not see forthwith their own way to following up in practice theories admitted upon discussion, to be sound. Men of the Curling stamp are not easily impressible with notions which demand for imprint a consent of the mind and will to active exertion and self-denial. Nevertheless, time works wonders, and many seeds which have seemed to be dead, have sprung into fruitful life at last.

CHAPTER XV.

CRAFTSMAN AND CURETE.

A CERTAIN rule of the Mechanics' Institute at Newton-Forge, enacted, that the name of any person, wishing to join the society, should stand for one week, at least, upon a paper, affixed to a board in a conspicuous position in the reading-room. Beneath it was a box, into which the entertainer of any serious objection to the admission of the proposed member might insert a confidential

letter to the committee; provided always that he gave his real name and address in such communication. Great was Ingram's surprise, at perceiving, one day, as he casually looked upon the board in passing, the following entry:—"Mr. Brandling, Assistant Engineer, Messrs. Bright and Brassy's." The name, it is true, is not very uncommon, especially in the northern counties, whence such cap-

tains of industry as Mark's employers recruit many skilled hands, guided by shrewd brains. He, therefore, could not feel certain that it was indeed Mark's name he thus read; and the description of the person in question appeared somewhat more dignified than what his friend, the foreman, would have claimed in Venice. He lost no time, however, in questioning the secretary, who referred him to a third person, in the employ of Messrs. Bright and Brassy, as the authority for the inscription of this name upon the list of intended members. From him he ascertained that this was none other than Mark Brandling, who had been working abroad in the service of the firm; but by what chance he had left Italy, and what was, if any, the change in his position, his informant was unable to say. Mark was an old acquaintance and work-fellow of his, and had simply written to him from Manchester, saying that he was likely to come in a few weeks' time to Newton-Forge, and wished to avail himself of any library, reading-room or institute in the place, which would enable him to get at books, drawings, plans, and the like: "things for which," he wrote, "you know my turn of mind, and of which, seemingly, I must now make more, and if it may be, better use than ever." He had merely dated from the office at Manchester, and had said nothing of what brought him thither or befallen him there. "But one thing, sir, is certain, he's a rising man; for though he says nought about it, ye may take it for true, he comes here instead of that Mr. Simpson, the canny young Scotchman, who's gone out to superintend some Indian or Egyptian works our folk have also just put in hand." And so it proved to be, when, a few days after this, Brandling made his appearance in the work-sheds of the firm at Newton.

Truly cordial was the greeting between the young men—Mark's surprise exceeding that of Ingram: for to the latter it did not seem so strange that one of the men employed by the firm should turn up at one of its places of work; whereas to Mark the presence of Ingram there, and in his new ministerial character, was a matter wholly unexpected. Yet, both soon came to understand that there was no startling discon-

nexion between the two separate currents of event which had again brought them together, and to hold it for certain that some wise and good direction had brought about the coincidence. This common conviction disposed them both alike to knit more firmly and more purposely close the bands of their former intimacy. Mark could cherish inclination to do this without let or hindrance from any powerful antagonistic feeling within. Nothing could be more natural than that he should freely do so. No generous effort for extinction of any sense of rivalry was needed; for, as we know, he had not read the secret of the student's heart at Venice. With Ingram it was otherwise. He knew not, indeed, whether it were a successful or an unsuccessful rival, in the field whence he had ridden out bravely, that was to become to him as a brother; but for a soul less generous and noble than his own it had been surely sufficient to bar brotherhood, that he should have known, as he did, that when Mark looked him in the face, the eyes of a rival met his own.

It may be said that rivalry can exist no longer, when by the will of one who might have contended contest is decreed to be no more. And that were true: if it were not also true, that in such a matter it is not one bare decree, passed once for all, which settles what shall or what shall not be; but, contrariwise, a sustained energy of the resolute will, sustained at daily and hourly cost of him in whom it works. Ingram occupied a part only of a house, larger than the general run of those in his district. It had been built in times preceding the growth of the suburb itself, which had gradually hemmed it in, and incorporated its larger proportions in one of its most irregular streets. It might have stood, garden and all, in its best days, within the cortile of the old palazzo, where Mark had been lodger to Rosina's family; and the chimney tops would scarcely have reached the "loggia," or open balcony upon its second floor. But for all that, it was known as the "big house" in Newton; and rents there were too high to permit of the curate's occupation of the whole of a mansion so stately. Mark, therefore, caught gladly at his friend's sugges-

tion, that he should become a second lodger to the owner, a respectable widow, who had seen better days. Accordingly, he was soon installed in two rooms, upon the ground-floor which had been tenantless hitherto—rooms not without some compensating conveniences and comforts, but which, by reason of the narrowness of the opposite street, and of the canopy of coal-smoke which generally overshadowed it, realized but too closely Rosina's predictions concerning the perpetual absence of the glad sunshine.

The Curate's rooms were on the first floor, rather lighter and more airy than Mark's; and though far from luxuriously furnished, yet rendered more cheerful and habitable by the presence of such objects and arrangements as would be naturally found in the residence of one who had taken up in them a permanent abode.

The history of Mark's recall from Italy and of his advancement in the firm's employ were soon told so far as he could tell it. He had, himself, been told at Manchester, that as his friend here had rightly surmised, Mr. Simpson's departure made a vacancy which it would be necessary to fill; that his employers, having had his name recommended to them, and believing that he might possibly be found equal to the duties to be discharged, had determined upon recalling him to ascertain the point. He had been submitted to a technical examination; had been tried practically by serving for three weeks under an able superior; and apparently had given satisfaction under both ordeals, since he had been sent finally to Newton Forge as successor to Mr. Simpson. The firm were not renowned for being expansive in their communications with subordinates; and nothing more explicit having been volunteered by them upon the subject of the recommendation, Mark had not thought fit to venture upon any inquiries. At first it had appeared to him that there was in the circumstance something unusual and unlikely, for friends or connexions capable of advancing his interests with his employers he had none whatever. Then, he determined within himself, that he must have tied too much of definite importance to the puzzling word, and that the "recommendation" must have

been simply some favourable expression concerning his skill and capacity, made to the partners or superior managers by those who had been in authority over him, and had known his practical handiness and intelligence. Little did he suspect that Windlesham's selfish and vague desire to keep him out of Clara's intimacy had thus thrown him strangely into that of one who had purposely renounced the opportunity of growing into closeness of acquaintance with her; and as little did the Viscount dream that his manœuvre had sent one of those upon whom she had made so deep an impression to be schooled by the other, and helped into fuller and riper worth. Ingram, no less, was profoundly ignorant of the clue which knowledge of Windlesham's proceeding would have given him for tracing the tangled course of event which had brought him and Brandling together under circumstances so different from those of their first casual acquaintance by the olive-clad side of the Italian lake. Nevertheless, besides his general conviction, shared as we have intimated, to the full by Mark, that some purposes of wisdom and goodness might be served by their friendship and community of work, he was not without a special presentiment that there must be some common thread of interest and of possible result touching both Mark and Clara running through this intricate web of circumstance. This conviction might possibly have come to him of itself without any such external suggestion as should account for its presence in his mind. But certain it is that such an external suggestion was given, and that the conviction flashed across his imagination at the first moment when his glance came into contact with Rosina's precious gift to the craftsman.

Not till two or three days after his instalment on the ground floor of the "big house" where the Curate lodged, did Mark unpack the portrait and hang it up over the mantelpiece of his sitting-room, now "tidied" and in seemly order. He had occasion to go out earlier than usual the next morning to the workshops, and had not mentioned the necessity over night to the Curate in whose room he had been sitting, so that Ingram was spared the pang of having to face the portrait

for the first time, and unexpectedly, in presence of a second person. He, too, had gone out, though later than his friend, to the early service at the ugly church; and on his return, bounced in to see whether Mark would come up stairs and breakfast in his room.

Mark was not there, but there was Clara.

One of the few sunbeams that contrived to straggle in sometimes through the ground-floor windows was lighting up the panel against which the drawing hung. It was no caricature, as I have said already, but a good and suggestive drawing, the work of a young and poor penciller, but of one whose pencil was yet destined to bring him fame and money too. There was nothing, therefore, of counter-shock, by way of trivial annoyance and indignation, to balance the shock of sad sweet surprise which the sight gave him. Yes, it was she! and all unwittingly he had invited under the same roof with him, the continual presentment of the image which must not fill his heart!

Steadily and bravely he faced the portrait, admonishing himself the meanwhile that he must needs school himself henceforth to do so daily.

There was a dreamy, distance-searching look, in the expression given by the draughtsman. He took good note of that, and brought himself to the recollection that his own life had aspirations and distant longings, but not directed into an empty dreamland. He saw the circlet of stars which surrounded her initials, and brought himself to the recollection of distant star-crowns of far other brightness.

Steadily still and bravely did he face her portrait; tenderly and truly did he bless her in his heart, yet as one who parts company resolutely as he utters salutation. "Yes, it is she!" He indeed unwittingly had invited her pictured presence; now it came into mind that not he but another had brought it and set it up there. "By will and deed of that other himself alone? or else by hers? With knowledge and consent of her, or merely by decree of his own fancy and affection, to indulge which were, in *his* case—his happier case? No! that shall not be said—but, in *his* case, neither wrong nor foolish, try the act by what standard you shall

Questions these which penetrate to the quick. If a bitter drop be within his heart's core it shall out through so deep a puncture.

Oh noble heart! There came forth indeed a gushing of the inner heart-sap; but it was generous and rich and of a sweetness exquisite. "Beth is man her appointed love or not, one only striving, by the Lord's help, shall be mine: to make him worthier of her, or worthier to bear the pang of losing such as she."

It was almost incredible how the resolution thus taken braced his mind. Little by little it wrought this effect, that instead of his having need to summon courage when he must encounter the picture, he could find encouragement by letting his looks rest upon it. It was a consolation to see there a pledge that all the strong affection she had unconsciously won from him, was not to have been won in vain—was not to have pressed into his life merely as somewhat to be renounced altogether. It was joy—one of those pure joys born of sorrow—to hope that he might be allowed to do something for her, whereat she, too, though unwitting of his share in it, should have reason to rejoice.

And so he turned him to his daily work again, allowing only by degrees the more tender brotherliness of feeling wherewith he had new-adopted Mark as a dearest friend to show itself.

For a long time no word concerning Clara passed between the two, nor even so much as one significant look. Mark, as it has been noted more than once, had no conception that Ingram had ever taken in her any surpassing interest, and was far too little hopeful of his own case, too sensitive of it, and too reserved, to allow himself, in the most confidential mood, to make any allusion to the matter. This, indeed, put no constraint upon him other than such as would have been upon him elsewhere and in other company. But Ingram, though he neither wished nor cared otherwise to have any precise explanation with Mark about her, felt it irksome under the circumstances to avoid studiously all mention of her name. He therefore, nerved himself, one day, to say to Mark, as he himself stood by the mantelpiece, and looked up at the picture,—"Was Miss Jerningham in Venice still when you came away?"

"Oh, no!" answered the other, "she was in Florence; and it seemed as if she were never coming from it."

"Did it seem so very long to you, then, whilst she was gone?" pursued the curate, turning round and facing him. "It can't have been so many months, after all."

"So many months? Why! one month seemed" . . . and Mark broke off, blushing red to the roots of his hair—first with the mere shyness of surprise, and next with a rising glow of indignation, as of one resenting that he has been betrayed to show more of what he feels within than he would, unsurprised, have willingly made known.

There was, undoubtedly, a smile upon the features of his friend, as his quick and almost angry glance sought to read them; but a smile so strange, so sad, so sweet, that it was impossible to do the man upon whose countenance it lingered the injustice to suppose that he was exulting in the success of an impertinent intrusive manoeuvre.

Mark looked at him long and fixedly; but in the face of that strange smile could fasten no quarrel on him even if he had wished it. At last he looked off from his countenance on to the portrait, and said:—

"Was it that set you questioning me?"

He nodded assent.

"It was given me, and I was charged to set it up in the brightest place wherever I should be, else I should not have hung it there."

Not one word said the other; but, saving he should have shut his eyes, no effort could have prevented the plain if mute inquiry which they spoke.

"Oh no! not that, not that," Mark answered, as by irresistible impulse, the voiceless question—"No; Rosina gave it me, and packed it with her own hands before I came away, and bid me hang it in the brightest spot in any room I might have at home in England."

"Rosina?" said Ingram, now himself surprised almost as much as Mark had been. "Rosina?" And he looked, as he was, utterly at a loss to read the riddle of this new name brought into the conversation. Clara was the name the naming of which he had wished to render easier

between them, and here had come out another unknown completely. "Rosina?" Who could she be? What to Mark? And why the giver of such gift to him? Brandling himself felt that he had said too much not to say more.

"I thought you must have known Rosina: she was the daughter of the good people whose rooms I lodged in at that old Palazzo, down by the farther end of the canal in Venice. You must have seen Rosina sometimes: she was a dressmaker, and often at Miss Jerningham's. Well, now I think of it, I know you must have seen her. Do you remember that last evening you walked with us on the Lido, before you left, with cousin Martha, and the old Maestro, and all?"

Did he remember it? Ah, Mark! what ignorant cruelty in the question. If his questioning of you just now were matter to crave pardon for, you should have been down next moment on your knees for his forgiveness after uttering your question in its turn. But he winced not, nor turned pale; he smiled again, and answered with perfect simplicity—

"I remember that last walk on the Lido very well."

"Do you remember, just before you left us, coming to a ring of dancers, and a young girl with a tambourine, whose partner was a water-carrier lad?"

"I think that I remember dancers, but none particularly."

"Ah, well! I thought you might have noticed those two, for they nodded and spoke with some of us; but, anyhow, the girl was this Rosina; and Toniutto, that made a cut with his knife at me, was the water-carrier."

"Made a cut with his knife at you, my dear Brandling! what can you mean? every sentence you speak embodies a new riddle."

"Why, this Toniutto was and is Rosina's 'promesso,' as they say there; and he took it into his foolish head that I was too fond of her, silly fellow;—the truth being simply this: that I was and am as fond of her as any man would be of a dear good girl who helped her mother to nurse him, in a long sickness, in a strange country; for I had a lingering fever before I came from Venice, and those dear kind souls nursed me as if I had been

son or brother. I can hardly mind my mother; and, worse luck, never had a sister to care for."

"And Rosina, you say, gave you the drawing here?"

"Yes. Not long before I came away, when I was just getting about again, after the fever. She bought it for me, and had it framed, and hung it up in my room, one afternoon; because she guessed—I mean, she knew,—because"—and Mark's face again flushed as he stammered over the words, which would not come, or could not be spoken when they did.

"Mark Brandling," said the curate, with a return of that same strange smile, and he laid his two hands gently upon the young man's powerful shoulders, sending with that light touch a peculiar thrill even through the firmly knit frame of the working man: "Mark Brandling! there is no sort of need for you to tell me what Rosina had found out when it came into her sisterly mind to make you such a present as that over the mantelpiece. She had found out what I found out also concerning you, soon after we first made acquaintance at the little inn by that blue lake in Italy. Now listen to me. It was not from any idle curiosity that I began to-day to press you with a question which you were for a few minutes ready to resent. No! don't shake your head: I saw the red spot on your cheeks, and the glow in your eyes, and the breath kept in by the firm-set lips. But again I tell you, I put no question for idle curiosity—what need to ask about what I knew very well? What I thought was just this: you and I live here in closest intimacy, like college friends, or more brotherly still; and I could not tell whether it were a grief to you, speaking as we do freely, sometimes, on the deepest thoughts and feelings, to keep your lips always closed on this one matter. Your secret being no secret to me, I thought it better to let you know that it was none. You can do freely now—speak or be silent; name the name or avoid it; and count either way on full sympathy from me."

With this he drew both hands, soothingly, down along Mark's arms, and was about to take his hands into his own, when the other forestalled

him, and seizing them on the descent, held them as in a vice apiece. The red spot truly was in Mark's cheek again, his lips compressed more firmly than before; but for the glow in his great eyes of grey, it waxed dimmer and dimmer, for a mist gathered in them and condensed into a full glistening drop in either, and there was only just time for him to loose his hold suddenly, and to turn upon his heel, and to stride out of the room, before they came rolling out and over his cheeks. He had no notion, that stout and manful mechanic, of letting even that brotherly parson see him cry.

But I keep calling him yet by such names as some may fancy did better befit him formerly, before the devices of Lord Windlesham and the favourable judgment of the firm had given him his unexpected promotion. To the title of working man, indeed, he was far from having lost his claim. Jealous as they may have justly been of that noble name, there was not one of the least skilled labourers in Newton Forge who could have disputed his fair claim to it still. Nor indeed, could any with decency have demurred to his friend Ingram's claiming also the same honourable appellation; for both young men, in their higher and lower walk, were manifestly "fervent in business, serving the Lord." Engineer's work and parson's work are, doubtless, different in kind and in degree of nobility; but both were manfully and nobly wrought by them, each in that state of life to which the master of both had called him. But I still call Mark by the names craftsman and mechanic, for special and valid reasons. So far was he from being ashamed of that handwork which had been his so recently, that he was careful to keep his hand in practice and training upon work of the finer and more skilful mechanical sort; and in so doing had come apparently close upon the traces of a discovery of that precise kind, which it belongs only to men of manual no less than of theoretical accomplishment to make, to appreciate, and to carry at last to successful issue. He was not yet fully certain of the worth and practical bearing of his idea and process, but worked assiduously and patiently in his spare hours at the attempt to realize them.

He made and remade models, and altered and modified them with an ingenuity and a perseverance which Ingram, who had no spark of mechanical genius in him, was utterly at a loss to understand.

One thing, however, he understood well enough, that when this labour and contrivance were added to Mark's work for his employers, and to the reading from which he would not wholly desist, the strain upon his powers must be very great. He was, therefore, very loth to accept Mark's proffered services, not in the classes only of the Mechanics' Institute, but in those of the Sunday-school. Yet no remonstrances would prevent the indefatigable worker from taking what share he might in both.

Now Mark's presence in the Sunday-school was a circumstance significant of the change which had by various ways been wrought in him, through contact with the young Oxford clergyman—always in subordination to that deeper inward power which works change in men for wisdom and for good.

I cannot say that he was less ardent in his affection for popular rights and liberties than on the afternoon, when, under the olive trees, he had paced backwards and forwards, in vehement excitement, after reading the intelligence of popular commotions in England, in the newspaper lent him by the Oxonian. No conceivable argument could have persuaded him that exclusion from full civil rights was other than a badge of degradation to the great and in so many respects admirable class to which himself belonged. But the heat and fierceness of his prejudices had been abated wonderfully by his closer acquaintance with those whom, as members of another social class he had hitherto, with manifest injustice, considered as in a political sense the active enemies of his own. Of those prejudices, of their heat and of their fierceness he had become not a little ashamed; and in addition to such considerations as these, he had learnt to recognise in such sincerity as he had never done before, of how great power is the action of charity to level those false and cruel barriers which in social and in political matters fence off classes from one an-

other, to so great detriment of all. It was not Ingram's teaching, as can be readily surmised, so much as his whole genuine life which taught the craftsman this. Once, indeed, he did speak, half-jestingly, to Mark on this wise:—"You Chartist gentlemen, after all, my good fellow, don't work towards universal enfranchisement at half the rate we minions of ecclesiastical tyranny are doing. I can't say that I trouble my head much about household suffrage, manhood suffrage, or any suffrage system whatsoever; but I know one thing, that if we can only get our schools to do the work that they are beginning to effect, thoroughly, there won't be a question, after a generation or two, whether the masses are fit for votes or no. I don't believe in Utopias of one kind or another here on earth. I am a clergyman, and bound too closely to the saddening duty of reminding men of the mischief in themselves for that. But class for class, and taking men as the run of them is in all classes, I think my senior boys here in the National, are likely to turn out as fit citizens as any ten pound household will produce! And 'pon my word, Mark, it will be a little too hard if, after all the time and trouble I've spent upon the future stokers and spindlers of this interesting suburb, they shall turn round upon me to say that the parsonocracy are in league with half a dozen other 'ocracies,' to keep them down morally and intellectually, which I believe was one of your dogmas at Venice, you Radical blacksmithing engineer."

Mark, hereupon, turned almost as red as upon that other occasion of his blushing; for he remembered, to his confusion, having made some sally of the kind upon some occasion in Italy. Nevertheless he rallied after a bit, and retorted:

"I never said such nonsense, I know, till it was jerked out of me one day by some assertion of that Mr. Trelawney, your Cornish friend, that Chartist and cutthroat were all one."

"By the way," said Ingram, "did you ever chance to see at Venice Mr. Vantini's eldest daughter, Beatrice? You remember how severely Trelawney was hurt in getting her out of the theatre that night of the fire? Well, I had a letter from Master Charlie

this morning, to say that their marriage is settled to take place in a month or so, not at Venice, but down at the Trelawney's own place in Oorwall; and he demands of me that I should be ready, upon further summons, to go down there and make man and wife of them."

So passed off the political conversation.

But passing off it did not pass out of Mark's mind, who turned over therein the words of his friend the Curate, and came to the conclusion, that there was more depth and truth of meaning in them than perhaps he had intended in their utterance.

At any rate, they led him, as he followed out the hint contained, on to higher and holier ground than that of political or mere social considerations; and from that time dated his deter-

mination to take, if Ingram would let him, a part in the work of the parochial Sunday-school.

He was beginning to grow too truly modest-minded to think himself fitted for any prominent place in such an unaccustomed undertaking; and, moreover, he had, as we know, a special tenderness for children. Therefore he took a class of younger ones.

Now Utopia, as Ingram had truly said, cannot be found here below; but it was surely like a glimpse into that far-off land of good, to see that man of strong arm, skilful hand, cunning brain, ardent conviction, passionate heart, seated with his twelve or fourteen urchins round him, on a Sunday afternoon, trying to win their attention to some simple yet profound parable of a Word Divine.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

It is now nearly thirty years since the well-known *Bridgewater Treatises* were undertaken. They are the most conspicuous examples of a class of works that are for the most part of very little value—namely, prize books. The money thus expended is often spent to as little purpose as if it were laid out "in storied urn or monumental bust," raised to the giver's memory. The books are generally as heavy and impenetrable as the marble without being so ornamental.

Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*, however, was one of many exceptions to this general rule. The subject suited the man, and as it was capable of being treated in many ways, the author adopted that method of treatment which his own knowledge and inclination made most interesting to himself, and which he could, therefore, make most attractive to his readers. The way in which he treated it, however, causes a curious apparent discrepancy between the first words of the title and the matter of the book. The words *geology* and *mineralogy* would naturally suggest a description of rocks and minerals, and

we should expect to find the book treating chiefly of these subjects, with illustrations derived from quarries, or from crystals. Three short chapters certainly contain some remarks upon the general relations and grouping of rock formations; but there is no description of their mineralogical composition, and hardly any mention of minerals except incidentally, and scarcely even an allusion to the science of mineralogy. What the book principally consists of is a description of the structure of some animals and plants, the illustrations being almost all anatomical. A man taking up the book, and glancing his eye through the plates might well inquire "what on earth have all these skeletons, and bones, and shells, and plants to do with geology and mineralogy?"

This question might at first seem a very pertinent one; but it would appear pertinent rather than really be so. Certainly, we may say, that animals and plants have very little to do with mineralogy; but, then, mineralogy itself has in reality very little to do with geology, so little that a man might be a first-rate geologist—not a

perfect one, certainly, but a very eminent and a very sound one—without knowing any thing whatever of the science of mineralogy. He might even be an excellent *practical* geologist and miner, a man capable of giving sound advice on all mining researches and explorations, without being himself able to distinguish one mineral species from another, except by the external appearance of their more ordinary varieties, and without troubling himself to make any scientific investigation into them at all. It is not by any means intended to say that a knowledge of mineralogy is not of great use to a geologist. There are, however, several other kinds of knowledge much more indispensable to a geologist than that of mineralogy; and the bent of mind which would lead a man to become a good mineralogist is very different from, if, indeed, it is not quite incompatible with, that bent of mind which leads another to become a geologist. One man's faculties induce him to notice minute distinctions in natural objects, to observe these distinctions very accurately, and to receive satisfaction from the exact determination of the physical properties, the form, the size, the colour, the specific gravity, the optical or electrical conditions, or the intimate structure and composition of such bodies. Such a man has a natural love of chemistry and mineralogy, and a natural aptitude for the pursuit of these sciences; or should his attention be turned to the study of zoology and botany, he becomes a minute and exact discriminator of species. It is hardly possible for a man of that stamp to become a geologist in the large sense of the word. He is naturally a student, a worker in the closet, the museum, and the laboratory, a reader of books, a maker of experiments and discoveries; but he is naturally not a geologist. He may take higher rank as an abstract man of science than any geologist: he may become an unraveller of the hidden laws and mysteries of nature: he may kindle one of the torches which will for ever after be used by all others in scientific researches of every description. He may become a Newton, or a Wollaston, a Dalton, or a Faraday; but he will rarely, if ever, become a geologist.

The faculty and natural impulse that

impel men to pursue geology and lead them to distinguish themselves as geological investigators are of the same kind as those which make men great sportsmen, great travellers, great surveyors and engineers, and even great generals. Men of this kind have not the patience, even if they have the ability, for making long and minute researches into the nature of any class of objects requiring sedentary study, or for taking accurate note of minute distinctions, for splitting of hairs and weighing dust in a balance. They could not thus tie themselves down to one place, even if the result of their labours was to give them the philosopher's stone, and the *elixir vite*. They are men whose mere animal spirits and bodily energies compel them to active exertion in the field, and entirely prevent their being students, except out of doors. A geologist should have that organ of locality and "eye for a country" that give a man the power of seizing, almost at a glance, all the principal features in it, and comprehending their relations; that enable him to grasp in his mind the connexion and direction of the hills, the lie of the valleys, and the necessary courses of the streams and rivers; to feel, as it were, or to be instinctively aware of, the bearings of every one point in the ground he traverses from every other, so that in passing across a country he unconsciously forms in his mind a map or model of every thing he sees, and can even guess at much that he does not see. It is this faculty that enables the good fox-hunter to anticipate the line the fox will take across the country, and to take his own line so as to always find himself in a good place in the hunt; that causes the explorer of new lands, so to lead his party as to reach or avoid the rivers, to strike the mountain passes, or to see his way out of a maze of broken ground; that makes the surveyor select at once the best line for his railroad; or, lastly, gives the general the power of so conducting his army as always to occupy the strongest positions, and always to take advantage of every feature in the ground most favourable to his own operations, or best adapted to assist him in disconcerting the movements of his adversaries. If a man of this stamp become a botanist or zoologist, he devotes himself rather to the geo-

graphical distribution of plants or animals than to their specific description or their anatomical and physiological investigation. If he devote himself to physics, he explores the earth with his barometer or thermometer, or his magnets or dipping needles, instead of secluding himself in the observatory. He is essentially the man of action rather than the abstract thinker. Bodily motion, physical labour, and excitement, are necessary to his very existence; and without them he cannot even think to any purpose. His study is the mountain glen, his laboratory is on the hill side; the sea shore, the river, the plain, and the billowy ocean are his library, to which all other books are but accessories—mere indexes and dictionaries to facilitate his reading of the great book of nature in her native language. To this class of men the geologist essentially belongs; and he is, therefore, by his very nature contrasted with, if not opposed to, the mineralogist.

It is only within the last few years that the men of thought, the students, the metaphysicians, the mathematicians, and the chemists, have admitted the men of action, the observers, the naturalists, and the explorers, within the pale of science at all. Science was supposed to be limited to the abstract, and this contracted idea of it is even still too prevalent; those which are somewhat vaguely called the natural sciences are only just beginning to get a footing at the old universities; and their followers are still rather contemptuously regarded by some persons as butterfly catchers, herbalists, and stone crackers.

It was this feeling that animated the Oxford Don alluded to in the following anecdote from the memoir of Dr. Buckland, prefixed to this edition of his book:—

"So strange was this conduct" (Dr. Buckland's filling his room with fossil bones and shells) "considered by the graver classicists, and so alarmed were they lest these *amantities academicæ* should become dangerous innovations, that when he made one of his early foreign tours to the Alps and parts of Italy which enabled him to produce one of the boldest and most effective of his writings, an authoritative elder is said to have exclaimed, 'Well! Buckland is gone to Italy; so, thank God, we shall have no more of this geology.'"

The term "science," however, whether

we look to its simple literal meaning, or to any more technical sense we may choose to attach to it, is by no means necessarily confined in its application to one branch of human knowledge, or one method of acquiring that knowledge. We have even Scripture warrant for not considering any thing that God has created as "common or unclean;" and no reasonable man could assert that it was unbecoming his dignity to devote all his energies and all his time to the study of any thing that the Creator did not think it unworthy of His Almighty power to fashion with His most perfect skill.

There is, therefore, no part of creation, however mean we in our small vanity may be inclined to consider it, which we may not worthily study, and of which the worthy students may not be admitted as brothers into the great guild of science.

If the astronomer, in his silent watch-tower, measuring the motions of the stars during the still hours of the night, and noting the rolling of our earthly ball as it spins on its yearly path around the sun, be a man of science, so also is he who observes the wonderful structure of the meanest animal or the smallest plant, and traces in all their parts and in all their motions a perfect adaptation to the same great physical laws that regulate the motions of the planets and their satellites.

Still less can the dignity of Science be refused to that study which takes the whole earth for its subject, and seeks to investigate its structure and unravel its history.

The proceeding observations may, perhaps, appear somewhat trite and commonplace; but they show us, at all events, how necessary and unavoidable it is that a geologist should be a man of action, a traveller, and out-of-doors student; and how impossible it is for him to understand his subject if he confine his studies to the library, the museum, or the laboratory. If his subject is the earth, he must examine his subject; he must see at least some considerable part of it; he must move about over its surface, explore its heights and its depths; see it with his own eyes, as far as human eyes can penetrate, for thus alone can he get true ideas as to the meaning of the words he employs, or be able to understand the descriptions

of others. A mineralogist might as well depend on diagrams and symbols only, without ever looking at a real mineral, as a geologist trust for his knowledge of the earth to specimens, to figures, or to books.

That the above observations, if trite are true, is shown also by this—that so long as geology remained in the hands of chemists and mineralogists only, it made no real progress. And we may very safely say that if it had remained in their hands it never would have made any. Mathematicians and physicists, chemists and mineralogists, might have determined the exact form and specific gravity of the whole earth, and of every substance upon it; they might have decided the exact chemical composition of every species of mineral and every variety of rock, and yet not have made a single step in advance of the wild hypotheses of the old cosmogonists in the true geological history of the earth. They would have accumulated many facts and much material for the use of the geologist; but yet it would not have followed that geology would have even commenced. Many of the stones of the future edifice might have been quarried without even the foundations of it being laid, and while the quarrymen were still unaware of the use that would be hereafter made of them.

The great facts of geology, the knowledge of the structure of the earth's crust, and the causes by which that structure was produced, and the rate at which it was elaborated; that which we may call the natural history of the earth; has been discovered chiefly by the researches of two kinds of labourers—geological surveyors and palæontologists.

The geological surveyor travels in every direction, lengthwise and athwart, over the districts he undertakes to examine, noting all the facts to be observed in natural or artificial excavations, and recording his observations on maps and in note-books, so as to delineate the surface boundaries of the different rock masses and formations, and to arrive at such definite conclusions as to their order of superposition, as will enable him to know their relative subterranean position in places where they sink below the surface. This is a task requiring the *corpus sanum et robustum* as well as

the *mentem sanam*. No mountain must be left unscaled on any side; no glen or ravine unsearched; no precipice or cliff must be unseen; no mine unvisited; no road-cutting or canal, nor even any well or ditch, unlooked at. This kind of labour had not long been persevered in before it was discovered (in the first instance by an ordinary land surveyor of more than ordinary sagacity—William Smith, afterwards made LL.D. by the University where his nephew is now Professor of Geology), that each great group of strata contained within itself certain marks, which always recurred in the same order, so that each group could be identified, wherever it appeared, by the occurrence of these marks, even if there was only a square yard of it exposed. When, then, the order of superposition of the groups was once ascertained, and found to be invariable, it followed that if we could by these marks identify any portion of rock at any place as belonging to one of these groups, we should know what were the groups or sets of beds which ought to be found below it there, and what groups would come over it at the place where it itself declined, (or "dipped") from the surface towards the interior of the earth.

This discovery was obviously a most important one, practically, for any one who was in search of any mineral matter, such as coal, that occurred in any one of these groups and was not found in the others. It was also a most important theoretical one, for these marks thus found to characterize certain groups of strata, were, in fact, the remains of once living beings, both animals and plants. These animals and plants, of which the remains were thus found embedded in the different groups of strata, differed for the most part, by specific or even generic characters, from any now living on the globe; and they differed in like manner among themselves, those of each group of strata being specifically or generically different from those of any other. It was, in fact, discovered that the remains of animals and plants found thus buried, and more or less perfectly preserved as to their form and structure, if not as to their substance, in these groups of strata, were not only the remains of extinct organisms, but that the remains found in one group had become extinct be-

fore the strata of the next superior group had been deposited; and that this next superior group in like manner contained the remains of the living beings that were contemporaneous with it, but that these beings became extinct before the next set of strata were formed; and so on.

Fossils then acquired a chronological significance, and served like coins, and monuments, and styles of architecture in human history, to determine, not, indeed, the absolute, but the relative dates of events.

By their aid geologists became able to construct a consistent history of the formation of the crust of the earth, founded on evidence which was almost equal in value to contemporaneous documentary testimony, and surpassed it in one respect, since it was undesigned and unvitiated by any human motive or invention.

In the first eager interest that was excited by the wonderful discoveries of strange and often monstrous-looking animals that were soon made, it was natural that the men who discovered and collected them should be anxious also to know all about them, and themselves to name and describe them. Here we have, then, the explanation of the fact that in the interval between taking his Bachelor's and Master's degree, Buckland attended, not only Dr. Kidd's Lectures on Mineralogy and Chemistry, but also those of Sir Christopher Pegge on Anatomy; and of the fact alluded to at the beginning of this article, that his *Bridgewater Treatise* makes so little mention of mineralogy, and so much of palæontology. For a considerable time, indeed, the latter science, or the study of fossils, was looked upon as almost synonymous with geology, the popular idea being, perhaps, that geologists did nothing else but dig up and describe extinct animals; and it was not till a later period than the first publication of the *Bridgewater Treatise* that men began to devote themselves chiefly or entirely to the study of fossil animals, or fossil plants, under the name of palæontologists as distinct from geologists.

To England belongs the honour of leading the way in the foundation of true geology, whether united with palæontology, or based upon it; while the more purely mineralogical schools

of Scotland and Ireland necessarily sank into the background; the geology of Scotland being represented chiefly or solely by the map of Macculloch; and that of Ireland by the still more excellent and admirable map of Sir Richard Griffith, a work which future geologists may, perhaps, improve upon, but no one will be able to supersede. The lead thus taken by England in geological science was the result, in great measure, of the geological structure of the island itself, presenting as it does an epitome of the structure of the crust of the whole globe, and exposing a series of groups of strata, such as is to be found nowhere else in the world, in a similar small area, in any thing at all approaching to the same completeness, or with any thing like the same advantages of exposition. Englishmen, therefore, would not have been much to blame if they had not used the advantages thus afforded them by nature, and had not explored and described the strata that form their own island—that the terms Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, Liassic, Bathonian, Oxfordian, Kimmeridgian, Wealden, &c., should become, as they have become, typical designations over all Europe and the world at large. Not that the geological structure of England was developed and described solely by men born on her soil, since Irishmen, such as Fitton and Griffith, and Scotchmen, such as Murchison, Lyell, Fyfe, and Ramsay, have largely contributed to the work.

It was in the early part of this century that the Geological Society of London was founded; and in 1824 a royal charter of incorporation was granted to it, Buckland being named first president in the charter itself. In the ranks of that society, both before and after its incorporation, were found a number of men of a very remarkable character. They were remarkable not more for their intellectual ability than for their bodily vigour, their geniality of disposition, their animal spirits and good temper, and the wit and humour which enlivened equally their private conversation and their scientific discussions.

There was no pretence about them; no assumption of dignity or solemnity. They were large-hearted, honest, sincere men, feeling a strong interest in a common pursuit, eagerly labouring

for its advancement; neither unduly anxious for their own personal credit and reputation, nor over sensitive to honest criticism on their own errors or shortcomings. Hard knocks and witty sarcasms were given and taken with the same good-humour; and no man felt called upon either to spare a fellow-labourer for fear of offending him, or entitled to be angry at any kind of fun that was made of himself.

Alas! for the days that are gone! Some of this band of noble men remain to us, in honoured old age; but the spirit that animated them, though altogether extinct, no longer flourishes in its pristine vigour. Still, however, though much of the old genial and hearty spirit has departed, though "the large utterance of the early gods" can no longer be freely indulged in, yet good conscientious work is being done by the society, of a kind quite worthy of its ancient reputation. Among the band of men alluded to, one of the most conspicuous was Dr. Buckland. Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor at Cambridge, and Conybeare, late Dean of Llandaff, were equally distinguished; while the names of Greenough, De la Beche, Stokes, and others, are to be added to those previously mentioned.

Buckland took his B.A. degree in 1804. It was seventeen years before he produced his first geological work, a paper on the Alps, published in the *Annals of Philosophy* in 1821. In 1826 he published the work that first brought his name prominently before the general public. This work was a 4to volume, describing the occurrence of bones of hyenas, tigers, bears, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, mastodons, and other animals, in caves, and in superficial deposits, in different parts of the British Islands and the Continent, and under such circumstances as proved those animals to have inhabited these countries for many years previous to their destruction. The work was entitled, "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*;" the Noachian deluge being adduced as the proximate cause of the destruction of the animals, and the burying of their remains in the places where they were discovered. Subsequent investigation shortly prov-

ed that this cause, or any similar one, was inadequate to explain the phenomena, and Dr. Buckland gave up the hypothesis a few years after the publication of his work.

As the belief in the Noachian deluge, as a *vera causa* in geology, lingers in the minds of some, it may be as well to devote a few words to the examination of the Scripture account of that occurrence.

We may suppose that the word translated "mountains" meant any, even the slightest elevation above the general dead level of the country inhabited by Noah; and that the Arrarat mentioned was certainly not the extinct volcano to which the name has been applied in modern times, which rises from a table-land that is itself several thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the mountain rears its summit to more than 17,000 feet above it.

Many of the old divines doubted, on purely philological grounds, that it was intended that we should understand from the description of the Deluge that it spread beyond the district then inhabited by man over the whole globe, and covered the tops of the loftiest mountains now existing. To do that, indeed, it must have risen more than 20,000* feet above the present level of the sea, and a bulk of water would have been required that would have affected the motions both of the earth and the moon, and for which it is equally difficult to imagine an origin, or a place of final disposition.

It is not, however, the geologist alone who finds a difficulty in supposing the deluge to have been universal, nor even the geologist combined with the physical geographer and astronomer.

What say Botany and Zoology? They show us, as observed in the admirable presidential address of Professor Owen to the Leeds meeting of the British Association, that every species of animal has proceeded from a certain centre, where the first individual, or first pair of the species, was originally placed upon the globe. The descendants of that individual or that pair (where, as in most instances,

* The loftiest peak of the Himalayas, Mount Everest, is 29,000 feet above the sea.

a pair was necessary for propagation) form a species, the continued propagation of the species being only possible among those descendants, while the progeny of two individuals of different species, however closely allied, is invariably barren, either after the first, or at most the second generation.

Now, on the supposition of the Noachian deluge being universal, and all animals being the descendants of those preserved in the ark, it would follow that all animals proceeded from a common centre, somewhere in Southern Asia. So far from this being the case the centres seem to be as numerous as the species, and are at the least very numerous and widely scattered over the whole earth.

A few instances will suffice to make this clear. The lion and the Bengal tiger must have had their centre somewhere in the Old World; the puma and the jaguar in the New. The Asiatic elephant and the African elephant are two totally distinct species, which must have sprung into existence in widely separated localities. The sloths and armadillos are confined to the southern part of the American continent; the marsupial animals to Australasia (except the true opossums, which are American). The monkeys of South America are all totally distinct from those of the old world; but not only so, for every species of monkey in each case has a certain definite area, within which it is absolutely confined. Every species of mammal, indeed, has its area; that is to say, the space within which it lives might be circumscribed by a definite boundary, and the whole earth would then be parcelled out into districts of all sorts, shapes, and dimensions scattered promiscuously over the globe, many overlapping, some perhaps nearly coinciding, but all distinct from each other.

Neither is this dispersion of specific areas, and scattering of the centres whence they originated, confined to the mammalia: it reigns equally among birds. Birds, even of powerful flight, keep within certain spaces, which they rarely overpass, while some are confined within the narrowest possible limits. In the little group of the Galapagos Islands, the birds (as also the reptiles) are all distinct and peculiar, some species of finches being confined to each of

certain small islands that are even within sight of each other. If we take the wingless birds that cannot travel except on dry land, we find one species of ostrich in Africa, just spreading thence into Arabia; two different species in South America; the emeu in Australia; the cassowary in New Guinea; the apteryx in New Zealand. That these genera and species could have proceeded from one centre, and that in a part of Asia in which none of them are now found, nor ever have been heard of, is utterly beyond belief.

But we have no occasion to travel beyond our own islands for a very conspicuous instance of the restriction of species of birds. The red grouse of Britain and Ireland is a species absolutely unknown on the nearest part of the Continent, as well as in every other part of the world. Can we believe otherwise than that it originated within this area?

The same law of the limitation of specific areas is just as obvious when we come to examine the geographical distribution of reptiles, fish, insects, mollusca, crustacea, zoophyta, of every kind and grade of animal life, from the highest down to the lowest, and is to be seen, not only in the distribution of life laterally over the surface of the earth, but vertically upwards into the air, along the mountain sides, and downwards into the sea, along the submarine slopes. Every species of animal has its local habitation, its centre of life, where the individuals belonging to it are most numerous, most vigorous and flourishing; and departing from which in every direction they gradually become rarer, till at last there occurs a limit beyond which they disappear altogether.

It is no argument against the law of the sporadic scattering of original specific centres that there are or may be in all classes of animal life, a few species, such as man and the dog among the mammalia, who have had constitutions given them that have enabled them to make their way eventually over the whole globe. On the supposition that there are cosmopolitan species among all classes, it would naturally happen that these will be the best known and most numerous in individuals. It may, however, be doubted whether there

are any truly cosmopolitan species except man and the dog; while there are, certainly, many which are restricted absolutely to some small spot of earth, like the delicate little humming-bird, *Ereocnemus Derbianus*, found only in the Andean volcano of Puracé,* or like the carnivorous marsupials known as the "Native Tiger" and "Native Devil," restricted to Tasmania.

But these wonderful laws of diffusion from centres scattered over the globe, are not confined to animal life; they reign throughout the vegetable kingdom also, through all plants, from oaks to mosses and lichens, and through plants that inhabit the land, or the waters of lakes and rivers, or the shores and bottom of the ocean.

Neither is there wanting evidence to show us that this order of nature, (to use a reverential periphrasis for the will of God), is no new thing, but that it is the result and the continuation of that which has reigned over and ruled the life of the globe, both animal and vegetable, from the earliest days that life was placed upon it down to our own time. More especially is this order of distribution to be observed in the times immediately preceding our own, when the animals lived that were the subject of Buckland's "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ." It thus happened that the very instances which he first produced as evidences of the universality of the deluge, became the strongest arguments against it, since they can be shown to be in complete harmony with those facts of the distribution of species at the present day, which entirely preclude the notion of the Noachian deluge having extended beyond a portion of the earth's surface.

Physical evidence might be brought in in abundance, if need were, to corroborate the conclusions stated above. Volcanoes, for instance, rise here and there all over the world, largely composed of piles of mere dust, cinders, and pumice, such as would float off or be washed away if they were once submerged under water. These piles are of such vast dimensions, that, whether we reason from what we know of the method of their accumulation, or take as a scale of their rate of production the accession made to them during the historic period, (the addition to the bulk of *Ætna* during the last 2,500 years, for instance) we are compelled to believe that they have stood upon dry land undisturbed by any sweep of water, for many thousand years, most probably for many hundred thousand years, ever since their bases were first lifted above the level of the sea.

Geology had received its greatest impulse in the early part of this century from the discoveries of Cuvier, who, from bones found in the plaster rock of Paris, resuscitated a whole population of extinct animals, whose living forms had never been seen by the eye of man. Men, even men of science, were accustomed to look upon mere shells and corals as things of too insignificant, and too uncertain value to be taken as the data from which to draw large scientific conclusions, or the base on which to erect a great historical edifice. When, however, they found it proved that quadrupeds as large and as numerous as those which now surround us had perished from the surface of the earth, leaving their remains here and there buried beneath the surface, and that those quadrupeds differed from any

* The distribution of the humming-birds is very remarkable. They are in the first place all American, different species occurring through the whole continent, from Cape Horn to Behring's Straits. Some species have a very wide range, like the little blazing red *Salasporus rufus* which is found all the way from Mexico to Sitka. Others are confined to very narrow limits besides the one mentioned in the text. The *Oreotrochilus Chimborazo* is found only on that mountain, and never lower than 12,000 above the sea, ranging thence up to 15,000 feet. Another species of the same genus, *Oreotrochilus Fichinchia*, is in like manner confined to the zone lying between 10,000 and 14,000 feet on the flanks of that mountain.

Another humming-bird, called *Docimastes ensiferus* shows a curious instance of adaptation, having a long curved bill and long tongue, especially adapted for taking the honey from the recesses of a long trumpet-shaped flower of a plant belonging to the genus *Brongniartia*.

The above statements are made on the authority of the eminent ornithologist, Gould.

now living, but often formed intermediate links of gradation between kinds of living animals that were widely separated in structure and habits;—when these facts became evident, the attention of men became inevitably arrested.

In like manner, in England, when men had pointed out to them the dens of a species of hyæna different from any living species, filled with the gnawed and broken bones of the animals they had preyed upon, and found among the bones those of extinct elephants and bears, and of extinct kinds of lion or tiger-like animals, the bones of a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros, and other “wild beasts,” once the inhabitants of this portion of the earth, but now utterly extinct, everyone became interested in these discoveries. That these remains belonged to extinct species, was proved by their bones differing in minute characters from those of their congeners now living in the globe, in the same way that bones of different living species differ from each other; and the conclusion was confirmed in one or two instances by the discovery even of the skin embedded in frozen mud in Siberia, when one species of elephant, and one species of rhinoceros were found to have had woolly coats, and long shaggy hair, fitting them for extra tropical climates.

There was something here that caught the attention of every one—something that no one could listen to with indifference, as they would to a dry discussion about different earths, or rocks, or minerals. Men felt that the history of animals was to a certain extent a history of themselves. Each of us might paraphrase the poet's line into “*Viro, nihil vinum a me alienum puto.*” One question which immediately arose was this: “Have the bones of men been found together with those of these extinct creatures?”—a question which still excites interest, and to which no entirely satisfactory answer has yet been given with respect to these animals, whose remains have been found merely in caves, or in the most superficial and newest deposits.

Scarcely less than the interest thus excited was that felt by the discovery in still deeper and earlier formations, of the skeletons of great sea-lizards, animals that, in their head and teeth,

resembled crocodiles, but which had mere paddles instead of legs and feet; and were therefore unfitted to walk on land, except, perhaps, to squattle across a mud-bank, and were evidently intended for a life in the waters, and adapted to rush through the waves like great porpoises or grampuses. Along with these were even found flying lizards, having some of the bones of their extremities extended so as to spread out great folds of skin into wings, like the wings of bats, realizing thus to some extent the old fables of flying dragons. Other bones belonging to gigantic terrestrial lizards also were found in the same formations, so that altogether there appeared to have been a period when lizard-like animals predominated on the globe, and ruled as the lords of creation both on the land and in the water.

In all these latter discoveries, Dr. Buckland took a great part, as is shown by his numerous papers in the transactions of the Geological Society and elsewhere. He it was, especially, who showed that the sea-lizards, the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus lived for long periods in the sea, as was proved by the old sea-bottoms, (once mud and clay, now hard rock), containing regular beds of their excrement, all converted into stone.

The following passages extracted from the account of the ichthyosaurus in the Bridgewater Treatise will give the reader a good idea of the animal, and of Dr. Buckland's powers of description:—

“Some of the most remarkable of these reptiles have been arranged under the genus ichthyosaurus (or fish lizard) in consequence of the partial resemblance of their vertebrae to those of fishes. If we examine these creatures with a view to their capabilities of locomotion and the means of offence and defence which their extraordinary structure afforded to them, we shall find combinations of form and mechanical contrivances which are now dispersed through various classes and orders of existing animals, but are no longer united in the same genus. Thus in the same individual the snout of a porpoise is combined with the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard with the vertebrae of a fish, and the sternum of an ornithorhynchus (or platypus), with the paddles of a whale.

“The general outline of an ichthyosaurus must have most nearly resembled

the modern porpoise and grampus. It had four broad feet or paddles, and terminated behind in a long and powerful tail. Some of the largest of these reptiles must have exceeded thirty feet in length. . . . The expansion of the jaws must have been prodigious, their length, in the larger species, sometimes exceeding six feet: the voracity of the animal was doubtless in proportion to its powers of destruction. . . . The teeth of the ichthyosaurus are conical and much like those of the crocodile, but considerably more numerous, amounting in some cases to 180. . . . The enormous magnitude of the eye of the ichthyosaurus* is among the most remarkable peculiarities in the structure of the animal. From the quantity of light admitted in consequence of its prodigious size it must have possessed very great powers of vision; we have also evidence that it had both microscopic and telescopic powers. . . . A circular series of petrified, thin, bony plates ranged round a central aperture where once was placed the pupil. . . . The soft parts of the eyes of the ichthyosaurus have, of course, entirely perished; but the preservation of this curiously constructed hoop of bony plates shows that the enormous eye, of which they formed the front, was an optical instrument of varied and prodigious powers, enabling the ichthyosaurus to devour its prey at great or little distances, in the obscurity of night, and in the depth of the sea.

"From the teeth and organs of locomotion we come to consider those of digestion in the ichthyosaurus. If there be any point in the structure of extinct fossil animals as to which it should have seemed hopeless to discover any kind of evidence, it is the form and arrangement of the intestinal organs; since these soft parts, though of prime importance in the animal economy, yet being suspended freely within the cavity of the body, and unconnected with the skeleton, would leave no traces whatever upon the fossil bones.

"It is impossible to have seen the large apparatus of teeth and strength of jaws, which we have been examining in the ichthyosaurus, without concluding that animals furnished with such powerful instruments of destruction must have used them freely in restraining the excessive population of the ancient seas. This inference has been fully confirmed by the recent discovery within their skeletons of the half-digested remains of fishes and reptiles which they had de-

voured, and by the further discovery of coprolites, i.e. of fecal remains in a state of petrification dispersed through the same strata in which these skeletons are buried. The state of preservation of these very curious petrified bodies is often so perfect as to indicate not only the food, but also the dimensions, form, and structure of their stomach and intestinal canal.

"On the shore at Lyme Regis these coprolites are so abundant that they lie in some parts of the lias like potatoes scattered in the ground; still more common are they in the lias of the estuary of the Severn, where they are similarly disposed in strata of many miles in extent, and mixed so abundantly with teeth and rolled fragments of the bones of reptiles and fishes, as to show that this region, having been the bottom of an ancient sea, was for a long period the receptacle of the bones and fecal remains of its inhabitants.

"The occurrence of coprolites is not, however, peculiar to the places just mentioned; they are found in greater or less abundance throughout the lias of England; they occur also in strata of all ages that contain the remains of carnivorous reptiles, and have been recognised in many and distant regions, both of Europe and America."

The other animal named before as one of the fellow inhabitants of the ancient seas with the ichthyosaurus was called by its discoverers Conybeare and De la Beche a plesiosaurus, as being more like a lizard in shape than a fish, although it had also fin-like paddles fitted for the water instead of feet adapted for the land. The inhabitants of Dublin have now an excellent opportunity of studying the structure of this extraordinary animal in the magnificent specimen now in the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society. The Society owe to the munificence of their late President, Sir Philip Crampton, confirmed and completed by his son, Sir John, this valuable possession, enabling them to compare one of the most conspicuous forms of extinct life, with such modifications of existing reptile life as they may happen from time to time to obtain.

Their specimen, which is twenty-three feet long, is the skeleton of a true plesiosaurus, and not of a plio-

* There is a specimen in the museum of the Geological Society of London, in which the longer diameter of the orbital cavity measures fourteen inches."

sauros, as was at one time suggested, but of a species differing apparently from all those hitherto described.

It came from Whitby, in Yorkshire, as is proved by the species of shells embedded in the calcareous rock now occupying the interior of its head, which Mr. W. H. Baily, of the Geological Survey of Ireland, informs us are of a kind hitherto found only in the Yorkshire lias.*

The specimen was, we believe, bought originally for about £130 by the Marquis of Normanby, and by him given to Sir P. Crampton.

Buckland gives the following description of the plesiosaurus:—

"To the head of a lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a chameleon, and the paddles of a whale. Such are the strange combinations of form and structure in the plesiosaurus—a genus, the remains of which, after interment for thousands" (? thousands of millions) "of years amidst the wreck of millions of extinct inhabitants of the ancient earth, are at length recalled to light by the researches of the geologist, and submitted to our examination in nearly as perfect a state as the bones of species that are now existing upon the earth.

"The plesiosaurs appear to have lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and to have breathed air like the ichthyosaurs and our modern cetacea. We are already acquainted with five or six species, some of which attained a prodigious size and length."

One of these species was called the *P. dolichodirus*, or long-necked plesiosaurus, of which Dr. Buckland gives the following characters:—

"The head of the *P. dolichodirus* exhibits a combination of the characters of the ichthyosaurus, the crocodile, and the lizard, but most nearly approaches to the latter. . . . The most anomalous of all the characters is the extraordinary extension of the neck to a length almost equalling that of the body and tail together, and surpassing in the number of its vertebræ (about thirty-three), that of the most long-

necked bird, the swan. It thus deviates in the greatest degree from the almost universal law, which limits the cervical vertebræ of quadrupeds to a very small number. Even in the cameleopard, the camel, and the llama, their number is uniformly seven. In the short neck of the cetacea the type of this number is maintained. In birds it varies from nine to twenty-three, and in living reptiles from three to eight."

After pointing out and describing several other peculiarities of structure, he concludes with the following quotation from Conybeare's original paper in the Geological Transactions:—

"That it was aquatic is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine is almost equally so from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture: its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organization which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not, therefore, be concluded (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air), that it swam upon or near the surface, arching back its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach. It may, perhaps, have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the seaweed, and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assaults of dangerous enemies: while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal fitted for its prey which came within its reach."

These extracts are but a few of the many striking and accurate anatomical and physiological descriptions and explanations given by Dr. Buckland in his treatise, and admirably illustrated by the volume of plates. These de-

* To any one who wishes to know where "the lias" and other formations of the kind are to be best seen, we would recommend an admirable Geological Map of England and Wales, lately published by Professor Ramsay, the Local Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. It is exactly of the right size either for the wall of a library or the pocket, is beautifully coloured, and as we might expect from the author, embodies all the recent discoveries and improvements.

descriptions have been slightly enhanced in value in the present edition by a few notes from Professor Owen.

The descriptions and illustrations were in themselves most instructive, and as pieces of information of quite sufficient value to deserve publication. The express object of the work, however, is to draw an argument to prove "the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation;" and the anatomical and structural descriptions are accordingly employed for that purpose.

The argument in favour of Natural Theology from mere structural adaptation is not the only one to be drawn from geology, nor the only one which Buckland alludes to. There are, as it appears to us, two conclusions to be arrived at from the known facts of the science which are not so obvious, and are more interesting; the one conclusion is against the eternal past existence of the present order of things, and the other in favour of the unity of the Creative Intelligence.

Geology points directly, if not to a beginning (which would be impossible), yet to preceding states of the world in which its constituent parts were differently arranged, and even in a different condition from what they are at present. This is true of the inorganic matters which compose the earth, as well as of the organic beings that inhabit it.

The rocks which make up the crust of the earth have either been deposited from water, or have consolidated from a state of fusion by heat. All the aqueous rocks, whether their constituent particles were dissolved in the water, or merely suspended in it, were derived, either directly or indirectly, from the destruction of igneous rocks. But with respect to all derivative rocks, the rocks from which they were derived must have been pre-existent. There must have been a time, then, when the crust of the globe had no other rocks but cooled igneous rocks upon it; and before that there must have been a time when these rocks were not cooled. In order to give any rational explanation, then, of the facts observable in the structure and composition of the crust of the earth, we are compelled to reason back to a period when its whole surface was a molten one, and to allow of that surface having consolidated

and cooled sufficiently to allow of the existence of water before there could be any formation of rocks derived from the action of water. It does not at all follow from this, nor is it even probable that any of these cooled igneous rocks thus forming the primitive crust of the globe are still existing; they have most probably all been destroyed, and their materials used up and made to enter into fresh combinations long ago, before, perhaps, even the earliest of the now known rocks were deposited. Still the argument remains untouched in favour of the totally different state of the globe formerly from what it afterwards became, and from what it is now; and even after the formation of water, and the consequent deposition of aqueous rocks, there has been every kind of change in the disposition and arrangement of land and water, and great variations in the climate of different parts of the globe, if not of its whole surface.

It follows from the preceding considerations which, to use a term of Professor Haughton's, are cosmogonic rather than geological, that we can reason back to a time when life, either vegetable or animal, was impossible upon the globe. Whether the earliest of our known series of aqueously formed rocks were contemporaneous with the commencement of life upon the globe, or not, still remains a question unsolved, perhaps for ever insoluble. Neither does it concern us to solve it. If by reasoning from the nature of rocks we arrive at a conviction that at some pre-geologic period the surface of the globe was a liquid fire, or even red hot, we know that life could not have existed on it then; and that, therefore, at some time since that period an animal and vegetable life was begun to be called into existence by a creative power. We arrive thus at conclusive evidence of a beginning, both of a habitable globe and of its inhabitants. Whether we have in the stratified crust of the globe the contemporaneous records of this commencement is altogether another question. In our opinion it is most probable that these earliest records have been long ago destroyed, and that geological history commences abruptly "*in medias res*." Our conviction of this fact of commencement depends altogether on the nature of the case,

on the fact that all aqueous rocks are ultimately derivative from cooled igneous rocks, and that, therefore, the previous existence of the igneous class is implied in the existence of the aqueous.

The argument in favour of the unity of the Creative Power is even still more forcible than that in favour of its existence.

The stratified rocks entering into the structure of the crust of the globe may be divided into twelve or fourteen great groups, each of which groups contains the remains of a whole population of animals and plants. Each of these populations differed absolutely and specifically from all those that went before it, and from all those that have come after it. However they might dispute about some of the lines of demarcation, all geologists would agree that a dozen times, at least, have all existing species of animals and plants gradually become extinct, and new species been introduced to keep up the population of the earth. Nevertheless, through all created beings, whether living or fossil, there reigns the most absolute uniformity of plan, and amongst all the infinite multiplicity of species and varieties the one identical design.

If we were to have a perfect museum of existing nature perfectly arranged, and were to study it carefully, we should be struck by two facts in apparent contradiction to each other which palæontology satisfactorily reconciles.

In some parts we should find the different species so closely allied to each other that there would be some difficulty in making any distinction between them. The difference between any two neighbouring specimens would be so slight as to be apparently accidental or unimportant, while, nevertheless, specimens more widely separated would be obviously distinct species. Take the Linnean genus *Canis*, for instance, and range together all varieties of dogs, together with the wolf, the fox, the jackall, the hyena. There is a wide distinction between any dog and any species of hyena; but some varieties of dog are so like wolves, that it is very difficult to give any description that shall not almost equally apply to both; while the resemblance of other dogs to foxes or

jackalls is at first sight very great. In instances where neighbouring species are thus closely allied, and the gradation from one to another easy and almost insensible, we may speak of the chain of life as complete, and assume that we see all the links, and that none are necessarily wanting.

In other cases in our supposed museum we should find great and obvious gaps: neighbouring species, or groups of species called genera, which we should be compelled to place side by side as agreeing in essentials more closely than they agreed with any other species or genera, would yet be separated by such great and obvious distinctions that large intervals would be apparent between species and species, or between genera and genera, which might be filled up by many intermediate species or genera.

Take, for instance Cuvier's orders of *Pachydermata* and *Ruminantia*, now re-arranged by Owen in an improved form, as follows:—(*Hippopotamus*, pig, peccary);—(camel, llama, giraffe, muschus, deer, antelope, sheep, goat, ox);—(horse);—(rhinoceros, hyrax, tapir);—(elephant); and every one must be struck at once with the obvious intervals there are between the peccary and the camel, between the ox and the horse, between the horse and the rhinoceros, between the tapir and the elephant. There are no living animals having characters entitling them to be placed in these intervals.

Among extinct fossil animals, however, we find many of these missing links filling up the intervals, and contributing to unite the chain of past and existing creation into one consistent whole:

“The place of the genus *Paleotherium* is intermediate between the rhinoceros, the horse, and the tapir. Eleven or twelve species have already been discovered, some as large as a rhinoceros; others varying from the size of a horse to that of a hog. Five species of *Anoplotherium* have been found. The place of this genus stands in one respect between the rhinoceros and the horse, and in another, between the hippopotamus, the hog, and the camel. The *Lophiodon* is another new genus, allied most nearly to the tapir and rhinoceros. Fifteen species of it have been ascertained.

“The *Chæropotamus* was an animal most nearly allied to the hogs. in some

respects approaching the babiroussa, and forming a link between the Anoplotherium and the peccary.

"The *Adapis* most nearly resembled the hedgehog in form, but was three times the size of that animal; it seems to have formed a link connecting the pachydermata with the insectivora and carnivora."—*Notes to Bridgewater Treatise*, page 78-80. 3rd edition.

Altogether there are not fewer than fifty-seven extinct genera already known, belonging to the above orders of animals, those genera containing about 160 species, in addition to which there are about 140 extinct species belonging to the still existing genera—300 missing links contributed by the discoveries of a few years to this part of the animal kingdom only. In other divisions of created beings, the discoveries have been still more important, supplying, not merely lost species or genera, but whole families, and even orders, not merely verses or chapters, but whole books of the history of animated nature.

Notwithstanding all this multitude in the diversity of forms which life at one time or other has assumed upon the globe, there is no want of harmony, no discord, no confusion. However strange, and at first sight anomalous may be some of the animals discovered by geologists, it only requires their structure to be rightly understood and appreciated, for them to fall into their places in a well-ordered arrangement as naturally as any other members of the series. Whether naturalists have previously noticed it or not, the animals or plants when discovered are evidently required to supply what would otherwise be a deficiency, to fill up a gap, and complete an otherwise broken series of forms.

"But the argument," says Dr. Buckland in his concluding chapter, "which would infer an unity of cause from unity of effects, represented through various and complex systems of organization widely remote from each other in time, and place, and circumstances, applies with cumulative force, when we not only can expand the details of facts on which it is founded over the entire surface of the present world, but are enabled to comprehend in the same category all the various extinct forms of many preceding systems of organization which we find entombed within the bowels of the earth.

It was well observed by Paley respecting the variations we find in living species of plants and animals in distant regions and under various climates, that 'we never get amongst such original totally different modes of existence as to indicate that we are come into the province of a different Creator, or under the direction of a different Will.' And the very extensive subterranean researches that have recently been made have greatly enlarged the range of facts in accordance with those on which Paley grounded this assertion.

"In all the numerous examples of design which we have selected from the various animal and vegetable remains that occur in a fossil state, there is such a never-failing identity in the fundamental principles of their construction, and such uniform adoption of analogous means to produce various ends, with so much only of departure from one common type of mechanism as was requisite to adapt each instrument to its own special function, and to fit each species to its peculiar place and office in the scale of created beings, that we can scarcely fail to acknowledge in all these facts a demonstration of the unity of the intelligence in which such transcendent harmony originated; and we may almost dare to assert that neither atheism nor polytheism would ever have found acceptance in the world had the evidences of high intelligence and of unity of design, which are disclosed by modern discoveries in physical science, been fully known to the authors or the abettors of systems to which they are so diametrically opposed.

"It is the same handwriting that we read, the same system and contrivance that we trace, the same unity of object and relation to final causes which we see maintained throughout, and constantly proclaiming the unity of the great Divine Original."

The geologist, then, not only agrees with the naturalist, in looking on existing creation as the obvious result of an Allwise and Almighty Power, but he traces the existence of that very same Power through millions upon millions of past ages, till he sees Him "in the beginning," designing a plan of life not only adapted to the physical constitution of the globe, but adapted to every possible future modification of it, and such as should yield age after age, and millenium after millenium, an infinite variety of forms throughout all its subdivisions—now one division being worked out and com-

pleted, and now another, according, perhaps, as the physical change which He was equally elaborating made one or the other more suitable to the time; and yet, all this infinite variety of modification and multiplicity of detail, differing in every part, so

united in design as to show that the whole scheme lay (if we may be allowed to use language applicable to man rather than to God,) preconceived in the mind of the Author before the foundations of the world were laid.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—
Whose magic joys we shall not see again :
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.
The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death :
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas ! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead :
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.
The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The brown brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold : to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land— the realm of Nevermore.
It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And hARBELLS quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer
People that happy land—the realm of Nevermore.
Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand :
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful ? 'Tis the land of Evermore.
Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar :
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.
They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they :
God wipes their tears away :
They drink that river of life which flows for Evermore.
Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset. On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago :
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

MR. ARNOLD'S PAMPHLET.

MR. ARNOLD's pamphlet deserves perusal. We say so with the more impartiality on this account that, whereas his appreciation of the arguments urged in England against the Italian war has been anticipated in our pages, we have already recorded an estimate of the result of this war, which differs from that which he, apparently, entertains.

As our readers well know, we protested before the war began and throughout its course, against the disfigurement of history, the contempt of the reasonable spirit of nationality, and the misappreciation of what was feasible by French intervention, wherewith too many writers and speakers in Great Britain were misleading the opinion of their countrymen. These three are the three points of Mr. Arnold's pamphlet.

As to his apparent conclusions that the "dissuasions" of the Italian people from war was "*sage*," and that the "prophecy of a null result of the war to Italy" was "*fortunate*," an article in our last number but one* has touched upon the grounds which make us refuse an unqualified assent to them.

"*Adhuc sub judice lis*." Event has not yet had time to justify all, if it has had time to confirm many of our previsions; but Central Italy is yet free, Central Italy is yet orderly, to perfection, despite that lying telegram, touching the Reds, from Parma. Central Italy has proceeded to popular elections both in a spirit and with a result unexceptionably admirable; and we say that such a lesson in politics, written upon the singularly retentive page of Italian popular memory, is one of which the lore cannot be sponged out thence, no, not if the two peace-making Emperors of Villafranca take every sponge from every gun in all their field batteries, and set every artilleryman in both their armies at work to sponge it out.

Union among Italians has passed from the condition of a pure idea disembodied into that stage of being which belongs to ideas that have at

least been embodied once. A barren woman's hope of progeny may be ridiculed. Her mockers are silenced the hour her child is born. A Croat or a Zouave, like one of Herod's gendarmerie at Bethlehem, may dash the new-born babe's life out against a door-post, or thrust a sword into its new-palpitating heart. But the mother has borne a child, and who knows but she may bear another? She is a barren woman no longer, and out of her womb an avenger may come.

Mr. Arnold, we believe, is in the right, when he asserts that—

"In general, an aristocracy is not sympathetic to ideas; it regards them as visionary, because it has not experienced them; and is dangerous, because they are independent of existing facts."

We believe again that he is in the right, when he asserts that—

"So astonishing has been the force and attraction of the English aristocracy, that the whole English people is in a great degree formed upon its example and imbued with its spirit."

This is specially true in what regards even the popular English appreciation of disembodied ideas.

Most metaphysical abstractions are considered visionary by plebeian no less than aristocratic Britons.

Most abstract ideas in politics are by the one class as by the other looked upon with extreme suspicion. Had it been otherwise, it would have been impossible for writers or speakers alike to have charged the atmosphere of public opinion with something so like hostility to the Italian cause, under pretext of anti-French jealousy, as that miasma which has tainted the freshness of the free air of British feeling during the short but grim struggle on the Lombard plains.

Turning, therefore, from the material gain of the war, to Italian freedom; turning also from the moral gain to the Italian consciousness and character, we conceive that come what may of the Parmese, Modenese, and Tuscan popular assemblies, if their nascent power be jammed between

the two despotic masses of Austria and France; their existence, created and conducted as it has been, is such an embodiment of a just and true idea as goes far towards satisfying the demand made upon all ideas, by the average mind of Britain to exhibit themselves in a concrete shape. Let Central Italy be crushed, and let another Italian crisis come, as come it must and will in such a case; then whatever arguments may be then used by some writers or speakers in Great Britain, against the aspirations of Italy, their "a priori" character must be changed, if public contempt is not to cough them down at once.

This may be, in the end, a real gain for Italy. British sympathies have not done much for her as yet; but where the sympathizer has in reserve such might as Britain, sympathy may become, at any moment, substantial succour. But whether there be gain for Italy or no, there will certainly be gain, in one sense, for Britain. Mr. Arnold writes our own thought, when he writes, that—

"To an Englishman, to a man not only proud of his country, but sincerely convinced of the utility of her moral influence for the nations abroad, it could not have been an agreeable sight to witness the chief of another country invested, as the complete realization of his design would have invested Louis Napoleon with entire moral and material predominance in Europe. England may not concern herself with material predominance in Europe; but a share in moral predominance may, and must, be dear to her."

In our article upon the peace of Villafranca we promised our readers that we were not about to tax their patience by a "single quotation from the blue book of James Earl of Malmesbury." This promise we make again in respect of our present paper. But, inasmuch as Mr. Arnold, in the pamphlet under notice, speaks unreservedly of the "peculiar opportunities he enjoyed for correcting himself of certain misconceptions current in England," it may be considered pardonable in his reviewer, to speak a word of the conceptions or misconceptions entertained in Italy itself, concerning the policy of Great Britain, such as they came under his personal observation before the outbreak, and during the conduct of the war.

We then can assert, that being at Rome this year, from February until the middle of May, and having opportunities of hearing what was thought and said by men of very different temper and convictions in politics—we heard but one interpretation given to the character of our neutrality in so far as the disposition of our then Government was concerned. We have since heard that character resumed in a French diplomatic "mot," "neutralité malveillante." Rightly or wrongly, such it was esteemed in Rome. We can neither forget the heaviness of heart with which a distinguished liberal leader of our acquaintance there would peruse the English papers, nor the poignant and pointed irony with which we have heard him demolish the favourable construction put upon the Austrian proceedings by British statesmen. And, in proof that this was not the mere jealous misconception of one who found a neutral where he had reckoned upon a friend, we may add, that we have listened, by the hour, to the energetic demonstrations made by a notable British "Convertito" of the certainty with which British statesmanship was gravitating towards the Austrian side. And within the walls of a Dominican convent ourselves have been almost entreated to confirm the consolatory hope, that by-and-by, the power of England must needs prop up the tottering cause of "*questa povera Austria*;" we quote the epithet precisely.

In February, we rebuked the "indecent haste to cast reflections upon the honesty of purpose and soundness of judgment" of the constitutional state of Sardinia. We are happy to think that the same rebuke came once and again, in July and August, with a force and penetration such as no word of ours can have—from the mouth of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. But we mention this not for mere self-gratulatory retrospection. We wrote the article before arrival in Rome; in Rome we found that this was the very feature which appeared to Italians damnatory of our sound judgment, if not of our good faith.

Sardinia was constitutional, that was her crime with Austria—that should have been her security that constitutional Britain would not leave

her defenceless, or forced to cast herself for defence into the arms of an absolute Emperor. "The cause of liberty in the hands of revolutionists, is an incendiary torch," British statesmen had often said. It was now to be known whether they would say the same of it in the hands of a constitutional King and his ministers. When Italians thought, we must own rather pardonably, that such was, indeed, the saying of British statesmen, can it be much wondered at that they began to inquire, "what is, after all, the truth and sincerity of the pretension of Great Britain to be the best friend on earth of Constitutional Freedom?" Indeed there is so much which is pardonable in the inquiry, that our own conviction is, Italian liberals would not have been long left to make it by themselves. The people of Great Britain, to whose ideas—for they also have ideas, despite their propensity to the concrete—the treaties of 1815 are, at bottom, nearly as antagonistic as to those of the popular majorities in Europe, would by degrees, we believe, have come to ask the question, noisily and angrily, at last. We have had our diplomatic nobles getting up, since the peace, to harp upon the disturbance of the treaty of Vienna, and to offer apologies for Italian "dukelets," "grand" in the Austrian estimate. But the fever of jealousy against France being over, those noble lords have not found their speeches re-echoed by the popular voice, nor did the *Times*, which four months ago would have cited them as models of statesmanlike wisdom, vouchsafe to them any but a passing and contemptuous notice.

Mr. Arnold's notion of the European political events of 1859, as an "avertissement" to the aristocracy of Great Britain, is not one to be disregarded; the less so as coming from one who can speak of it thus, in accents of seeming sincerity:

"I desire to speak with the most unbounded respect of the English aristocracy. It is the most popular of aristocracies; it has avoided faults which have ruined other aristocracies equally splendid."

Mr. Arnold is not one of that school of admonishers which preface their admonitions by setting at naught, as Mr. Bright does, the facts of national history. That gentleman, at Rochdale, recently, was taunting what he

called our "oligarchy" with having fought that battle, which our author designates "the splendid and successful resistance of the English nation" against the "crude organization of the ideas of 1789," which "the French, with Mahometan frenzy, hurried to impose on the other nations of Europe." He was asking, defiantly, what the people of England owed, on that account, to its "oligarchical government?"

Let the invidious term pass. The aristocracy might, with no little justice, answer:—"To our great capacity for endurance and resistance, the people of England are, by no means entirely, yet certainly in a large measure, indebted for inviolate national independence."

And that also is so true, that we think our aristocracy would have been radically false to those principles which they maintained throughout the revolutionary war, had they, indeed, committed themselves to the Austrian side in the late conflict.

The Austrians and the "Austerlings" are in Italy as the Bonapartes were in Spain. They did not come there in the same way, but they are there in the same permanent opposition to the national will. So thoroughly indisputable was this all along, and before the orderly, regular, overwhelming demonstrations of that will which have been recently made, that the backers of Austria, unable to deny it, were driven to the negation not only of the "soundness of the principle of nationality," but to the negation of the existence of any nationality or any national will in Italy.

The battle which was fought by Great Britain all through the weary war days till 1815, was, essentially, the battle of national independence. Accidentally, it assumed, at times, the character of a battle in favour of so-called legitimate kings; but to put this accident for the essence is to remain in hopeless ignorance of the true meaning of what befell; it is to read modern European history and to know nothing of it, like Mr. Bright or the late Prince Metternich. When the English aristocracy do this, then indeed will have departed from them what Mr. Arnold calls "the governing skill displayed by them since 1688."

There is also no little well worth considering in the statement which

this pamphlet makes, concerning the true position of the Third Napoleon in the opinion of the vast majority of the nation which he rules.

We, too, as well as the writer, have "enjoyed peculiar opportunities" for knowing something about the mind of Frenchmen.

The great majority of Frenchmen love equality, and are indifferent to liberty when they do not suspect and detest it.

In this double truth, no less than in old grudges, must be sought the secret of the general dislike of England entertained by the people of France.

Mr. Arnold is quite correct in affirming of the "vast peasant proprietary" of France that—

"Its supreme antipathy is for the feudal past or for any approach to a return to it; for a territorial nobility, with privileges and vast estates. The peasant feels that the death of this is his life, and that the life of this would be his death."

It is this love of equality which makes him so cheerfully, up to a certain point, submit to the conscription, which takes a child from every household indiscriminately.

"He regards it," says our author, "as one of the institutions of his country;" he might have added, that one of its institutions, which most permanently and loudly proclaims Frenchmen equal. This equal pressure, of course, making it, however, "a most grave matter for a government to ask the French peasant for too many men." The grievance is felt instantaneously, and with equal acuteness in every French household where there is a lad above sixteen.

Now the Englishman is the incarnate aristocrat of the Frenchman's imagination. "Un Lor Anglais" is their ideal John Bull. Of the sturdy middle-class "farming man," which is our embodiment of the national type, they have no conception.

Again we can entirely corroborate Mr. Arnold's statement, that "at present the accessibility to ideas in France is only equalled by the ignorance of facts."

"La Vieille Angleterre" is, to their notion, very like what that "Vieille France" was, with which they have so completely broken.

Mr. Arnold offers as a "curious

illustration of popular French ignorance," that—

"If ever a war with England is consented to by the French nation it will be from the profound conviction entertained by the mass of them (I do not speak of the Emperor or his general officers), of the inefficiency of the English army."

Minutely just, even to the insertion of the word "general" before "officers." We, have ourselves, on more than one occasion, in discussion with "field" officers of the French army—and they members of those corps whom their language styles "*les Armes savantes*," namely the Artillery and Engineers—found them totally ignorant of the existence and nature of the defensive reserve afforded by the Militia, of the power of the British Crown to raise men by ballot for the defence of the country, or of the character of such portions of the force as are at this moment embodied. When we informed a French superior officer of Engineers, a few months back, of the fact that Militia Regiments had not only volunteered to serve the Queen out of England, but had actually furnished Mediterranean garrisons during the Crimean war, we verily believe that he was with difficulty restrained from letting his tongue give us, with military "*brusquerie*," the lie which, we fear, he thought our attempted imposition on his credulity deserved. Militia for him, meant "National Guard," and "*La Garde Nationale, même mobilisée, à Gibraltar, Malte, et Corfou*," was too much for his Gallican swallow.

But Mr. Arnold might have added to this determining reason, another.

The inefficiency of the English army is almost an article of faith with the French masses; but we have little doubt ourselves that the theory of aristocratic oppression of the English people is almost as widely and as firmly held. The French nation, in block, were indeed "sensible to the gratification of playing before the world the brilliant part of generous and disinterested liberators of such a country as Italy." We do not believe it would be impossible, or even very difficult, to make them, in block, conceive the invasion of England to be such a campaign of liberation. It is difficult to set forth succinctly the grounds of such a belief, but we do

not venture on the expression of it, we must again assure our readers, without an early, long, varied and intimate acquaintance with French books and newspapers, men and things.

The serfdom of the lower Englishman, under the haughty "aristocratie des Lorrains," is an engrained French idea. And these lovers of equality, haters and dreaders of the old feudal times, are capable of taking "au grand sérieux," upon this topic, even the jeremiads of Mr. Bright.

And as the British aristocrat is Bogie to the French lovers of equality; so is the British freeman a very detestable Bogie to those Frenchmen, and they are countless, who positively dislike liberty.

Aristocrat in the eyes of one great section of French society, your true Briton is an arch in the eyes of another. A contemner of passports, a scorner of the gendarme, he is an apostle of insurrection against all constituted authority. That was the conscientious creed, we are persuaded, of many among those French colonels who had "saved society" for the Emperor at home, and would have been eager to save it again, even in the British "den of assassins."

We have mentioned the gendarme. He is, after all, *the* great Institution of France. "Ce bon gendarme" is, all over the country, and under every dynasty, the fond and familiar designation of that military policeman in cocked-hat and buff cross-belts. The municipal police in large towns, and specially in the metropolis, has, of course, so many standing quarrels with the "dangerous classes," that in times of "Emeutes et barricades," they get old scores cleared off, and are savagely handled. But we appeal, unhesitatingly, to any man who knows France, as it may not be known by Excursion-ticket students, whether in "commune, gros bourg, village et hameau" the "Brigadier de gendarmerie" be not the affectionately accredited impersonation of law, order, and authority?

Louis Napoleon knows this well, as he knows every peculiarity of the people over whom he presides.

We were ourselves at Boulogne on the day when, as Emperor, he noticed and rewarded the zeal and fidelity of the very "bon gendarme" who had arrested him, on the occasion of his

famous descent upon France, at that watering place, in the days of Louis Philippe.

We have before us, as we write, the *Moniteur* of this last 15th of August, the great Napoleonic fête day, and we find there a column and a-half of honorary distinctions announced as conferred upon privates and corporals of gendarmerie, civil and military, from the Belgian frontier to the Pyrenees. The vulgar phrase of approval, expressive of the recipients' desert, "il ne l'a pas volé," will greet in every commune of the Empire the new "décorés de la gendarmerie."

Now the gendarme, estimable as we delight in recognising him to be, personally, is what his name implies, a man at arms. His uniform, equipment, bearing, previous calling are military. His very appearance is a kind of permanent declaration of, it may be, a modified *Etat de Siège*. Even in the quiet days, when no civil strife is, he is a military agent for what should be a purely civil power. He performs the functions of the blue-coated constable, whilst contradicting the theory of government which prevails where the blue-coated policeman is the symbol of law. That such a functionary, sabre at side, should put up a Montalembert in the dock, seems to us a monstrosity; but Mr. Arnold is, we believe, quite in the right again, when he affirms that the prosecution of that gentleman did not touch the feelings of the French nation. Even had M. de Montalembert said nothing in praise of British institutions, the mass of Frenchmen would have felt for the professor of his principles as towards a British citizen. For equality's sake, they would have detested him, or for liberty's, according as they belonged to one or the other of the schools of political opinion commonest in France.

The practical conclusion which Mr. Arnold draws from his consideration of the French Emperor's relation to his countrymen is, we believe, lastly, correct.

Irrespective of his personal faith, good or bad, he desires the English alliance. "But he must not be expected to remain firm to it to the detriment of his position in France."

"Avis à qui de juste!" as the French themselves say.

ALPINE TOURS.

THE bold lady who went up Monte Rosa, the second highest mountain in Europe, claims no sympathy for the weakness of her sex: in daring, in physical strength, and in closeness and accuracy of thought she seems as much a man as Semiramis or Lady Macbeth. If in some eyes she appears to rather forfeit the gentler and more loving characteristics of her kind, we must remember that she is a careful, honest, and laborious writer, and describes only what she has seen, and that vigorously and well. She is by no means imaginative, and has a keen common-sense eye to practical annoyances, vexations, expenses, and difficulties. But still she shows the woman now and then; and stops to give a cricket biscuit, and to protect a tortoise-shell butterfly.

The Amazonian lady's book contains the narrative of three tours to Monte Rosa, and is written for money, fame, and a desire of inducing travellers, especially ladies, to visit the beautiful Italian valleys round the great mountain which is only some five hundred feet inferior to Mont Blanc in height.

Monte Rosa is interesting for many reasons, and chiefly for its curious combination of Alpine deserts with Italian Edons. The summit is composed of a bunch of peaks, where huge chains of mountains meet and interlap; and in the clefts between these lie green chestnut valleys of the rarest and most varied beauty. The mountain consists chiefly of solid white quartz and mica schist, streaked here and there with gold. These peaks and passes present a curious mixture of race, for the upper part of the principal valleys are crowded by Germans, brimming over in fact, from the bleaker northern side. As for the Italians, who love warmth and com-

fort, they were not going to slide about on blue-split glaciers, and hang over precipices; and, indeed, even now, except to smuggle, know nothing of the mountain heights: it is only idle people who can afford to spend their time on glaciers and chamois paths. Even on the bleaker Swiss side, there are upwards of one thousand different species of flowers, and each with its own family of lover butterfly and trading bee; but in Piedmont they are more numerous still, and grow up to the very edge of the region of death and snow.

A lady must not attempt coquettish dress on the Alps, where, indeed, the travellers she meets will be men with their faces red-brown, peeling, and scorched by the glare of sun from the snow; and if they are Germans, not quite so white as snow as to their linen. They must wear triple-soled hob-nailed boots, with glacier spikes in them, and broad-brimmed hat, to save umbrellas; and must carry with them a Scotch plaid, a portable side-saddle, a bag for Murray, a flask, and rails, and an opera glass; for books, Von Tschudi's, Weber's Alpine Plants, and the works of De Saussure, Mr. Welden, and Messrs. Forbes, King, Wilds, and Hincheliff. According as the traveller is rough or smooth, timid or daring, young or old, these writers differ as to the perils and dangers of the Pennine Alps, and the accommodation to be met with. Generally speaking, the Italian guides are lazy, timid, selfish, and ignorant of the country. They frighten travellers, because they themselves are inexperienced and frightened; because they want to deter you from some troublesome *detour*; or because they want to prevent you giving them trouble.

The portals to the Monte Rosa Tour are the Monte Moro, and St. Theodule

A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa; with visits to the Italian valleys of Anzasca, Mastalone, Camasca, Sesia, Lys, Challant, Aosta, and Cogne; in a series of excursions in the years 1850-56-58. Longman, Green, and Co., London.

The Pyrenees from West to East. By C. B. Weld. Longman, Green, and Co., London.

passes. The former generally impassable but on foot, the latter always so. Then for the outer passes, there are the Simplon and St. Bernard; the former open to horses and mules, the latter free to diligences. The Monte Rosa country generally our author describes in the following clear way:—

“In order to understand the range of country comprised in the following descriptions, the reader must remember that it is a very extensive and irregularly formed district. The valley of the Rhone forms its northern boundary, and it is from different points of this prolonged valley, which extends nearly in a straight line for about sixty miles east and west from the glacier of the Rhone to Mortigny, that the various routes which lead from the north across the mighty chain of the Alps which separate Switzerland from Italy have their commencement. On the southern side of this chain there is no valley parallel to that of the Rhone until you reach St. Vincent, from which place the valley of Aosta runs in a tolerably straight line towards the west as far as Courmayeur, when it meets the immense barrier formed by the southern side of Mont Blanc. But towards the east, between St. Vincent and the Simplon road, there is nowhere any valley parallel to that of the Rhone; on the contrary, there is a series of spurs springing from Monte Rosa, like fingers from an outspread hand; and every one of these spurs, which itself forms a smaller chain of important mountains, has to be crossed in succession by the traveller. None, however, is of a very formidable character, though most of them are difficult.”

Swiss travelling is becoming a mild sort of insanity with English people. The fine, stimulating air suits them; the climbing exertion suits them. It is cheap, and that suits them; and they are perpetually excelling the natives on their snow-climbs, and that suits them. They eat roast marmot; and stick pink bunches of rhododendrons in their hats; and pick barberries and strawberries; and mix absinthe with milk; and hob-nob with German students; and are happy. To have seen a chamois—that is a topic for a day's talking;—a blue gentian by the side of the road furnishes a subject for a sonnet or a song; and even when the coffee is burnt, and the bed is alive, you fall asleep at

night, and waken restored to life, and cured of your stomach complaint.

Then delicious daybreak: to wake with hope and imagination roused to the utmost, every care forgotten or trod down out of sight; to tramp through Alp roses to the highest *spitz* of some Storm Horn or Black Horn above the valley of the Rhone, and see the glacier, twenty miles long, creeping slowly at your feet, with the Burnese Alps, stretching away in beauty, till the morning mists rise and drive you down to breakfast at the mountain hotel—your brain full of the new revelation, and your tongue wagging merrily as a marriage bell. Then comes the delightful lounge till the noon heat has subsided; the writing home; the quick note-taking; the legend telling, and the conversation over balconies, or in the half-way chalet, with interesting people, who to-morrow may separate from you for ever.

The Alps have no great stock of legends, because they have never been inhabited; but of these, that of the “Lost Valley” is the most romantic:—

“Shortly after beginning the ascent, Gaspere called our attention to the celebrated spring which there comes welling up out of the turf in a bright and clear stream, called the Brunnen Pecetto. We were much amused at finding that Gaspere, notwithstanding his superior education and intelligence, was a devout believer in the legends attached to this well, which he had been taught when a child; and he gravely assured us that two hunters of the district had, about half a century ago, succeeded in reaching the famed “lost valley,” by threading their way through the subterranean passage along which the water now flows, but which, he said, was then dry. They found a fertile valley filled with rich meadows and fine trees, and everything else fitted to delight the heart of an Alpine agriculturist. They returned to their native valley and related their adventures, but a sudden change took place in the glacier, which stopped all further access through the subterranean passage, and a gushing stream now fills it. When we expressed our incredulity, Gaspere seemed much hurt, and assured us that the last survivor of the two hunters had died in the village not much more than fifteen years ago, and that no one then doubted the truth of their assertion. De Saussure refers to a story of the same kind which was related to him, in an altered form at Turin, and he appears to

have taken great pains, when at Gressonay, to ascertain whether there was any foundation for the popular belief of a 'lost valley,' but he arrived, of course, at the conclusion that there was none.

"It took us about two hours, after leaving the hotel to reach the Belvedere on foot."

Though the common traveller may never have to comport like the chamois hunter, and cook his marmot on fires of rhododendron boughs, yet he will meet with no more than rough fare and hard beds, after a day spent in clambering through a meadowed valley, where the women are mowing on the slopes, with their children swung in hammocks beside them, or carrying away the hay in bundles on their heads. Here they strip the ash leaves for fodder for the cows; and as you pass under the walnut trees the women, perched in the branches, pelt you with the fruit.

Of this sort of scenery, and its constituent parts, as treated by the authoress, the following extract is a good example:—

It was about 12 15, p.m., when we reached the top of the Baranca Pass. Shortly before we arrived there all wood had disappeared, and we found a large tract of grass-land, on which were two or three shepherds, with a flock of sheep and some goats. They had with them a mule, saddled and bridled, which I immediately pointed out to our porters as confirming what we had before urged about there being no difficulty in a mule crossing the pass. They looked rather confused at this practical refutation of their assertion. The sheep were of the Bergamesque kind, of which Von Tschudi gives so interesting an account. They are quite a peculiar species, of an unusual size, with long pendant ears, and high arched noses, and have a kind of flap hanging from the chin to the breast. They have long legs, and carry their heads erect. During the summer they are driven great distances to find subsistence among the mountains of Northern Italy. The Bergamesque sheep have the reputation of being a most sedate and even melancholy race, and it is said that the very lambs never frisk or gambol like the young of other sheep. Those we now saw refused all my advances to make friends with them, but the goats, after examining me with great curiosity, took some bread from my hand with so much eagerness, that the grim old shepherd smiled and said a

few words to us. These shepherds are as remarkable as the sheep which they tend. They come principally from the Vals Seriana and Brembana, in the Bergamesque, and wander about with their sheep from place to place, leading a kind of nomadic life, and paying to each commune which they visit a tax called *passage-money*, for the pasturage of their flocks. They generally pass the winter in the Tessin, from which circumstance they are frequently called '*Tessini*.' They are most picturesque looking men, with broad-brimmed hats, shading dark features, and keen eyes, and with large light-coloured mantles thrown over their shoulders, in a style which reminded me of the Spanish peasantry in the Pyrenees. We walked over the smooth pastures at the top of the pass for some distance, our porters pointing out on the right hand the pathway to the pass, over the Col d'Egua, which leads down to Carcofaro. On our way we passed a tiny chapel, not big enough to be entered. Before this there were several peasants kneeling at their devotions, but the appearance of strangers attracted their attention, and they kept their eyes fixed upon us, turning their heads so as not to lose sight of us till we had quite passed by, their lips all the time moving rapidly as they continued to mutter their prayers."

Here you see, at the door of the chalet, the pretty peasant girls of the Val Mastalone, in their white chemisettes and dark blue and red dress; and in this valley, where the cyclonic grows by the road-side, and hanging woods cover the crags, the stream that dashes over the rocks and froths about the limpid pools is of the intensest and most transparent blue.

To eat peaches at a window overlooking the lake of Orta, after a hard day's travelling, is a treat indeed; but this is nothing to the next day's ascent of Monte Mozzaccone. The view extends 120 miles; and this Hippolyta of travel thus describes it:—

"The Lake of Orta was at our feet, looking scarcely bigger than a silver mirror; beyond it we could see the Lago Maggiore and the Lago di Verese, and the immense plains of Lombardy covered with a multitude of Italian cities and towns. One could easily count more than fifty or sixty, and I have no doubt that with a good glass the cathedral of Milan could have been distinguished. We had, however, nothing with us but a small opera glass, and there was no one to point out which among the mul-

titude of places visible was Milan. To our great astonishment, on looking towards the north-east, we saw, at an immense distance, the snowy peaks of a long chain of mountains, including the whole grand Bernina group; and towering above them all, we recognised by its lofty height, enormous bulk, and peculiar shape, the Ortler Spitz, or Monte Cristallo. This celebrated mountain, one of the highest in the Tyrol, towers above the Stelvio Pass; and although we had not seen it since crossing that pass about ten years before, we at once identified it among the numerous peaks which stretched along the horizon. I should think its distance from the place where we stood, must have been at least 120 English miles, but even beyond that, we saw with great distinctness another chain of snowy summits."

Sublime view, where the mountains giant you round, and the plain below you is spread, like Satan's chess-board, with cities for pieces, and Milan itself, with its precious marble casket of a cathedral, like a white king of them all.

Once in the valley of Camasco, she observes, the path is bordered with purple crowds of monkshood, and it is here that, between the woods, you get glimpses of eight mountain ranges fading from you, row by row; and, here and there among the trees, you see the black charcoal-burners smouldering their wood; and here, in a long day's journey, you may meet no one but a curé returning from some mountain excursion, or a man with a new-bought cradle strapped to his back.

In spite of all the vexations of wrangling and lazy guides, obstinate mules, bad inns, lying landlords, and ill-timed rain, this Piedmontese travelling is specially delightful.

To feast upon ptarmigan alone repays one for many a tedious and dangerous clamber; and even to dip up milk out of a shepherd's bucket with a horizontal spoon, is a bit of pastoral life too pleasant to be easily forgotten. Or if you do get wet through in a mountain shower at a good dinner, as M. De la Pierre's at Gressonay, you wash it from your mind with a bottle of vin d'Asti.

Near St. Vincent, where the mi-

neral springs are, the hedges are clustered with jasmína, and the authoress met processions of mules laden with panniers of grapes; men pass you laden with baskets full of fruit; and the carts are filled with wine-skins, that shake and gurgle as the cart jolts by. As for Aosta, it is a nest of cretins and goitres; and the turbid glacier water runs through the centre of every street, where the wine-casks are placed in the vintage time for rinsing.

It may be left to psychologists or casuists to determine whether the pleasure of following, in imagination, a lively, genial, and observant tourist,* through scenes of vivid human interest or of sublimest natural grandeur, is counterbalanced or not by the vain regret that while in the spirit we may be on the highest peak or in the leafiest valley of the Pyrenees, we are in the flesh restricted to the dim regions of London or Dublin. However this question may be settled, we can sympathize ungrudgingly with our traveller's joy, "when the last strap is buckled, the last padlock locked, and the cab at the door to convey us to the railway station;" and, though we have our eye fixed on the goal and object of his journey, we can afford to take a passing look, with him, at the cathedrals of Rouen and Chartres, where the most recent of Emperors was receiving, with his Empress, the homage of the blue-bloused workmen; to listen, for a moment, to the Bourdon - the Big Ben of Rouen - sounded "pour mon Empereur; car nous sommes bien payés," as the concierge of the bell-tower said; to run aground with him on the Loire, near Saumur (for as short a time as possible, however), and there to wonder at the rent and tax-free dwellings made in the tufa cliffs under which the river runs, and not only made, but inhabited; and, while for a moment in this neighbourhood, to take note of the famous Dolmen of Bagneux, the finest Druidical relic in France. "Fourteen large slabs form a hall 64 ft. long, by 24 ft. broad. The largest stones measure 24 ft. by 21 ft., and vary in thickness from 2 ft. to 2 ft. 9 in. . . . Enter the

* Weld's Pyrenees.

structure, and observe how close the huge slabs are set to each other, and how well the four gigantic roofstones fit in their places." We cannot linger long near the vine-growing sand-plains of Thédoc; nor at Bordeaux, albeit "flowing beneath the softly wooded heights of Floirac, the tawny Garonne, here upwards of 2,000 feet wide, sweeps in a semicircle past handsome quays three miles long," &c., &c.; and although it was here, down in the cool claret vaults of Messrs. Barton and Guectier, that, on a tremendously hot summer's day, our traveller enjoyed a subterranean paradise, and did there, it appears, imbibe gelid nectar, to the description of whose virtues mere human utterance (however articulate), is wholly inadequate, and the like of which falls to the lot only of the more privileged among the "Upper Ten Thousand" to taste, in this our sea-girt isle. We do not wonder that our grateful traveller is moved, on this occasion, to quote Anacreon—"Old Anacreon," as he affectionately and familiarly calls him, in the exhilaration of that delicious moment, firmly believing in him, at least for the nonce, we can imagine, and unharassed by any prosaic doubts as to the genuineness of the poems attributed to that "drouthy" lyrist. After Bordeaux, we enter the Landes—that desert whose sandy depths have been fathomed to the extent of 1,000 feet nearly—a vast sea of sand, bridged, notwithstanding, by a railroad planned by British engineers, and made by British navvies. The Landais shepherd—sole human inhabitant of these wastes—is a figure pretty well known, by this time, both to travellers and readers of travels. Rarely does this wild being approach so near civilization as to come and gaze wonderingly at the rushing train as it shoots past him across the immeasurable sandy flats: but far off in his silent solitudes, mounted on his everlasting stilts, and clothed in sheepskins, he looks after his ill-fed flock. Before we leave the Landes, we cannot resist quoting, from our author, a couplet touching a fatal disease, called the "pellagre," prevailing in those parts. It is—

"Tant que Lande sera Lande
La pellagre te demande"—

for dreary resignation, and laconic

despair these lines seem to us unequalled. We might imagine one of the Fates letting fall this observation, as she sat, with her two sisters, over their grim mythological fancy-work, sipping cold Styx, on a melancholy evening before the candles had been lighted; it reminds us of a passionless unrelenting chaunt of the Furies, or of the witch-rhymes of Macbeth. It is consoling to learn, however, that the condition upon which "La pellagre te demande" is not likely to last for ever, for that Lande will *not* always be Lande. Two French joint-stock companies, an enterprising and scientific French agriculturist, and, finally, the French Emperor, as a purchaser of a large tract of land in this unpromising district, are reclaiming, draining, and cultivating, to an extent which will probably banish the aforesaid "pellagre," and prove, in spite of the inuendo of the proverb, that much good may result from "ploughing the sand;" and, indeed, already a certain part of the "Plaine de Cazaux," sheltered by a maritime pine forest from the prevailing desolation of the sand-storms, is to a considerable extent cultivated: and, it appears, "rice, tobacco, and the *topinambour*, or Jerusalem artichoke, for which the soil is admirably adapted, are the chief crops." The pine-forest, just mentioned, arose from seeds sown towards the end of last century, by a certain M. Bremon-tier, a government officer: its origin is as interesting as the advantages arising from it are evident—it has converted great part of a sandy waste into profitable forest land and tillage. In the first place wattled hurdles had to be put up to break and intercept the storms from the Atlantic; then, in narrow zones, marked out so as to escape, as much as possible, the force of the prevailing wind, were sown seeds of the *Pinus pinaster* and common broom—"the area sown was then covered, or thatched, with pine branches, care being taken to prevent these being blown away, by pinning them to the ground"—the broom, of course, sprang up fastest, and soon afforded sufficient shelter to the "four-inch stripling pine-plants," which, in their turn, gradually overtopped the protecting broom, and, in time, thrived without it, and finally destroyed this friend of

their infancy, as they became a pine-forest, capable of defying the storms of sand and wind, and of affording a shelter under which the neighbouring sand wastes could be cultivated and turned to good account. To this pine-forest, near the Atlantic shore, covering now many thousands of acres—rich in timber, resin, and tar—affording well-paid employment to the Landais labourer—now surging and roaring beneath Atlantic storms, or, now, in calm summer weather, murmuring a low musical accompaniment to the songs of myriads of cicadas—these

“People of the pine

Making their summer life one ceaseless song.”

To this forest, then, or the “Pignadas,” as it is called, with its pleasant avenue-rides within earshot of the Atlantic roar, and to its wild neighbourhood, and to the watering place of Arcachon, where our traveller enjoyed a pleasant week, as any other traveller, according to his account, may do—we must now bid adieu. On to Bayonne, whose half-Spanish streets our traveller enters on the top of a huge omnibus, having about fifty passengers in all inside and on the roof; drawn by five horses; and this team and elephantine conveyance comes clattering and thundering in over the stones, swinging with unwieldy lurch round corners of streets scarcely large enough to give it passage, dispersing fruitwomen and picturesque Spanish-looking loungers, and creating a temporary disarrangement in the position of fruitstalls laden lusciously with grapes, figs, and pomegranates. Bayonne is the scene of the bull-fights patronized by the Empress Eugénie, being conveniently near the imperial favourite watering place, Biarritz, to which latter place, Mr. Weld, after nearly getting into Hogarth's trouble, for trying to sketch the fortifications of Bayonne, made his way. What did he see at Biarritz?—our lady readers will be especially anxious to know. One of the first objects was “the Empress, emerging from the gates of the Villa Eugénie, seemingly enjoying freedom from Court state;” he saw also, of course, crowds of fashionable Parisiennes—magnificent in crinoline, exquisite *chaussure*, and “ravishing” bonnets; he notices, also, the gauzy, airy “*costume de bain*,” in which the

ladies walk about on the strand, and in the water—(full dress, of course, from top to toe, and doubtless *de rigueur* in all its inscrutable details). In fine weather flirtations are carried on in the Atlantic, though probably there is not dancing, nor a floating brass band; and, as for those jolly-looking marine gods, with their conch-music and puffed cheeks, they are probably required by the *gendarmérie* to keep their distance, and restrict their polite attentions and admiration to the Nereids, “who dwell in the depths of the salt deep.” Publicity, says Mr. Weld, is the order of the day in the imperial villa and doings, as privacy is, as far as it can be obtained, in the residences and recreations of our own sovereign; in both cases the tastes of the sovereigns, as of their subjects, appear to be widely different; unlike our Queen, at Osborne, “Napoleon III. and his Empress live at Biarritz in full view of all who may care to watch their movements. The infant Prince Imperial was one of the sights of the place, being taken about in public, on a jet-black donkey, which was decked with artificial flowers, and covered with a red velvet housing. The child was also as gay as velvet lace and flowers could make him; and thus he was promenaded about in the most public manner, to the amusement of all, and the delight of all lovers of the Napoleonic dynasty.” We cannot leave Biarritz without mentioning, in the lowest possible whisper, and for the private information of our fair readers, exclusively—for to all others we must say inexorably, “*Procul, o procul este, profani*”—the tremendous fact that her Imperial Majesty herself, “who is very fond of sea bathing,” &c., has her bathing tent within a very short distance of the public boxes,” may, says the traveller, with apparent unconcern—“be seen bathing by any one curious enough to walk the strand.” There is only one more remark here to be made about sea bathing, it is, for the information of all whom it may concern, that “the Emperor does not like it at all.”

Leaving bull-fight revivals, and the brilliant and fragile toilettes, and the tumbling Atlantic breakers of Biarritz, and proceeding further south, and nearer the goal of our expedition,

we come to places of great historical interest—to Orthez, where was the castle of the famous Counts de Foix, men of renown during and after the French wars of Edward III. and the Black Prince; and to Pau, the birth-place of Henri IV. Nothing can well be more interesting than this country, both for its scenery and its historical associations. In the mountains near at hand, the race of bears is by no means yet extinct, which Count Gaston Phœbus de Foix was so fond of hunting; the ruins are still to be seen of his once famous castle of Moncade, at Orthez, where he entertained Sir John Froissart, the knightly chronicler, for twelve weeks; there also, perhaps, are the remains of the Hostel de la Lune, where Froissart put up, and where, with any knight or squire whom chance or business might bring that way, he would sit over the fire, chatting, or, more likely, listening to the talk of others, and increasing the materials for his chronicles, till the astonishingly late hour of 12 P.M.; at which time he went up to the Castle to sup with the Count, as did all other knights who might be staying at Orthez at the time, and who were not prevented by feud or any other disqualification from availing themselves of the princely hospitality of its ruler. While at Orthez, we cannot do better than follow old Froissart, than whom there could not be a better companion and instructor for any traveller or sojourner in this most interesting part of France. He came to this residence of the Counts de Foix during a time when his affairs gave him a respite from more stirring occupation, of which he availed himself to traverse France, and seek Sir Gaston Phœbus in his stronghold in the south. He came armed with powerful letters of introduction, though his fame had travelled there before him, and he might have safely relied on such a welcome as his reputation, both as a doer and narrator of gallant actions, would have insured him at the hands of the famous Count. He was not wrong in thinking that the Castle at Orthez would be a common meeting-place for guests from different countries and kingdoms, of various ranks and degrees, but who all had experiences more or less striking to communicate, whether of the court

or the battle-field, and who would not be loth to communicate them, especially to the well-known prose bard of heroes. His noble entertainer, also, was always ready to answer the chronicler's inquiries on many subjects on which he could speak from personal experience; for he was himself renowned both in the council and the field, and used to say that "the last fifty years had seen more gallant and wonderful deeds than had been done in 300 years before them." "Fair sir," he would say, in answer to some question of his guest's, "it was on this wise," and proceed with a narrative which Froissart afterwards committed to writing. Hence the interest attaching to this sojourn at Orthez, where he heard the latest news of what was doing, or to be done, in France, Spain, Germany, England, Scotland, and, generally, from eye-witnesses and natives of these countries. Froissart seems to have considered his host a model knight, and says that, although he had visited the courts of many kings, dukes, and princes, he never saw one more nobly and perfectly appointed, nor better attended, than that of Sir Gaston. He is described, in appearance, as "fair and ruddy, with grey and amorous eyes, which gave delight whenever he chose to express affection;" he was, at that time, fifty-nine years old, and died about four years afterwards, partly from the effects of over exertion in hunting the bear on a very hot summer's day; he was "free in discourse, though laconic in advice and answers;" he was regular and scrupulous in his devotions, and kept the feasts of the Church on a scale of great splendour and liberality, and had "no unbelievers ever with him." "He was mightily fond of dogs beyond all other animals;" and "had never less than 1,600 hounds by him for the chase." But, besides his exploits in the hunting or the battle-field, he was a very good man of business, and, for his correspondence and similar duties, kept employed "four secretaries," whom "he never addressed as William, John, or Walter, but called his 'his good-for-nothings.'" He was conducted to supper, at midnight, by twelve servingmen bearing torches before him; "eating or drinking little during the

day, he ate heartily at this time," continues this observant chronicler, "and chiefly of the wings and thighs of fowls;" being pleased when choice and curious dishes were brought to him, which, however, he was wont to pass over with a smile of approbation (which, doubtless, gladdened the heart of his *chef de cuisine*), and send on to his knights and various guests. After supper, Froissart used to read and recite to him "songs, ballads, roundels, and virelays;" the Count having strict silence observed for the better hearing of these compositions, and frequently criticising them, "not in his Gascon language, but in very good French." The history of Sir Gaston's life has some dark, unhappy passages in it, which are very touchingly related by Froissart, who heard them from the lips of an old squire of the house, as they two rode together through the woods and slopes overshadowed by the Pyrenees; they are well worth reading in the original, and can only be alluded to here—one is the death of the Count's only legitimate son and heir, actually, though not intentionally, as the story goes, by his father's hand, whom there was reason to believe he had been persuaded to poison.

But we are still only at Orthez, where the traditions of the past must not be allowed to detain us any longer; neither can we stop at Pau, the capital of Béarn, notwithstanding the memories of Henri IV. which linger there. Mr. Weld says this place is no longer the cheap resort it was in former years: "more economical, probably, than Cheltenham or Leamington, but certainly dearer than many towns in the south of England. All who have resided here concur that a small family cannot live at Pau under £300 a-year; but where balls and parties are given weekly, and hounds are kept," &c., &c. From Pau, through the Val d'Ossau, or Valley of the Bear, the scene of Henri IV.'s youthful bear hunts, we enter the Pyrenees.

The Pyrenees have not yet received their due share of attention from tourists, yet there is every thing in them and their neighbourhood to interest every kind of visitor. They have certainly a more varied interest than their great brethren, the Alps, and present many striking points of contrast with them, having much of the sublimity

of the latter, with a luxuriant and pastoral beauty of their own. Owing to their southern latitude, the snow-line of the Pyrenees is, of course, much higher than that of the Alps, a greater comparative area is thus left for wood and vegetation. The Pyrenean valleys are also much lower than the Alpine; and the warmer temperature of situation and latitude, in addition to the effect of countless pure mountain-streams running everywhere through them, accounts for their wonderful luxuriance and beauty. If the Alpine torrent cannot bear comparison for beauty and clearness with the streams of the Pyrenees, equally striking is the superior beauty of the Pyrenean woods in their wealth of oak, Spanish chestnut, and birch, and their profuse and lovely undergrowth of flowers. Glacier scenery is also not wanting in the Pyrenees, as we shall see by-and-by. The highest mountain in the Pyrenean chain is the Maladetta, upwards of 11,000 feet high—rising about midway between the coasts of the Atlantic and Mediterranean; other peaks reach a height of 9,000 feet and upwards. There are only five carriage roads, says Mr. Weld, through the Pyrenees, and these at either their western or eastern extremities; the chief passes between France and Spain are the "ports," as they are called, gaps in the huge mountain-wall: these are about fifty in number, and generally in the higher and wilder parts of the mountains. "In the 'port,' when the wind rages, the father waits not for the son, nor the son for the father," so says the local proverb; and again: "He who has not been on the sea, or in the 'port' during a storm, knows not the power of God." These "ports" are most known and explored by the "contrabandistas" who abound in the Pyrenees, or by the solitary hunter of the bear, or the izzard (the *chamois* of the Pyrenees.) The "Port de Venasque" was the object of many hours' arduous climbing among the usual phenomena of mountain scenery, through shifting mists, and by the stony spiral staircases, mostly the work of nature. On his ascent, the climber passed an ominous spot called the "Trou des Chaudronniers" or Tinker's Hole, into which "nine itinerant tinkers" were precipitated, being overwhelmed by an avalanche on their

way to the port from a mountain village. "Standing in the port, you see the mighty Maladetta immediately before you, rising from the valley without a single interposing object, grim, awful, and sublime. The name is peculiarly appropriate, for the mountain does, indeed, look accursed; the pines on its lower sides are stunted and blasted, and the peaks above the eternal snows and glaciers are shattered by the storms and lightnings of centuries." Besides the "Port," there is another peculiar feature of the Pyrenees, also illustrative of their wall-like character in the highest and wildest parts; this is the "Cirque," otherwise locally called "Oule." Mr Weld will describe one of them:—it is "a gigantic amphitheatre," which entered, "the end of the world seems gained; for a vast barrier of rocks rises semi-circularly before you to the height of between 1,000 and 2,000 feet. This gigantic wall is divided by three or four steps or ledges, each supporting a glacier from whence stream cascades. That to the left as you face the Cirque, is 1,266 feet high, and has the reputation of being the loftiest waterfall in Europe. The summit of this wonderful amphitheatre is crowned by perpetual ice and snow, resting on the crests of the 'Cylindre,' 10,500 feet high." "The walls of this huge Cirque, seamed by cascades" of stupendous height, must, indeed, be worth encountering some danger and fatigue to see. But the danger and fatigue have scarcely commenced yet: the "Brèche de Roland" is to be ascended, starting from the only point of outlet or ascent rather, which these vast rock-walls afford, and which is a few yards from the spot where one out of the many cascades comes down over the perpendicular precipice, hundreds of feet through the air, crashing in foam and spray on to the stony flowing of the Cirque. A rather hazardous climb ensues: precipices and colossal waterfalls form the scenery; the outskirts of the barren mountain-pastures are past—they enter on the snow-fields. On high distant cliffs the guide describes "izzards," amusing themselves on "jagged peaks," whereon, out of rifle-shot, they dance a secure polka, or "pas de fascination;" the tourist can only see them with a telescope, by the help of which he dis-

covers that "their attitudes are very graceful;" that they are "balanced like aerial creatures on the giddy heights," and that "one acts as sentinel." The guide, being an izzard-hunter, is half wild with excitement, as some one says somewhere, "the man comes out." In his eagerness to have a shot, he regrets that he is a guide; he reproaches himself; he forgets that a guide's gains exceed far those of a hunter; and, we are sorry to hear, "he laments with many a *sacré*," . . . &c. But now comes the critical passage in the ascent: a glacier is to be crossed—no, ascended, and at such an inclination, that zig-zagging or tacking about is the only possible way of advance; it is only 400 yards high, but they are 400 yards of smooth polished ice; nothing to hold on by, inclination fearful; "facilis descensus Avernus." Mr. Weld, being by this time "done up," throws himself (under protest of guide) on the snow, and wants to have forty winks at the foot of the glacier. Jacques won't hear of it; he sternly straps the crampons to the tired feet of the recumbent one; he goes before, cutting foothold in the ice; recumbent one follows pluckily; gets half-way up—stumbles—falls—thinks it's all over—is seized by the unwearied and watchful Jacques. "Courage, courage," shouts Jacques; the crags-man gets up—only his stick, not himself, skids down the ice, and over the edge into space; well may he say with Campbell—

"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

He continues the ascent, being sufficiently recovered to observe and very well to describe what he sees and hears. "A dull sound fell on my ear, and looking in the direction, &c., . . I saw a grand snowfall streaming from one of the upper ledges of the Marbore. Down it plunged with increasing roar, as the white mass loosened and gathered the snow in its course; but before reaching the ledge below, a *tourmente*, or sudden gust of wind, caught the snowfall, and sent the scattered fragments whistling high in the air. It appears that the mountaineer is sometimes overwhelmed by the snow thus blown upward in great masses, such is the force of the *tourments*." At

length his toil is rewarded, the huge vertical tiny notch as it appeared from the valleys, yawns before him; he enters the 'Brèche de Roland,' through which roars the rushing wind. A step more and he is in Spain; he can now imagine what the 'port' is in a storm. Smooth glaciers slope away on each side of the wall; but opposite the Brèche, the action of the sun and the force of the wind, here rarely at rest, through the great rock-rent, have tumbled the ice and frozen snow into weird forms, leaving the rock entirely bare in front of the Brèche." Looking southward, "a wild world of barren mountains" is what he sees of Spain; to the northward France presents a softer scene: "there too are mountains sky-piled, but also forests, home of wolves and bears; and cold valleys, silver streams, and charming lakes."

This was, perhaps, Mr. Weld's chief achievement in the climbing line; and he describes it, as he sat astride the great original, "with one leg in, and body out—Coupé le légitime, not to go over the Brèche, but in a lithomane, the other in Spain, his faithful guide," and how he had been able to reach the ice his wine. Among the numerous sketches in his book is a very suggestive one of the Brèche, as seen from a valley below, with its neighbouring heights and snow-slopes; through the huge portal in the distance, shines the sky of Spain. Another striking sketch, and from a similar standing-point, is "the Buttresses of the Caignou," a dominant peak in the eastern Pyrenees, upwards of 9,000 feet high. The summit, from which Mr. Weld viewed the surrounding peaks and the far-off panorama being a small plateau of loose stones, twenty-one feet long and ten feet wide. The volcanic outburst, from which so many of the Pyrenean heights arose, seems here to have been more vastly terrific than in any other part of the mountain-chain; the granite peaks are rent and twisted and jagged into the most fantastic shapes; cycles ago the glowing rock writhed itself into deformities hideously expressive of nature's throes, and suddenly became fixed as their eternal monument. Mr. Weld has a very good description of a mountain storm in which he was overtaken and drenched: finding his way bravely through blinding rain and the gathering darkness of evening, while the

rivulets became torrents, and the cascades rapidly swelled to vertical rivers,—to a solitary cabin, where he got a draught of warm wine, and whence he started again, and lost himself, till suddenly an apparition of huge wings, flapping the mists, arrested him, which turned out to be the sleeves and hood of a priest, on his mule, returning home from the shriving of an old dying shepherd far up in the mountains. This priest became his guide, and by no means a "blind guide," though, at one moment, they were near walking over a precipice together, mules and all, in the darkness; and by his unfeigned courtesy and hospitality even the Englishman's Protestantism must have been charmed into self-forgetfulness, though it appears generally to have been pretty well asleep during his travels.

We have, in this book, a very fair sample of the energetic mountain climbing Englishman; he never succeeded in persuading any of the Gallic visitors to the Pyrenees to accompany him in an "ascension;" but a corpulent Belgian (a sceptical Roman Catholic), once went part of the way with him, under protest of his (the Belgian's) mule, which soon, not much to his master's annoyance, broke down, or refused to go further, and so rendered it impossible for the Belgian to continue to ascend. But an "ascension"—a "pénible ascension," (like dancing to the Turkish pasha), is to the Belgian a stumbling-block, and to the Gaul foolishness—nevertheless the following extract from a local paper—

"Costume du fashionable dans ses courses des montagnes.—Veste légère, âton ferré, spadavilles à la manière espagnole, ceinture rouge, barret montagnard." Mr. Weld was pretty well satisfied with the hotels, paying, at Biarritz and other expensive places, from eight to ten francs a day for board and bed, and about four at the less frequented towns; the fare and wine (the latter especially) he much commends; though the provincial "*sopas à l'ail*" is to be avoided—the receipt being as follows:—"To four quarts of boiling water add slices of black bread, two ounces of lard, and a pinch of salt. (N.B.—Peasants in easy circumstances add rancid oil and garlic.)"

The sportsman will find the desire

of his eyes among the Pyrenean bears, wolves, and izzards. The bear, however, is retiring slowly but surely, before the advances of cultivating man; and middle-aged men even now, seek him in vain in the same haunts where they found him in their youth. The izzard, also, is so much in demand at the hotels of the different watering-places, the plain goat very frequently assumes his name and functions at the table d'hôtes of these establishments. Mr. Weld says little or nothing of any feathered game; large lake trout, he says, may be caught in the one or two small and very deep lakes on the French side of the mountains; and on the Spanish side there are plenty of good trout streams. Our traveller entered Spain, and gives an interesting description of a grand religious gathering on Mount Odeillo, in honour of (Notre Dame de Font Romeu) Our Lady of the Pilgrim's Fount. The ascent was very arduous and demanded all the enthusiasm of the worshippers, especially those of the weaker sex, considering the frequent and "sudden manner in which mules and riders hit the dust, or rather the rocks," from time to time. The toils of the ascent, the variety and picturesque-ness of the pilgrims, the huge stone chapel in the middle of a rocky amphitheatre, the costumes, nationalities, festivities, and devotions, of many thousands of people, Spaniards, Roussillonnais, &c., were a striking scene; and so was the singing, by countless voices, of the Canticles, or "Goigs," so called, in honour of the Virgin, with which they beguiled their tedious passage up the mountain, the chorus of the most favourite one being—

"O patrona y advocado
De tot lo poble de Den,
Ohuinos Verge sagrada,
Maria de Font Romeu."

This is a curious jumble of French and Spanish, or rather a patois of the latter; the language of the different provinces of the Pyrenees, would be an interesting study for the philologist, as for the ballad collector; not to mention the ancient and mysterious Basque language and people. The following is a nuptial chant from the *Hautes Pyrénées* :—

"Nobis, bon te la mal sul cap
Digo : buon tens, oun des anat ?
La mal sul cap, loupe sul fours,
Et aig adieu à tous bes jours."

Some of the words are obscure to the uninitiated, but Mr. Weld says the meaning is as follows :—"Young wife, put thy hand on thy head; say where hast thou been? Thy hand on thy head, thy foot on the hearth, and so farewell to thy days of gaiety." The following, from a Béarnais love song, is, at any rate, more rythmical and pleasant to the ear than the other :

"Mon doux amie s'en ba partil,
S'en ba ta la Rochelle,
Quey herey you soulette aey
O Mièce cruelle.
Que herey you? quem bau mouri
Louen de moun co fidelle."

"Loin de mon cœur fidèle," would, we suppose, be the ordinary rendering of the last line: it goes on :—

"Gran Din qui bedet moun turmen,
Que coummechet na peine," &c.,

Another quotation leads us to a very different subject :—

"Quoique Cagots s'iam
Nous n'on dam, [? damnum, Fr.
dommage.]
Tous y em bis de nouste pay Adam
Et de nouste may Pernère."

Like the cretins of the Alps are the cagots of the Pyrenees: they were formerly prescribed by law; forbidden to intermarry with other people; restricted to the use of their own fountain—Fontain des Cagots—in the village; marked out by a distinctive badge on their dress; made to enter the church at a particular door, which none else used; in short universally loathed and avoided.

"Lou prâibe Cagoutou,"
says a patois ballad,—

"S'en ba enta l'Eglise
Convert de confusion.
Le pauvre Cagot s'en va-t-à l'Eglise", &c.

At the Revolution of 1789 the feeling expressed by those unfortunates, in the four lines above, about their common descent with their proscribers from Adam and Eve, found vent in their seizing and destroying all the documents in which their pains and penalties were enumerated and enforced. Since that time tradition alone keeps alive the still-existing aversion

to the outcast race of the cagots. Various derivations of the name are given; but for an account of them and their brethren in misery, the reader is referred to "*Histoire des Races Mandites de la France et de l'Espagne.*" By Francisque Michel. Paris: 1847.

The waters of the Pyrenean springs, like most other medicinal waters, are at least as unsavoury as they are wholesome; and are compared—nor would we presume to question the comparison—to a "mixture of rotten eggs with the rinsings of a very foul gun barrel." The observing traveller, on the look out for character as well as the picturesque, must have fine opportunities at the numerous water drinking and bathing places, where every variety of Frenchman and Frenchwoman is to be seen, besides foreigners from all parts; the Sangrado system may, doubtless, be seen there in vigorous operation; and, to judge from some of Mr. Weld's extracts, there are disciples of that determined practitioner who rival him in all but his too energetic use of the lancet. The country is full of Roman and mediæval associations; the Romans were always great connoisseurs of healing springs—the Pyrenean nymphs and naiads were propitiated and acknowledged by them in inscriptions extant to this day; and, for the lover of mediæval lore, besides the Foix country traversed by Froissart, there are many memorials of the Knights Templars in churches and other buildings; and there is the museum of antiquities, Roman and mediæval, at Toulouse; and the traditions of the old courts of law, and of the college for fostering and training the adepts—i.e., doctors and professors of "*la gaie science.*" This institution once flourished nobly at Toulouse, and gave birth to a school of poets of its own, a sort of privileged and endowed development of the Troubadours and Provençal singers; degrees of bachelor and doctor were

conferred on those who had passed an examination in the *Lays d'amor*, or the "rules of poetry." "Seven poets, presided over by a chancellor, composed the establishment." This tuneful academic body was called "*Le gai Consistoire,*" and the college business was frequently transacted, the candidates examined, and degrees and honors conferred in the large gardens surrounding their "*palais.*" Grammar and the laws of versification were the severest studies of the place. One of the "*dons,*" Pierre Vidal, a celebrated and prolific poet, pursued his studies with such ardour that, "after having had his tongue pierced" (that melodious deceiver), "and losing his ears, by outraged husbands," he had recourse to what appears like a simulation of madness, unless it be an imitation of an exaggerated kind of Jupiter's ancient disguises—"he assumed the name of the Wolf, and clothed himself in wolf-skins," in which guise he was once perceived by shepherds, who, taking him for a wolf, set their dogs on him; and the "*gay professor*" was almost "plucked." The college, "which was venerable in 1323," had a long run of prosperity; and, being further endowed by the munificence of a certain lady, named Clénence Isaure, who "died at the age of fifty, and was never married," in course of time changed its style and title, and, as festive as ever, was called "*Les Jeux Floraux,*" and distributed annually, in accordance with the will of its illustrious benefactress, gold and silver flowers to the authors of the best poems—it being expressly forbidden "*d'y mettre des paroles contre la foy; de prononcer aucun mot lascive ou tendante au scandale, sous peine de prison.*" Here is a stanza from a prize poem of 1498, mentioning Clénence—

"Reyna d'amors poderosa Clamenca,
Avos me clam per trobar le repaus:
Que si de vos mos dietaty au un laus,
Aurey la flor que de vos pren naysensa."

THE TWIN MUTES : TAUGHT AND UNTAUGHT.

WHERE the thorn grows by a ruined abbey,
In a valley of our grey North-land,
Sits a lonely woman 'mid the gravestones,
Rocking to and fro with clasped hand.

Two rough stones, uncarven and unlettered,
Stand to guard that double-mounded grave,
Darkly brown in the untrodden churchyard,
Where the starflowers and the harebells wave.

"Ah, my grief is not extreme, O stranger !
Many a mother mourns a buried child ;
Many a hearth that's silent in the Autumn
Was not voiceless when the Summer smiled.

"But our sorrows are of different texture,
Thro' the black there runs a silver thread ;
Griefs there are susceptible of comfort,
Tears not salt above the happy dead.

"Tender joy amid her wildest anguish
Hath the mother,—waiting in the calm
Of the death-hush by her angel's cradle,
When she thinketh of the crown and palm.

"And the ear that ached with the long tension,
When the eye gave weary sorrow scope,
Hears at night the voices of the dying
Breathe again their last low words of hope.

"In mine ear there are no voices ringing,
One pale smile is all that memory holds,
Smile that flickers like a streak at sunset,
That a night of gloomy cloud enfolds.

"On that mountain, stranger ! where the heather
Casts a tint of purple and dull red,
And a darker streak along the meadow
Shows from far the torrent's rocky bed ;—

"Where that broken line of larch and alder
To one roof a scanty shelter yield,
And the furze hedge, like a golden girdle,
Clasps one narrow cultivated field—

"Lies mine homestead :—in that whitewashed dwelling,
Joys, and pains, and sorrows, have I known,
Looked on the dear faces of my children,
Seen their smiles, and heard their dying moan.

"Five times had I heard the birth-cry feeble
In those walls, like music in mine ear ;
Five times, and no son's voice on my bosom
Cried the cry that mothers love to hear.

" But the sixth time,—more of pain and wailing,
More of pleasure after long alarms ;
For a boy was in the double blessing,
Son and daughter slept within mine arms.

" Ah, what rapture was it all the Summer,
Sitting underneath the alder tree,
While the breeze came freely up the mountain,
And my twin babes smiled upon my knee !

" Piped the thrush on many a cloudy evening,
Poising on the larch-top overhead ;
Cried the brown-bird from the heather near us,
And the torrent warbled in its bed.

" But the twain upon my bosom lying
Were as dead to voice of bird or man,
As the stone that under those blue waters
Heard no rippling music as they ran.

" Silence, silence, in the hearts that bounded
With each passionate pulse of love or hate ;
No articulate language or expression,
When the soul rush'd to its prison gate.

" Only sometimes through their bars of azure,
The wild eyes with glances keen and fond,
Told some secret of that unsearched nature,
Of the unfathom'd depth that lay beyond.

" Came the lady to our lonely mountain,
Pleaded gently with her lips of rose,
Pleaded with her eyes as blue as heaven,
Spoke of endless joys and endless woes.

" Told me art had bridged that gulph of silence,
That the delicate finger-language drew
From the deaf-mute's heart its secret strivings,
Gave him back the truths that others knew.

" And she prayed me by all Christian duty,
And she urged me when I wept and strove !
For the place was far,—my son was precious,
And I loved him with a cruel love.

" Love ! ah no, sweet love is true and tender,
Self-forgetting, flinging at the feet
Of the loved one, all her own emotions :—
For my thought such name were all unmeet.

" So I gave the girl, and to my bosom
Hugged the boy in his long soundless night,
Gave the life of an immortal spirit
For the bareness of a short delight.

" Years came, years went, he grew up on this mountain,
A strange creature, passionate, wild, and strong ;
Untaught savage, wanting like the savage,
Natural vent for rapture, or for wrong.

- "He was smitten :—when the furze in April
To the wind that cometh from the East,
Shakes like gold bells all its hardy blossoms,
The death-arrow struck into his breast.
- "And she, too—like that strange wire that vibrates
Thousand miles along, to the same strain—
His twin-sister, through her similar nature,
In her far home, felt the same sharp pain.
- "And she came to die beside the hearthstone,
Where we watched him withering day by day,
On her wan cheek the same burning hectic,
In her eye the same ethereal ray.
- "But she came back gentle, patient, tutored,
Climbing noble heights of self-control,
On her brow the conscious calm of knowledge,
And the Christian's comfort in her soul.
- "Ah, mine heart! how throb'd it with reproaches,
When the weak wan fingers met to pray,
When the eyes look'd sweetly up to heaven,
While my poor boy laughed, and turn'd away
- "Thus they died—athwart the red leaves falling
Rush'd the first cold winds of Autumn time,
When the ears that never heard their howling
Open'd to some great Eternal chime.
- "She went first—the angel on the threshold
Saw upon her face the look divine,
Saw her tracing with her dying finger,
On my hand, her dear Redeemer's sign.
- "And he took her : —softly, without motion,
Dropp'd down gently the small finger's tip,
And I look'd in her dear eyes and closed them,
With the smile still lingering on her lip.
- "But the boy—he felt the darkness gather,
As the angel's dusky wing drew near,
In his eyes there was a cruel question,
As he look'd up in his doubt and fear.
- "On his dying face the shadow darken'd,
He rose up and clung unto my side,
I had lost him, but I could not save him,
And the shade grew darker as he died."

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. VII.

A GALLIMAUFREY.

GENTLE reader, I know what you will say when you see the title of this article. You will exclaim, "Good gracious! what is a Gallimaufrey? I never heard the word before—what does it mean?" It is not probable you ever met with it; but I have often heard it in the rural districts of Warwickshire and other midland counties when I was younger I am now, and it still lingers

It means a stew of various of edibles, fish, flesh, fowl, andables; and when well made, and well seasoned, let me tell you, it no means an unsavoury dish.

compound it to this day
"Onionashes, (of which they

T-fond), in a way to tempt

To whose appetite has not been
French cooks, who pamper

a delicate or diseased

"Can do not know how to

Plivings of a hungry man,

Please hearty meal. They are

Artful fellows like English-

, and their fare is like themselves,
puff, froth, and soufflé. The Galli-

maufrey at once tempts and satisfies.

Hunters of all countries have, by com-

mon consent, adopted the same pro-

cesses of cooking; and a similar dish is

found in Spain, as olla podrida,

and among the North American

Indians as Wiampanoo. I have se-

lected it as a word that describes

this portion of my journal which in-

cludes a variety of topics and anec-

dots, some substantial like solid meat,

some savoury as spicy vegetable in-

gredients, and some fragments to swell

the bulk, which, though not valuable

as materials, help to compound the

Gallimaufrey. For instance, my jour-

nal begins from the time I leave my

bed, and it terminates at Southamp-

ton, the intermediate space being filled

with a narrative of all I have heard

or seen, or said or done. It is, there-

fore, made up of odds and ends: such

as it is, I now transcribe it for you.

May it justify its title.

Travellers are generally early risers.

In many countries it is absolutely necessary to be up long before sunrise, in order to finish a journey ere the heat of the day becomes insupportable. In towns, and on shipboard, this habit is rendered inconvenient either by the dusters and brooms of housemaids, or the holy stones and swabs of sailors; but wherever practicable, it is a most healthy as well as agreeable custom. Indeed, I have heard it asserted of those who have attained to great longevity, that nine out of ten of them have been distinguished as "peep-o'-day boys." Poor Richard has given us his experience in rhyme, to impress it more easily on the memory:

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

I cannot say that I have always strictly complied with the first part of the advice (which, to a certain extent, is rendered necessary by the latter) because the artificial state of society in which we live interferes most inconveniently with its observance; but the early morning ought to be at our own disposal, and with the exception of the two impediments I have named, which are by no means insurmountable, it is our own fault if we do not derive all the advantages resulting from it.

Long before the doors and windows of the "British Hotel" were unfastened, I sought the night-porter, and was released from durance vile into the fresh open air. I strolled over to Trafalgar-square, where I was shortly afterwards joined by Cary. It was a glorious morning; there had been a thunder-storm during the night, accompanied by vivid lightning and torrents of rain; but this had passed away, and the air was cool and bracing, almost cold, while the sky was clear and unclouded, and day was fast dawning on the drowsy town. A few carts laden with garden stuff were wending their way to their respective markets, though Cookspur-street is

not their general thoroughfare; and here and there an early traveller was proceeding in his over-loaded cab to a station or a dock, about to rejoin his family, or perhaps to leave them for ever. A tired policeman paused and looked at him, more from having little else to divert his attention than from any doubt as to the honesty of his purpose, and then he slowly resumed his weary beat, and for want of somebody to *push on*, tried to push a door or two *in* to ascertain whether it was fastened. A little farther on he paused, and as he looked up at the sky, coughed heavily, when a con- quettish cap hastily appeared at a window in the attics, and as rapidly withdrew; and in a few minutes more the same head was seen bending over the area gate which opened, and admitted the watchman of the night. What a safeguard a policeman is! other people are let in clandestinely to do wrong, but he is quietly introduced to detect the evildoer. No doubt he had seen a *suspicious character* in that house, and anxious to do his duty, proceeded to examine the kitchen, the pantry, and the cellar, where, strange to say, things are oftener missed than from any other part of a house. A detective instinctively goes straight to the spot where a robbery is likely to be committed, and can tell at a glance whether there has been collusion between those within and without the building. It is necessary to try the contents of the decanters, and to taste the viands he sees in order to ascertain the habits of the depredator, for, unlike medical men, they make their own stomachs the tests of the contents of bottles. The policeman I noticed must have been disappointed in his search, for he returned without a prisoner, which was evidently a relief to the maid who, after readjusting her cap, let him out with much good-humour at the contemplation of her safety from robbers; but entreated him for the security of the family always to have an eye on that house. A trusty servant and a vigilant policeman enable us to repose in peace; the one relies on the other, and we confide in both. Alas! there were others who had not only no house to protect, but no home to shelter them. On the steps of the National Gallery and the neighbour-

ing church, were several poor wretches, principally females, extended in sleep that resembled death more than repose, and who having been first drenched by the rain, sought refuge there from its pitiless pelting. Starvation and luxury, however, if not nearly allied, are close neighbours—the only difference is the side of the wall that separates their lodgings. Within is all that wealth, station, and connexion can confer; without, all that poverty, want, and degradation can inflict: and yet Providence holds the scale equally and impartially between the two. The inner wretch is tortured with gout from indolent and luxurious repose, and from faring too sumptuously every day; the outer one, with rheumatism, caused from sleeping on the cold stone steps of the rich man's house, and from exposure to all weathers. The one cannot digest his food, and is dying of dyspepsia; the other has no food to digest, and perishes from starvation. Both are poor, the first from living too fast or too penuriously, and the other, not only from having nothing to hoard, but actually nothing to live upon; and yet the homeless poor have sometimes the best of it. The rich have proud ambition or jealous rivalry, blighted prospects of courtly honours, or an uneasy consciousness of possessing no claim besides their money to distinction. Nature has, perhaps, denied them heirs, and they hate their successors. The poor have no prospects to encourage hope, and often experience relief when they little expect it; they have nothing to leave but poverty and rags. It is sad to think that this dreadful destitution is too often the result of vice and dissolute habits. If temptation has been too strong and thus punished its victims, let the tempter look upon the ruin he has brought on others; and ere it be too late, make all the amends he can to society for the contamination with which he has infected it, and to the wretched individuals themselves whom he has first led astray, and then left to their miserable fate.

An itinerant coffee-vender interrupted these reflections, by taking up his stand near us, and offering us a cup of his aromatic beverage, and a slice of bread and butter, "all," as he said, "for only two pence." I tasted it: it

was certainly none of the best, but I have had worse at three times the price at a railway station, in one of their gorgeous refreshment rooms. It was, however, pronounced excellent by a wretched group of the houseless beings, whose slumbers the policeman had ruthlessly disturbed, as he called them from dreams of food to the sad reality of actual starvation, and bade them *go about their business*. Never before did so small a sum as the few shillings I had in my pocket produce so much immediate relief. How heavily those words, "go about your business," fell upon my heart! Alas, their business of life was well-nigh over; death had set his seal upon most of them, and marked them for his own. Meanwhile the day was advancing with hasty strides. The tide of foot-passengers was rapidly increasing and flowing eastward; the sound of many wheels was swelling into a continuous rumble, like distant thunder; and the city, like a huge monster, was shaking off its slumber, and preparing for its daily toils. The sun shone out brightly, and the homeless poor, I have mentioned, vanished from view like spectres of night, and were seen no more. All was hurry scurry, but without confusion, each one was intent on his own affairs, and only regarded others to avoid contact. As we were about returning to the hotel, Cary said, "How coolly you and your new acquaintances took the storm in the early part of last night. It was very violent while it lasted; it was one continued illumination of lightning, and the thunder was awful; like everything else in this country, there was a truly British earnestness about it. England is so thickly peopled, I shouldn't be much surprised if we heard of some sad accidents having occurred. After I left the smoking room last night, I encountered a lady and her maid at the first landing, both of whom were in a dreadful state of alarm, the former entreating that her *crinoline* might be taken off, and the latter afraid to touch it, having known, as she said, a man to be killed in consequence of carrying a scythe on his shoulders, which attracted the lightning. Each flash was followed by a scream, and one peal of thunder was so heavy that it appeared to shake the house to its very founda-

tion. Their terror rendered them speechless for a minute or two, when I heard the lady mutter in great agitation and agony, the words, "So especially for both Houses of Parliament, under our most religious and gracious Queen, at this time assembled—" Oh, dear! that was very vivid! I am sure it has affected my eyes—'ordered and settled by their endeavours on the best and surer foundations.' Oh, that bolt must have struck the house—how awful this is." The maid, with equal incoherency, imitating her mistress, repeated the first words her memory supplied her with—

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day from every opening flower."

Poor things, it was evident what their object was, but equally so that they were unconscious of the application of the words they were uttering. "Oh, sir," said the lady, when she perceived me, "how dreadful this is. I am always so alarmed at thunder, that I lose all self-possession. Do you think there is any danger?" "Not the least in the world," I answered; "nobody was ever killed by lightning yet." "I have known many, many," she said, with the greatest earnestness. "They died of fright," I replied, "it is fear, and not lightning that kills—so it is in drowning—you have heard of people being restored to animation after being submerged for three quarters of an hour, and others who have expired in a few minutes, the latter have invariably died from fright, which has caused apoplexy; their faces always exhibit marks of extravasated blood." "Oh, dear," she said, "I wish I could be assured of that; but trees, you know, are not afraid, and yet they are often struck, split, torn to pieces, and set on fire—Oh, that clap is nearer still—the lightning and thunder came together simultaneously that time;" and then clasping her hands she resumed, "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and—'" "Calm yourself, madam, I beseech you," I said, "there is no danger but in fear—this is my sitting room, pray be seated, and allow me to offer you a smelling bottle. Don't be alarmed; as for trees, you know, they have vegetable,

and not animal life, which makes all the difference in the world." "Well, I never thought of that before," she replied, "I see it all now. It is, I know, very foolish to be so nervous, and for the future I will think of what you are so good as to say, and endeavour to be calm and collected." In a few minutes more the storm passed away, and we separated, with mutual good wishes, to our respective rooms. "You didn't mean what you suggested, did you?" I inquired. "(Of course not: it was all I could think of at the time to allay her fears; in my opinion it was a very justifiable piece of deception, it could not possibly do any harm, and, as you see, it did good, by calming her anxiety and fright. It is what we conventionally call '*a white lie*,' as we, in like manner, desire our servants to say 'not at home,' when we do not find it convenient to see our friends." "Well," I replied, "I do not know that deception is ever justifiable—truth, in my opinion, is always to be preferred. If we order our domestics to state what they know is not the fact, do we not induce them, by our example, to take the same liberty with us, and, for their own convenience, tell us also what is not true? We know that the custom is sanctioned by the usage of society, and means nothing more than we are not at home to visitors; but servants are unsophisticated, and understand things literally. Would it not be better to copy the French in this matter? They say, '*madame ne reçoit pas*,' or '*madame n'est pas visible*;' this is at once truthful, and conveys the information that is required. "Do you mean to lay it down as imperative," said Cary, "that you must upon all occasions say exactly what you think? If that is the case you had better *think aloud*, as old Lord Dudley used to do, and exclaim, as he did, when he saw a young dandy approaching him, 'Oh, here comes that insufferable young puppy; I suppose I must ask him to dinner.' To which the other rejoined, 'If this old bore asks me to dine, I suppose I shall have to accept the invitation.' It is a well-known story, and I only allude to it as an apt illustration—what sort of a world would this be, if we all acted upon such a rule as you propose; why

we should all be at loggerheads, one with the other, in no time." "No," I replied, "I mean no such thing; we may think what we please, but we can't say whatever we choose—my rule is this—'it is not always expedient to say what you think, but it is not admissible ever to say what you don't think.'" "Well," he observed, laughingly, in order to turn the conversation, "if I must say what I think, I am bound to state that I think it is time breakfast was ready, so let us cross over to the hotel." As we entered the coffee-room, he spied an old acquaintance reading near the window the *Times* newspaper. "That," he whispered, "is General Case. His family consists of himself, his mother, and two daughters; they are a queer lot. He is one of the best shots in Lincolnshire, and can talk of nothing but field sports; he is called 'Gun Case.' His eldest daughter, who is goggle-eyed, is known as 'Stare Case,' and the other, who is as ugly as sin, and sets up for a blue, bears the sobriquet of 'Book Case.' His mother, who is an enormous woman, and uncommonly cross, has been nicknamed '*Casse us Belli*.' They are neighbours of mine, so I must go and speak to him, though it is not very pleasant to do so before strangers, he is so very deaf; but 'what can't be cured must be endured,' so here goes." Cary accordingly went up to him, shook him by the hand, and inquired how Mrs. Case, his mother, was. As usual the general didn't hear him, but supposed he was talking of a poor woman who had been killed by lightning the previous evening. "Ah," he said, looking very solemn, "she was in the streets very late last night, I hear, not very sober, and was drenched with rain. Just as she was making for the colonnade of the opera house for shelter, she was struck with lightning, and though her clothes were all wet, they were set on fire, and she was killed and dreadfully burnt. The police ought to take better care of such people." "Ah," said Cary, turning to me, "ain't this too bad; nobody in this house seems to understand what they are talking about. That lady I encountered last night didn't know what she said herself, and this man can't comprehend what anybody else says. Nothing is more

disagreeable than to talk to a man who can't hear your conversation, and compels you to repeat it in a louder tone: it draws attention to you, and you can't help feeling that you are rendering yourself ridiculous to the rest of the company, when shouting out at the top of your voice some commonplace observation, of which one-half of general conversation is composed. I recollect once a ludicrous instance of this at the table of the late Lord Northwick. He had this infirmity of deafness, so painful to oneself and so distressing to others. He recommended to the notice of a lady some sweet dish that was near him, when she replied, 'Thank you, my lord, I have some pudding;' not apprehending her answer, he again and again, at short intervals, urged her to taste the dish, and received the same inaudible reply, when the lady's lout of a country servant considered he ought to explain matters. He therefore approached Lord Northwick's chair, and putting his mouth close to his lordship's ear, vociferated with all his lungs, 'my lord, *missus says as she'll stick to the pudding.*' The effect was electrical, but no one enjoyed the joke better than the deaf lord himself."

After breakfast we proceeded to the Waterloo Terminus, to await the train for Southampton. "There are few stations in England," said Cary, "so inconvenient, so crowded, and so badly arranged, as this of the South-Western. At times, and especially on an excursion day like this, it is almost impossible to make your way through the complicated crowd of arriving and departing passengers. Here you stumble over luggage that obstructs the platform, there you run against some distracted female who has been separated from her party. Having recovered from the fall, and the collision, your shoulder is nearly dislocated by a trunk, carelessly carried on the back of a porter, or your foot is crushed by the iron wheel of a hand harrow. There are no means of getting across the interminable station, you must go round it. Having effected, with great fatigue, this long pedestrian journey, you are nearly squeezed to death by an impatient and selfish crowd, that assemble round a pigeon-hole, from whence tickets are issued.

All tidal currents exhaust themselves at last, and having waited for your turn, just as you demand your 'passport,' the stagnant stream is flushed by a fresh flood of late comers, sweeping you from the port, into the estuary beyond, from whence you seek the eddy again, cross to the 'custom-house,' and, if you are lucky, get your 'clearance.' No doubt the directors have very good reasons for not opening the narrow pane through which those documents are issued, till ten minutes before the departure of each train, among which, perhaps, the best is, that it is their sovereign will and pleasure. Railways were made for the emolument of chairmen, directors, and engineers, and not for the advantage of stockholders, or the convenience of travellers. One line yields little or no dividend, while it pays its chairman some two or three thousand a-year; but he is a nobleman, and nothing can be done in this country without a peer. Snobs in the city are so narrow and contracted in their ideas, that if left to themselves, I have no doubt they would select a man of business to manage an extensive and complicated affair like an extended trunk line, having countless branches and ramifications, and suckers (misalled feeders). But what can you expect from people in trade, who have no ideas beyond 'the main chance.' Government acts on the same principle: the Duke of Somerset directs the Admiralty Board, whose business it is to build line-of-battle ships, and then raze them into heavy frigates, and afterwards cut them in two, lengthen them, and put in steam-engines. If the navy is very expensive, see how much is done: you build a ship—that counts one; you raze it—that makes two; you convert it, and that counts for three ships. The John Gilpinites 'of credit and renown,' in the city, say you have not three ships after all, but only one, which costs as much as three, but what do they know about ships? It's a pity shopkeepers won't stick to their own business, which they do understand, and not meddle with affairs of state, which are above their comprehension. Well, the Colonial Office has nothing to do, and a Duke is placed at the head of it, with heaps of under secretaries, head clerks, under scribes, and an im-

monse staff to help him. Lord John Russell has radicalized London to that degree that its citizens slap their breeches pockets which are full of sovereigns, and say 'money is no object, as far as that goes, but don't pay people enormously for doing nothing, who to avoid the name of idleness, strive to bring something to pass, and always do it wrong. Let them play if you like, but don't let them play the devil.' Lord Elgin, who *put up* the Canadian rebels, and *put down* the loyalists, is rewarded with the command of the Post Office, a self-acting 'traction carriage,' with four wheels, representing the four quarters of the globe, of which he is the very necessary and useful 'fifth wheel.' These cavillers say he is a mere ornamental appendage, for the working officials are so devoted to their duties, that a child of one of the responsible officers was recently born with the impression of a penny stamp upon its back. In short, the whole Whig Government professes liberal principles, and evinces its sincerity by filling every high office with dukes, earls, and aristocratic seions. We are a consistent people, and no mistake. Well, if the government of the country is all wrong, is it any wonder the management of our iron roads is not right. If secretaries of state don't know their business, how can you expect secretaries of railways to be wiser or better than their superiors? Dock-yards cost twice as much as they are worth, why shouldn't our 'great line.' The public are taxed to support government, why should not holders of railway stock be taxed to support chairmen, directors, and engineers? The famed confusion of Balaclava is equalled, or at any rate rivalled at a great terminus like that of Waterloo. See what is going on now: the bell has rung, the time for departure has arrived, and passengers seek the train. But, alas! the first carriage is full, and so are the others; one by one they visit them all, in rapid succession. The more sturdy and pertinacious travellers are quietly seated, and regard the anxiety of the outsiders with calm indifference; while one perhaps, unworthy of a seat in the first class, *chaffs* them as they inquiringly look into the carriage, and says, 'There is plenty of room here,

if you could only find it!' The porters are so accustomed to this admirable arrangement, they cease to be surprised at any thing that occurs. Finally, one solitary seat is found for the last 'place hunter,' vacant, but not empty; appropriated, but not engaged. It is filled with parcels, shawls, parasols, and cloaks. Two or three ladies, with looks of great dissatisfaction, and evident feelings of ill-usage, remove their general assortments, and the luckless traveller occupies his place with many humble apologies for the inconvenience he has occasioned them, but with an internal conviction, that if there had been more vacant seats, the ladies would have filled them all in a similar manner."

Fortunately for me I had my "Season Ticket," and had the convenience of leisurely securing a seat, that gave me the command of the window, whence I had an opportunity of observing the accuracy of many of Cary's strictures on the inconvenience of the station, and the inadequacy of its arrangements to meet the requirements of so extensive a line. These were palpable enough. The analogy, however, between the management of the affairs of a railway company and those of the government, though amusing, was not quite so obvious to me, who am no politician. I prefer listening to others to venturing opinions of my own—"semper auditor tantum."

The carriage was rapidly filled by seven other persons, four ladies and three gentlemen. The four first appeared to constitute a separate party, while the other three and myself, were unknown to them or to each other. "Good-bye, Shegog," said Cary, shaking me by the hand, "I shall expect to meet you to-morrow night again at the British Hotel. "Shegog!" whispered one of the ladies in my carriage, to her nearest companion, "what a funny name! I wonder if he is any relation of Gog and Magog?" "Why," said the other, "he is a male, you see, otherwise I should think he was Gog's wife," a sally which was repressed by a subdued *hush* from the elder lady, and followed by a general titter. It is not the first time my name has attracted inconvenient attention, so I am accustomed to this

sort of thing, and rather enjoy the jokes it gives rise to. Still, like ladies of a certain age, I am ready to change it for a fortune, and am open to an offer. Bright said the other night, in the House of Commons, that a gentleman he had never seen or heard of had left him a large sum of money on account of his advocacy of peace principles. I wish he would introduce me to such a friend, for I too am for "peace at any price," and I would condescend to accept his fortune, and adopt his name.

No name, however, can escape from being turned into ridicule, by adding to it a droll prefix. Lyon, whom I knew at college, a great coxcomb, to his serious distress, was everywhere greeted as "Dandy Lyon." No man was ever more annoyed than he was by this ridiculous joke, and great was his relief when he inherited an estate, with the privilege of assuming the name of "Winder." Had he laid aside his absurd style of dress, it is possible he might thus have escaped the ridicule to which he had exposed himself; but his relentless companions merely altered his nickname, and he was ever afterwards known as "Beau Winder." I have always thought my parents did me great injustice, as they could not give me a fortune, they might at least have bequeathed to me "a good name."

The first thing after adjusting and settling yourself in a carriage is to take a rapid reconnoitring glance at your fellow-travellers; and I have observed that the survey is generally one of disappointment, judging from the manner in which people close their eyes, and affect to sleep, or search for a paper or a book with which to occupy themselves. The family party had all the talk to themselves, one, whom the others addressed as "Aunt," had, as appeared from her conversation, been a great traveller in her day, and, like most travellers, every incident she related had happened to herself, every anecdote referred to parties whom she knew personally, and every witty speech was either addressed to her, or uttered in her presence. "Didn't you find a great inconvenience, aunt," inquired one of the younger ladies, "in travelling in Russia and the north of Europe?" "I never let little matters disturb me,

my dear," she replied; "if everything went smooth with you, life would be like a calm day on the water at Venice, a level glassy surface, sails flapping against the mast, your bark maintaining its monotonous roll, a burning sun, and a listless existence. We need excitement, my dear; we require change, even if it be a gale, a thunder-storm, or a white squall. The delays, privations, discomforts, and even dangers of travelling, by the alternation with their opposites, render the reminiscences of these things most charming. If we could go round the world on a railway like this, it would be the most insipid tour imaginable, too tame, too easy, and too unvaried. '*I took my satisfaction with me,*' my dear, as poor old Sally Philips used to say, which, I believe, is the only true way to enjoy travelling, and most other things in this world. You remember old Sally, don't you? She lived in our village, near Chickweed Hall, and used to assist the gardener in weeding, sweeping the lawn, and such matters. Well, I once gave her an outing to London, and when she returned, I asked her how she liked it. 'Well, ma'm,' she replied, '*I took my satisfaction with me,* I always does, and in course I always returns home pleased. Oh! it did me a power of good, too; for I had been ailing for some time, and at last I was so bad, I was three days in bed. 'Oh! ma'm,' she continued, 'it was a grand sight every way, was London; I knowed it from all accounts before I went, and yet all I heard did not come up to the truth.' Poor old Sally, she was an honest, faithful creature; but when angry or excited, she made a strange jumble of her stories. I recollect her once coming to me in great haste, curtsying down to the ground, in spite of her agitation, and exclaiming, 'Oh! dear ma'm, a most dreadful thing has happened to me, and, saving your presence, I will tell you all about it. When I came home from market this evening, I brought my head with me, as I generally do, when I find it goes reasonable. Well, ma'm, my husband you see, split my head, for me.' 'Good gracious! how dreadful, I said.' 'Yes, indeed, ma'm, it was dreadful as you say, for he had washed it nicely afterwards, and taken my brains out, and put them altoge-

ther into a bucket, and I had just left him for a minute, to go into the next room to straighten myself, when I heard an awful smash. "Ruth," says I to my daughter, "as sure as the world, there's my head gone, brains and all." So I rushes back to the kitchen just in time to see Mrs. Davies's unlucky dog run off with my beautiful head in his mouth, and all my brains on the floor. The moment I saw him I screamed out, "Drop my head you nasty brute;" but no, off he runs with it in his mouth, and never stops till he gets under Mrs. Davies's haystack, and begins to gnaw at it. So on I goes to Widow Davies, and says I, "Mrs. Davies, your dog has made away with my beautiful head and spilt all my brains." "If he saw any beauty in *your* head," said she, tossing her ugly face up with scorn, "it's more than ever I could; and as for brains, you never had any." Says I, "It's my sheep's head." "Oh! the sheep's head, is it? Well, you ought to have taken better care of it, that's all I have to say. But I never interfere with nobody's business, not I indeed; as we say in the north—

"Who mells with what another does,
Had best go home and shoe his gooze."

"Says I, "Mrs. Davies, that's not the question, will you make proper amends, and give me another head as handsome as mine, with brains too?" With that she flew into a tearing passion, and, saving your presence, ma'n, she said "Go to the devil," so of course I came right off to *you*. Poor old woman, she died in Thickweed Hall hospital, as my father used to call the house he built for his pensioners. "Aunt," said one of the young ladies, to whom Aunt Sally did not appear half as amusing as her namesake did to the Duke of Beaufort, "look at this photograph of Charles, is it not a capital likeness?" "Its *justice* without *mercy*, my dear," replied the old lady, "as all photographs are: they diminish the eyes, and magnify the nose and the mouth, and besides, they make people look older." "Then they are neither just nor merciful," was the retort of the sharp young lady. "No, dear, they are not," continued the aunt, looking sentimental, "neither are they flattering. But what does it signify after all, for in a

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few short years they will fade away, and be forgotten, like ourselves. I was very much shocked by a conversation I overheard the other day, at Brighton. I was in Smith's, the old china dealer's shop, near the Pavilion, when I saw Sir John Mullett approaching, and as I did not feel inclined to talk to him, I slipped into the back room, but had not time to close the door after me, so I was very reluctantly compelled to listen to his conversation—"Smith," said he, "have you got rid of my father yet?" "No, Sir John," he replied, "I have done my best for you, but nobody wants him, they say he is too large; but I'll tell you what I have been thinking, Sir John! how would it do to cut his legs off below the knees, there would be enough of him left then, for it appears to me, they are by no means the best part of him." "By gad!" said the other, "that's a capital idea: have his legs taken off immediately, let the job be done neatly, don't let him be disfigured, you know. But stop! don't talk about it though," he continued, "for ill-natured people might make a good story out of my cutting off my father's legs, and all that sort of thing, eh?" and away he went laughing to himself, as if he had said a good thing. When the coast was clear I returned into the shop. "For goodness gracious sake, Mr. Smith," I said, "what was that wicked, heartless man, Sir John Mullett, directing you to do with his respectable old father?" "Why, ma'n," said Smith, "he has a full-length portrait of his late father, presented to the old baronet for eminent services; it is too large for his rooms, at least he fancies so, and he wants to sell it, and I advised him to reduce the size, which would make it more saleable, for it really is a good picture, by Sir Thomas Lawrence." "Yes," I replied, "that is very true, but if reduced in size, it would suit his rooms, as well as those of others." He shrugged his shoulders, and observed, "that was a matter of taste." "It may be," said I, "but it certainly is not a matter of feeling." I shall never have my likeness taken, dear, I have no idea of my legs being cut off, that I may not occupy too much space on the wall, or be made a target of, as my great-grandmother's

portrait was by my younger sisters in the archery ground."

"Yes, but you know ladies are not painted in a picture like gentlemen; but how funny it would be if!"

"Hush, dear, don't be silly now."

"Well, you might have a miniature taken, you know, and that occupies no room."

"Yes, but even that, if done by a first-rate artist, would sell for money, and sold I should be to a certainty; and what is worse, ridiculed for the extraordinary way old women arranged their hair in '59, for the bad taste with which I was dressed, and the total absence of diamonds. Last week I was at Storr and Mortimer's, and I saw on the counter some very beautiful miniatures, most exquisitely painted. 'These,' I said, 'are sent here to be reset, I suppose?' 'No madam,' was the answer, 'they are for sale. They are likenesses of Lord Southrope's ancestors, taken by the first artists in Europe, of the different periods in which they lived. This, (exhibiting one in particular), is an enamel of the Louis Quatorze period, a portrait of that far-famed beauty, the wife of the second Lord. She was reckoned the handsomest woman in England of her day.' I turned from contemplating them, with feelings I cannot express. Ah, my dear, succeeding generations are like the succeeding waves of yonder vast Atlantic. They gather strength and size with the storms that lift them from their calm existence, and urge each other onward in their ceaseless course, till they successively break on the rugged shores that imprison them, recoil into the immensity of ocean from which they sprung, mingle with its waters, and are lost to view for ever. They leave no trace behind them, one generation has as little sympathy for that which preceded it, as one wave has connexion with another. We look forward with hope, but regard the past with awe or regret. We may control the future, through the agency of the present, but the past is irrevocable. Our sympathies are with our own contemporaries, and our living descendants. The dead are dreams of other days, dark dreams too, and full of mystery. No! paint me no portrait; when the

reality departs, let there be no shadowy, unsubstantial picture! Few would recognise the likeness; it would be but a face and nothing more, and one, too, that borrows or assumes an expression for the occasion. Memory wants no aid from an artist, it engraves the image of those we love on the heart, and it retains the inward qualities as well as the outward lineaments. We live while those who love us live, and we perish with them; posterity knows us no more than if we had never been. We must die, dear, and we must be forgotten, it is the law of our nature; but I neither wish to be painted when alive, *razed* when dead, nor sold as 'the Lord knows who,' by a London jeweller."

"By-the-by, Aunt," said one of the young ladies, by way of changing the conversation, "did you buy one of those wonderfully cheap gold watches, in the city yesterday, for me, at that great bankrupt sale?" "No, my dear," said the old lady, with great animation, "I bought nothing, I was only too glad to get safely out of the shop. Never go to these large advertising establishments that promise such extraordinary bargains, they are all cheats. I never was in such a place in my life. I saw placards in large black and red letters, stuck up everywhere, that the effects of a bankrupt had been purchased at a discount of sixty per cent. below prime cost, and that as the sale was positive, they were to be disposed of at an enormous sacrifice. So, as I had to go through the city on my way from the Shoreditch station, I confess I was silly enough to be tempted to look in, intending to make a purchase for you. As soon as I entered, two ill-dressed men out of a crowd of attendants, or conspirators, beset me, one on one side, and one on the other, talking and boasting as loud as they could. I was shown, or nearly forced upstairs, and on my way there, passed a lady who appeared quite alarmed, though she had a gentleman with her, and if I had had my wits about me I should have joined them, and made my escape; but as I am not easily frightened (having travelled so much), on I went, and found myself in a large upper room, filled with every kind of showy, trashy stuff. I had hardly reached this place, when a

shopman shouted out from below, rings!" "No," was the answer, delivered in an equally loud tone, to attract attention, "No, they are all sold, Lady Grosvenor took the last four this morning." And again, "Have you sent those six court dresses to the Austrian Ambassador's." "Yes, and his excellency will be obliged if one of the young ladies will wait upon him with some more this evening." "Send down one of those splendid Turkish hearth-rugs for a lady to look at, also one of the fifty guinea dressing cases." "All sold, except one, and that the Duke of Wellington has just sent for." All this, and much more stuff of the same kind, passed between them. "Have you any gold watches?" I asked, "I observe you advertise them?" "Sorry to say, madam, you are too late; we had many hundreds yesterday, but Savory and Co. came this morning, and bought them all up; they said they were so dirt cheap they would ruin the trade; cost twenty pounds apiece, and sold them at four. But here are some clocks," showing me some Sam Slicks, put into tinsel and varnished cases. "Capital articles! Can afford to sell them for next to nothing. Tremendous sacrifice for cash!" "Thank you, I do not want one." "Keeps wonderful time. Mr. Gladstone bought one, we call the new movement the Gladstonometer, after him." "I tell you I don't want a clock, I asked for watches." "Beautiful India shawl, ma'm, just look at it," spreading before me a wretched affair, only fit for a kitchen-maid. "That," said I resolutely (for I am a judge of India shawls), "is neither Indian nor French, but a miserable Norwich imitation, and is made of cotton, and not silk." "Pray may I ask you," said the fellow most impudently, "are you in a position to purchase an Indian shawl?" "I am in a position, sir," I said, "not to put up with insolence." The door was obstructed by several of these people, so I said in a firm voice, "Allow me to pass, sir, or I shall call a policeman." "Which, if you do not," replied my persecutor, "I most certainly shall. Make room for this lady. What was the cause of your intrusion here, ma'm, I know not, you

certainly never came to purchase, whatever your real object may have been. Smith, see this lady out. Below there, *two upon ten*," which I believe is a slang term that implies 'keep two eyes on that person's ten fingers.' I never was so rejoiced as when I found myself in the street again, and was enabled to draw a long breath, and feel assured that I was safe. I must say it served me right. I had no business to go there. I have always heard those places were kept by scoundrels and cheats; but I could not bring myself to believe that they dared to do such things in such a public place, and in so unblushing a manner. Many a timid lady is plundered in this way, by being compelled to purchase what she does not want, and to accept some worthless article in exchange for the money she is bullied out of. The form of sale is adopted to avoid the technicalities of law, and to divest the affair of the character of a larceny; but in fact it is neither more nor less than a robbery. If you want a good article, my dear, you must pay a good price; and if you desire to avoid deception, go to a respectable well-known shop. But here we are at Winchester, I think I see Charles on the platform. Now see that you don't leave your things behind you, Jane, in the carriage, as you so often do. I have only thirteen packages, and they are easily found. In a few minutes the family party left us, the bell rang, and we were again on our way to Southampton.

The gentleman who sat opposite to me returned me the *Times* which I had lent him on leaving Waterloo, and I said, "What do you think of the news to-day, of the Emperor reducing his military and naval forces to a peace establishment?" "I think it is a very significant hint to us," he replied, "to be prepared for an invasion. Napoleon never makes an assertion that is not calculated to induce a belief of its being the very opposite of what he really thinks or intends. He is one of those who fully believes in the saying of an old epigrammatist, that 'language was given to men to conceal their thoughts.' I regard his acts and not his protestations; one are facts, the other delusions. If I must interpret his language, I do so by comparing what he

says to Frenchmen with what he addresses to foreigners. He proclaims to his people that the defeats at Moscow and Waterloo are to be avenged, and that all those who occupied Paris, and overthrew the empire, must in turn be punished. His mission, he says, is to effect this grand object. The first part he has fulfilled by humbling the pride of Russia, by the destruction of Sebastopol, and the capture of the Redan, the second by driving the Austrians out of Italy. Prussia and England are still to be humiliated. The Rhine provinces will appease his anger against the former, who will have to fight single-handed, and will probably purchase her peace by the cession of her frontier possessions. England has a long series of victories, by land and by sea, to atone for. Every Frenchman will rally round the Emperor in this struggle for life and death, and expend his blood and his treasure to gratify the long cherished revenge, '*Delenda est Carthago.*' To Europe he says 'the empire is peace,' and in proof of his pacific intentions, he has reduced his military and naval forces. What does he call a peace establishment? Before the Italian war, he solemnly denied that he was arming, and yet every arsenal in France was occupied day and night with preparations for war, both by sea and land, while rifled guns and their carriages, packed in heavy cases were shipped to Italy as merchandise, to elude observation, and every arrangement made for a sudden and successful invasion. For the maintenance of his enormous army there may be plausible reasons assigned. It may be said, that as a continental power he must be ready for every contingency, where his neighbours pursue the same suicidal course of expending their resources on their military establishments; but what is the meaning of the enormous increase of his navy? One quarter of his fleet is more than sufficient to annihilate that of America, and one third of it is able to cope with that of Russia, which can never be a formidable maritime nation. Austria, Prussia, and the other great powers have no navies worth mentioning. What then, is its object? Can any reasonable man doubt that it is a standing menace to England, and that as soon as it can be raised to a nume-

rical majority, it will be let loose upon us? If this is his peace establishment, nominally reducing his forces means being ready for every emergency, and making no alteration whatever that will interfere with immediate action. Sending soldiers to their homes looks pacific, but is an artful dodge to save for a time the expense of paying them; for though they are absent on leave, a telegraphic message would bring every one of them back to their respective regiments in ten days. In like manner, his foreign commerce is limited, and his sailors can be reassembled at a moment's notice. It is a well-conceived, but ill-disguised trap laid for us, in hopes that we shall be induced by our credulity on the one hand, and our Manchester politicians on the other, to accept his promises as honest, and disarm also. But even if his reduction were real, and not nominal, disarmament by the English would be followed by very different results. If you disband your soldiers you can never lay your hands upon them again. If you pay off your sailors, as you did at the termination of the Crimean war, the consequence would be equally disastrous, for when wanted they will be found scattered, like our commerce, over every part of the world. Napoleon, on the contrary, has nothing to do but to stamp his foot on the ground, and up will spring five to six hundred thousand soldiers, together with all the sailors of France, trained, disciplined, and effective men. In the meantime, every ship in ordinary will be kept in readiness to put to sea. She will be strengthened, refitted, and her guns ticketed and numbered, as they are deposited in store, or other rifled and improved ones substituted in their place. Portions of other ships will be prepared, fitted, and marked, so as to be put together at a moment's notice, when required, while stores and materials will be accumulated in the arsenals, and the yards, furnaces, and smithies enlarged, arranged, and fitted for immediate action. There will be nothing to be done but to issue the orders and 'let slip the dogs of war.' Are we prepared for such an occurrence, for such a sudden emergency—I may say, for such an explosion—for when it does come, it will be his interest to lose no time? If we are to be beaten

at all, he knows his only chance is to take us by surprise, to assault us, as a burglar, in the night, and to plunder the house before the shutters are closed, or the watchman at his post. Steam has bridged the channel, we no longer use nautical terms in reference to it, we do not talk of the distance across in knots, or miles, we estimate it by hours. Cherbourg is five hours from Southampton, I left it at six, and landed at the dock of the latter at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and by two o'clock was in London. The most foolhardy of the present administration even Palmerston himself, says this is inconveniently near, should Napoleon become an assailant. Now I am no alarmist, which is a very favourite name given to those who desire the use of ordinary precaution. I exclude from my consideration any junction of the Russian with the French fleet, which, it is admitted

on all hands we are not at present able to resist. But I do maintain that we ought to, and *must* retain the command of the Channel, besides detaching large squadrons to the Mediterranean, and to other naval stations; and that if we are unable to do this, we lie at the mercy, and invite an invasion of the French. It is impossible to fortify all our extended coasts, or effectually to defend the country against a large invading force, they must be protected by the navy, 'Britannia rules the waves.' When she ceases to rule them, she ceases to exist as a nation. If the French can achieve maritime supremacy, an invasion would be as easy as that of the Normans, and a conquest as complete; and I can see no reason, as a military man, why it should not be annexed to France, and become an integral part of that empire, as much as Algeria.

MACLISE'S CARTOON OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It is recorded in more than one artistic biography and history of contemporary art, that when a great ancient master completed any notable work, his fellow painters would gladden him with a feast of congratulation, with a wreath of honour, or, maybe, a procession of fellow-labourers would proceed with the finished picture to its destination, and with many public ceremonies witness the depositing of the *chef d'œuvre*, where it should remain for the future. Vasari relates that when Cimabue completed his great picture of the Virgin, "it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—they having then never seen any thing better—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church (of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, where it still exists in good preservation), he himself being highly rewarded and honoured for it. "He goes on to relate that the whole district took the name of the *Borgo Allegri* (happy quarter, that is to say), from the circumstance of its being painted there-

in. Wreaths of honour were voted by acclamation to many of the Greek sculptors of old; and in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini is an account of a feast given to Michel Angelo, on the completion of one of his greatest productions.

This is what they did in ancient days, and we follow much the same course on similar occasions, indeed doing it rather too loudly, and many a time, in a manner the occasion by no means justifies. We exceed in all the coarser methods of honouring our painters by honorary rewards, titles—such as knighthood—(the distinction has in many cases been any thing but an honour), dinners have been given without number, and numberless painters have been licensed to write R.A. after their names on much less occasions than that which suggests our present subject.

There is one advantage in this public method of testifying admiration, or whatever the feeling may be, for the distinguished artist's work. There is no mistake about the matter, every one at least knows what is done, and who does it,—for the quality and merit of the persons expressing

their approval, is the leading point of every such case. Vasari, for instance, in the extract given, qualifies not a little the glory of the circumstances he relates, by the interpolation that the people of Florence were overjoyed at sight of Cimabue's picture, as they "had never seen any thing better;" there is moreover no little suspicion attached to the statement, that the whole population turned out to see it, we are not a little inclined to think at the moment that the great "Virgin" was only a popular and sentimental appeal to the vulgar. That such was not the case does but restore our confidence, not prevent the original doubt.

One would expect that in these days of unlimited publicity, no misstatement of so remarkable a circumstance as the presentation of a testimonial to a distinguished artist could well be made, and yet such was the incident which first brought to the public knowledge the very existence of the great work we have to describe, an error the more singular because it vitiated the very significance of the honour bestowed. A leading literary journal informed the world, in its issue of several weeks ago, that a testimonial of admiration and esteem had been presented to Mr. Maclise by his brother Academicians, as an expression of their enthusiastic appreciation of the merits of the cartoon of the Battle of Waterloo, which had been for a short period on view to the artistic public in the House of Lords. In the succeeding number of the journal appeared a correction, to the effect that the testimonial was a gold port-crayon, given, not by the Royal Academy, but by various members of the profession, some being honoured by connexion with that institution, while others, and these the majority, were entirely unconnected with it. The latter statement was the correction, and between the two lay all the difference existing between the admiration of a body of friends or brethren, and that of others who are in no way interested in the merit of a man, beyond a generous satisfaction felt by all liberal minds, at the success of any great effort which may advance the one cause in which all are labouring.

It was far more to the honour of both the donors and the recipient of

such an expression of admiration, that it came from no academy, but was the spontaneous offering of many men entertaining very diverse views of art, and united only in the common sentiment of admiration for an artist, whose works they were all competent to appreciate. Seldom has any similar act been performed by so distinguished a body of artists.

There was something remarkable in this honour paid to Mr. Maclise, from the fact that the gift was made without the wonted opportunity of display, an incident not less singular than that it was presented by a body of men whose interests are in no way advanced by his triumph, but only striving to excel in the same pursuit as himself. In pledging their reputations to the conviction that the achievement of the painter is noble enough to enhance the reputation of our country in art, these artists have made it imperative on us to inquire how far the work is deserving of this high distinction.

For our own part, we confess to have felt great anxiety before we saw the work in question. Our thoughts were that this painter had, without doubt, hitherto given proofs of the highest original genius: the robustness of his intellect was such that he had done good service to English art, and he had progressed mightily, notwithstanding the obstacles placed on the road by the thousand theorists, (we have no other name for so many incomplete artists), who emulated their leader Reynolds in a desire to legislate on art. These obstacles had been fatal to many promising men.

The followers of Reynolds either had not his original strength, or they preferred his conclusions to his example, and so, losing the small discipline of early study of nature through which he had passed, failing to arrive at the goal by a short road, fell into quagmires of bewilderment and theoretic talk, and were lost utterly. If the nature of the goal were immaterial these disciples of Reynolds had undoubtedly been eminently successful in their attempt to reach it; but the goal they attained was a miry valley, haunted with fantastic shadows of dilettante dreams, not the wholesome and breezy hill at which Maclise aimed when he began his course—a

hill where all things stood clear from dogmatic fogs and dreamy miasmatic vapours.

Our high-art history is a singular one, in consequence of a sort of semi-barbarous tendency, impelling the artists of the late generation to dress themselves in the clothes of others. Your English artist of that date felt no more shame in putting on these garments, than a prince of the Gold Coast feels in assuming an English post captain's cocked-hat. It was in keeping with this flunkeyism of spirit that the men whom they most ardently imitated were copyists themselves.

As they forgot nature utterly, they regarded Raffaele and Titian as unapproachable, and contented themselves with setting up Julio Romano, Guido, Correggio, the Carracci, and Albano; and falling down to worship these stocks and shadows of stocks. One feels almost as much shame as astonishment in recollecting that a Frenchman of the name of Boucher was styled an artist in those tea-cup days.

We have been too impatient and too enviously ambitious. Even our great prophet in art, Hogarth, with a native genius for his own work, high as the heavens, was emulous of rivaling others living in past ages and in other climates, as if on their own ground—and in the result he was ridiculous; his classical Sigismunda would not be remembered had not his pictures of no classical pretensions turned out, like Shakspeare's native imaginations, to be on the level with the most elevated of human conceptions. Reynolds made his life an epitome of the history of Italian art, and after him we had English Titians, English Raffaelles, English Michel Angelos by the dozen, until we had quite worked out the list, and sensible men could have endured them no longer. The canvases of the days immediately succeeding Reynolds were blank deserts of naked darkness. The blue firmament, the clouds, mountains, vegetation, flowers, draperies, armour, jewels, and architecture, were, as far as regards truth of representation, all alike religiously excluded. The hope was that by observation of such principles the eye would repose upon the focus which was supposed to contain the point of interest in the subject.

But unhappily the blind faith in the creations of other men, and the limited study of nature which this course induced, had not developed enough power in the painters to enable them to represent the human figure with the skill and subtlety necessary to arrest attention—the expressions were in most cases faithfully studied from that ridiculous and monstrous illustration of the changes of the human countenance known as "*Le Brun's Passions*," than which a more depraved guide could not have been selected. No painter of this school condescended to watch the play of the emotions in the living men and women about him, still less would he have descended to study the humble weed under his feet; the various principles of construction employed by nature, infinitely diversified and infinitely beautiful as they are, had never been regarded, and so a few set rules and suggestions to the composition and design of every subject were the sole guides thought worthy of attention. For instance, the principal head or figure was to be in the centre of the picture, and indulged with the greatest approach to brilliancy allowable, for he it observed that another axiom demanded that nothing like light, *per se*, should be represented. The whole aspect, therefore, of such works was meagre, monstrous, and dull, and the public very wisely avowed their dislike, and bestowed their patronage upon lower class productions, in which the genius of their humble authors had broken through the scholastic darkness of their pitch-black prisons, and represented incidents of a lowly kind on less learned principles. For an extreme example take the enormous popularity of George Morland's works, which endures to this day, and contrast it with the almost complete oblivion that has fallen upon such names as Singleton, Traversa, and Peters, Royal Academicians though the latter were. The one painted pigs with great feeling for porcine character, and his merits were recognised and have endured, while the rest painted heroes and heroines, and they and their works are forgotten.

A less antithetical, but perhaps more valuable instance for our subject, will be found in that of Wilkie. He painted on what we must call

"less learned principles," for it is to be confessed, that when one now sees some of his pictures, whose plot, design, and expression, have long interested us in engravings, it is difficult to conceive how so many means of increasing the beauty and delight of the work by colour and richness of tone, should have been neglected. In looking at the "Blind Man's Buff," "Distraint for Rent," &c., for example, they appear, as compared with the best works of modern artists, but faintly tinted monotone designs. They had life, however, in all other qualities, and in the development of these Wilkie's genius was first perhaps encouraged to walk in the path of contemporary poets, and give life to dark history by the light of the knowledge of human nature, perfected in the study of the people within his own observation. He had learned the passions of his fellows, and with this knowledge trustingly essayed to help us to realize events of a past day, told in antiquated language beyond the ordinary power of interpretation. Let him be thanked for this result, although in striving to hide that his experience was most of the rustic class, he sometimes ascended into the regions of vulgar affectation, and at last was seduced by an ambition to take rank as a high class painter of history into the adoption of a style but little superior in individuality of expression, to that of his predecessors in historical painting.

Let Wilkie then be thanked for what he did do, and forgiven for that in which he failed. But Maclise is the artist to whom much more is owing. He seems to have been the first to give us a character of historic dignity, and at the same time a naturalness of aspect. Many are the faults of his pictures: those Celtic, high-cheeked, pouting men and women with dimpled hands, have been too often painted by him to allow them to be very attractive. They are ever the same company of actors in different characters, who have palled upon us until we do not see the merits of the playing; we forget too readily how genuine they are, how national, how much more eloquent to us than those impotent dead images of the Greek and Roman types, which were the figures that held the stage before

he created this live company; we are, indeed, too ready to forget the honour due to him for the richness and courtliness of the whole assemblage; for the chivalric character of his middle-age subjects, and the appropriateness and naturalness of so many of those of modern and domestic life.

The anxiety which we have admitted as our feeling before seeing this picture, was not lessened by this knowledge of Maclise's high merits. We could not avoid asking ourselves, if this were all which had called forth so singular a tribute—was it for this only that at the end of half a life spent in severe study, and in the unremitting production of works of art, the principal members of the profession so united themselves to speak with one voice of admiration of his latest picture? Indeed, there was much more required before the ideal of an artist could be fulfilled, and that these practical judges—critics whose decision must, of simple right and law of fact, be inexpugnable, should have recorded their opinions in so marked a manner—marked manner it was indeed, coming from so many distinguished men, whose opinions and systems of practice differed so very widely. If they had done wisely in so acting, was a question which affected not only the degree of honour paid to the recipient, but also the worthiness of the ideal and scale of merit the bestowers had set before themselves as a desirable attainment for men whose lives were spent in the pursuit of art. Obviously this last consideration reflected deeply upon the probabilities of greatness for the future of art study in our country.

If the scale was low, we might fear that not only had Maclise settled into the easy non-improving tone of mind, but that all his admirers were in the same case; a lamentable prospect for English art, one which promised little or nothing in the way of advancement. It is important by an examination of this work, to observe whether such is the case or not.

Let us, then, stand at once in front of the cartoon, which is placed on the wall of the chamber of the House of Lords, where the picture is to be painted in fresco. A cartoon, some of our readers may not be aware, is a drawing made with chalk upon large

sheets of paper stretched on a frame, and is precisely the same size as that of the picture which is to be painted from it. There is rarely or ever any colour in such a work; mostly it is a mere outline which may, by the process of tracing, be transferred, part by part, upon the wall which is to bear the picture. The necessity for such a drawing arises from the very nature of the process of fresco painting, which being executed piecemeal, so to speak, can only progress so far as from part to part, so much being set out to suffice for each day's work as the artist feels confident of being able to accomplish. The outline of each day's work, thus selected, is traced upon the fresh plaster that forms the ground and substance of the picture, that portion of the cartoon which is thus employed being removed immediately.

With this explanation we may take the reader before the drawing—for this it is, and nothing more. The subject is the meeting of Wellington and Blucher at the battle of Waterloo, a theme for the greatest artist—the closing scene and climax of a whole *epos* of the world's history—the finale of a drama men hoped there would be no need to play again. In a moment one recognises the most significant fact of the work itself—that, indeed there has been employed no patent means of addressing the vulgar eye. Throughout its forty feet of surface, covered with figures, crowded together as they are on this battle-field, there is no frowning, self-important, self-conscious model, no, not one such either amongst the principals or the supernumeraries. Both in detail and in the whole, it is altogether distinct from those acted pieces, better or worse, with which the artist has presented us for the last twenty years. Indeed, it is as much superior to these last as they were to the galvanized mummy and marionette performances of the artist's dilettante predecessors, from which he had so large a hand in delivering the world. It is a work not merely of fanciful ingenuity and artistic dexterity—comparatively, in fact, it is one of true imagination, a subject not given to us, as in other cases, as a mere transcript of an elaborately got up rehearsal of the event, but the event itself revived clearly to the mind's eye of the painter, and set down on that surface by

whatever aids might have been required, with perfect freedom from all affectation, and with consummate skill.

We forget soon that it is a picture—we think ourselves breathing in the time when our fathers were young men—on that day and on that spot when and where the destinies of Europe were being settled. There, at the end of that long day of Waterloo, when three hundred thousand men had contended to decide whether one being and his will should be dominant, or the rest of Europe be in peace to work out higher destinies, is the scene brought before us. It makes one's eyes moist to look over the wreck of human beings that crowd the foreground of the picture; one can almost, in fancy, hear the guns still firing—hear the shouting and the sounds of the fierce struggle that passes on beyond the ridge, on which the strife is still living between the guards, who are attacking the retreating French artillery and its drivers; while in the mid-distance, between the wounded in the foreground and these last, one sees the meeting of two horsemen—the generals, each of whom is surrounded by his staff. Blucher, with a wide German grin of congratulation, grasps the hand of Wellington; throughout the whole day he has ridden, straining his ears and his eyes, and pushing on more speedily as every fresh height of the undulating road was overcome, and every fresh blast of the wind brought nearer and nearer, and louder and yet more loud, the sounds of the desperate contest that so terribly excited him. He has just now gained the assurance that his old enemy, Napoleon, has at last been defeated, and yet that not so utterly but he may find fuel for his ancient hatred in finishing the victory, and bear no light part in making it a permanent overthrow and utter destruction to the scourge of his country.

How eager he is for the task is clear enough by the vigour of his clutch of Wellington's hand, and the sparkle of his eyes that gleam under the shade of his Prussian travelling cap. These evidences of passionate excitement are true to the element of physical activity that so largely pervaded his nature, affected as it must be at this moment of entering upon so

momentous a struggle. Equally true to the rule of a different nature are the countenance and action of Wellington, who looks subdued by his long anxiety—his long witnessing of the circumstances of the scene—their misery, agony, and horror. He is full enough of vigour of a kind equal to many duties, but he can spare no outward display of violent evidences of emotion—he could be taken for none but a successful general at the very moment of victory crowning his life, but he is tired, and withal very sad, so that one recognises and sympathizes with, and honours him infinitely, as the man who shortly after the stern rigour of his battle-strung nerves had melted away, shed tears at the agony of the poor maimed wretches that lay dismembered, wounded, and torn about the field in thousands.

Just behind the heads of the generals is the sign of the inn, "*La Belle Alliance*," appropriately written upon a board fixed against the wall of the house. Blucher's trumpeters stand to the left of the picture, trumpet at lip, ready to sound the signal of advance. Behind Wellington are his aides-de-camp, all regarding the main incident with life-like and unaffected interest, each man true in character to the class—handsome and well-bred, but shallow-souled men, with, however, upon their countenances a certain seriousness imparted by their position. One of them, a man of riper years, with a face of some strength of character, evincing intelligence and forceful will, has just been shot down and has fallen to die with the herd.

This is probably an historical figure, and the incident represented an actual occurrence; he looks like a husband and a father, and one wonders how at the moment his poor wife and children breathe, and one curses more bitterly for their sake the bullet that struck him. Still more active is one's pity for those amongst the fallen who still feebly and painfully live. Two of these, whose distorted faces show the effort it costs them, are raising their arms to welcome the new army, while another, a trumpeter, left without power to move his body, is turning his eyes in vain in the attempt to see the Prussian general, his eyes

doomed only to look on the sinking sun; he can sympathize with but little else any more.

One group is formed by a dying Hanoverian, attended by his priest, who is administering extreme unction, and looking with the keenest anxiety to see whether there is any spark of life left. A vivandiere standing close by shares this anxiety with the priest. On the opposite side is a surgeon, with about equal hope, feeling the pulse of another man who lies in a swoon, to detect whether it is not the final death swoon. One man has had the amputation screw fixed on his arm to stay hemorrhage until the surgeon can get time from more pressing cases to deal with him. There he is left, with outstretched arm and fingers strained and rigid. We see at once that there are, indeed, many more pressing cases than his, for he is already going fast beyond the reach of human ministrations. Another has fallen upon the body of a gun, which hard cold support has been shattered, mayhap by the same shot which slew the man. One must needs ask was it for this that God made these men—for this that he gave them mother's care—that he brought them food and gave them shelter; that he led others to work for them, reap the corn and tend the herds, watch the clouds and the sunshine, dig the coal and ore out of the earth, and beat it into shape for use; was the last merely for shot and shell, lance-head and sabre? Did he for this make the cotton grow, and teach men to strive even with his own elements, and lead the sailors to risk the tempests in the sea? Was it for this, indeed, that he gave them teachers for the eye and the ear; were the preacher, and the poet, and the painter for this end given? Did he for this lift up their heads to love one another, and teach them to bear the misfortunes of their lot, and the penalties of their faults in patience. Alas! alas! was He moving them through all for this hard fate and bloody end—only for this?

It were too bitter to think thus, even if we did not know that amongst that mass of men, confused in heaps with dying horses and broken instruments of death and shattered symbols of glory, there lies many a one whose last grasp of the hand or last warm

kiss of love is the cherished blessing of long deserved affection of many dear hearts—waiting now—praying now, in hope that he may come again and be the sole comforter of their life in the years when peace has been won.

Surely it is well to have such a scene as this as a silent monitor to the members of our government, when they have the destinies of peace and war to decide. Who was the guilty author of the war which this battle ended it is not our place to say; but very often we feel that war has been hurried on without enough thought of the individual misery it would entail. Perhaps some such realization of the fact as may be given by the art which places the battle before us now, would have in some silent, secret manner deterred the rulers of the nation from indulging a thirst for such dearly bought glory. When the deaf accustomed ear will not listen, the glance of the unguarded and uncontrollable eye may fall upon this picture, and in the future appeal to a judgment higher than reason, counsel the feelings to patience, and mercy, and moderation, and save the nation from the curse of madness and hardness of heart. This is one of the functions of art: the voice of the prophet of woe and the preacher may fall upon heedless ears; but at some moment of doubt and hesitation the strange call to reflection through another and less hackneyed sense may have, and doubtless many times has had, an effect mysterious, untrackable, but yet potent for good. Maybe, too, such pictures as this may have some force in cleansing the hearts of the humbler citizens from vice which the eternal justice of God visits in punishment, by leaving nations, as individuals, to themselves until the curse can no longer be averted, and it falls, like this battle fell, in ruinous desolation.

It is no digression to pass from the consideration of Mr. MacIac's merits as a painter to the suggestions of the event he has recorded so forcibly, any more than it would be in dealing with a written history. In this case the historian is writing with a less conventional alphabet, giving us the design and the scene in full actuality, direct from his imagination; and his

aim should be to make us forget himself and think only of the subject he puts before us. This is the very essence of art, an art which conceals and overrides art; and the force and depth of the impressions we receive from a picture are the best tests of its nobility, usefulness, and merit.

We may now, however, record our conviction that this picture is the very noblest of its kind ever done in this country, if not in the whole world. It is certainly in our mind greater than any other of its class, so numerous as that is in France. Horace Vernet's pictures are in comparison but effective scenes of a theatre. Indeed, it reminds us of Paul de la Roche's works more than any others; but, with the highest admiration of that painter's productions, we feel that even he could not have conceived, or designed, or drawn this picture. The faults of disproportion into which it must have been difficult not to fall under the system unavoidably adopted in executing this work by piecemeal, in a room of inadequate size, are so rare as to be unworthy of mention, while the power of drawing each individual feature or fragment of the composition would be wonderful, if the painter had even confined his study singly to them—how much more so as they make one entire and complete whole. The horses contained in it are to an extraordinary degree worthy of admiration, each animal, as he stands in the glory of life or lies in the agony of death, has the same individuality of character as the men have; and, what is more than all indicative of a high pictorial mind, the treatment of the difficulties of modern costume is both true and noble.

It is often complained that modern costume is unfit for artistic handling, and there may be some foundation for the complaint; still more, however, might this be said of that prevalent in the reign of George the Fourth, the intense unnaturalness of which was beyond any thing the world had yet seen in cumbrous stiffness and preposterous ugliness of arrangement, as well as in discomfort to the wearer. One may be certain that in the hands of a common painter this incidental misfortune of the subject would have been most painfully obvious; MacIac, however, without having recourse to

any tricks to hide the truth, has made us entirely forget the difficulty—indeed he has done more, and while he has been faithfully accurate in every detail, the figures have that poetic aspect which could be expected only in a classical or medieval gathering of warriors. He has shown the action of the body modestly enough, but with real truth in each figure, and thus one is led naturally to think of the man and not of his clothes. In another point he has made a most important advance upon himself and his peculiar modes of working in former pictures. He has represented hair, not as too often before, like a mass of flat shavings arranged in graceful groups, but like natural hair—in locks, with all their peculiar curves and masses.

We must now add a few words on the execution of this remarkable work. With but little exception the whole picture is done with simple black chalk on a light cream-coloured paper. The exceptions are the banners and arms, whose decorations have colours. Where the artist might be in danger of forgetting as he proceeded with the major and more absorbing and more important parts of the design, in such parts he has used tinted crayons. The general effect of the drawing is that of a very forcible mezzotinto engraving, powerfully magnified. On a close inspection the work is found to be elaborated with the point so highly as to make it a subject of wonder how this large surface, even with no consideration whatever being given to the design, *per se*, (that is, the intellectual part of the work) could have been covered with so many regularly placed lines in the space of a year and a-half, the comparatively short time that has been spent upon the production of the cartoon.

It now remains for Mr. Maclise to translate this work worthily in colour. We wish much that it could be hoped he would make as great an advance in this respect as he has in every other. We humbly, however, join our wishes and hopes to those of his brother artists, that he may be long spared to develop all the wonderful powers he possesses; and we think that they as well as himself, may take this opportunity of noting how honourable it is for men who have al-

ready attained a high position to strive without ceasing to approach as near as possible to the point of perfection.

After we have thus gone into the question of the merits of this cartoon, and its prospects of furnishing a healthy ambition to our painters of the day, it will be far from irrelevant if we congratulate the nation upon having for once obtained the right man in the right place. The rare occurrence of such an accident—for truly we can call it nothing else than an accident—is indeed a matter fit for and demanding the gravest consideration from those who have the duty thrust upon them of choosing the men who shall be commissioned to execute our public buildings and grand national monuments, and are expected to do this with the same success and vigour as they are expected to decide upon a man who shall go as procurator to India, ambassador or general in China, diplomatist to France or Austria, or bishop at Jerusalem. Of course they fail in this, if it were for the mere want of education and natural aptitude for the task, and heavy is the opprobrium that falls upon them. Report says they hate the task, and that some of the less conscientious and honourable among them shirk it altogether, and leave the whole thing in the hands of even less specially intelligent subordinates.

Deservedly heavy, indeed, is the opprobrium that falls upon those who undertake a task for which their own common honesty must tell them they are unfitted; but it is the peculiar characteristic of an Englishman that there is nothing he will not attempt: he will climb Mount Blanc, or go up the glacis of a fortress with much the same *sans froid*, and heed the flying death-shots on the one about as much as he heeded the snow-flakes of the other. Put an Englishman to judge of a design for a public building, a monumental statue, erected in gratitude for services that saved the nation, a picture which is to teach our sons and our sons' sons what were our feelings and our hopes on many of the great points of human life and conduct, put an Englishman to do either of these things, we say, and the more highly he has been educated for any one thing that has no earthly

reference to the matter in question, the more readily does he take off his coat to the subject, as it were, and in good honest stupid simplicity, set himself to work, to do the best he can, never doubting that it will be done well, because it is well meant; and, least of all, having a moment's suspicion that he himself is about the last person under the sun fit to decide the point of choosing a work which shall reflect credit upon his generation, or move the bitter scornful laughter of those that are to come, through all the ages the production may last.

In matters of art alone John Bull is irregular in his courses of acting. He thinks every one understands and has a proper feeling for art; any one can write on art; any one can pronounce an opinion upon the merits of a picture. If the matter be casting cannon, or deciding upon an improved rifle for military purposes, or even a contract for meat or cloth, John is far too modest and sensible to think of trusting to his own decision, but instantly sends a commission of military men and artillerymen to Woolwich, or graziers and experienced judges in the proper matters for the other things. But in art, my Lord This and the Hon. Mr. That are supreme. They learned to write their bad Latin or worse Greek at school; and although these are happily long since forgotten from disuse, that instinctive and infallible judgment for art and matters of taste remains unimpaired, and indeed will no more die than their modesty will die.

My Lord is as ready and willing to settle these simple matters with the same ease and freedom from self-distrust as he would settle the claims from two rival competitors for a paid attachéship at a foreign court. If he takes a serious thought of it at all, he doubts not in any way his own ability to decide upon the man who shall be chosen as the spokesman from the present to the future. More probable it is that some such indifference exists in the minds of many of these men as was to be found in the soul of that noble and immortal critic who declared upon the merits of Handel and his rival, "that for the life of him he could not see the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

The man who from his position is presumed competent to decide upon the talents of a proconsul or the merits of a picture, maybe feels himself incompetent notwithstanding the call upon him; or matters of the stern present press upon him, a rival statesman knocks at the door, France stirs uneasily, Turkey is in the languor of decline, India threatens, or there is, perhaps, a little sharp practice on the part of Brother Jonathan, and then, as is to be expected, art and all such like things go to the winds. A subordinate decides the question, if it be decided at all; the subordinate has no responsibility, either to the public or to the future—at any rate he feels none. He is not a whit better qualified than his chief to decide, and so the whole thing gets into a chaotic hocus-pocus of cliquish jobbery and petty favouritism.

Even worse than this may befall, incredible as it may seem, and the question of art become a political one, a party question. Each side cares little for the matter on its own merits, but it is invaluable as a thorn in the side of its antagonist that may be thrust into the flesh of the one worsted with the insolence of spite and ignorance. Each chief is followed by a legion of followers of contracted views. "Fricze, architrave, and pediment," shouts one of classic taste; and he secures the votes of the old men, who remember with delight the glories of Carlton House, uphold the stucco of the regency, and look upon the Quadrant as the fit utterance of the art-soul of *their* time. Grand columns, intercolumniations, flat-roofed, echoing halls, and flights of shallow stairs ascending from one story to another, are the desiderata of these. But the other side says, "arches, arches, piers, carved capitals, and statues of strange device and marvellous meaning, subtleties of art." These are the war-cries, and this the war. Art has indeed come to this, to be the plaything of parties, one of whom confessedly understands nothing of the subject. Into this vortex good honest architects, painters, and sculptors are drawn; and they and their art live and die in the rise and fall of parties.

Out of this bewildering and disgraceful chaos it is not a little delightful to have a proof, in such a work as

that by Maclean, of what the art of the nineteenth century is really capable—that it is really competent to something better than mere imitation; and this work may to the intelligent mind of some spectator in the after-time give rise to great wonder, how, with such real power and wealth of art existing, it was possible our age could have seriously conducted through interminable disputes the question which style was the most proper to *revive*—the classical or the mediæval; whether a great national building should be a modified imitation of a Roman temple, or a Gothic edifice, and in either case of the coldest and deadliest of imitations, mere galvanic life, in fact; whether in short, a style of architectural design, if such it can be called indeed, which is utterly unfit for the climate and the requirements of modern life, presenting when complete an unpleasant resemblance to a decorated coffin with windows in it, or if bad Gothic be chosen that it is so utterly at variance with the spirit of Gothic art, as to have no more variety in it than the pseudo-Greek, its rival, has; and might for all the diversity—this being the very essence of the Gothic spirit—go on from Westminster to Richmond, and back again, without needing any thing more than that the machinery by which it was made should be kept at work to create buttress, moulding, and mullion, by thousand after thousand, and reproduce by the score tower after tower with the same family likeness.

It is indeed, no small comfort, and gives no little hope for the future, to have such a picture as the one before us, especially at a time when the political squabble goes on; and in the meantime, while men who with something like power to help a little are fighting for the bone, the prize itself is filched away by the merest charlatans being entrusted with the most important works of the age, and the memory of our greatest heroes is perpetuated in stone and bronze, and the most urgently required of public buildings entrusted to persons whose only singularity is their known incompetence to erect them. Were it not for some such proofs as this of the existence of a nobler vital power in the art of design, we should look with despair

for the judgment of later days upon our doings.

Conceive a spectator of the future looking critically upon our public works in art, our great architectural productions, and our sculptured testimonies of reverence for great men; fancy him asking himself how it was possible that a generation professing an enthusiastic reverence for art, none the less zealous because it was new-born, could have erected such a place as the new bridge at Chelsea, or the National Gallery, could have accepted Trafalgar-square, with its hideous column and pultry fountains, tolerated the barbarous additions to Buckingham Palace, permitted the Wellington statue to remain in its absurdity, could have hailed the advent of a statue of Richard Cour de Lion, enlarged from the penny theatrical characters their youth delighted to colour and to decorate with tinsel, and looked upon its author not with simple and honest recognition of the talent he possessed, and hospitably welcomed him accordingly, but announced his coming as an avatar in art, and insisted upon securing, and actually did secure his services for every public statue, at any sacrifice, as a blessing for the nation, to the total neglect of all other sculptors.

Our critic looking upon the new bridge at Chelsea would be a sight for these times. "What," he says to himself, "is that the notion of architecture they had; could their oceans of molten iron, with their unlimited faculties and facilities, achieve no more of beauty and grandeur than that filagree toy—those dumpy towers of suspension, with their astounding folies of lanterns at the top—could they raise nothing better than those supremely ridiculous toll-keepers' boxes, which remind one more of magnificent pincushions, stuck round with skewers, than of habitations for human beings, even though these be toll-collectors? Out of Cathay there was never any thing so utterly foolish, childish, toylike, and unbeautiful than the aspect of the whole." Let the reader who has been fortunate enough not to see this edifice, conceive the noble and high taste which directed the placing of a lamp, à la Vauxhall, over the summit of each pier of suspension, not to give light to the

roadway or the river, they are far too high up for that, but simply from something of the same class of feeling which leads the vulgar to admire all kinds of bizarre and fantastic ornament, leads them to purchase little plaster models of churches, into which you can put a candle, and then enjoy to your soul's content the delicious effect of the light shining through the little bits of stained glass put in the windows of the toy. Indeed, we are saying too much by admitting even this comparison, for these toys are, after all, suggestive of something that is beautiful, a church lighted from within, and the pretty gleam through the glass, may, to a fine imagination, call up all sorts of "storied windows richly dight." Truly, the architectural taste of our age has chosen to perpetrate and perpetuate a work, to which the principles of design applied in the construction of a German picture, with a going clock stuck in the middle of it, a toy from the Lowther Arcade or the Palais Royal, are not unalied.

That in the case of Mr. Maclise, the public have, by some extraordinary chance, secured "the right man," is indeed much to be wondered at. The thing must have been by chance, or mistake; for the system on which, we are bound to say, all public patronage of art seems to be conducted, is that of shielding the faults, errors, and follies of public jobs, until it is too late to protest against or amend them. Although Her Majesty, it is said, expressed at the ceremony of the opening of the Chelsea Bridge, intense disgust and contempt at the *cliquanterie* of the whole affair, there was no help. Thus the thing goes on, and while the public are suffering the disgrace of each shameful foolery, another job of the same kind is being quietly matured for the same posthumous contempt.

Indeed, the whole system is pitifully wrong and absurd, and the sooner our public men are persuaded into the modesty of renouncing their claims as judges of art, the better it will be for us, for our credit with the world, and for posterity, whose feelings have surely the right to be consulted, before we inflict such monstrosities upon their eyesight. Let it be admitted at once that art really is something be-

yond a mere sort of legerdemain, truly an intellectual pursuit, of which to become a judge a man should have at least some analogical aptitude for the subject. We believe, an eminent financier, an astute banker, an able prime minister, or an accomplished Greekist, have no special calling which shall constitute them judges of art at the expense of the public. Let us have for our art-judges persons who have what we designate an analogical aptitude for the subject. Artists, architects, poets, prose writers of highest standing, such as Mr. Carlyle, or even musicians—the last would be better than politicians. There seems to us a considerable disregard for the requirements of the case when a man distinguished in another walk—who, mayhap, can by no possibility give half the time due to the matter—is appointed to a judge's seat in matters of art. To pay a man a compliment at the expense of the stricken eyesight of generations to come, is somewhat too great a sacrifice to the *convenances* of society. The effect upon current and contemporary art, too, is most fatal; deserving men are discouraged, while triflers and time-serving ignoramuses prosper.

Doubtless there are few of our public men who would not gladly resign the office of an art-critic—the post can seldom be a gratifying one even to the most thick-skinned amongst them. Until art is taught like any other branch of study at universities and public schools, there is no hope for our statesmen as critics. Let the reader conceive the state of astonishment that would greet Lords Palmerston and Overstone if they announced themselves as musical critics, and authoritatively decided on the merits of an opera of Rosini's, and licensed or prohibited its performance on mere grounds of musical science. Is the matter so diverse from this that a man shall judge of a picture, statue, or building who is confessedly ignorant of the simplest rules of art, and not get the laughter he merits, and would assuredly receive if he made pretensions to any other kind of knowledge whatever than that for which his life and previous studies had made him competent?

People do not recognise the fact that all arts are, to a certain extent,

cognate—that the art feeling pervades them as a whole; and the different branches of poetry, music, painting, architecture, and sculpture, are but diverse utterances of the same spirit. Take, for instance, the fact of so many great men uniting the whole of these functions. Phidias was one who excelled in all, and left to the world the Theseus and the Parthenon. Giotto did the same,—made himself the symbol of the revival of painting, and built the marvellous tower at Florence, that wonder of wonders; Leonardo da Vinci, was all in one and master of all. Half the sculptors of the middle age were architects, some painters also; with scarce an exception they were, we read, accomplished musicians. Leonardo's great master, Verocchio, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, and name after name in the long lists of art from Phidias to Michel Angelo and Raffaele, tell us the same. This principle once admitted and recognised, there will be no difficulty in saving the modesty of our politicians and statesmen, and getting men who are far more competent to act as judges in the bestowal of pub-

lic commissions. Indeed, in the instance of the appointment of Mr. Carlyle as one of the council to the National Gallery of Portraits, some such feeling has been avowed. What reason can there be to stay the extension of the same rule, and secure the nomination of fit men to such tasks? Tennyson, Maurice, Maclise himself, and some of our excellent sculptors—Woolner and Foley, for example—would be surely better judges of architecture or painting than many of those gentlemen who of late years have had that office thrust upon them; and how much more so than most of the members of the Board of Works, or whatever is the title of that potent body of men who direct the economics of the duty of an edile. For the economical and financial part of the task, these are, doubtless, properly competent; but, for the life of us, we do not see that an existence spent in trade pursuits can qualify a man to decide upon the beauty of a bridge or a statue; yet such men appointed the architect to Chelsea Bridge, and have secured his talents for that of Westminster.

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FRENCH MILITARY MATTERS.

IT is quite as lawful to learn from an ally as from an enemy. Believing that the French may yet teach our military men something, and having recently been impressed with a sense of the superior soldierly qualities of the French army, and with strong ideas of the danger lest England does not clearly see the risk she runs in not being well prepared for war, we have jotted down some notes lately gathered on these important matters, and of such talk about them as occurs in ordinary conversation.

"A quarter of a million of excellent soldiers under arms, forming the finest army in the world; their veterans flushed with success over the Russians and Austrians, and every man of them eager to take revenge for Waterloo and St. Helena! This, with a fleet almost equal to ours, forms a combination of such menace to England, that may well make us think how to meet it!" Such were our words, when, after having visited the camp of *L'Armée d'Italie* at St. Maur, we fell into discussing military matters, after dinner, with a few friends at a delectable dining-house in the Champs Elysées, *Le Moulin Petit Rouge*. The second day following was to witness the entry of that victorious army into Paris, and we had, in order to form some notions of the relative me-

rits of French soldiery, in comparison with what we had lately seen at Aldershot, made our first inspection of the warriors of Magenta and Solferino. Much discourse, of highly interesting sort, had we enjoyed with some of the vivacious fellows who had fought on those bloody fields; and we came away, leaving the vast and stirring scene of bivouac with feelings of hearty admiration for the soldierly traits and qualities of our noble allies; and especially for their *bonhomie*, good feeling, and intelligence. Long may the French nation continue to be our allies! Some years' residence among them, in the provinces as well as in the metropolis, has taught us to understand, and generally respect and esteem them. But we are now considering them in a martial point of view, as that which touches our own country; and, if the alliance is ever broken, especially if by their faults, viz., by the exuberance of their warlike disposition, their foolish love of glory, and natural desire to efface the tarnish of defeats sustained at our hands, let us hope that England will be prepared to the full extent that seems requisite.

One of our objects in repairing frequently as we did to the camp was, to gauge, as far as possible, the feelings of the military towards England.

Les Zouaves, et Les Chasseurs à Pied. 4th Edition. Paris, 1859.

Souvenirs d'un Officier du 2^m. de Zouaves. 2nd Edition. Paris, 1859.

Le Désarmement Européen; par Emile de Girardin. Paris, 1859.

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This wish was, however, obviously difficult to satisfy, for, as we could not permit ourselves to utter any thing that might evoke a deviation from politeness, which the French people are justly proud of showing, their expressions of sentiments towards us were civilly guarded. On this score, therefore, we could learn little. Our allies would not say if they desired to become our enemies; but were, particularly the officers, very polite; though we are well aware that this numerous and powerful class are the chief instigators of war; and naturally so, because war not only relieves them from the tedium of garrison life, but promises them promotion and honours. It is said that, before hostilities began with Russia, disaffection to the Emperor was spreading throughout the army, in consequence of his adherence to his famous saying, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*;" for many young aspirants to colonelcies declared that, in such case, Louis Napoleon was not the man for them. If peace was to be perpetual how were they to rise in rank, and how acquire "glory," that brilliant bubble, reputation, ever glittering, in the colours of the legion of honour, before the eyes of *militaires*? Any hope of winning renown in Africa was over, since, the Algerine deserts having been made a perfect solitude, peace reigned there. A rupture with *perfidè Albion* was, at that time, out of the question; but fortunately, the Crimea opened as a theatre for the acquisition of fame. Recently, the plains of Northern Italy became the scene of *la gloire*. Yet where could this indispensable object, thinks every martialist, be gathered so abundantly as on the field that shall avenge the discomfiture of Napoleon the First and *la grande armée*.

Let us now introduce the reader to the company at table, whose comments on the splendid spectacles lately afforded by the French army we are about to give. For ourselves, the literary "we," the usual inscrutability must be preserved; but we present the reader to our foreign friends, a French gentleman of the ancient régime, and his spouse, a Parisian lady of *la vieille cour*. Monsieur de X., whose father was in the honoured service of the Bourbons, is *légitimiste*; yet, hopeless of a change of dynasty, or of benefits resulting from such a

revolution; but, sincerely respecting the admirable talents of Napoleon III., anxious to see this great man confirm his power by the legitimate means of establishing a constitutional system somewhat adapted from the English model. Lastly, we present a Scottish friend, a political economist, who has come to study the war question practically; a dry, hard man; an incarnation of the tenets of his school; impregnable to either jokes or sentiment, and deeming the arguments of the heart weak against those of the pocket and the understanding. To enlighten his innocence, we asked him to weigh in his economic scale the effects of the French passion for glory, that he might calculate how low it would bring down the scale of war, if thrown in whenever the momentous question may be put—*la guerre, ou la paix avec l'Angleterre?* But his scanty choice of weights failed; and he termed French love of fame froth and bosh; saying he could not measure such chaff, though we insisted the imperial bushel might easily be filled with it. Out of all patience we turned to *la dame Parisienne*, who knew her countrymen well, and she confirmed our belief by asserting that "every military man of them, that is a man," said she, speaking emphatically, and with exaggeration, "lives but to avenge himself of Waterloo! For this," she asseverated, "every widow would give her last son, and every beggar his last sou!" In illustration of the truth of her assertion, the lively lady favoured us by reciting some verses from a new and popular *romance* entitled, "*Le Pays t'appelle!*" being the address of a widow-woman to her son, on his *partant pour l'Italie*.

"Enfant, ton noble front rayonne d'espérance,
En songeant aux lauriers dont tu vas te couvrir;
Tu penses qu'il est beau de défendre la France;
Tu penses que pour elle il est beau de mourir!
Mais, tu ne sais donc pas que ma vie est la tienne!
Que rien, auprès de moi, ne te remplacera!
Que ton sang est mon sang! que ton âme et la mienne!
Qu'en te frappant au cœur, c'est moi qu'on frappera?
Et cependant! et cependant! et cependant,
Quand le pays t'appelle,
Sans hésiter, il faut, il faut partir!
Pour le défendre, à ton devoir fidèle;
O mon enfant, ne crains pas de mourir! de mourir! de mourir!"

This Spartan sentiment is very fine, thought we, when we heard these words sung on the stage with tremendous applause; and perhaps it is a pity British matrons are not equally zealous in rendering "Riflemen, form!" a household chant.

"Do you know what glory is?" asked a veteran of the Imperial Guard (in *patois* French) of a recruit, and then proceeded to explain:—"If you fall on the field of victory, you will be immortalized in perpetuity!" This idea is less obvious to Englishmen than to the speaker, who, verily, appeared to think nothing of being slain. Vain-gloriousness seems, indeed, the strongest of Gallic passions. "I die," wrote a colonel to his wife after the battle of Magenta, "covered with wounds and glory!" In the mouth of a hero as eminent as Nelson or Picton, these words would be allowable; but we warrant that no lieutenant-colonel, nor even a full general, of our nation, ever wrote them. Yet, such being a trait of the French military mind, let us take care not to underrate its effects!

Of all the restaurants we have *exploités* in this city of *dîners fins*, commend us to the Moulin Rouge, as offering the most agréments for a summer, *à fresco* banquet. An excellent cuisine, and wines of the first quality, leave, as our *légitimiste* friend observed, nothing to desire. Some *caraffes* of iced champagne being succeeded by superlative claret, we resumed our discussion of martial matters. Having lingered late among the sons of Mars and the tents at St. Maur, the bright galaxy of lamps opposite to us already illuminated the charming concert-garden recently formed by Musard, and his splendid orchestra was delighting us with the "*Postilion Galop*," a musical imitation of travelling by imperial *diligence*, rapid and resonant; the conductor's horn blowing gaily, the postilions' whips cracking melodiously, and the *guirlons* of bells round the horses' necks ringing merrily, as the collection of cheery, travelling sounds sped along in imagination.

Meanwhile, our *convive*, the professor of political economy, had been ruminating over Madame's disclosures as to the patriotism of her nation. "It is all vera well," at last he muttered, "but the appeal to the pocket

is the best. If Gladstone would come forward with a friendly budget, and admeest their wines at saxeence a bottle, instead of a shilling, there'd be little talk of war with England. Why, man," continued our statistician, "if they went to war with us, their railroads would be shut up for want of coal in sax weeks." The assertion surprised Madame de X., who was unaware of what we presently informed her, that the coal-mines of her country do not supply a fifth of its consumption. The Parisian lady became manifestly frightened by the intelligence, because, as we suspect, she pictured in her mind's eye the dismal state of the town when gas, source of its nocturnal brilliancy, whether in the theatres, *Champs Elysées*, or on the Boulevards, should be no more. Whatever passed in her thoughts, she quickly observed—

"*Dans ce cas là, notre grande flotte à vapeur, dont on a tant parlé, sera joliment flambée!*"

Ourselfs (attempting to joke).—" *En effet*, all the vapouring about it will end in smoke, when this screw *mécanique* is put on its screw machinery. Why, *parbleu!* emptiness in the coal-boxes would insure peace more than if in the treasury."

Political Economist.—"Our government, too, has lately declared it will consider coal as contraband during war, so the French will not be able to get it from—"

Just then, by an amusing coincidence, Musard's band struck up "*The Express-Train Polka*," beginning with the loud ringing of the station bell on starting; then a shriek, not so piercing as in real steam-engine life, but with a musically-modulated thrill; anon, a puffing (from the orpheiclude), in imitation of bursts of the impatient vapour; and presently, the pant, pant, of the mighty power, as it moves away, growing into the clash, clash, of the train, hurrying along, tempered to the ear by a pleasing accompaniment, in express time, of fiddles, flutes, double basses, drums, cymbals, and all sorts of instruments, making, in melodious unison, a rapid, staccato tune, and admirably giving, as fairly as music could, an idea of the regular rush of a railway train. Another whistling shriek, a relaxation of speed, and the imaginary journey ceased.

Our *légitimiste* friend profited by the silence, and, finishing his wine, said, with a solemn look, in indifferent English:—"Mes alliés, do not believe that a small matter would stop Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Should ever a shout for war with England prevail, he will head his choicest forces, and take them by express trains, *au plus vite*, into Belgium. The Low Countries are rich in coal, and, as they were of old the battle fields of Europe, and the scene of his uncle's greatest defeat, he will cause them to render up their mineral wealth, and endeavour to make them the theatre of glorious reparation of that disaster. May it not be his destiny to gratify the military vanity of the French to this extent, so deeply yearned for? *Figurez vous*, Napoleon III., à la tête de l'armée du Nord, humiliator of Russia, vanquisher of Austria, successful against Prussia, and only waiting until an English force shall venture to show itself on the Continent! Hence his jealousy of the proposed increased fortification of Antwerp, which is to be, his newspapers say, sneeringly, the *tête du pont* of the channel you British dare to consider as your own, but the supremacy of which his fleet may some day be prepared to challenge."

Madame de X. followed her husband's remark as to Antwerp by observing, that the distaste her soldier countrymen feel for such slow work as besieging is notorious. "They call it," said she, "*guerre des taupes*, a war of moles! The Algerine troops, particularly, abominate the idea of exchanging *les délices* of campaigning, for the hard labour and other severities (including *le ventre vide*) of a stiff, protracted beleaguering. *Nos plus braves des braves*, the Zouaves, who now consider themselves, martially speaking, *l'élite de l'armée*, and style themselves '*le corps le plus chirard*, *le plus flambard*' (the crack and flash force), specially detest besieging. *Assurez vous*," continued the clever lady, "our Emperor well knows that trenches break the teeth and crush the spirit of the French; and it was for this reason that he prudently avoided attacking the Austrian Quadrilateral. *Sapristi!* if he had opened entrenchments before Verona they might have proved a seat of war *en permanence*."

Political Economist.—"Nae doubt you remember what Sir John Bur-

goyne sensibly observed, that a strong fort costs less to construct than a frigate, and lasts much longer. Perhaps, if there is any fear of invasion, the best defence to London would be huge fortified lines, capable of containing a large force, and holding out for some time, situated somewhere on the South-eastern Downs."

Monsieur de X. was of opinion, that the Emperor is too prudent, and too personally attached to the English, ever to attempt an invasion.

Our speculations turning on the characteristics of our allies, as influenced by race, a warm argument ensued between Monsieur de X. and our North Briton, who would hardly admit of ethnologic difference between the two nations, conceiving their original races almost identical.

Political Economist.—"In France, according to the best authorities, the prevailing element in the population is the Gallic variety of the Celtic race, still subsisting in Brittany; from whence, and from other lands of the Piets, such as Picardy and Poitou, our country was peopled with Piets, i.e. 'British,' a synonyme for painted men, whose blood obtains so largely in our three kingdoms, that this denomination comprehends the three peoples. Again, the first Franks were free men, of Teutonic, that is to say, Dutch blood, inhabiting north and east of the Rhine, like the ancient Anglian race. Those 'free lances' were hired by the Celtic toparchs of Gaul, as guards, after the departure of the Romans; and, having seized the *pal-tis*, or palisaded fort of the kings of Paris, gave their name to the *Isle des Franks*, in which the *palais de justice* still stands; and they subsequently overran, conquered, and bequeathed their name to France proper. And again, the two nations have much in common in Norman blood."

Monsieur de X.—"I must acknowledge your view as generally correct: but although the term 'British' embraces your three nations, I believe it does so more by use than in truth; for, be assured, certain sub-varieties of the Teutonic race form the largest element in England. Without doubt you say truly, Gallic blood predominates here; yet, when you speak of the retirement of the Romans, you ignore a remarkable fact, which is

that, as I conceive, the bulk of the bourgeois of France may reasonably claim descent from those mighty men, whose legions conquered and colonized Gaul so fully. Not having made much research on this curious point, I merely venture to suggest that there are good grounds for belief in this illustrious origin for our citizens; and, if so, we perceive from whence they derive their martial characteristics. The Roman architectural remains, to be seen in almost every one of our cities and large towns, attest the sway of that race throughout the country; for, though few of these relics are to be compared to the grand Roman baths in the metropolis, their masses of brick and mortar bear solid testimony to the universality of Roman possession. It would seem that the Latin bourgeois, in a thousand cities in Gaul, instead of retiring into Italy before the advancing banners of the Franks, remained, protected (as our historian, Thierry, explains) by their defensive system of *communes*; and underwent certain conditions of subjection to the conquerors, to whom the kings of the new supremacy granted the surrounding territories. Similarly, the Celtic cultivators of the soil continued to live in the multitudinous enclosures taken in from forest and waste (called towns, or *villes*), as villeins, *serfs*, or serfs, of the new feudatories. Those bourgeois, or bourgeois, preserved their Roman civil law, municipal organization, and language, which grew, in time and by admixture with the conquering race, to be Romane-French, and became, as the speech of cities, the language of the courts, both regal and legal, the camp and market, in effect, of the civilized people. Nothing better proves the Latin extraction of our bourgeois than the pedigree deduced from their language; and, since speech is mostly learnt from women, the prevalence of Latin origins in the French tongue argues the existence, for ages, of wide-spread Roman colonies. The great extent of this ancient Italian extraction is not alone proclaimed by our language, but is also warranted by the physiognomy, proud and refined bearing, and warlike character of our middle classes. Let us hope that their Roman blood will not prove hot enough to apply and add the old shout of the Punic wars—*delenda est Car-*

thago—to their *souvenirs des vieilles haines nationales* towards your country."

We acknowledged the ominous analogy, but expressed our opinion, that any attempt to apply that classic *cri de guerre à l'outrance* practically, would result, not in the destruction of our modern commercial Carthage, but of the haughty capital twice occupied by our army during the present century.

Of the martial enthusiasm of the French, and their animosity to the English, now slumbering, after five centuries' duration, there can be no doubt. Often, during the late brief campaign, we were startled, whilst passing the *cafés chantants* on the Champs Elysées, at the shouts of applause from the multitudes standing around these temples of music and song, listening to the bellicose ballads and *chansonnettes* provided to suit the taste of the time; and we thought, if such be the excitement against *les Autrichiens*, what will be the burst of passion whenever the French goddess, Bellona, lashes herself into fury against *nous autres*! The honour of the tricolor flag was generally the theme of these war-odes, and every stanza invoked *la gloire*; so that one might well imagine the rage of the populace, were the subject of these inciting songs the blemishes received by that flag at our hands; and the entire ode, an appeal, by historic memories, arousing their ancestral antipathy to *les maudits Anglais*.

Our party at the Moulin Rouge, rendered somewhat gloomy by such reflections, separated; and as we walked home, we heard the chorus of one of these crowded *cafés* shouting out this *refrain*:

"C'est la charge, on s'écrie;
Tambours d'Italie!
La gloire et les amours
Vous protègent toujours!
Ra ta plan!
Encore une conquête!
Vainqueurs, chacun répète.
Serrons nous; en avant!
Beaux tambours, en avant!
Ra ta plan, plan, plan; ra ta plan, plan,
plan!"

On the day following, viz., on Saturday, the 13th August, the men of our party, in search of military knowledge, made a second excursion to the camp. The road through the Bois de Vincennes was

crowded with vehicles of every description, from a four-in-hand, covered with English gentlemen, to open caravans, carrying parties of female relatives of the soldiery. Throngs of people filled the pathways, and we saw more than one decorous but laughing dame step aside to escape the ardent looks of tipsy Turcos. We passed on to the gala scene of camp life, with its miles of canvas, thousands of piles of arms, and merry men busy in a dozen different ways. Presently we came on a group of thirty or forty seated on the ground, with loto cards before them, quietly playing this childish game for *sous*. An old pioneer, whose handsome countenance and luxuriant beard are as fine as any thing in "the antique," sat in the centre, calling out the loto numbers as he drew them from the bag, a function he accompanied by jocular sing-song. It was pleasant to see the black face of an Abyssinian break into joy and show its white teeth, when, his line of numbers having been the first to fill, he clucked his card into the teller and grasped the prize. Then we turned to the tents of his brother Turcos, and made close observation of their outlandish habits. In one of their canvas caves an Arab was hid, sitting cross-legged on his haunches, chanting a Moorish or Negro tum-tum; and beating time to this strange modulated noise on an invisible musical instrument. Great fun did he afford to some grisettes, who, regarding him as a wild beast in a lair, now and again peeped in with half-fearful, half-comical looks. From this assemblage of the rude children of African deserts, so near to high polished Paris, we moved on to see the manners of their Christian brethren, the Zouaves; and enjoyed a bout of drinking, smoking, and talking with various members of this distinguished body. Having previously fortified ourselves on our present theme by perusing some works on the subject, we cannot do better than give extracts of their striking passages. Perhaps the most acceptable will be a brief account of the celebrated corps of Zouaves, taken from the books under review.

The first "Zouave" force was formed in Algeria, in 1830, by the enlistment of *indigènes*, or natives, in two battalions, which received the

name of Zouaves, as the denomination of foot-soldiers the Dey of Algiers was used to recruit, principally from a confederation of tribes called in Arabic, Zououa, inhabiting beyond the Djurjura mountains in Kabylia. Many Frenchmen, by no means the élite of their country, were, at first, embodied in this new irregular corps, which retained the oriental costume, and soon became famous for exploits against the Arabic guerillas. Gradually, as the numbers of this efficient force were increased, the natives were withdrawn, and enrolled as a separate body, now known as the terrible Turcos; while the residue, largely recruited from France, reinforced by picked men from the regular army, and formed into several regiments, compose the redoubted battalions of Zouaves, whose renown has been greatly enhanced by their valour in the Crimea. Yet very many of these fierce Gauls have become so acclimatized in Africa, so assimilated in appearance, under its burning sun, to the dark red complexioned warriors whose name they bear, as to be often taken by strangers for veritable Bedouins, although born and bred within sound of the bells of Notre Dame; and some of them, amused by the mistake, have replied to the question — "To what Arab tribe do you belong?" not by saying, "We are of the Beni-Mahmoud, or Beni-Hassan" but, "To the tribe of Beni-St. Antoine, or Beni-St. Honoré!"

The following interesting picture of a bivouac of a body of Zouaves, while on distant service in the mountains of Algeria, is taken from the *Duc d'Aumale's* sketch of the brief history, but brilliant exploits of this corps:—

"See them approach the place of bivouac, and prepare for the night. Some of the men leave their ranks, and run to the nearest source of water to fill the cans of the detachment before the water shall be rendered muddy by the horses and camels. The faggots for firing have been prepared beforehand, and are ready on the top of the knapsacks. The halt is sounded; the battalion draws up, and extends out in a line in pre-assigned position; the company on guard in advance. Whilst the superior officers proceed to place the posts, the little canvas tents are set up, and the fires lighted as if by magic. Then the fatigue company busy themselves with the distribution of victuals and cartridges; the cooking men

set to work; others cut up wood to provide for the night-fires; some are cleaning their arms; others are mending their clothes with the aid of the never-failing 'trousse' (i.e., housewife case, whence the *trousseau* of a bride) of French soldiers, which, they say, at first always produced a laugh from their allies in the Crimea. The soup is soon ready, being made without the newly-distributed meat, for this is destined to boil all night and figure in the morning repast. The evening soup is made with onions, lard, a little white bread, and whatever else *des vivres* the *ordinaire*, or common stock, contains."

It seems that, after a custom borrowed from the Arabs, the soldiers of the army in Africa, when campaigning, live in community, or, according to their expression, *font ordinaire ensemble*, being understood to form a society, called *tribu*, or tribe; each man of which has habitually his distinct function, one being charged with the firewood and fire; another with the water, cooking, and making coffee; and a third with the tents, &c. Our readers have doubtless observed the short sword worn by every French private as being no weapon, but a "coupe choux" (i.e., cabbage-cutter), a military tool special to, and characteristic of "the nation of cooks." The Duc d'Aumale proceeds to explain that, if the ordinary, or stock of *vivres* is exhausted—

"The evening soup is made *au café*; that is to say, the liquid coffee is thickened with biscuit-dust, and made into a sort of paste, which would, perhaps, not be to every one's taste, but yet is strong and nourishing. Or else, may be, the sportsman and the angler of the detachment have helped to furnish the mess with something, such as a hare, or a tortoise, or a hank of fish; not to mention certain succulent dishes, which are occasionally relished on the sly, such as a fowl or a kid, the origin of which is not always orthodox. The soup has been eaten; the last pipe smoked; and the joyous chorus sung. While the sleeping comrades lie snug in their tents between their two quilts, the guard patrol in silence and change their position, lest it may have been perceived by the watchful enemy. The sentinel that was in sight on the top of the hill has disappeared; but, if you follow the officer of the guard in his rounds, he will point out to you, despite the darkness, on the slope of the hill, a Zouave lying on his stomach close to the summit, which ex-

actly hides him, his eyes on the watch and his finger on the trigger."

Did an Arab think to catch such a weazel asleep, he would soon be unable to answer to "*Qui vive?*"

The equipments of this corps are so peculiar as to deserve remark. Generally and first we may observe, that the small tents in use by the French army might well be adopted in our service on particular occasions. This serviceable "*tente-abris*," or shelter canvas-tent, is, as is well-known, formed of eight pieces, each of which, with a portion of the poling, is borne by every soldier, so that it is easily carried and quickly pitched. It was invented by the men of the 17th Light Regiment, who acted upon the idea of unsewing their knapsacks to make shelter, and joined them together with cords sustained by poles. The experiment having succeeded, a Zouave colonel regulated this new method, and adopted it in his regiment. The transport of large tents having long been acknowledged impracticable in rapid operations over a vast extent of rough ground, the value of these handy tents should be appreciated. Still, we are humbly of opinion that, whenever the nature of the service permits, the soldier should be relieved of the pack—the huge *impedimentum* he carries on his back. Its weight is very oppressive. A Zouave, in marching order, bears no less a burden than sixty pounds! The following is a list of its contents:—A portion of the tent and poles, a quilt, heavy hooded cloak, can, ration of bread, small wooden bowl, and tin quart pot. In the interior of the knapsack: a pair of gaiters, two shirts, pair of shoes, an account-book, a little bag (the *trousse*), containing an awl, five needles, scissors, reel, yellow, and black thread, and a thimble. Besides this, there were four brushes, a pack of cards to play patience with, or more delightful piquet; gun-screws, boxes of grease and encaustic, two pocket-handkerchiefs, five packets of cartridges, and, lastly, any cherished letters, such as from home and from the sweetheart. These miscellanies having been exhibited to us, we asked our ally how long it would take him to pack them and move off.

Zouave.—"Five minutes, *milords*; you may tell your Government so."

We said there was no need; but thought of Sir Charles Napier's baggage recipe—soap and a towel.

The Zouave uniform is so well known as hardly to need description; but, as its merits are universally acknowledged, we may notice that it is the Algerine costume in the colours of the French infantry, with some other modifications, which, without lessening its originality and grace, render it one of the easiest, neatest, and most appropriate of uniforms, leaving every movement of the wearer unhampered, and being susceptible of changes suited to variations of temperature. The trousers are specially praiseworthy, being nearly similar in shape to the Knickerbocker breeches, admirable inexpressibles, destined not only to supersede the kilt on Scottish moors, but to become the archetype of all hard work-a-day femoral teguments. Envy and jealousy do not readily find admittance into the breasts of Englishmen, but we confess to having become, for a brief season, a prey to these passions, after having seen a regiment of Zouaves of the *Garde Impériale* mount guard at the Tuileries, with their fine free and manly figures, their bright-coloured flaunting costume, their brass horns and cymbals, and all their look and air of magnificent oriental troops. Why, asked we of ourselves, should not the palace of our gracious sovereign Victoria, Queen of the Indies, be sometimes guarded "by British Indians," in the rich garb of the Madras sepoy, and glittering equipments and caparison of the Sikh cavalry?

Many know the outward appearance of the Zouave, but few are acquainted with his specialities. He is short, but broad-shouldered, fine-waisted, muscular, and nervous, his head shaved, and he wears a tufted beard, has a keen eye, a jeering smile, and a bold, swinging step. Such is the Zouave, the first soldier in the world for sudden, rapid marches, difficult ambuscades, skirmishes with advanced posts, and all surprises, in which he has shown himself more *rusé*, more wily, than even an Arab. If a position is to be carried, he runs forward, his head down, overthrowing all in his course—"he is no longer a man but a bullet, which once in air must hit its mark or fall." He cor-

dially hates cities, and holds garrison life in horror, detesting its inevitable minute discipline. When shut up in a room, and warm with wine and talk, he is apt to come to blows, at least he is so, if we are to believe the following couplet:—

"Quand l'zoukou, coiffé de son fez
A par hazard quoiqu' goutt' sous l' nez,
L'tremblement se met da a la cambuse.
Mais s'il faut se flanquer des coups,
Il sait rendre atouts pour atouts,
Et gare dessous,
C'est le zoukou qui s'amuse !
Des coups, des coups, des coups,
C'est le zoukou qui s'amuse !"

That which he rejoices in is camp freedom, raids and forays into the enemy's country, *le fritchic* (*fri-cassé*) improvised, and tobacco smoking and military gossip with a comrade under a tent. Living an almost nomadic life, he follows the example of the philosopher Bias, in carrying about with him all he possesses. Though this is not much, his knapsack or "cow-kin wardrobe" is immense, and even when on expeditions, is as full as it can hold, contrary to the practice of common soldiers. Besides regular ingredients it contains knives, forks, and spoons, suet, spices, and other indispensable condiments for giving flavour to the *fritchic*, for the Zouave is a true gourmet, and *chef de marmite* au *bonnet rouge*. His ragouts might not be successful at Vefour's or Philippe's, yet in Africa, in the desert, have caused even generals to lick their fingers! He can make hare soup without following Mrs. Glasse's recommendation to first catch the hare, since an inferior animal, such as a cat, will serve his turn. Horse he can metamorphose into *fillet de bœuf*, and camel into mutton cutlets. When he catches an unwary lizard among the rocks, and discovers an ostrich's egg in the sand, he transforms them into *grenouille aux œufs frits*. In short, all is fish that comes to his net, and he shows most feathered or four-legged beasts the way to his *marmite* or pot. Thus gifted with the culinary talent, he would find himself in clover among the barn-door fowls and little pigs of English farm-yards. In his songs he glories in styling himself either an African lion, or, more commonly, *un chacal* (jackal), comparing himself and partners to troops of this beast

of prey, whose taste for stolen mutton he partakes of. Morally speaking, his character has grown out of his military pedigree, for his corps inherit the ferocity, desperate valour, and predatory propensity of their Algerine godfathers, who emulated on land the fame of their corsair countrymen at sea. Here is his sketch of himself as portrayed in a popular ballad, entitled *La Ronde des Zouaves*:—

"Le Zouave est un vrai lion,
Bronzé par le soleil d'Afrique.
Pour enfoncer un bataillon,
Il possède un' baguette magique.
Faut-il opérer un razzia,
Où gaisment vider une cave?
Viv' le zouzon (*ter*) viv' le Zouave (*bur*)."

His magical *baguette*, of which he justly boasts, is his terrific conjuring-wand, the bayonette. Good also is he, no doubt, in, as he says, emptying a cellar of wine, particularly after he has *rasé*, or swept, a Bedouin village clean. In continuation of this rough portraiture, we may cite a vivid description of a Zouave by one of their own officers:—

"Despite an uninterrupted succession of severe labours, in painful marches, terrible fights, and renewed attacks, nothing can lower the gaiety of the Zouave, true type of a French soldier under a foreign name, preserving his light spirits whether he be climbing an arid mountain, under the burning sky of Africa, weighed down by his arms, his victuals, and all his pack of necessaries, or, cowering in a muddy trench, under a rigorous Russian winter, the air freezing with snow, he, while seeking to warm his numbed limbs, jokes cheerfully with his companions-in-arms, and aids them sedulously. Or else at the bivouac, after a long march, he sets up his little tent, and, having lit the fire to cook his *turbutine* (a mess composed of biscuit, rice, and lard), and enjoyed a delicious smoke of his *bouffarde*, or pipe, he begins to chant *Le Chacal*."

This characteristic ballad is the war-song of the Zouaves, and we give it, since it paints their wild habits and ambitious hopes in strong and faithful colours. After having announced, in the first stave, that *le soldat Afric-Français* closely resembles the jackal, the Zouave, who willingly sings his own praises, exclaims:

D'abord montrons—le dans la plaine;
Pour la marche à lui le pompon;
S'il faut courir à perdre haleine,
Il ne vous dira jamais non.

Il n'a pas appris au gymnase
L'art de fatiguer un cheval.
Qui ne craint pas qu'on le ramasse?
C'est un chacal.
Courant, ou fumant la bouffarde,
Il faut le voir en razzia;
A tout prix, il faut qu'il chaparde;
Oui, malgré vous, il pillera.
En vrai corsaire au crépuscule,
De l'Arabe au pied martial,
Tentes, villages, qui tout brûle?
C'est un chacal.
Au pied de l'Atlas à l'armée
France, tu dois un monument
A la figure basanée.
Place au Zouave à l'osil ardent!
Qu'il exprime bien nos misères!
Et grave sur le piédestal:
Il vaut or que valaient nos pères!
C'est un chacal.

Turning to the Duc d'Aumale's pleasing account of the French Zouaves, we find him stating that these men, rejoicing in their half-barbarous, half-civilized character, retain the individual intelligence special to irregular troops, and, continuing to be true *enfants de Paris* in their gay moods, whenever they may indulge in jests, merriment, and the gaiety and wit their nation is proverbial for, possess, at the same time, the solidity and precision of the best veteran regiments. As the fame of their corps increased it became (says one of its officers in his modest volume of *Souvenirs*) a dispute who, among the best, most vigorous, and bravest in the army, should be admitted into the new service, which, observes he, is enticing to Frenchmen in several ways. The gay and peculiar uniform, the wandering, warlike life, giving more liberty than garrison service permits, and the certainty of being sent wherever a shot was to be fired; all this, says he, "was well suited to attract into our ranks the descendants of those Gauls, our forefathers, who used to exclaim, in their pride: 'If the sky should fall, we will support it on the points of our spears!'" The regiments of this *corps d'élite* now count in their ranks many officers who had quitted the army, but who, tired of an idle life, enlisted in this famous battalion, taking up the musket as mere private soldiers; and also numerous non-commissioned officers, that had also retired, yet who, inspired by a bravery extending even to rashness, came to obtain promotion a second time by distinction in battle, seeking either position or a glorious death. Again, there are old officers of the *garde mobile*; dis-

charged seamen, with broad shoulders, used to cannon and tempests; and numerous young men of high birth, desiring to replace—by the red riband of the legion of honour, a badge paid for by their blood left on fields of victory—the fortunes they had squandered in Paris. To such young prodigals, the illusive emblem of that noble legion is the pole-star of their hopes of fame:—

"Star of the brave! whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead,
Thou radiant and adored decessit,
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet!"

The Zouave officer, whose work we have already quoted, gives the following interesting account of his companions-in-arms:—

"The officers are generally chosen from line regiments, among the most vigorous men, both morally and physically, full of energy, carrying the love of their colours to its furthest boundary; for, always ready to face danger, they seek glory more than advancement. Like all their comrades, they know that, in their noble profession, they ought not to think of fortune. To lead their soldiers, to give them an example in all the military virtues, are their only cares. Our ancestors said: *noblesse oblige*. They voluntarily apply this noble motto to themselves. Their nobility does not consist in old family parchments, but in the uniform they wear, giving them the titles of officer and Zouave, of which they feel justly proud. Attachment to the corps, that religion of the soldier, is carried to its highest pitch amongst this force. Many simple soldiers in it would not consent to change their turbans for the galloon braid of under-officers of other corps. Many under-officers, and even officers, have been known to prefer waiting for their advancement, remaining Zouaves, rather than obtain it by joining other regiments. Between the soldiers and officers of this corps there exists a confraternity, which, instead of breaking down discipline, only fortifies it. The officer sees in the soldier a companion in danger and glory, rather than an inferior. Aware that *stomach-affection* is not an idle word, he unceasingly endeavours to preserve his men from useless privations. In African deserts, where one is exposed to feel the want of the necessities of life, he does not hesitate to aid his men by all the means in his power. He lends his beasts of burden and advances money that the porridge-pot may not be empty. In return, the soldier professes a great affection for his officer; he is devoted to him, and has

even a filial respect for him. Although the discipline is severe, he does not oppose the inflicted punishments. In battle he never leaves his chief; guards him; risks his life to protect and save him; and, if his captain is wounded, prevents his falling into the hands of the enemy. On bivouac he keeps his officer's fire alight, and takes care of his horse and mule. If he happens to obtain some fruit or game he brings them to him. Convinced of the wish their captains have of seeing them well-fed on expeditions, the soldiers often desire that a portion of their pocket-money should be employed to buy provisions for the *tribu* or division. The colonel in a regiment of Zouaves is the respected chief of the general tribe, who see in him the father of the family."

Our experienced authority proceeds to dwell on the mutual affection of the men and their officers, who, on this account, are not only willingly obeyed, but can, when necessary, use the strictest discipline, for their authority rests on that which alone gives real power, namely—attached allegiance. In this regard, considering the position of all French officers of the army, it presents a marked difference and advantage in this particular to our captains, who form "gentlemen;" an aristocracy, living separate, in comparison, from their men; while the fact that conscription forces the French gentry and bourgeois into the same rank with the common soldier, combined with the special military education of many of the officers, and their habit of living always *la vie de régiment* with their men, very serviceably tightens and warms their bond of union. In this matter we do not, however, see any room for imitating our allies; because it is certain that our brave soldiers yield to none others in loyalty to their officers, and that they prefer to be commanded by men of birth and education. But might we not begin the experiment of forming *corps d'élites*, such as, in the French army, are well-known to create a valuable emulation? If we cannot afford to raise the standard of our whole army, as regards the class whence the privates are recruited, and as respects their physical and moral attributes—which are susceptible of much improvement by the various means of a high system of military education—why not enrol a few regiments of men of superior

quality by offering better pay and other advantages? Our private soldier is the lowest paid labourer in England. Perhaps it may also be thought, considering he comes from the lowest classes, that, though he be the cheapest of our workmen, he is not the fittest for his sort of work. India will continually require first-rate, picked, seasoned, and well-paid troops, who have a school of war there, and would excel the Zouaves. The next matter to desire is, that we may have enough of such whenever they are needed.

To resume our experiences of the St. Maur camp. Tired of walking and gazing about, we seated ourselves on a vacant spot and lit cigars. Presently three soldiers of the line, one of them a remarkably intelligent man, who had gained his *galon de caporal* in the Russian war, coming past, asked us the time of day, whereupon we fell into conversation. After some questions and answers, we asked the spokesman of the party if he would be able to obtain leave to quit the camp at night to see the illuminations on the *Fête de l'Empereur*.

French *caporal* (avoiding to reply, and with a disdainful smile).—" *Solferino était bien illuminé!* "

Profiting by this opening, we cross-questioned him and his comrades as to their reminiscences of that brilliant and bloody field.

" *Corbleu!* " swore an old sapper, who had come up, and all of whose oaths we care not to translate; " *Quelle mitraille il y avait!* " (What a fire of grape-shot there was!) " A storm of indigestible bon-hous came down like hail from the heights; enough to sicken a gourmand in fire-eating—*allez!* "

He allowed it was easy to beat the Austrians, for, said he, they get little to eat better than horse bones; and he was manifestly aware of the maxim in warfare, that the main strength proceeds from a good *betterie de cuisine*. According to the experienced opinion of our friend the *caporal*, the Austrians had no heart in the fight. If this was so, our informant was certainly not in possession of all the reasons; but he proceeded, considering the inferiority of the Austrian soldiery from his own point of view, to contrast the condition of the lower ranks of their army with

his own. "For us," said he, proudly, and drawing himself up; "if a man is educated and is fortunate (*s'il a la chance*), he may become a general; nay more, a marshal; while those poor fellows cannot rise. Besides, they are ill paid, and can never have but ten sous a day pension. Moreover," continued he, with a look of contempt, "their officers beat them." Then he ejaculated, "*On ne bat pas un Français! Oh, non! il a trop de sang, il est trop vif.*" The indignant manner in which a Frenchman of the inferior classes regards the notion of being struck by a superior, is a traditional feeling that grew out of the general emancipation from this mark of serfdom by means of the Revolution. Our corporal added, with a sarcastic expression—" *Superlote! Il y avait des généraux Autrichiens qui battaient les femmes! Sacré chien! Ceux là qui battent les femmes ne battent jamais les Français.* "

We applauded this gallant sentiment cordially, to the delight of our allies, the spokesman of whom then praised *bono Johnnie*, as he called the English soldier; but he evidently considered *un god-dam*, even though he might be *un Colstrim* (Coldstream guardsman), or one of *les Hylanders* (*ces géants sauvages!*), less formidable than himself with the bayonet, since he had been taught how to fence with this weapon. No doubt a cutting bayonet, that wounds the hands of the enemy whenever he seizes hold of it, combined with practice in fencing with it, give confidence in fighting, and are therefore important advantages. Our *caporal*, small of size but great of courage, expressed a sovereign contempt for German *choucroutes* and dull *autre chiens*, as he styled the Austrians, but had the discernment, when speaking of the English soldiery, to give the warmest terms of admiration to their cool bravery (that best of military virtues), evidently marvelling at the resolution with which they stood their ground under galling fire. The deportment of this man had so pleased us, that we could not wound his national vanity by either acknowledging any national superiority in this regard on our side, or responding to his observations by the remark, that want of moral courage to stand fire is a mark of barbarous and irreligious

rares, testified in Sepoys, Turcos, *et id genus omne*. He continued to say that he liked his allies in the Crimea, as *bons camarades*, but seemed to regard them as children in matters of war, especially as regards bivouac-ing, and insisted that they were saved from destruction at Inkermann by his countrymen.

Certainly, the French excel us in making camp life comfortable; and on this point a paragraph may be cited from *Les Souvenirs* of an officer of Zouaves, contrasting their genius in this particular with the utter want of it in their red-coated allies. Our authority observes that the character of the two nations showed itself nakedly in the Crimea:—

"One beheld," he says, "the English, so coolly brave in the day of battle, embarrassed at the bivouac. The Zouaves, on the contrary, like those intelligent and active animals, the beavers, had scarcely piled their muskets, than, by force of their inventive talent, they made themselves comfortable dwellings, either lining their tents with all the rags they could find, or hollowing out cabins with chimneys, in the very rocks."

Yet, however cozy French soldiers may contrive to make themselves when campaigning, we have had opportunities of observing that their officers obtain little of those enjoyments during peace that are common to ours; so little, indeed, as to breed in them the discontented spirit continually urging their country into war. Unlike our holders of commissions, they generally have nothing but their pay, and are therefore unable to move in society; while, as for amusements, what can they afford beyond billiards or dominoes? They can certainly play with a pack of dirty cards for centimes, several hours a day; and so they do, perhaps enjoying it, for they are thorough gamblers. But while at their daily, dull routine of garrison duty, they yearn for the game of war, that *rouge et noir* board, glittering with glory and promotion. These *gens de l'épée* are a large and influential class, and being the real power in the state are likely to use it for themselves.

We rose early on the 14th, and proceeded to a hired window in the Rue de la Paix, to see "*la Solennité militaire, à l'occasion du retour de*

l'armée d'Italie;" and a grand and solemn sight it truly was, a formidable array, leaving indelible impressions.

The Place Vendôme was transformed into an immense magnificent amphitheatre, decorated with garlands, and hung with crimson velvet drapery, rich with gold embroidery. Nearly 20,000 spectators, principally personages of state and the army, *en grande tenue*, with their ladies, filled the seats of this splendid square, through which the victorious battalions were to march. The avenue to the gorgeous scene was ornamented with groups of columns, surmounted by figures of victory distributing gilded laurel coronals. Along the Boulevards, the line of procession, Venetian masts bore aloft gay streamers, and ten thousand tricolor flags floated in the air. Yet all this was trifling in effect to the animated appearance presented by the living multitude—the million enthusiasts—whether our eyes turned during the procession to the home troops drawn up on either side, or to the masses of people gazing in admiration on their brave countrymen, or were attracted to the windows of the houses filled with *belles Parisiennes*, waving their handkerchiefs, and casting down bouquets and wreaths; for this great spectacle was no ordinary pageant, but a real national act of heartfelt triumph. Such was the effect on the French mind, that, to instance one phase alone, cries of *vive la guerre* were often heard; a sentiment happily never evoked from our sensible countrymen. The trumpets and kettledrums of a detachment of the Cent Gardes came up first, preceding the Emperor, who rode alone in advance of his staff. As the modern Cæsar moved on, occasionally acknowledging the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, there was nought of elation in his manner, but a rapt abstraction, as if he were brooding over the future; or, it may have been the sight of the tall iron trophy in the Place Vendôme had again touched a chord which once, they say, caused him to shed tears, when he heard it had been said:—"Were the Place built up to the height of the pillar, the blood of France spilt by the first Napoleon would fill it!"

Coming slowly along, the wounded

men, maimed and lame, moved past, deservedly foremost, a touching sight: their pale faces and halting gait contrasting with the embrowned visages and quick step of the troops that followed them. The imperial guards were received with acclamation, having fought nobly, besides being severe sufferers in the late campaign. Grand stately men; in their shaggy bearskins, shaggier beards, and as Béranger sings, "*ces habits bleus, par la victoire usés.*" But the loudest cheers greeted that popular corps, the Zouaves, as they came up with their usual swinging stride, almost a swagger, for the light of triumph was on their countenances; tall, well-built, half-savage looking fellows; as picturesque a troop of military desperadoes as ever shouldered musket. It is the boast of these men, *qu'ils doutent de rien!* Gamblers to the backbone, they threw all, in the late conflicts, on the hazard of the charge; and nothing checked them that their extraordinary ardour, the *furia francesca*, could possibly overcome. They waded and swam through deep and rapid streams, and scaled high walls by forming pyramidal human ladders, up which these warrior acrobats mounted, and, bayonet in hand, threw themselves on the enemy. Verily, we do not marvel at the honour the people of Paris show them; or that the Duc d'Aumale, their historian, closes his simple and pleasing sketch of them with this glowing paragraph:—

"And the Zouaves! What Frenchman can read without joy and pride what the correspondents of the English newspapers said of them; be it that they follow them (in description) 'climbing like cats' up the cliffs of Alma, or that they depict them 'bounding like panthers' among the bushes of Inkermann. With what hurrahs were they saluted by Queen Victoria's guard when this heroic brigade, weakened by the magnificent defence it had made, saw 'the well-known uniform of the Algerian troops' appear through the mist."

That happy apparition was, indeed, a *Deus ex machina*. One of the sergeants of our guard is said to have exclaimed, while endeavouring to explain the feeling evoked by this deliverance: "Sir! it was like the Almighty coming out of a cloud to our assistance."

All along the line cheered Marshal Mac Mahon, Duc de Magenta. The fact that he is the only officer raised to a dukedom for services in the late campaign, entitles us to allude to his Irish extraction, for he is descended from the Mac Mahons, lords of Oriel, one of our Gaelic races, that, with the Mac Donnells, Lally-Tollendals, O'Donnells, &c., have earned immortal renown on the battle-fields of Europe. General Forey was also warmly greeted, for he is highly popular. He rode at the head of a battalion of *chasseurs à pied*. The Duc d'Aumale's essay has many interesting remarks on the formation and value of this new and effective corps, which owes its birth to, it appears, the labours of Monsieur Minié, in perfecting the weapon that bears his name. This successful inventor was, it seems, an infantry captain. "*Beaucoup d'Anglais*," writes the Duc, "*considéraient le brave commandant Minié comme un mythe; d'autres le croyaient un espèce de Barnum Américain.*" Our author continues to say, that the general adoption of the rifle for the English army was one of the last services rendered by the Duke of Wellington to his country:—

"Nous avons adopté les nouvelles armes," (disait-il peu de temps avant sa mort à de jeunes Français;) "*mais nous n'entendons pas pour cela transformer notre infanterie en infanterie légère. L'illustre vieillard avait bien jugé la question.*"

The illustrious veteran knew well the value of bodily weight in a soldier. His opinion on all military matters should ever be respected; and we must not forget that his last sigh for his country was, that she is insufficiently defended. In the work just quoted, we find the following high character of the soldier qualities of these military "huntsmen on foot":—

"Active, rapid in action, ardent in attack, solid whilst retreating, indefatigable on the march, profiting of the advantages presented by the formation of the ground with a rare intelligence, guarding themselves, informing themselves in marvellous manner, and making an admirable use of their weapons, they unite in large degree all the qualities of excellent infantry troops."

For upwards of three hours we saw the broad stream of infantry of

l'armée d'Italie move on like the tide of a mighty river, as it swept up the Boulevards. Martial music, from the regimental bands, resounded; the men bore themselves as if they felt they were the finest soldiers in the world; and the glorious *drapeau*, the standard of each corps, torn to shreds in fight, evoked, as it passed by, shouts of applause from the delighted populace. Our party was much amused by the appearance and various costumes of the *cantinières*, mostly middle-aged women, thick in the waist and ankles, and well able to carry their little barrels of *eau de vie*. Verily, there is no romance about these *figlie dei regimenti*; though two or three, belonging to light divisions, are pretty creatures, masqueradingly attired in a bizarre costume of the age of Louis XIV. In general, these *vivandières*, mesdames Porttechnick, and de Cognac, are stalwart brunettes, unfair specimens of the sex, sturdy and good wives, treated with chivalrous respect by the men to whose thirsty wants they administer, and competent to defend their virtue, did their regiments not contain 900 soldiers ready to aid them. Then came the thirty cannon taken from the enemy, and captured standards, emblazoned with the Austrian eagle; next, the long train of artillery; and then, some serviceable looking cavalry regiments, including the well-known and elegant *Guides*, and a very fine body of Lancers. As we gazed on these dashing battalions, paraded in no holiday trim, but *en tenue de campagne*, there occurred to our memory the following passage in "The Book of Snobs," from the chapter on the military variety of the genus, and which runs thus, after a remark that British martialists, especially veterans, whether of the naval or the land service, appear to deem French foes quite inferior:—"Did you ever hear Colonel Outler and Major Slasher talking over the war after dinner? or Captain Boarder describing his action with the 'Indomptable'? 'Hang the fellows,' says Boarder, 'their practice was very good. I was beat off three times before I took her.' 'Cuss those carabineers of Milhaud's,' says Slasher, 'what work they made of our light cavalry,' implying a sort of surprise that Frenchmen should stand up against Britons at all; a good-natured

wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave, poor devils, should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman."

The old childish notion, that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen, is an illusion. His superiority consists in little more than steadiness under fire, and bodily weight; while they excel him in intelligence, aptness for campaigning, dash, and numbers, which, combined with generalship, make a counterbalance. Formerly, indeed, the French soldiery often experienced, to their cost (as the Duc d'Angoulême writes), *l'indébranlable solidité* of the English infantry. Yet will it always suffice that we oppose but one man to three? In the prophetic words of their Emperor, the bayonet proved itself, in the late campaign, "the terrible weapon of the French," overthrowing a force double in number. Whenever they again confront us in the field, will to run the hazard of meeting them with one-third, or even half their number, be fair and just to our men, whose pluck and confidence are, probably, no greater than theirs; while they are handier with the bayonet. In our humble opinion, the pike, that ancient arm of English yeomen, should be again brought into use, and reasonable encouragement be given to volunteer corps of every sort, on condition of their being *mobilized* by Act of Parliament whenever needful.

The ancient warrior-spirit, the chivalry of the French character, is brilliantly, yet simply, illustrated by Froissart, and to him let us turn for instruction, believing, as we do, that the excellent daring and surpassing bravery of the old French *noblesse* have descended to the entire nation, arming, shielding, and equipping them, like the full panoply of a Norman knight, mounted for war, his horse barbed, himself sheathed in mail, and his sword brandished in the air. The partial old chronicler, glorying in being a Frenchman, while narrating the desperate reverses sustained by his countrymen at the hands of the English, depicts the nation as supported by the strength and vigour of its knighthood, the *hardiesses*, undaunted temper, and energy of its nobles, who were never so overwhelmed by the national disasters as not to find some marvellous resources in their courage.

This noble picture is warranted by history; but there is still a nobler one, of the loyal, devoted intrepidity of the contemporary English yeomen, or common men, in the following lucid contrast drawn between the ancient military of the two nations, in the nervous language of Sir Thomas Smith, one of Queen Elizabeth's Secretaries, who, writing of the tenantry of the land, breaks out thus in their praise:—

"These are they which, in the old world, gat that honour to England. Many in number, obedient at their lord's call, strong of body, hard to endure pain, so courageous to adventure with their lord or captain. These were the good archers in times past, and the stable troop of footmen, that affraied all France, that would rather die all then once abandon the knight, or gentleman, their captain, who, in those days, commonly was their lord, and whose tenants they were; ready to be in danger of undoing of themselves and all theirs (besides perpetual shame), if they should show any sign of cowardice, or abandon the gentleman of whom they held their living."

Having thus eloquently lauded the English yeomen, he proceeds to say that they shared the palm of soldierly renown with the French nobles, because, observes he, in engagements of horsemen, the chivalry of France "was many times too good for us English, as we, again, always for them on foot." Then he states that, when in action, the kings of both countries showed, by the station each took in person, "where he thought his strength consisted," for while the French king rode with his horsemen, the officers of our yeomen stood either on foot, or on a little nag, with their men, and the *English king remained always among the footmen.*

These retrospects, however curious, are not so much to the point as that we should understand some effects of existing differences between the social conditions of the two nations. In the first place, the classes from which our army is enlisted have no property in their native soil, while the French forces are drawn from millions of families whose homes and lands are their own. When it pleased the Creator, whose knowledge of human nature is perfect, to establish a peculiar people in Canaan, He gave every family, excepting the priests,

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inalienable possession of small portions of land, in order that the men should be, essentially, defensive warriors. Our aristocratic system, which has excluded all but a few from owning land, is viewed with extreme jealousy by the French, as well as by the Irish and Americans. In case of war with France, our oligarchy would be put, as it were, on their trial; and must beware lest, when weighed in the balance, they be found wanting, and their kingdom be taken from them and parcelled out. That the aristocratic element enters too largely into our army is held by the French as one of the weakest points of its inefficient character. Again, our government is feeble for war—a mere debating society—in comparison with despotic power. For this there is no remedy; but for the first-mentioned source of weakness there is the remedy of competitive examination for some commissions, which would reduce Lord A and the Honourable B to a level with the lower letters of the alphabet. There are ample means for elevating the condition of the rank and file. Great Britain can afford to pay the superior class of men she wants to fight her battles—men who would not desert by thousands, as at present, but be prepared and apt to receive an elaborate, yet not costly, military education. Their training might include trench and camp works; rifle, gun, and bayonet practice; gymnastics; some acquaintance with the French and German languages; in fact, whatever branches of knowledge would be useful to a soldier. Such men would require decent barrack accommodation, more liberty to marry, more furlough, better soldiers' libraries, and, above all, more prospect of rising to commissions than obtain now.

All this is a mere question of money; but the question of superseding the system of officers purchasing promotion is an involved one. Of three modes of advancement, merit, seniority, and purchase, the worst prevails in the British army! Hence our army is not a profession. Let us strongly express our opinion, that purchase should partially and gradually be abolished in favour of merit and seniority. Several buying regiments might retain their system, and be reserved for the rich, who, merely desiring to wear a uniform for a short

time, might buy into such, or into some new splendid volunteer corps, with the privilege of entering the regular service. It also seems to us that the power of promoting, if patronage must continue, might be divided between the commander-in-chief and a council of officers, and its exercise be considerably guided by the confidential reports of a board of examiners. We laugh, of course, the notion to scorn that the best scholar will make the best officer; yet will not venture on another further suggestion beyond that examining should be chiefly directed towards testing soldierly qualities, such as vigour of mind, body, and constitution, manliness, coolness, character and conduct.

By a special process the martial spirit of the French army is made to pervade the entire nation. Merit more than interest, and certainly not money, gives promotion. The men are not enlisted, like ours, from the lowest of the populace, and virtually enrolled for life; but taken nearly indiscriminately from all classes, and their term of service is only seven years. After that period, unless they wish to remain soldiers, they return home, and, mingling with the mass of their fellow-citizens, imbue them with their military notions. The effect of the dispersion of this magnificent army, just returned from its victorious campaign, will be, that seeds of ardour for future glories will be sown through the length and breadth of the land. Town and country will swarm with trained soldiers, so that military feelings will not be confined, as among us, within barrack walls; but, being disseminated throughout the entire people, prove an impulsive cause of further wars.

The grand martial spectacle over, we returned home in meditative mood, and applied ourselves to M. de Girardin's appropriate pamphlet, *Le Désarmement Européen*.

France, observes this advocate of peace, has shown, by her expeditions to the Crimea and Italy, that she can easily support the double weight of an army formed by seven annual contingents of 100,000 recruits, and a maritime inscription comprising more than 100,000 seamen, and this without interrupting the magnificent, imperial works carrying on throughout the country. The purse of France

has not, indeed, collapsed, like that of Austria; but, should the army compel the Emperor into another Italian campaign, we may read some parallel passages in his future bulletins to these:—"I have beaten the Romans," wrote Hannibal to the Carthaginians; "send me more troops. I have put Italy under tribute; send me more money."

The organization of the French army is an object of the just admiration of all Europe. The Emperor has effected many useful reforms, which have raised the spirit of the soldiery; and the *matériel* is in perfect order. A few weeks served to throw 139,000 men and 19,400 horses into Lombardy—an enormous force, yet quickly reinforced by 35,000 men; and such was their superiority, not in numbers, but most other points, over the Austrians, that, with the aid of the Italians in arms, they defeated a force computed at 370,000 strong! The Duc d'Aumale closes his interesting account of *Les Chasseurs à Pied* by some paragraphs describing the various improvements recently effected in the organization, drill, and armament of the general infantry; and, having proudly affirmed that the present state of each division recalls to mind those classic and immortal troops, the Roman legions, ends his instructive essay with the following passage:—

"Ainsi se trouve complété cet admirable ensemble de l'infanterie française, qui réunit les qualités des races du nord et des races du midi, la solidité, la fermeté des unes, l'élan et l'ardeur des autres. C'est la nation armée, in *petite robur*!"

But, in the names of Mars and Neptune! what is the need for this stupendous armament, naval as well as military, of France? The latter partakes of the offensive character indubitably borne by the former. M. de Girardin lays down the sensible maxim that powerful nations do not require large armies, since their immense population and resources guarantee them from attack. Then he shows how largely all Europe would benefit by a general disarmament; but, at the same time, points, with just and significant sarcasm, to the perhaps insuperable obstacle to peaceful measures, viz., the underhand op-

position of the innumerable persons who depend on and profit by "routine," that huge revolving fly-wheel, which, being turned by civil and military aspirants for advancement, keeps the vast machinery of taxation continually at work.

The Bonaparte dynasty commenced like many another by the commander of the army seizing the capital. The army is the power on which the Emperor trusts, and, therefore, he dares not discontent the officers. He is certain of their devotion whenever he chooses to declare war, whatever may be the nation he may select to do battle with; and he is also sure of unreasoning obedience from the bulk of the French people, since they are essentially military. No strong constitutional checks on him exist. No parliament to question whether supplies shall be voted. There is indeed a "Corps Législatif," as an inscription on the façade of its house of assembly styles it: but this body has no soul.

It is observed by Fénelon that the periods of the minorities of the kings of France never passed without civil war. Should death soon remove the present Emperor, the ambition of some men, who are now restrained by his powerful hand, may be fatal to the peace of the country. But *abest omen verbo* is our hearty prayer, for we sincerely believe him the best ruler the French could have, and that posterity will adjudge him *Dieu-donné pour la France*. There is much cause, however, to tremble for the future; for his son, or successor, may not inherit his demi-godlike qualities; and should that young prince prove, when crowned as Napoleon IV., weak or imbecile, another Charles the Simple, there is no security for good go-

vernment of the empire, which has neither a free parliament nor a great and respected aristocracy. Louis XI. used to boast that he had "taken the monarchy out of wardship," for where, as it had been limited, he had become absolute. Probably Louis Napoleon would do well to provide a representative and responsible government for the contingency of his son being in a state of wardship.

We rejoice to see how strenuously M. de Girardin inveighs against conscription, and advocates voluntary enlistment as a pledge that Frenchmen are free men, and as a security against autocratic war. "*Guerre à la guerre!*" is, happily, this distinguished writer's motto. Slavery to feudal lords has, he remarks, almost ceased in Europe; but the slavery of forced military service in foreign wars is still rife. Then he quotes this strong expression of Napoleon I., "*La conscription est la loi la plus affreuse et la plus détestable pour les familles.*" Persistence in this system is the greatest proof of the absence of liberty in France, and it is shameful that a noble people like our allies should still be subject to such compulsion. The Emperor of the French has grandly trodden the old hatred to England under his feet, has exhibited no aggressive intentions, and may have strength of character enough to control his army's thirst for war with us, or may contrive to quench it by other wars; yet, often as he must turn aside from internal reforms, these demand his attention most. His dynasty will be best established by aiding the modern Franks to become worthy of their name of freemen, since no axiom is truer than *Melius beneficiis imperium custoditur quam*

BARON PENNEFATHER.

"WHERE be now his quiddits, his quilletts, his cases, and his tenures?" Hamlet exclaims over the new-made grave of a legal worthy; and the answer is, "that the conveyances of his lands will fill as large a space as their inheritor." In this, as in other things, Shakespeare is right; and now, as three hundred years ago, the reputation of a lawyer, however eminent in life, is, of all reputations, the least permanent. History preserves the name of the great commander, and his epitaph is graven deeply in the mind of his country. The fame of the divine depends upon his works,—and these, if really profound and original, become oracles, or household words for future generations. Even the distinguished physician, who is ever moving before the public eye, and can count his grateful patients by hundreds, survives long in general recollection, although his place has been filled by a successor. But, unless celebrated as a legislator or a politician, the lawyer, however great as an advocate or a judge, has scarcely a tie to connect him with the future; and, even among his contemporaries and admirers, his skill and learning are soon forgotten. Within his own able and overstocked profession his loss is quickly supplied more or less adequately; and, outside it, he probably had no other reputation than that of a perfect expounder of an unpopular and costly craft, or of a magistrate, who shared with several others the honour of being learned, acute, and impartial. Who now, except a few legal critics, recalls to mind the exquisite art of Follett, or the *Nisi Prius* triumphs of Scarlett? And, with the able men now on the judicial bench in England, few of the public, we suspect, care to dwell on the subtlety of Parke, on the masterly reasoning powers of Maule, or on the learning and many accomplishments of Coleridge.

We cannot expect that the late Baron Pennefather will prove any exception to this rule, or that, unless among his own brother judges, and the elder or more studious members of the legal profession, his memory

will live for any lengthened period. He never took any part in public affairs; was never a politician, or Member of Parliament; and did not identify himself with any prominent question of his time, or achieve any important measure of legislation. At the bar he was not a popular advocate: in the words of Lord Coke, "he did not affect the fair outsides of enamelled words and sentences, but spake effectually, plainly, and shortly, as becometh the dignity of the profession," and the result of course was, that however powerful and telling he was in argument, he did not acquire any celebrity as an orator. Even on the Bench several of his contemporaries were more showy and brilliant; and, though none of them excelled him in the true judicial qualities of learning, insight, patience, and common sense, the recorded judgments of not a few of them are more imposing and eloquent. Able, sagacious, painstaking, and upright, he had little turn for intellectual accomplishments: he did not shine in science or literature; and he was less ambitious of applause, or even of distinction, than of proving himself practically useful and efficient as a magistrate, and, in Bacon's language, of illustrating "the honest and liberal practice of his profession, so as to carry respect, not to descend into any course that is unworthy thereof." Such a character, therefore, will not live in the popular breath: its reputation consists rather in duty fulfilled, and in the steady, but noiseless admiration of friends and contemporaries, than in brilliant results and in fine achievements; and in a few years the name of Baron Pennefather will have become forgotten, or a mere tradition. We, however, who have devoted so many of our pages to sketching the lives of illustrious Irishmen wish here to classify him in that list; and we believe that, rightly and truly understood, Baron Pennefather deserves that tribute from us, no less than did Plunket, Bushe, or Saurin.

Baron Pennefather was the scion of a good Anglo-Irish family, that for

some centuries has been settled in the county Tipperary. His father was Major of the 13th Light Dragoons, and subsequently sat in the Irish Parliament for Cashel, a borough that, until the Reform Bill, belonged to his descendants. Major Pennefather married one of the Moores of Mooresfort; and Richard, the future baron, was born in 1773, about a year before his brother Edward, afterwards Solicitor-General and Chief Justice of Ireland. The two boys were educated together, at first at Portarlinton, and afterwards at Clonmel; and from the earliest age they were alike distinguished for steadiness of conduct, diligence, and ability. We have no record of their school life, except that they were at the head of their class, and rivals for honors; but we venture to surmise that, even at this time, Richard excelled in clearness and directness of perception, and Edward, in manner and ease of expression. About 1790 the brothers entered Trinity College, and when there were remarkably successful students; they became admirable mathematical and good classical scholars; carried off gold medals and other honors; and were well known at the "Historical Society," then frequented by several young men of promise. Among their contemporaries were Holmes, Torrens, and Lefroy, like themselves, future ornaments of the Irish Bar; and as Plunket and Bushe had preceded them by a few years only, it may be said that they fell on the brightest period in the annals of their native University. The times were stirring and encouraging to political aspirants; and several of the more brilliant young men in Trinity College had passed from its walls directly to Parliament; but this was not the lot, nor apparently the wish of the Pennefathers; they betook themselves steadily and soberly to the study of the law, and, in 1795, were called to the Irish Bar, at which, it would appear, they began at once to practise. Both were well, though somewhat differently, qualified for success: Richard being the closer, sounder, and more able reasoner, and Edward, though also promising in these respects, being more remarkable for dexterity and grace of diction. At this point, however, we must leave the latter; and it will be enough to

say, that after having risen to great eminence at the Bar, especially as a consummate advocate, he became, in 1842, the successor of Bushe, and died within three years afterwards, leaving behind him a brilliant and spotless reputation.

The progress of a young barrister is proverbially tedious, unless he can command professional connexion, and to this the career of Baron Pennefather was no exception. The Reports of the day being incomplete, until we arrive at those of Schoales and Lefroy, they are possibly not a certain authority on this point; but from 1795 to 1804 the name of Richard Pennefather does not occur in them. During this time, however, he was assiduously cultivating his profession, and was known among his fellows—the real test of a barrister—as a man certain to succeed eventually in practice, and thoroughly versed in the details and principles of the law. After about 1805-6 he began to rise rapidly in the Munster circuit, and within five or six years was in large business, especially in law arguments before the Courts in Bane and Error, and as a leading junior in the Court of Chancery. By this time his status at the bar was ascertained; he was not so much a skilful advocate, or a dexterous practitioner as Nisi Prius, as a masterly lawyer, "who had touched the roots of his science and investigated them," who could readily apply its canons and precedents to masses of facts however complicated, and who excelled conspicuously in plain and powerful reasoning. Besides this, his intellect was peculiarly sound and cautious; his judgment was remarkably good; he had in the highest degree the gift of common sense, in the long run the best gift a lawyer can possess; and his character was well known for rectitude and piety. With these qualifications it is no wonder that he should have attained a most successful practice; but, although from 1810 to 1820 he was, with the present Chief Justice of Ireland, the most eminent junior in the Court of Chancery, he was kept out of a foremost place at that tribunal by the commanding powers of Plunket and Saurin, and he seldom appears in the Reports as a leader. Probably, too, this is the reason that scarcely any of his legal arguments at this

period have been preserved, and that the law books give so inadequate a notion of his powers; but of the fact there is no question, that in 1820 he stood in the first rank of Irish lawyers, and that he was making an income which appears fabulous to the lawyers of our reforming era. In the next year he was appointed Baron of the Exchequer, and on this occasion he thus recorded his promotion in his fee-book, an extract of which has been courteously supplied to us:—

“On the 12th February, 1821, I received a letter from Mr. Gregory, the Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary, Mr. Grant, being in England, stating his Majesty's letter for appointing me to fill the place of one of the Barons of the Exchequer had arrived at the Castle. The patent for my appointment was very speedily made out, and I was sworn into office on the 14th of February, being the second of the eight days after Hilary Term, at the Chancellor's house, and on the same day I took my seat on the bench. On the 15th the Lord Lieutenant held a levee at the Castle, which I attended as a baron, and was very graciously received. Thus concluding, through God's mercy, a very prosperous bar life in my 48th year, and through the same Divine mercy in which I put my trust do I humbly hope to acquit myself in the arduous and trying situation in which I am now placed, as may become a lawyer, a judge, and a Christian.”

Baron Pennefather continued on the bench from 1821 to 1859. During this period society in Ireland was greatly altered, as regards its classification and character; the law which he administered was reformed throughout all its branches, and two generations of legal practitioners flourished and passed away. But, whatever may have been the phase of opinion or feeling within the last thirty-eight years, Baron Pennefather always ranked as a consummate judge among all degrees and orders of Irishmen, as well as among the professional frequenters of the Four Courts; and, notwithstanding the numerous changes in it, he was, to the last, as perfect a master of his art as he had been before its great emendation. Whether at the Law or Equity side of the Exchequer, or sitting at *Nisi Prius*, or on circuit, he never failed to show himself versed in every department of

our jurisprudence, most sagacious in seizing rapidly the bearing of cases, and particularly skilled in digesting and elucidating evidence. Add to this, that he was singularly cautious in expressing any opinion upon facts before they had been completely examined, that he took care to guard his judgment from prejudice, that he was most courteous and dignified in his demeanour, and that in criminal trials, while he vindicated the law, he usually leant to the side of mercy. Were we to particularize any class of cases in which his powers were specially eminent, we should, we think, select that nice and difficult kind which belong to the sphere of what we may term the ethics of law. In suits involving questions referring to persons in fiduciary relations, and where moral and legal rights and duties melt into each other—such as cases of implied trust, of undue influence, or of setting aside instruments on the ground of fraud or deception—his penetrating discernment was most conspicuous; and as these usually branch out into lengthy details, they were well calculated to call out his skill in handling testimony. His ability in this respect was remarkably exemplified in the two great causes of *Kelly and Thewles*, and *Coldclough and Boyse*, which turned upon the question of what amount of corrupt practices could suffice to vitiate a solemn instrument; and, as he tried them in extreme old age, they show that, to the last, his great faculties remained unimpaired. It must, however, be conceded that, as his disposition was peculiarly practical, and his mind was rather penetrating than philosophical, he was greater as an efficient magistrate than as a jurist; and, as his style had no other merit than that of clearness, and he scarcely ever wrote out his judgments, the Reports give no adequate notion of his judicial eminence. He had no pretension to the graceful eloquence of *Bushe*, to the powerful and original diction of *Plunket*, or to the admirable perspicuity and conciseness of *Baron Smith*, the *Blackstone* of the bench of Ireland. He was inferior to the present Chief Justice in the science of equity, and of the ancient law of real property; and in rapid perception, pleading subtlety, knowledge of cases, and

showiness of composition, he certainly has been excelled by some of his brethren. But it may well be doubted if, for the long period during which he adorned the bench of Ireland, Baron Pennefather was ever surpassed by any one in soundness, learning, and

piety, and in the qualities which, in the words of Lord Coke, make up "a sage and reverend expositor of our law, who prided himself less in fine conceits, than in sound discernment and gravity of manners."

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

BROTHER AND SISTER. FRIENDLY FURNISHING.

THE leafy swordblades of the purple iris top the outlines of the great envious walls round Florence, which hide the landscape from the longing eyes of him who walks out from the city. But it is a grand sight for his eyes to see how proudly, in the spring-time, the iris blossom asserts its beauty there, even up against the liquid blue of heaven.

The noisette roses too, with their festooning buds in thousands, come tumbling over those envious walls of solid masonry, to console him for—or maybe to tantalize him with—the hidden beauties of the gardens, which they shut out. But even of wall-building there comes an end at last, and from some open slope is gained the wished-for view.

Bluegreen underfoot are the springing shafts of the forward wheat, and rich red brown the earth-tints of the fruitful soil. The vineleaf is scarce out, and the long little fingers of the vineboughs still look somewhat bare, as they feel their way from tree to tree, as if in search of places where to pin up favourite clusters by-and-by. But on other fruit-trees there is already just bright leafage enough to set off the pink and white nosegays of blossom, the spring-time's lovely promises to autumn, hung in mid-air over all. On the surrounding mountains, a gossamer film of young green is discerned to float over the winter-dulled surface of herbage and of mountain shrubs: the very rocks, of stern grey countenance, seeming to smile through that delicate veil of young grassy life. Lower down, on rounded hill-tops, gleam in the sunshine white monastery walls, or the gay frontage of villas, perched pur-

posely to catch the earliest kisses of the glad warm light. There grow the ilex and the post's bay, and there the needles of the pine-tree, interwoven with the golden rays, are blended magically into one soft velvet woof. But from the monastery the solemn array of cypresses, pointing heavenwards, with their tapering cones, come stately down the hill. The olives rise up to meet them, and their highest sprigs dot, as with silver ornaments, the dark funeral foliage.

Tapering as a cypress, springs up the tower of the Signoria, the stronghold and audience-chamber of the popular majesty in the old days of freedom. Jewelled and gay, with its variegated marbles, like the leafy blossoming garlands of the peach and almond, rises Giotto's enamelled tower. Hard by is the noble cupola of Brunelleschi, the great master-builder, whose genius drew the corollary of the problem which had gifted ancient Rome with the hemisphere of the Pantheon, and antedated the hour when Michael Angelo should poise it, in mid air, on the Janiculum, as the dome of huge St. Peter's. Grand palaces, sombre and stately, whose ponderous cornices are almost battlements, stand side by side with the pert white faces of modern buildings, crowned with open "loggie" and wide windows in long rows, whose green blinds are not yet folded against their glasses, to keep out the summer sun. The bridges, cut up into separate mirrors, where these flaunting beauties may count their storied balconies, the flowing of mountain-born Arno. There is the Ponte Vecchio, which stands to represent the days long gone, when a street with its mer-

chant stalls and shopkeepers' houses spanned the river, whose existence was scarce suspected by him who crossed its flood. There stands, statue-guarded, upon its disproportionate piers, the bridge of flattened arches, which Grand Duke Cosmo built. There, lower down, and far away, the science of the latter day has hung across the flood, in single span, the pathway, which iron spider-webs—they seem so thin from here—support. And farther away sweeps down stream the curving avenue of the dairy-park, the famed Cascine. We cannot see from here how the emerald green carpet of its flanking meadows is dight with king-cups and daisies, nor how the violets and primroses nestle, in mossy places, under the stems of its tall trees. But we can trace yet for miles, far away beyond San Donnino, the windings of the river in the plain, until its gleaming mingles with the dwindling outline of the grey-blue hills, and is lost on the distant horizon. Firenze la bella! Florence the beautiful; there is not one mortal can quarrel with the name!

Only think of Pia, looking down upon this view from the lofty rock of Fiesole! on one day when every breeze was hushed upon the lower ridges of the Apennines. It seemed little short of a miracle, spite of the precocious summery softness.

For years she had not been so far off from her sick-room, nor so high up above it. But this was Orazio's doing: one of his enthusiastic, strong-willed, but tender and affectionate freaks of fancy. He was quite positive and certain, that, let the doctor say what he would, the birth of the spring season in Val d'Arno, seen from the height of Fiesole, was just precisely that special prescription which was to do Pia good incalculable. He watched weathercocks and read off barometers, and kept thermometers with wet bulb and with dry, till one might have thought him a zealous member of the Meteorological Society. He likewise planned wondrous contrivances for easy lying at full length, in the barouche, with cushions and pillows disposed in marvellous array.

Finally, one lovely morning, as it began to verge towards noon, he lifted Pia as tenderly and craftily in his own arms, as a mother does a nursing child, carried her down the stair-

case, and laid her out upon the soft bed strewn in the carriage, and covered her with delicate shawls and wraps; and placed Clara beside her, and himself clambered on the coach-box, to sit beside the driver, and to watch his driving with jealous care. So, they drove out to Fiesole.

It was but some three weeks or so since he had returned home; and as he looked down upon the city, which, little wonder, its sons love so well, it pained him to think how soon, perhaps, he must be leaving it, and what uncertainty there might be of ever returning thither again. His great, lustrous, deephearted eyes, so like to Pia's, seemed to let each feature of the dear landscape sink and settle into them. Then they turned to look on her, his hope being that she too was intent upon the panorama of beauty, spread out underneath. But it was not so. Nor could he summon back a glad light fast enough into them, to cheat her from perception of the wistful melancholy with which he had bent their gaze upon her. She said nothing; but her heart misgave her that it was something other than his loving pity for her long infirmity which looked out upon her just then so meaningly. But before a stranger—stranger, at least, in a measure, to him, though so fast friend of hers—it was impossible to make any inquiry, so that all she did was to kiss her own hand, and touch his cheek with it as he stood with his back to the carriage door near her, and with arms folded on his breast.

By-and-by as they were coming gently down hill, a gorgeous iris caught the eye of his sister.

"See, how proudly beautiful, Orazio! these must be the 'gigli,' the true lilies of our Florence, let heralds or botanists gainsay it as they choose!"

"Ecco cara sorella! Take it, Pia mine," said her brother, who had sprang nimbly to the wall top from a broken mass of stone close by—"take it dearest, and look at the purple and gold of the imperial flower."

"Ah! but, Orazio, dearest, what is that stain of blood! Is there not a rill of it beginning to trickle on your finger?"

"Only the leaf's edge, carina, which, for all the blade is so flexible, is sharp-set, cut my finger as I picked the flower."

"Swordblades, sharpset, round about the proud and beautiful flower of Florence? There is something ominous about it, Orazio! I am sorry you meddled with the flower at all."

"Ominous, dear silly Pia, ominous of what?"

"Brother, brother! You know but too well what I mean. You have made your blood to flow, and have only broken the Florentine lily from its stem. Come here, and let me tie my handkerchief tight round the bleeding finger." And, as she leant over the carriage side to do so, she whispered in his ear—"What was the sad look you gave me on the height up there, when you turned from the gay landscape to my poor pale face?"

"Silly Pia, what should make me sad? except indeed to see the dear face pale where blushes should come in the spring-time." But Pia shook her head, and was dissatisfied, and answered,—"what is so sad as blood drops spilt in vain?"

"Miss Clara," said Orazio, turning round, and now looking down gaily upon both girls from the coach-box, whither he had climbed again; "your good friend Pia has taken a doleful freak. You must have been playing vaporous German music to her of late. Ah fuori I Tedeschi! Out with the misty, barbarous Germans! You shall sing something 'con brio,' to us this evening, some rattling *moreau* from Verdi, or a bravura from Donizetti; or, if we must have something northern from a *Tramontana*, such as yourself, give us, to-night, your grand Scotch war-song—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." It will be highly appropriate to the calamitous incident of my cut finger."

They met the Viscount, coming out on horseback, as they neared the town-gate, who rather scowled than otherwise at Orazio on the box; but bowed low to the two young ladies. Farther on they met the Maestro and Cousin Martha walking amicably arm in arm.

The scowl which had settled on Lord Windlesham's handsome countenance, as the carriage of the De' Guari passed him on the road, deepened the farther on he rode. He bethought him that he had gained nothing, of late, in his scheme of growing intimate with Miss Jerningham, and, as it were, necessary to her.

Her friendship with Pia had interrupted, and apparently brought to nothing that sort of social alliance, which had seemed likely to be cemented between herself and him, on her first introduction into Florentine society. Her spare evenings were less and less frequently spent elsewhere than at her friend's house. When she did go out, Madame De' Guari was generally with her, and several times, of late, Orazio had accompanied them. His presence at home, had, indeed, been desired by the Viscount in the earlier days of Clara's acquaintance with the invalid sister, as it had seemed feasible for himself to gain a more familiar footing at the Palazzo De' Guari, by sedulously cultivating relations with the son of the widowed Contessa. But when he came, the young head of that ancient house was rarely to be met with at the usual resorts of young men of his age and social position in Florence. At the Jockey Club he was never seen; at the Café Domus very rarely. He seldom rode in the Cascine, and when he did, it was almost invariably in its least frequented avenues. Once or twice only, when Clara was to sing, the Viscount had seen him in the family box at the theatre. It struck him that, perchance, Orazio, who passed for a man of accomplishments, might be found at work in the Uffizi galleries, or in the picture rooms of the Pitti palace; but he sought for him there in vain, neither was he more successful in his search for him in the studios of distinguished sculptors. This scheme, therefore, must needs be foregone. But the ill-success of it set Windlesham to think more closely of what that was, which he had proposed to himself, in endeavouring to isolate Clara from other acquaintances and to engross her intimacy. Small was the satisfaction to be derived from the contemplation. The notion that such a woman as Miss Jerningham could be trifled with, even if such evil thought had ever dared to shape itself into a wish, was too preposterous for so clear-sighted a man as the Viscount to entertain for two consecutive minutes. The notion, on the other hand, that he himself should own her supremacy over his fancies and affections, and should consent to sue her as an honourable earnest lover might, did not approve itself to him on ma-

ture deliberation: deliberation which in itself was a pretty sure token that such victorious and dear supremacy had never in fact been established at all.

Selfishness was, unhappily, the ruling motive of the young man's character, and he was too graceless to be ashamed of its dominion over him. Nevertheless it was uncomfortable and humiliating to feel that he had acted, ever since his first acquaintance with Clara, upon petty selfish impulses; and had done at their bidding what made him little in his own eyes, without having what his perverted judgment would have reckoned the justification of having thereby compassed some object of surpassing importance and interest to self. The seat in parliament for his native county was for some time at least forfeited; and in spite of the non-chalance wherewith, in communicating with his father, he had thought fit to treat the matter, it was one upon which his ambition had been secretly set beforehand. The feeling of exultation, or at least of light-hearted rejection of repentance for the course he had taken, which he had experienced upon first intelligence of the election of another man, had been oozing away from him, gradually, since the time that his intercourse with Clara began to be less familiar; and he would frequently now catch himself asking of his own mind, in silence, "Was this sacrifice worth while?" But pride and obstinacy forbade him alike from retreating, as yet, from the false position he had assumed. He staid on therefore in Florence, agreeable to the Maestro, not disagreeable to Clara, detested by that thorough-going Cousin Martha, and an object of supreme indifference to Count Orazio De' Guari, who was not even aware that his lordship had condescended to scowl on his account, as he rode past the carriage, with his trim belted groom, on the showy thoroughbred behind.

Indeed, if the Viscount imagined that Orazio was to be reckoned among those, who, like Ingram or Mark Branding, should fall under sway of such influence from Clara, as might, by its genuine character, interfere with, or at least reproach, his own mongrel feeling, his imagination was misleading him strangely.

Poor Orazio! His heart was given to an image, that some say is an image of a vain delusion, and no more; given to an image of mingled beauty and deformity,—an image not unlike to such sculptured Medusa's head, as has grown into fantastic life under the gifted chisel of the artist. Pensive, winsome, life-like; and withal ghastly, with vipers' heads among soft silken tresses, and trailing snakes upon the soft white throat. Ah, poor Orazio! His heart was given where many noble hearts have been bestowed: hearts which a pure flame seems to have consumed, even among the forked tongues of much unholy fire round about. Clara's broad forehead of white, and her profound eyes of blue, and her soft brown braids of hair, which Pia had parted with gentle boldness, that first night as she knelt by her sick bed, these could not move his fancy, nor win his heart to woo. She had for him two points alone of interest: she was his dearest Pia's friend, and she was daughter of an Italian mother. Poor Orazio's love—who does not understand!—was Italy. I am not here inditing any treatise upon the mutual rights and duties of the governors and the governed, and am therefore not concerned to apportion nicely the respective shares of blame deserved by the one or other, in such antagonism as may fall out between them. Neither is this an essay, however light and fugitive, upon the just sanction of treaties, or the moral obligation to recognise their binding force, which may, or may not, be incumbent upon populations, whose whole social and political estate has been affected by them, without any manner of regard to their own wishes or convictions.

To say just at what moment the assertion of national or quasi-national independence merges by force of circumstance into a mere fretful disquieting resistance to what is inevitably decreed from a higher power; to fix the precise point, when acquiescence, even in a misgovernment most palpable, becomes part, not of an unmanly sloth, but of a chastened resignation; these are very intricate and abstruse problems in social and political morality, requiring to be wrought out with calm, searching, dispassionate, and reverent earnestness.

But, certainly, that is a grievous and

a disastrous state to which a government shall have reduced its subjects, when by its fault or theirs, or in all probability by fault of both, the more generous, ardent, public spirited of its sons, having no vent for their aspirations, nor any arena of open free discussion, wherein to make their theories prevail if just and wise, or to see them, if other, fairly beaten down and broken to pieces by the common good sense and good feeling of their fellow-citizens, are thrown into the dark and ugly by-paths of secret associations and revolutionary conspiracies.

Addled eggs, indeed, for the more part, be the plans which are sought thus to be hatched out of the light of day; and if any of them, unaddled, should come to breaking of the shell, there is more likelihood of their producing creatures which crawl, than honest chickens which may grow to lusty chanticleers.

Pia had some notion of this. In patriotic enthusiasm she did not yield the palm to her brother; nor were her longing hopes and eager desires for revival of national life and political dignity in their dear Italy, less genuine or less lively than his own. But there was in her—she had been schooled to it, no doubt, by the long and painful discipline of her disease—a more trustful, patient, long-suffering spirit of hope, than beat in the quick feverish pulse of her brother. Happy had it been for him if he had lent a more willing ear to her remonstrances. These began from the first moment that she suspected him of letting himself be drawn aside into the councils of some secret association. He had lived upon such open confidential terms with her since earliest boyhood; she had shared so fully all his honest indignations and all his glowing aspirations for some better day; their common convictions had been so truly born twins; had so entirely been nurtured at the same breasts of study and of reflection, that when Orazio began to wander, whither she neither could nor would follow him, it was impossible for him to conceal from her that their paths of thought and feeling, united hitherto, were henceforth diverging. To have a secret from Pia was to him a new thing and a painful. His dedication of himself in purpose and intent to the

cause of a liberated and liberal Italy, had ever been sanctioned by her entire approval. Her encouragement had never failed him in his sustained endeavours to qualify himself for the service of his country; nay, when the natural impatience of youth had sometimes tempted him to cast aside the yoke of his two-fold studies—studies as a jurist, studies as one who might have to contend in war for the rights, of which he had mastered the true legal principles, his sister had ever been able to win him, or to sting him, into resolute perseverance. Although, therefore, it were impossible for him to let her know more than the simple fact that he was about binding himself to act as a member of a secret association, he did not long constrain himself to hide so much as this from her, and had to encounter, not a little to his surprise and disappointment, her unflinching disapproval of the plan.

"But, Pia, dearest, after all, is it not the mere word 'secret' which is your bugbear? As for association, you do not think I can effect reforms in Tuscany, much less set Italy free by myself alone? What but association can either establish liberty at the first, or maintain her just and beneficent sway when once established?"

"Association! yes, Carino—the noble banding, in acknowledged brotherhood, of those whose throbs of brain and heart-beat are in unison. Association! yes, such as is cemented by the binding power of honest and true sympathies. Association, where trust is grounded upon the mutual knowledge of each other's unstained faith and unshaken constancy. Oh, yes! in such association—made in the face of day—made with those whose worth and manliness you know and who know yours—join and despise the danger! Not one weak word from me shall keep you back at any time."

"Well, but, sorella mia, when you say 'made in the face of day,' do you mean that we are bound in the wrestling-match to forewarn the antagonist by what throw we shall seek to put him on his back? Do you mean to say that in face of adversaries, numerous, powerful, and subtle, we are to act in open-mouthed disregard of caution and prudence?"

"Do you think, Orazio," she said, with an earnest searching light in her

great dark eyes, "that I *should* be likely to mean any such nonsense as that?"

"What can you mean, then, by objecting to our associations—that they are *secret*?"

"Surely secretcies may be of different kinds. First I object, Orazio, to confederacy with you know not whom. Tell me, is it not a rule, a law, a necessity of every such organization that the members are acquainted with the persons but of a few fellow-members?"

Orazio admitted that such was, in most cases, the custom.

"Well, then, Orazio, how can I bear to think that you—you whose aim and end I know to be, like your own self, so noble and so true—should bind yourself confederate to men of whose aims and ends, as of whose motives and whose characters you must remain in ignorance—men who may be so ignoble and so unworthy of fellowship in work and suffering with yourself?"

"Why, Pia," he answered, with a smile, "even placing myself upon the pinnacle of superior worth and nobility of purpose, where you, so sisterly, decide on perching me, do you suppose that I, or any man, could do aught if we persisted in demanding that none should act with us who could not put themselves, or be put by their sisters, Piettina, upon the same level of loftiness?"

"Supposing that some self-created opportunity, such as you dream of, dearest, were to present itself for open public action and avowed progress in a popular movement, could one reckon, think you, upon the nobleness, and worth, and truth of each man's aims, and motive, and character, whose help should forward the great and good work to a triumph?"

"Certainly not; but this, at least, you would be sure of—that their help, though given unworthily, was in truth given, not only to the worthy cause, but to the worthy furtherance of it. I do not say that all secret means of action must of necessity be base and unworthy; but they are very often so. And then, again—do you not abdicate your independence? Not your mere self-will, but your own inner consciousness and judgment of right or wrong, by thus affiliating yourself to an undiscerned body, of which the

head is veiled, no less than the separate members muffled?"

"What, Pia! do you then think me capable of acting against that conscience by which I have striven hitherto to guide my course, because I may consent, for discipline's sake and security, to forego somewhat of the free action of my judgment? I neither rate my conscientiousness so low, nor put my own power of judgment so high, dear sister, as you seem inclined to do," said young De' Guari, with an approach to bitterness.

"Carino! Carissimo!" returned Pia, with a tone of entreaty and caress; "I do not wish to overrate your judgment, and who less soon than I, dear brother, would underrate your conscientiousness! But the surrender, not of the *right*, but of the *duty* of judgment, coupled with the unreserved obligation of a dark oath, seem to my poor womanly mind—don't take it amiss, Orazio—to lay a double trapfall on the narrow path where conscience treads. Besides which, when men act in secret organizations, it seems to me that there must ever be another danger present of this kind. You would not know your leaders, perhaps, Orazio, but they would know you. Knowing you, they would not dare to use you, with your own consciousness, in any tortuous deed. When act or word should need the impulse of what is generous and great of heart, then, indeed, you would be put forward. Ah! forgive my saying it—where should they find such another for such a need? But for what is treacherous—for what is mean—for what is cowardly—for what is infamous—say for the stroke of an assassin's knife, to stab Liberty and Right more cruelly than it can even stab the poor oppressor's heart—for such nameless, wicked, hideous deeds, Orazio, have not secret associations, in all times, found, unknown to their nobler, better, deceived members, miserable and willing tools? Think of the degradation, Orazio, of being, in any remote degree, accomplice and fosterer, even unwittingly, of such atrocious, shameful crimes!"

"Ah, but, Pia," said he, not, perhaps, without a shudder at the force and truth which *might* lurk in her warnings; "I cannot open, even to you, what little I may yet know of our association; but, believe me, un-

less I had satisfied myself that there were sufficient guarantees of the fairness and humanity"——

"Sufficient, Orazio; how can they be sufficient?—that is the very point to which I want to come. How can they be *sufficient* where the case is this: not that merely there is a secret for you to keep from others, but that there is a secret also for others to keep from you? What can be guarantee sufficient that such secret is not a foul thing instead of fair? But, apart from crimes, think only what the just, and good, and glorious cause of Freedom has suffered oftentimes from the follies of some that would have served it. 'Oppression makes *wise* men mad.' Now, you are not mad, Orazio, at least you never were until this dangerous notion mastered you; and I cannot bear to think of your acting in the dark with those whose deeds, when they *do* come to light, may seem to be the deeds, if not of criminals, yet, possibly, of lunatics and idiots, who shall put to shame that which we reverence before scorners and haters of it!"

"Must not that often be the case where no secrecy is, and where is no affiliation, save that by which, in the public market-place or open senate-house, lunatics and idiots join the great movement of themselves, and gibber, and squeak, and disgrace all by their antics and frenzies?"

"Yes! that must sometimes happen. In sober sadness we must own it has too often fallen out even so. The remembrance of it is one of those very thoughts so grave and keen which should make earnest men deliberate and test the matter to the uttermost, before they set on foot any movement which must lead to sudden and violent change."

"But, in the end of all the deliberation, and after every test exhausted, and when full conviction of duty and necessity is gained, must not the risk of this remain?"

"I fear it must, Orazio; but there-with remains, also, that grand, inalienable privilege, which they retain whose work is in the daylight—in sight and hearing of all—the privilege of instantaneous protest—of energetic remonstrance—of refusal to act in concert with what is foolish no less than what is wicked."

"And to what serves the exercise of such privilege?"

"To what it serves! It serves to clear one's own responsibility—to absolve a man to his own conscience, at least, if not to some higher one. But this, you may say, is personal and selfish only. Well, then, remember that the same word or declaration, which men, in their hot passion, refused to profit by when it set up a limit to their onward rush, may become the landmark upon which to fix their eyes for guidance when, the hot gust over, they begin, with dear-bought repentance, a return."

"But, surely, Pia, I never mean to waive my right to protestation, remonstrance, or refusal."

"It may be that you do not; yet it appears, to my ignorance, difficult to imagine how a man can be joined to a secret association without foregoing much of such a right and duty. You may call secrecy my bugbear; but, again, I ask, how can you, under its murky veil, be certain of your knowledge that there does not exist, in some working of the body, that against which you should and would protest aloud?"

"Then, Orazio mio, there is another thought which seems to oppress and suffocate me when I think upon these dark conspiracies. There is an atmosphere of treachery breathed underground in them which seems to quicken all that is traitorous in men. All history witnesses that their secrets are ill kept, and that the baser men sell the nobler."

"Oh Pia! that is not like yourself to scare me back by fear of personal peril."

"I think," said Pia, slowly and with solemnity, as if answering a question put searchingly by her own heart to itself; "I think that I could bear to see you fall in open fight, even under my own eyes, Orazio. I think that if no fight were, and you were taken violently, and held to answer for an honest open agitation in favour of just and wise reforms, that I could sit by and hear out your trial to the last. I think that so, when tyranny should have even condemned you to die, if my presence, at the last dread hour, could cheer or comfort you, I should find strength to smile such sad consolation as full sympathy

could give. But to think of your being snared, and sold, and butchered, by machinations of traitors, and after such fashion, that the adversary should almost be justified in doing you to death as vermin caught in a trap, that is humiliating, loathsome, intolerable."

The only result apparent from such conversations was, that Orazio would neither open any such discussion with his sister, nor consent to carry any on, which she should attempt to open with him on the matter. She still held the threads which guided through the avenues of the labyrinth of his heart; but across the opening of one such, was an iron railing, and a gate therein, fast locked. All this will explain the mingled reserve and confidence which were between the brother and sister, Orazio's silence and Pia's half inquiries, together with the painful impression made upon her fancy by the otherwise trivial incident of the gathered iris and its sharp-edged leaf blades on the descent from Ficco's.

No harm came to her, bodily, from that venturesome expedition, and the success of it, in this respect, delighted Orazio and emboldened herself. She would drive out with him and Clara, most days in the week, taking at least a few turns in the Cascine, when she felt unequal to any more distant drive. On afternoons of choicest and most genial temperature, the carriage would even be stopped, to let her enjoy the music of the military band. Matters thus began to look rather brighter for the Viscount, who would naturally rein up alongside and enter into conversation. He was careful to show much attention to Pia, who encouraged him in great measure to do so, being anxious, for a reason of her own, to study his character as minutely as the circumstances would allow. Indeed she directed Orazio to ask him several times to call at the Palazzo Guari in the evening, and on two or three occasions of his so doing, she was herself enabled to be upon the sofa in the drawing-room, and not only to observe his general bearing, but to engage him in close and animated conversation. On the morrow of one such occasion, she asked, almost abruptly, of Clara, who had been playing and singing in a dreamy desultory manner, in her room.

"For what is that Lord Windlesham in Italy, Carina?"

There was no sort of confusion apparent on Clara's countenance as she wheeled round upon the music-stool and looked at her; but there was certainly some little astonishment. The question was one which she had never put in any shape whatever to herself.

"For what is young Lord Windlesham in Italy, my dear? I am sure I have no sort of notion. There are many young English lords in Italy, always, are there not?"

"Perhaps there are; but as mere passing tourists, most times, I believe. Did you not say he came to Venice with four or five other young men from the same college or university?"

"Yes, there were four when I first made acquaintance with them there at the Vantini's."

"The others are all gone home long since, I think?"

"Let me see, before I say yes or no. Mr. Trelawney, the one who got so much hurt at the theatre, went home with his parents at last, and a nice bright little sister who came out with them. They took away Beatrice Vantini, I think I told you that story, did I not? And now I hear she is to be married soon in Cornwall, at the Trelawney's home. Mr. Digby—"

"That's the good natured Hercules who rowed in the gondolas?" inquired Pia.

"Just so. Well, he went to Corfu, and has gone since then, like the Greek hero, striding over the world in search of adventure; so Lord Windlesham told me some time back."

"Eccome due! two disposed of," and Pia checked them off on her thin fingers; "the third?"

"Mr. Ingram went home again to Oxford, I believe, or Cambridge; but I don't well remember which."

Did the poor curate, out at home in England, in the sunless suburb, feel such a shivering pass over him as they account for sometimes by saying, we thrill so when another's foot treads on the spot which shall be our grave. Would it still have sent a pang quivering through his heart to have heard her speak of him with such complete unconsciousness of all that his return home—"to Oxford or to Cambridge, she could not tell which,"—had cost him? Or could he have

smiled serenely and counted it no more than help to his resolution that what it had decreed to kill and bury in him should thus be seen to have had no kind of life and being in her apprehension? These had been, perhaps, questions hard, as yet, to resolve, although it is most certain that by sure, slow steps his heart was gaining that high vantage-ground, above the field of struggling passion, where such smile of serenity seems to come without an effort.

"Three, then, went home, or, at least, away. One stayed; this same young lord. And all these months he has spent nowhere else but in the two cities in which you yourself have been. He was at Venice till just before you came here, was he not? And now he stays at Florence whilst you stay. Do not be vexed with me, Clara, dearest; but let me ask again, for what, think you, is this young lord in Italy?"

As Pia spoke, the astonished look of her friend gathered intensity. At the pointed repetition of her first startling question it was scarcely possible for Clara to misunderstand her meaning in thus putting it. She began to colour a little, and then said, but in the firmest, quietest voice,

"Dear Pia, you have said too much or too little. Let me hear all that is in your mind. You have given me the right to demand it thus."

"Come here, then, Clara; here, close by my side as I lie."

And she put the wan hands supplicatingly together and irresistible invitation pleaded out of her eyes.

"Come here and sit down, or kneel down, by me, as you did that first night when you came, in to gladden me with your grand beaming countenance. Let me put my hands under your braids again and hold your head between them." Clara humoured in every minute particular the fancy of her weakly friend. "Now tell me, is the young lord here for you?"

"Tell me first, then, Pia, what has prompted you to ask this strange question of me with such strange suddenness?"

"For one great reason, first of all. It is only now the thought has struck me that if, indeed, there be aught between you two, I have been selfish and have parted you."

"Dear, kind Pia," said the English girl, shaking her own head loose, and passing her arm round the other's neck to kiss her; "thank you for so kind a thought, although it seems so strange. But what can have made you fancy that there was any thing between me and Lord Windlesham?" and she smiled so cheery a smile, so genuine and so free in its denial of Pia's surmise, that she perceived at once its total incorrectness.

"Why, when first you came to Florence, and I heard of you amongst us with an interest and an intuitive appreciation which seized on me, I know not how, I was told, among other things, in answer to my interminable inquiries about you, that this Lord Windlesham was often with and near you in society. Then, so soon as Orazio had set on foot those drives in the Cascine, I perceived at once that something in our carriage had an attractive power over the handsome horseman, such as I knew my pale, sunken face could never exercise. I, therefore, encouraged him to let that power work, and saw how eagerly he took encouragement, although he veiled that eagerness, or rather sought to veil it, under his quiet nonchalance."

"Plotting Pia! plotting so secretly that not one faint suspicion crossed my mind at any time of what was actively at work in your's."

"I meant no plot, Carina, but only to discover if I had done you wrong unwittingly, and might have opportunity to right it. You have given me so much of your time and company, and of all the rich and various pleasure such gifts from you can give, that I felt disturbed at the thought that perhaps what was given me was robbed from yourself."

"Robbed from myself: from the young lord, you mean, even upon your own theory, unless you meant to ask whether I were in Italy for him as well as he for me."

"Robbed from yourself; I repeat it. My compunction, I must confess, did not travel beyond the fear of having done you, yourself, some wrong through my selfish engrossing of your company. I suppose I may speak out about Lord Windlesham without a morsel of danger that I shall hurt you by what I say? Answer me honestly."

"The only thing which could hurt

me, Pia, would be that you should doubt a word of mine at single utterance."

"Well, then, it is a great relief to me to know that the young lord is wholly without place in your heart, Clara. I cannot bring myself to like him, and I should have been disappointed, more than I can tell, to have discovered that one was *simpatico* to you, as we Italians have it, who, to me, was *antipatico* completely."

"Just now you charged me—needlessly, as I thought,—to be honest, and honest I will be to the uttermost. I have no sort of antipathy to Lord Windlesham, and therefore will not pretend to sympathize with you there."

"Ah, there is too much English-woman in you, first of all," retorted Pia, "in spite of your half Italian parentage, to let you thoroughly feel the keenness of those unreasonable, but real and meaning forces of attraction and repulsion. And, in the next place, I see that your indifference to the young nobleman is so real and genuine that I do not believe it ever occurred to you to dissect and study either his looks or words with that attention which was quickened in me by the lively interest I took in the endeavour to ascertain whether I could esteem him worthy of one whom I love so well."

"Pia, your dissections and analyses frighten me. I wonder with what sharp knives of thought you cut into me myself, or into what crucible of reflection you put my simplest words and actions."

"See," said the other, "I lie here inactive, in one way. 'Tis no great wonder if thoughts and fancies be inquisitive and endeavour to be penetrating, when they gain possession of any matter, for experiment of life-like interest."

Then she added, after a momentary pause:—

"Remember one thing, Clara, I cannot promise *not* to put your words and ways, at times, into those crucibles of which you speak,—shallow pots enough they prove to be, too frequently,—but this I promise, and you must ever trust me for it: no fire but fire of love shall heat those crucibles when aught of your's is in them."

"What! Never! not even if any one of those irresistible antipathies

should insist on declaring its existence, whether you wish to allow it or not?"

"Don't you talk nonsense, Clara, nor mock at my theories of emotion. What can you pretend to know about it, you well balanced child of cool mists? Antipathies, indeed, declaring their existence in matter sympathetic! It shows your hopeless ignorance that you should venture on the suggestion. But I have not quite done with our Viscount, about whom I don't want to have to talk again another day."

"Well, Pia," said Clara, listlessly, turning again towards the still open piano, and striking a chord or two; "what more have you to say concerning him?"

"That it may yet, perhaps, be well for you not to dismiss my question utterly concerning him. I do not know how long you may remain in Italy; but it may concern you deeply, after all, to notice whether his remaining in it have not direct dependence upon yours."

"I think it's my turn now to say 'do not talk nonsense, cara mia.' Alchemists found more dross in their crucibles, most times, than gold, you know. My own opinion is, that Lord Windlesham is in Italy for love of music, which, now I think of it, he studies deep and hard, with the dear old Maestro. And if, when the Maestro goes, the Viscount stays in Florence, I can't see why it should not be for admiration of Madamigella dei Guari;—there now."

And, as she turned her head again, to dart her parting shot of fun at Pia, the door which faced her opened gently, and Orazio, with affected solemnity, came forward to the side of his sister's couch to say—

"Illusterrissimo signor Visconte di Vindelbano, the young English nobleman, has just been here to do himself the honour, he assured me, of inquiring for the health of Mademoiselle la Comtesse Pia de' Guari, and to express his Lordship's anxious hopes that her appearance in the salon last night has not, in any way, affected it injuriously."

There was no resisting the ludicrous coincidence of this unexpected echo to her own words; so Clara went off into an honest fit of ringing laughter, in which it was not possible for Pia not to join her. Orazio looked from one

to the other, amazed at the boisterous reception of his announcement; but his puzzled looks served only to increase the merriment of the two girls,

whom, as he retreated, he declared that he should leave to themselves until the happy restoration of their lost senses.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TELL-TALE. THE CIVIC CROWD

CLARA'S visit to Venice was short and apparently uneventful; so short, indeed, that had the Viscount suspected the brevity of its duration he would not have committed the error of following thither in her steps. After the explicit conversation which she had held with her friend in Florence, it would have been impossible for her not to have noticed the significant fact of his appearance in the city of St. Mark within a few days of her arrival. Pia, moreover, unrelentingly, wrote thus in one of her epistles:—

"Madamigella del Guari was in the Cascine yesterday, and her carriage halted by the band; no horseman reigned up his horse by the carriage-door; and Orazio says he understands the Signor Visconte is in Venice. I had understood it was that other young Englishman, the athletic one, who was so fond of boating in gondolas!"

Clara's indignation was a little moved by this, as her friend had intended that it should. She was annoyed, not without some cause, that she should seem to others, if she did not feel herself, subject to a sort of persecution, by assiduities which, if meaningless were liable to misinterpretation; if having any purpose, were unacceptable. This she found means to let Lord Windlesham discover, his tact requiring but delicate indications to enable him to perceive that he had committed a mistake in coming this time to Venice. Cousin Martha's satisfaction at beholding the turn which, for some cause wholly unknown to her, affairs were taking, was of the most unmingled description.

One incident, however, occurred, during the few weeks they spent there, affecting the fortunes of another person known to the reader—Musk's kind friend, Rosina. Tonietto was taken by the conscription, and must needs don the white coat, with the blue pantaloons, of the Austrian Emperor's fighting-men. He was to be drafted into some Italian regiment, quartered upon the native plains of those Hun-

garians who, to be out of harm's way and useful to the Kaiser, were at that time garrisoning Venice. He had chosen to mistrust Rosina in the happier days gone by; and now his punishment was, that he must learn, in long banishment, and hateful, unbroken absence, to trust her wholly, or to let all hope die out of that poor, wild, suspicious heart of his. He was gone, indeed, before Clara's arrival. Not so long but what she could discover daily the tears in poor Rosina's eyes as she came to do her dress-making work, either in the theatre or in Clara's private rooms.

So kind and winning was the English signora's tone and manner, when venturing to inquire of the poor girl what ailed her, that Rosina told her, without reserve, her sorrowful story, encouraged, perhaps, by a lurking hope that the lady, whom her friend Marzocco loved, might have special sympathy with such a trouble.

"Dear lady, he is gone, and for so long a service, and into a foreign country, poverino! all alone!"

"And is there no help, my poor Rosina?"

"None, I fear; not even money, for we are not sure that they would let us find a substitute by paying some other man, who does not care about going to the regiment, to take his place. And if they would, the little money which I had laid by for us to start with would not be sufficient, nor ten times as much."

"We must inquire about the possibility of finding substitutes. I will ask M. Vantini to let me know for you how that may be; and it would, perhaps, be easier to help you with the money than you imagine."

"What goodness! but I have little hope, signora. Hitherto I was so contented and so thankful, and always seemed to gain more than enough by this needlework. But, only think, signora, since they have taken my poor ragazzino I grow so restless and dissatisfied that it is misery to stay

where I am. I want to leave our beautiful city, which poor Tonietto has left, I should so like to go to service, and then I could save up all my wages, in case the money should ever be of use to him. Mother can spare me, for my next sister is growing up; and father, who is an 'impiegato,' and has a little place in a public office, was advanced a short time ago. They are not unhappy at home now, and that makes me feel more lonely there and desolate, though I fear it is wrong of me."

Clara tried to give the sobbing girl what consolation she could; and, according to promise, asked of M. Vantini to make inquiries from some one in authority concerning the chances of procuring a discharge for Tonietto. At Venice they were told the case was, for some reason or other, not hopeful; but, for an ultimate decision, they were referred to head-quarters at Vienna, whither the good-natured banker promised to write, and to make through his correspondent, such application as might be found in any way feasible. He told Miss Jerningham likewise of the fact that Mark Brandling had left a small sum in his hands for the benefit of the couple so sadly parted.

Madame Vantini too became interested in the case; and upon Clara's mention of Rosina's wish to leave Venice and to enter service for a time, declared herself able and willing to gratify it. She would herself take Rosina to England, whither she was almost at once proceeding, to be present at the marriage of her daughter Beatrice. If Rosina should be found expert and handy, she thought it more than likely that the future Mrs. Charles Trelawney would be glad to have a Venetian girl with her for her own maid.

Rosina's gratitude, at once tearful and joyous, was almost unbounded. She seized Clara's hands and covered them with kisses.

"I know the sun never shines, signora, out in Inghilterra; but that is not so sad as it would elsewhere be, where there is so much sunshine of beauty and goodness in the faces of such as you.

"And tell me, signora mia," she said, as a sudden thought struck her, "is it very big, that Inghilterra? bigger than Venice and the Lido?

Does one meet one's friends there, for certain, some day or another, as one does here? Only think, if that be so, I shall see the good Marzocco! What a consolation! Oh, how glad the bimbi will be to hear of him!"

"Inghilterra is much bigger, Rosina, than Venice, and the Lido, and Chioggia, and the Lagune put all together. I am afraid that one might be very long there without meeting, for certain, with a friend. But who is the good Marzocco, and what is he doing there?"

"Oh, dear lady! surely you know him very well, for I have often seen him here with you; and when you went away he was as near breaking his heart, I think, as my poor Tonietto when they took him." And Rosina, half afraid she might have done mischief by this indirect announcement, looked up, with timid supplication, into Clara's countenance.

"You have seen a friend of yours with me, Rosina, called Marzocco? But I do not know any person of the name!"

"Perdona, signora, perdona; I had quite forgotten; he has two names; I never could learn one of them; but the first was Marco, like the great saint whose church is on the Piazza; but the children called him Marzocco because he played at lions with them, and roared like the good saint's beast. He is English, too, signora, and makes wonderful griffins, they tell me, of brass and iron, which spit fire and boiling water, and fly through the clouds, like thunder-bolts, and burrow under ground."

Clara now began to comprehend of whom and of what Rosina had been speaking. She called to mind, also, what the banker had told her of the money left with him by Brandling, and could no longer doubt of his identity with the roaring, griffin-building Marzocco. She would willingly have asked for the whole story of Rosina's acquaintance with him, had it not been for what she had said about his sorrow at her own departure. There was no need, however, for any questioning, for the poor Italian girl, having once spoken out about him—in very perplexity and despair at having done so, perhaps imprudently—neither could nor would restrain herself. Clara must needs, therefore, to her own no small disturbance and astonishment,

hear all about Rosina's surprisal of Mark's great secret; about the young man's despondency and sickness; about his possession of her own portrait; about Tomietto's misdeed, to which Rosina, wringing her hands, attributed the misfortunes which had come upon them; and about the settled sadness with which Brandling had been compelled to leave Venice before her own return to the city.

It seemed fated that others should tear to shreds for her the veil of unconsciousness which had hung before her imagination hitherto. Pia had begun to do so, with purpose; and, now, without purpose or intention, the hand of one so different as this Rosina was completing the work.

There was, however, incontestably, a difference, not wholly imperceptible to herself, in the feeling with which she was affected by what Pia, and by what her humbler acquaintance had disclosed.

For the young nobleman, indeed, as she had told Pia, she had never felt antipathy, nor did she now, though vexed at his silent importunity, and wishing simply and heartily to be rid of it.

For Mark, she was not so sure that she might not entertain a secret sympathy, the lines of which, under the action of the kind of pity which Rosina's account of him excited, began to reveal themselves in fine though faint traceries as yet.

On her return to Florence, she found Orazio still at home, Pia, thoroughly enjoying his presence with her and the beauty of a summer not yet too warm to be delicious. There must have been some counter-order, for the present, from the heads of the society to which the misguided young nobleman was affiliated; for he prolonged his stay from week to week, and seemed to have cast off entirely the burden of his former anxiety.

But the truth was, that a crisis, wholly unsuspected by him was about to take place in its affairs. Pia's apprehensions of danger, from base and treacherous men among its members, were but too fully justified: and the directors had too good reason to apprehend the effects of the close and jealous vigilance with which the police, who now held in their hands the threads of some among their crooked

schemes, followed every movement they endeavoured to make. Perfect inaction and quiescence were, necessarily, the order of the day. All their fear was lest any unexpected public event or political excitement should, in spite of their authority, produce a movement, which, as matters then stood, must precipitate a catastrophe.

Orazio, therefore, stayed happily at home: studied and conversed with his dear sister, sang with Clara, who was delighted to have a pleasant companion that really did not care for her but as Pia's friend—and made plans for a *villeggiatura* in a little house belonging to the family, within such easy distance from Florence as should not deter Pia by the fatigue of removal. This little villa stood not more than a couple of miles from the gates of the town, built under shadow of a high bank topped with pines, and screened from the heat by tufts of noble ilex, attached to it was a long slip of vineyard, fenced off from the road by one of those envious high walls of which we spoke. Fruit trees were trained, espalierwise, along it, and between it and the vines was a box-edged walk and a border of flowers. Near the end of the wall, towards the city, was a door opening inwards from the road, to which Orazio had once caused an English patent lock to be affixed, instead of the clumsy bars and padlocks common to such entrances in Tuscany. When Clara and Cousin Martha came out to the villa, to spend the summer months there, as Pia insisted on their doing, Orazio gave to the former his second key, that she, with her active habits, might enjoy, as he did, full liberty of exit and entry, without need of troubling the portress to unfasten the ponderous iron gates which stood at the bottom of the avenue of ilex and of olive, leading up to the front door. This key, for safety and for certainty of always finding it at hand, Clara fastened to her watch-chain. The walk under the wall was a favourite with her, especially towards the sunset, for there she could herself be in the shade—still grateful at that hour, as the summer months went on—and yet enjoy the glowing of the bright warm light on the trellised vines, the olives, and the pine-clad rock right opposite. There was a flight of stone steps at one point, up to a little tur-

ret which overlooked the road and the landscape on the other side of it. It was in this little turret that she would sit sometimes and bethink herself of what Rosina had made known to her concerning Mark : and pacing up and down this walk, in conversation with Orazio, she would not seldom be reminded of the craftsman, by contrast or by similitude of the young liberal nobleman's discourse on matters of political or social freedom. In this walk the Maestro found her also, when, coming out to spend one evening at the villa, he startled her at first by saying that he had ill news to give. Dear, good-natured old man, he did not suspect that his ill news, as he called it, was no little relief to Clara when detailed. It was simply this, that "a letter had come to-day from Lord Windlesham, thanking him for all his friendliness and his invaluable musical instruction ; and informing him, with regret, that he should not see him soon again, as he was not to return to England by way of Florence ; but should from Venice, proceed to Innsbruck, by the Brenner pass. He wished to visit the lake of Constance and the Rhine falls, on his way home,—and so forth."

Pia was on the sofa, in the open loggia, facing the flower garden, when Clara came to give her the news. But Orazio had forestalled her, having brought home, as his share of Florentine gossip for the day, the intelligence, that the young English lord's beautiful horses had left for embarkation at Leghorn.

"What did you do to him at Venice, then, Carina, that he comes back to us no more ? It's rather hard of you to have driven him thus home, if, indeed, as you would have it, he was in Italy for the sake of poor Madamigella dei Guari. Well, I must console myself as best I can. Buon viaggio Signor Visconte."

But the turret on the sheltering wall, and the long walk in its shelter, were destined to witness an event which should exercise a greater influence upon Clara's own movements than the departure of Lord Windlesham homeward. The summer months were almost gone, and the fire-flies had diminished their flitting thousands, as the corn crop beneath the vines had been gathered in, and the heavy, drooping clusters had put on

deeper purple. The De' Guari and their friends had not yet thought of returning to the city palazzo, nor had the theatre resumed its season.

But some Royal Imperial Grand-ducal fetes fell out just then, and it was fixed that in a fortnight's time or so, when they should be celebrated, two or three grand extra representations were to be given. In these La Jernietta, being happily so near Florence, was entreated to take her part as "prima." It so fell out, likewise, that just at this time the police authorities discovered, or invented, the existence of a scheme, on the part of the secret societies, to profit by the excitement of these festival days for creating some popular commotion. Orazio received a double warning, one from the heads of his association, bidding him beware of false orders to act, as it had been determined still to remain passive ; the other from an old friend of his father's, a man in office, intimating that his name was unfavourably noted by the higher police, and that he had better apply for a passport and leave Tuscany for some non-Italian State before it was too late to hope that any pass should be granted him. No human consideration would have made him follow the advice thus kindly and generously tendered had it not been for the plain intimation that those under whose orders, and in whose company he had bound himself to face all risk and every danger, did not think fit, at the present moment, to call upon him for action. Their communication, of course, he would breathe to no living soul, but he thought himself at liberty to make his sister acquainted with the purport of that which advised him to leave home. Were he to determine upon so doing without her knowledge of what had influenced the determination, he felt that he should be leaving her a prey to the most anxious and agonising conjectures. He, therefore, hid the letter of their father's old friend before her, and, upon her passionate entreaty, consented to be guided by its advice. A few days, therefore, before the approaching festivities he obtained a passport and left for Switzerland.

Clara had, of course, no suspicion that this proceeding was in any way connected with the vague rumours of popular disquiet and discontent

which reached them through the Maestro and other visitors—rumours which assumed sufficient shape and consistency to console Pia for the loss of her brother's company by the reflection that he was thus, unexpectedly, withdrawn from the reach of a danger, real though ignoble.

The feverish expectation which fills men's minds with ill-defined excitement at such times as these was strong upon all the inhabitants of the little villa when the following incident befell. Clara, one evening, had been watching from the little turret the glorious decease of day. On the highest hill-tops only was any sunlight lingering. The road beneath her, up to the high vineyard wall lay in lilac twilight, deepening slowly into dark purple grey, whilst the shadow cast by the wall across the gravel walk and far among the vines was gathering intenser gloom. Suddenly the silence was broken by two sharp reports, as of shots fired behind the rounded slope of ground in front of her, beyond the road: then came a cry, as if caused by sharpest pain, but suppressed with desperate effort: then shouts, as of pursuers. At that moment she saw a figure rise up against the sky, coming over the swelling ground, across which it moved rapidly. As it neared her she could perceive it to be that of a young man who, as he ran, was endeavouring to bind up his arm with a handkerchief disposed as a sling. There could be no doubt that he was wounded, and very little that he was the object of the pursuit, the shout of which grew nearer and more distinct. He came crashing through a fence of stakes and reeds into the high road, but the violence of his effort in so doing seemed to have exhausted his failing strength. He looked right and left along the stretches of road and the interminable high wall which barred his progress and offered no place whatever of refuge and concealment, then shook his head and sank down upon the bank, over which he had just forced his way, as if in despair of escaping now. There was nothing repulsive or ruffianly about the man's appearance which might have checked the impulse which now flushed Clara, who, without pausing to deliberate whether or not she might be giving

asylum to some malefactor, justly pursued, determined to rescue him from his imminent danger. She ran down the flight of steps and along the wall, to the door, of which the key hung at her watch-chain; opened it; glided out, and across the road; put one hand on the stranger's unwounded arm, and the finger of the other to her own lips. He understood the action at a glance; rose without a word and followed her, entering by the little door, which she closed noiselessly and locked with a double turn. There they stood in silence, one on either side of the doorway, fearing to move along the garden-walk, lest, in the stillness of the evening, their footsteps on the gravel might be heard over the wall. The pursuers, two gendarmes and a police agent out of uniform, were soon up to the opposite hedge, under shelter of which they were at first convinced that their game had taken refuge. He and Clara could hear them literally beating bushes and parting the thicker clumps of cane reeds in their search.

"He can't be far gone, for certain," said one of the Carabinieri; "I was sorry to fire, but he had completely got the pace of us, so I thought a bullet was the best persuasion to moderate it."

"You hit him, Giuseppe, fair enough," answered another voice, "and sharp, for the poor fellow squealed."

"When we first came to the hedge I jumped right over and looked up the road and down. It runs so straight here that I must have seen him had he run along it either way, dark as it is getting."

"That wall there must have stopped him; mustn't it?"

"No fear of that: not one of us could climb it, I'll warrant, this minute; and a winged bird could neither have hopped nor flown over it."

"Try the door, though," said the third person, whose voice now came first into the dialogue: "that's a door there, near the end of the De' Guari Vigna, is it not?"

Clara and her rescued unknown held their breath, in a sort of agony, as the butt-end of the gendarme's carbine came thump against the door close by them. The blows appeared to be given against their own breasts

as they stood. But the door was of stout, seasoned beech, grown on the forest slopes of Vallombrosa, and the broad, smooth bar of English steel was fitted truly to the socket of brass in the solid timber post.

"Door, indeed!" quoth the wielder of the carbine, bestowing on it, as he spoke, an indignant kick, by way of varying the assault: "Ghiberti's bronze gates at the Battisterio don't shut more tight or solidly. Unless he crept through the key-hole he didn't escape this way. And such a key-hole as it is! About as big round as the touch-hole of a carbine."

And, with a parting kick, he turned away.

"You, Giuseppe," said the third voice, that of the police agent, "take down the road towards Florence. You can get help and lights at the guard-house of the city gate; and, if our man has run down that way, you will hear of him from the men at the Dogana. Pietro and I will go up towards the country and turn out the mounted patrol in the little borgo, farther up."

When the faintest echoes of their footsteps had completely died away, Clara said, still in a whisper:—"What can I do more, sir, for you? The house here is not mine, but that of friends. I have no right, I fear, to compromise them by offering you its shelter."

"Signorina, one does not thank in words those who save life so generously. You have done all you can for me, except, perhaps, to tie this handkerchief tighter round my wounded arm." Clara bound it firmly round and round; then took off her own light shawl and made a sling of it.

"You heard what the Carabinieri said, signora? I shall simply double back upon the place whence they started me; they will not suspect it possible that I should have done so; and I shall get back to friends, who will house me, till I can find means of final escape. As for you, signora, let me out by the door again, and heaven bless you. I don't ask your name. I shall know whom to pray for—you are the Jernietta."

And therewith the true steel bar, poised by the cunning skill of an English workman, slid back again under the gentle leverage of Clara's fingers, and with a silent inclination

of the head, the young man passed out, crossed the road, climbed through the hedge, and disappeared.

Clara, considering that the secret of this adventure was not her own, but another's, feared lest any mention of it might amount to an indiscreet betrayal. She therefore said nothing of it, even to her friend Lia, or to her cousin Martha.

Two nights after, was the first of the grand festive operas. The house was illuminated "a giorno," and filled to its outer passages. Royal-Imperial Grand-ducal personages were in their conspicuous seats. On entering to take them, their reception had been but chilly; for the public humour was not, just then, extravagantly loyal.

But when Clara first made her appearance upon the stage, she was greeted with a shout of such wild enthusiasm, as astonished herself, and startled the authorities. For five or six minutes she found it useless to utter a single note. And this applause, given before the opening of her lips, was all the more remarkable, as being given in breach of such etiquette, as prescribes, that the first signal for approval of the artist, on such occasions, should come from "illustrious personages."

Three or four times during the performance did such an outburst greet her. Towards its end, when amidst the showers of bouquets that were thrown to her, she picked up a certain one,—attracted to it simply by the exceeding beauty of the flowers,—and fastened it into a belt round her waist: the uproar was deafening.

A very shrewd and acute agent of police in the side scenes took notice of what had wholly escaped the observation of Miss Jerningham herself—that the bouquet was adorned with streamers of ribbon, green and white, and red, the Italian tricolor; and this peculiarity he brought to the notice of his superiors.

They, however, refused to see in it, for this once, any thing more than a mere chance; but at the same time resolved to watch most narrowly the incidents of the next night's representation.

The same jubilant salutation greeted her ingress. The same irrepressible outbursts of some feeling, which appeared to be more personal and

deeper than that of mere artistic admiration, interrupted the course of the evening. By-and-by came a significant circumstance. There was a solo sung by Clara, in which occurred the dangerous words of "*patria*" and "*libertà*," and no sooner was this concluded, than the inexplicable excitement and enthusiasm reached a climax. The clapping of hands, the waving of handkerchiefs, the cheers and shouts swelled up and died away, and were caught up again, and repeated and redoubled, until it seemed that the good folk at Florence had fairly lost all kind of self-control. Clara stood, half frightened, half amused, and totally at a loss to understand the true nature of the triumph she was undergoing rather than enjoying. At last there fell at her feet a thick mass of violets, not thrown from above; but quoit-wise, with skill and care, as from the hand of some one, who must have been standing on the pit of the house, somewhere on a level with the floor of the stage. She saw something gleam among the flowers, and could not resist the impulse to stop and pick it up. As she did so, the flowery mass fell away, and there was left in her hand a golden garland, worked in exquisite filagree, figuring an ancient Roman civic crown, and upon the burnished golden fillet, which was interwoven in the foliage, she could decipher the inscription, "*Italia, Clara, ob civem servatum.*"—"Italy, to Clara, for a citizen saved." Then flashed across her the conviction that the secret of her adventure in the *Vigna de' Guari* was become the property of the Florentine people if not of their rulers.

And it was even so. With a rapidity which almost equals, oftentimes, where the popular press is gagged, the instantaneous intelligence conveyed to a whole country by the organs of a free publicity, the rumour of her generous deed had spread; accompanied by fanciful additions, coloured with false tints, magnified by exaggerations, such as there be few means, or none, of rectifying or dispelling, where no free press is.

The most foolish and absurd interpretations were put upon an act, unpremeditated, and of no character other than impulsive, and the police, who were still in ignorance of the real

plain facts of the case, could hardly be blamed for the resolution which was taken, of sending an intimation to the director of the theatre, that the opera which had been fixed for the third night's festival performance must be altered, and one substituted in which Miss Jerningham would not have to sing.

This did not much mend the matter, in so far as the expression of public opinion was concerned. The chief difference being—and an unpleasant one it was—that a storm of hisses and disapprobation, with loud and threatening cries, was substituted for the thundering "ovations" of the preceding nights. Indeed the authorities were on the point of bringing the performance to a sudden close several times throughout the evening, which however, happily, passed over without any serious disturbance.

But, by this time, had, of course, been put by Clara into possession of the fullest details of an occurrence, which it was become useless as well as impossible to conceal from her any longer. She judged the case, at once, with her usual penetrating good sense and strong right feeling.

"Carina," said she, on the same night, when news was brought them of the manner in which Clara's absence from the stage had been received by the excited Florentines; "you are by no fault of yours, in a thoroughly false position. The rights or wrongs of our relations here, with our own rulers, cannot justly be said to affect you. Genuine convictions you can scarcely have; vague sympathies would not alone justify you, in any interference, which might lead to mischief. I do not see that there is any wholesome influence that you can exercise; and your continued presence here can only be a rallying point for wild passions, roused irregularly. It will offend and embarrass the authorities; and although you know my poor opinion of their general prudence and beneficent wisdom, I cannot think that you can do aught against them to good purpose. You are the subject of a most powerful State, which will protect your person; there is, therefore, no sort of courage in remaining here, nor any cowardice in retiring hence of your own free will. Do not wait for the possible indignity of an injunction to leave Florence.

Write at once to the English ambassador for a passport, and start to-morrow. We will send a special messenger to-night, to his private residence, and be sure you explain to him in your letter the urgency of the case."

Clara perceived and admitted the force of this exhortation. One only question remained to be answered before she wrote. If she left Florence whither should she go? Cousin Martha undertook to answer that question for her.

"We have been several years in Italy now, Clara dearest; I do so long for a sight of old England again; and Sir Jeffrey has for years been calling you back to Wymerton; let us go there: let us go home."

"Home! Ah carissima! Yes! The good cousin says right, though my heart will be torn by losing you. You will not think me extravagant, dearest, in saying, that since these few months, in which you have been to me as a sister, such affection for you has fastened on me, that I cannot bear to think of any home for you, where I am not. But it is good for you to go: very good I am certain in many ways besides this strange unexpected affair. Write then, dear Clara, write! I will say no more till the letter is gone."

When it was gone, Clara came and sat by her bedside; for it was late already.

"Tell me, Pia, dearest," she said, taking one hand in hers, and looking into the great eyes, whose lustre was dim with rising tears; "why did you say, just now, that for many reasons it would be good for me to go?"

"Dearest, I have reflected, whilst you sat writing there; and am persuaded that my word was ill-timed, though true. The few hours we have

yet to spend together are too short, and will be too hurried for me to do justice to the thoughts and feelings, out of which my saying grew. Do not press me to break a silence which I am resolved, as yet, to keep. But make me a promise, solemnly, that when any trouble comes upon you, any heart-trouble, I mean—inward, deep, and searching—you will write and inquire of me what it was in my mind, to-night, to say."

Clara gave the required promise, and Pia with a deprecatory smile—"it is the last time bright one!"—took her head, in the old fashion, between her hands, and kissed her broad white brow with tender fervour.

Early the next morning, came an "attaché," with His Excellency's kindest compliments for Miss Jerningham, and his respectful admiration of the good sense and feeling which dictated Miss Jerningham's course.

Here Clara thought of poor Pia, on her sick bed, and wished that she could have heard for herself the minister's appreciation of her judgment.

The passport was here; all had been arranged with the Tuscan authorities; and the attaché would be happy to send out carriage and post horses, or to make any such arrangements in Florence, as might suit Miss Jerningham, and save her trouble, she would be honouring him highly by her commands.

That same afternoon, Clara Jerningham and her Cousin Martha were on their way to England.

Pia's mother sat by her bedside, wisely silent, not endeavouring to stem the flood of the poor girl's sorrow, which had been penned back bravely, till her friend was gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DAME ALICE'S OAKS. WARNING.

"A BRANCH line, Sir Jeffrey, through the park property! Precious impudence! What next I wonder?" quoth a great county squire of rubicund aspect and portly frame, but not obese—a perfect athletic contrast to the spare frame and colourless countenance of the old bibliophilic and virtuous. His broad back and chest, showed power through the loose frieze

shooting jacket, with its well worn leather patch on the right shoulder, and so did the outline of his massive sinewy legs through their stout gaiters.

"Well, what next, I can hardly say; but I should like to have your mature opinion, gentlemen all, about the proposal." And Sir Jeffrey looked round upon some four or five of his county neighbours, all equipped, unlike him-

self, for a day's work in the pheasant preserve.

"Which covert do you take this morning, Squire Harry?"

"Watson, the keeper, was saying that Snagsley slopes had not been beaten this season, and he thought the birds would want thinning there. Any objection to that wood this time?"

"Objection! Dear me, no! What sort of objection could there be? You know the coverts are literally at your disposal, so far as I am concerned; though I dare say that old fellow, Watson, has his fancies and freaks, which you must encounter as best you may."

"Well, but Squire," interposed a Mr. Baker, another county magistrate familiar with every wood in Wymerton; "why not begin by walking up the belt to the left of Alice's Oaks, if we are to shoot the slopes to-day? That would take us methodically through our work, as we left it yesterday; give us the upper ridge on the slopes for this afternoon, and leave the main body of the wood for a whole day to-morrow."

"Ah!" said Sir Jeffrey, "that would suit me famously, because I could walk down with you to the Oaks, as you go, and show you just the line through which they propose to bring the cutting."

"These roundels!" roared the Squire, bringing his great fist down upon the breakfast table, till the teacups fairly jumped again, and one chimney cream jug toppled over. Do you mean to tell me, Sir, that they dare to talk of bringing their vile cutting through any part of Alice's Oaks? Why, 'tis a sort of murder to touch those trees, as well as plunder to take the land from you!"

"Gently, gently," answered the owner of Wymerton, gathering up with a large tablespoon the cream, which his energetic friend had sent streaming over the cloth. "You may try what you can make of your indictment for attempt to murder the poor Oaks; but as for the count of plunder, it's a case for the grand jury to find 'no bill.' They make handsome offers of compensation."

"I'd compensate 'em," retorted the illogical, but inveterate Squire Harry; "I'll tell you what, Wynier, though this property is yours, and not mine, I've that sort of feeling about it alto-

gether, and about those oaks especially, that if I caught one of those surveying scamps, poking about under them, with a link chain and theodolite, I do believe I'd pick 'em up, mathematics and all, and chuck 'em sprawling into Wymerton-mere, with his instruments after him."

"Well, we must hope the meeting won't take place, my good fellow; not till you have cooled down a bit at all events, or we shall have you figuring at quarter sessions elsewhere than in your usual place upon the bench. But, come, the morning's wasting, and Watson, doubtless, fretting down in the servant's hall. Put on your bonnet, Clara dear, and walk down with us to Alice's Oaks; we will come home together, whilst these gentlemen proceed to make war upon the birds in Snagsley."

Clara did as he desired, and away they went; the old baronet leaning upon her arm, gently, but confidently, as a father beginning to feel the touch of age, might lean upon the arm of his well-grown womanly daughter. Watson, his underkeepers, dogs, and beaters, might be seen edging downwards, to the right, making straight for the belt of which Mr. Baker had spoken.

It was a bright February morning; the mossy grass under foot crisp and sparkling with the white frost still. There was a thin crust of ice upon the edges of the mere, and the wild fowl were far out in the open water. Here and there, in the deerpark were troughs, placed by Watson's provident care, for the herbage had long since begun to fail. Round them pressed the stars, too tame to be startled from their feast by the passage of Sir Jeffrey and his guests; their warm breath steamed up white against the frosty atmosphere of blue. Great trees, with heads nobly branching, reminding one of the antlered stags' heads underneath stood out upon the close cropped grass, or struggled upwards, from thickets of tangled blackberry, and the sere stalky leafage of ferns, frozen brown. The deep dull green of the yew trees, which were sprinkled over the upland, set off the diamond traceries of the spiders' webs, which covered them; and not the bright bay trees of Tuscany could vie with the metallic gleams that sparkled from the great hollies, gay with their clusters of berries flaming red. Clara

thought upon her poor friend Pia, and longed that she should look upon this scene of a beauty so new and strange in character to her unaccustomed southern eyes; and wished the impossible wish, that the blighted young Italian lady could feel, as she was doing, the healthy tingle of her blood in cheerful glow, and the springiness of her step upon the mossy carpet underfoot, elastic even above the hardest wintry ground.

She thought of Pia with liveliest remembrance and warmest affection, as she would often do; but she had not yet found occasion to put the promised question to her,—happy Clara!—although, indeed, she felt how very good it was for her, as Pia had foretold, to be once more at that dear Wymerton, her earliest and, in one sense, only home.

Quiet, pleasant months had they been which she had spent there since her sudden, stormy departure from fair Florence: months of bodily and mental rest; months of enjoyment of good Sir Jeffrey's almost fatherly kindness; months of renewal of girlish acquaintance and affection with household and village folk who had known her from her birth; months of vivid recalling of oldest and dearest acquaintance and affection, of tenderest memories of those two which lay, side by side, in the churchyard at Wymerton: sobering, saddening associations, but purifying withal and upward-lifting. Pia was right. All this was, many ways, good for her; but, I have said it, the great heart-trouble had not come yet, nor, therewith, the obligation to fulfil the promise of inquiry.

Alice's Oaks stood in the choicest glade of all the choice glades of Wymerton woods. Tradition said not merely that the name had come down as an heirloom from the pretty daughter of the old goldsmith of Chepe Ward, in the London of Queen Bess, but that certain of the more venerable trees had been planted, as saplings, by the hand of old far-off Harry Wymer's bride. Be that as it may, this much is certain, that the huge boles, and knotted, sinowy, outspread of the branches, in no few of them, might almost seem to justify the tale. Without a pang, it were hard to decree that any of their stately company should fall under stroke of axe. There

was, however, no time for discussion on the spot of the proposal made to Sir Jeffrey, by the directors of the railway, which threatened to run its lithe snake-like rails right through their time-hallowed array. All that he did, just then, was to make the sportsmen walk nearly over the line of contemplated onslaught; and they had not parted company with him and Clara many minutes when the reports of their guns, in quick succession, showed them plainly to have entered upon the belt of wood, with murderous effect on the game which crowded it.

After dinner that evening, as may be imagined, the question was again mooted, and, as also may be imagined, Squire Harry Chilwood's walk through the glade in the morning had by no means conciliated his favour towards the sacrilegious notion, as he held it, of sacrificing one single trunk of its fine trees. The blood in that stout and cheery country gentleman's veins was, for the more part, honest Saxon; but had it been Celt, of unquestioned purity, and himself the final descendant of an unbroken line of Druids, he could scarcely have been less tractable in the matter of the venerable oaks. We are not sure, indeed, that if the proposal had been to lay the rails through the most insignificant of coppices, instead of Alice's choice timber trees, that the squire would have regarded it with much more favourable eye. "Those nasty, lumbering, rattling, hissing, smoking engines," as he was wont to call them, never looked well, in his opinion, except out of sight, in tunnels, underground. He had kept to post-horses, for his longer journeys, two or three years after the opening of the main line in his neighbourhood, and subscribed to keep the four-horse coach upon the road long after it was plain, to the most unshivering, that its struggle against the whirling express was vain, and its days of travel numbered.

Sir Jeffrey was a very short sitter at the wine—shorter, perhaps, than entirely to meet with the approval of the worthy country gentlemen who beat his well-stocked coverts and sat at his hospitable board. The discussion, therefore, upon the railway-cutting through his property was yet at its height when they entered the

drawing-room. No one seemed to dispute the fairness of the offer made by the directors, to whom the straight way through the Wymerton estate was, from peculiarities in the surrounding conformation of country, and the positions desirable for certain stations on the line, an object of much importance. Compensation had been offered in a liberal spirit. But that to which most objected, and against which Mr. Chilwood continued to rave, was the suffering of any such havoc to pass through the famous glade of oaks. Avoiding such a passage would, however, it was admitted, be almost, if not altogether, impossible, if the advantage of the direct line were really to be secured.

"Miss Jerningham," said he, as the party made their way to the tea-table at which Clara was sitting, "Miss Jerningham has not yet opened her mouth upon the question, that I can remember. I am certain that, with her tastes and feelings, she must decide in favour of my views. Come now, Wymer, are you ready to submit to her decision on the subject?"

"Well, I do not know but what I might: and, at all events, I should be glad to know how that decision would lean."

"No need to inquire, I'll warrant you," said the other. "With Miss Clara's notions of art, and romance, and imagination, and that sort of thing, she can have but one feeling about it, you know."

"Why should you take it for granted, sir," said Clara, seeing, by her old friend's look, that he really wished to hear what she might have to say concerning the matter; "that any decision I might be bold enough to give must necessarily be influenced by my tastes, and feelings, and imaginations, and that sort of thing, as you say?"

This was an awkward thrust, at the first lunge, for the worldly squire, who did not like to give the answer which rose naturally to his lips,—that one who had suffered her own career in life to be marked out for her by taste and feeling and imagination, rather than by what he would consider to be sound sense and solid judgment, was likely, in minor matters, also to hear their voice alone.

"Is not this," she continued, "a

matter for judgment rather than mere feeling?"

Squire Harry, still farther disconcerted, to the no small amusement of the whole party, could not well assert a negative, but asked, somewhat confusedly, whether, in such a case, there was no count to be taken of old associations, time-hallowed reminiscences, and that sort of thing."

"Yes: to a certain degree," was the answer. "But, with all that feeling of romance, for which you give me so large credit, I should incline to say that these must yield to the weightier and more practical considerations of public advantage and convenience, if, indeed, the two classes of consideration should fairly come into collision, as they do not appear to do just now."

At this there was a general outcry, except upon Sir Jeffrey's part. How could Miss Jerningham—born and bred at Wymerton, and nurtured in its traditions,—not see the cruel outrage upon Alice Wymer's memory of the ruthless prosaic attack upon her darling trees!

Clara shook her head, but shrunk modestly from a regular disquisition, in answer to so many voices. Old Sir Jeffrey, however, insisted upon her speaking out, with a mingled tone of authority and entreaty which she could not well resist.

"Mr. Chilwood has appealed to my imagination; and several of you, gentlemen, have reminded me that I was nursed in old associations of this dearest old Wymerton. When I was a girl here you may fancy that few living personages were more real to me than that Dame Alice of those old traditions. As I passed through the old oak cabinet, where the strips of Venetian glass plate the walls, my own reflection in some of those many mirrors would appear, often, to take the image of that dear Alice. I have looked out of windows, on to her own garden-beds and walks, in the moonlight, and fancied that the sheen of the moonbeams was the glistening of her satin brocade."

"And yet you would allow the railway ruffians to cut down her oaks! Oh, Miss Jerningham!"

"I had few children's books, as you may remember, dear Sir Jeffrey, in those young days," she continued,

heedless of the interruption; "but used to read greedily, though at random, in the folios of the grand, old library. Yet my random reading was not always without method; and Alice's days were one fixed period, round which I would try to heap my miscellaneous studies. I read all I could about the times in which she lived, and the people who fashioned and were fashioned by their spirit. Alice thus became to me—she was and is—as definite a person as any of which a consistent drama gives one an idea."

"Well, Miss Jerminham, well, why should that incline you to let them cut down her oaks? I should have thought that she, who was so lively in your fancy, must have been dear in your affections; and that, on account of all you say, you would have been the first to cry shame upon the deed."

"Dame Alice is to me so real a personage that if I am to let imagination have any play I can only conceive of her with a certain definite character. I cannot, of course, imagine what her answer might have been to a board of railway directors asking leave to make a cutting through the park; but I can imagine a case, occurring in her own times, which would give us the measure of her thoughts and feelings."

"Dame Alice was a London merchant's daughter, and her curly-haired Harry was styled an adventurer, in reproach, by his proud kinsfolk, when he wooed and won her. Now, supposing that, in their days, the saplings which she planted had been sturdy forest trees; and letters had come out of the Ward of Chepe announcing that Worshipful Master Martin Frobisher, the great-hearted forerunner of our Arctic naval captains; or, later on, that the noble adventurer, Sir Walter Raleigh, 'purposeth to bulide mightie shippes at Gravesende for furtheraunce of discoverie, for trade and mercature, of singular advantage to ye well-being and honourable estate of this realme of Englande, wherein it is most fyttinge that all and severall the subjects of His or Her Majestie's Highnesse should yielde aide and assistance;' and supposing that for such great purpose the oaks of fullest girth in Wymerton had been required, what would Dame Alice have answered,

and what her bold-hearted Harry? My imagination pictures them out in the glade with early morning of the next day. Alice's white hand daintily touching the doomed giants, doomed through death to glory; and the sinewy arm of Harry Wymer blazing the mark upon the rough bark, where the smooth hand had lain, by quick stroke of an axe's edge. . . . Then came the woodmen."

"Ah, well, yes! ship-building, perhaps," said the burly squire, "and Sir Walter Raleigh—in monstrous shame beholding him!—and old Martin Frobisher, and heart of oak, and wooden walls, and that sort of thing, you know—there might be something in that; but these wretched railways are quite another sort of thing, you know!"

"Not that I can see, Sir," said Clara, pensively, and a glow, for which none of them could account, suffused her countenance: for she bethought her of open-hearted conversations by the lake-side of Garda, and on the long sandy strip outside the lagoons of Venice, and of many circumstances, touching time, and place, and person, under which she had listened to such discourse as, perhaps, was influencing her in the ready conviction wherewith she was prepared to maintain that these "wretched railways" of nineteenth century construction were, no less than "the mightie shippes" of Dame Alice's far off times, "for furtheraunce of trade and mercature of singular advantage to ye well-being and honourable estate of this realme of Englande."

"So, then, dear Clara," said old Sir Jeffrey, "this is your decision. No! rather Dame Alice's own decision, spoken, oracularly, by your lips. I accept it. The rail shall go right through. The oaks, I have no doubt—that must be *your* consolation, Squire—will find their way to Her Majesty's dockyards. Queen Victoria's 'mightie shippes' are as grand, even you will allow, as those of old Queen Bess. But Clara deserves some reward for solving my last remaining doubts upon the question; and what moneys the said oaks may fetch shall go towards her marriage portion, when, like fair Alice, she finds her own Harry. That's *my* decision."

Against this last clause of it, at

least, there was no remonstrance, except the deepening glow on Clara's countenance.

Squire Chilwood soon retired in discomfiture to bed; but Sir Jeffrey, before following his example, sat down and wrote to the directors to announce that he had resolved, definitively, to accept their proposal.

Nevertheless, it rankled in Clara's mind that she should be supposed to be guided, exclusively, by "taste, feeling, imagination, and that sort of thing," as Mr. Chilwood had somewhat clumsily put it. Their influence, it is very true, had been great over her whole life, and more especially over the few last years of it. But if that influence had overlaid, it had by no means wholly stifled within her the consciousness that a life requires some wiser, sturdier, and truly nobler guidance than such influence can give; and she was uneasy at the remembrance of the too little practical effect upon herself of such a consciousness, that was discernible in her late career.

Some few days after the conversation about the railway she received another harsher admonitory shock.

There was a little hamlet on the far outskirts of the Wymerton estate which, by some chance, she had not visited since her return. Thither she and Cousin Martha drove over with some message from Sir Jeffrey to the tenant on the farm. The farmer's wife had known her in old times; and as they were recalling old names and incidents, she inquired of Clara whether she remembered a certain old grand-dame who lived, at one time, much nearer to the house, and of whom, as a girl, she had been a pet and favourite. Clara remembered her well, for she was one of those few that had spoken to her of her mother, and had ever been one of those kindly, winsome souls, whose advance in years, far from making them lose the power of attracting the young, seems to make them regain some of the characteristic freshness and simplicity of extreme youth, and thus to retain a sympathetic faculty for understanding and being understood by them.

"I can scarcely forgive myself," said Clara, "for not sooner having recalled her to mind and asked after her; but I think I must have had some impression, that considering her

age when I was last at Wymerton, she could be no longer living."

"Old enough she certainly was, Miss Clara, and has grown no younger since; but she is living still, though mostly bed-ridden, and keeps her faculties wonderfully."

"And you say she lives out here now. Where shall I find her; for I cannot go without paying the dear old soul a visit?"

"She lives with her daughter and son-in-law, people without children, in the third cottage, on the left hand side, as you go down the lane."

Nothing could exceed the old woman's delight at seeing her "little pet" once more. The day was too far spent to make a long visit possible; but another, and then another was paid, until the ponies knew well enough whither they were bound when Clara turned their heads toward the hamlet; nor was any pull upon the reins required to stop them, when they had reached the cottage door.

"Tell me again about my mother, granny, and how you came to help her, when she first came housekeeping, at the little house, by the garden-lodge." And Clara repeated again the process through which, as a child she had so often gone, of endeavouring from such details, minute and trivial, to create for herself a lively image of the mother whom memory could not recall.

"She was a dear creature, your mother, Miss Clara, for all her foreign looks. But her ways were English, every one of them; and it would have done her heart good to have seen you grown such a downright English maid. I was wishing the very last time that you went, that she could set eyes upon you, just as you are; but for one thing."

"But for what one thing, granny, do tell me?"

"Well, since I've said it, I'd better say my say out seemingly. Don't be angry with me, Miss Clara, for I loved your mother, and I love you; but, poor dear thing, what would she have said, to see her darling baby-girl become a play-actor!"

There was so much of genuine good feeling towards herself in the old woman's tone and bearing, that Clara would have been ashamed not to choke down the rising indignation which she felt burning upon her cheek.

"But why should you think then that my dear mother would have disliked the profession I have chosen? Did you ever hear her speak of it or against it?"

"No! dear Miss Clara, never; but I judge by my feelings, who am a mother too. I never saw play-acting more than once: that was at fair time, in the county town; and then—though I did think it grand at first, I came to feel a power of pity for the poor young lady, with the ruddle on her cheeks and tinsel, that all the folk stared at, and clapped hands so rude. My Betsy was but a toddling thing at that time, and had only just recovered of the measles; yet I remember it came across me, I'd sooner she had died in them than come to the like of that."

Was it still indignation, or was it a struggling sense of ridicule, which, with hysterical throbs, seemed to come up into Clara's throat, and take away her breath, as she heard these words? She endeavoured, with what calm and exactness she could, to explain to her old friend, that there were many steps between herself and the "poor young lady with the ruddle on her

cheek;" but, for all her persuasion, the intractable granny held to her own opinion still, that be the steps never so many, the staircase, so to speak, was all one.

"There was a deal of wickedness," she had heard, "as went along, almost always, with that play-acting."

And though she never did believe, nor could, but what Miss Clara would be kept out of *that*, somehow, a thing for which she had prayed and prayed; yet she had always wished and prayed that she were well out of it altogether.

"It seems so false-like and hollow, dear Miss Clara, such a manner of life; even as you tell it to me, I should think it must end by eating out all that's serious in a body's heart at last. Well, maybe I'm wrong in saying that. Who am I, to judge others? Yet it's natural to think so, seemingly. And it don't look like a calling as can fit exactly with letting alone the pomps and vanities; nor yet, as I can see it, with praying not to be led into temptation." And therewith the old woman entreated her not to be offended, and to let her kiss her once in token that she would not take amiss her plainness of speech.

THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

THE Marshals of Napoleon the Great! What grand ideas are suggested by those few words! The wondrous events of a generation of the highest military glory rush on the memory, and one involuntarily sees, as it were, an unparalleled panorama unrolled before the mental vision—a resplendent world-picture of mighty captains, of terrific battles, of shaking thrones, of changed dynasties, of victories, of defeats, of revolutions, of the marvellous history, in fine, of Europe, from the invasion of Egypt to the field of Waterloo! Central figure of all appears the deniged Napoleon, and a matchless group of self-made warrior-kings and marshals proudly encircle him. Ney, Murat, Bernadotte, Soult, Massena, Berthier, Davoust, Marmont, and almost a score of others, more or less renowned—we see them all—children of Mars, baptized in fire and blood—a constellation of war-stars.

What a halo, ruddy with the reflection of a thousand battle-fields, gleams around the grim warrior-heads of Napoleon and his marshals! What a Master and what Men!

Another Napoleon has arisen—one who, whether for good or for evil, bids fair to emulate the founder of his race. Already he is "the foremost man of this our world;" he has just fought on the very ground where Napoleon the Great won his earliest, his brightest, his most enduring laurels; already he has achieved victories, and created marshals of his own on the field of their glory. Is it not a fitting time to pass briefly in review the lives of the predecessors of the living marshals of the Empire?

After the Revolution of 1789, the dignity of Marshal of France was abolished. It was restored when the Empire was established. Not more than sixteen marshals were to be chosen from among the most distin-

guished generals, independently of marshals who were senators; and the various honours to which they were entitled in virtue of their rank were precisely expressed by an imperial ordinance. At the same time the Emperor named a hall of the Tuilleries *la Salle des Maréchaux*, where the portrait of each was placed during life, and after death was removed to a gallery at the Invalides. On the 20th Floréal of the year XII (to use the jargon of the Republic) fourteen marshals were nominated in the following order:—Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessières. By the same decree four senators who had commanded in chief were also elevated to the dignity of marshals, viz.:—Kellermann, Lefebvre, Pérignon, Serrurier. During the Empire seven generals only were created marshals, viz.:—Victor, Oudinot, Marmont, Macdonald, Suchet, Gouvion St. Cyr, Poniatowski. One more, Grouchy, was gazetted marshal during the “Hundred Days,” but his nomination was not fairly recognised until 1831. It will thus be seen that Napoleon’s marshals, in all, numbered twenty-six. The batons of the marshals of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III. were and are a pine or fir roller, thirty centimètres long, and four to five in diameter, covered with velvet, starred with gold, and capped with gold at the ends, on which caps are inscribed, the words “*Terror belli—decus pacis*.” The arms borne by the marshals were a sword and pair of pistols.*

How shall we commence our task? We must not, like Leynardier, sketch the marshals in alphabetical order, for divers good and sufficient reasons, principally, however, because having only a comparatively very limited space at command, it will be our best plan to award precedence to those who stand forth pre-eminent for deeds and fame, and to dwell at greater length on their lives and achievements than on those of their less illustrious brethren.

Place aux dames! cry our gallant allies. Place aux Rois! echo we on the present occasion. Kings! ay, twain. We have Bernadotte, who died quietly in his bed, a popular sovereign, at the age of fourscore; and Murat, who was shot, ex-king of Naples, in the prime of life. Bernadotte, therefore, shall open the ball.

Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte was born January 26th, 1764. He was the son of a respectable citizen of Pau. He entered the Royal Marines at the age of sixteen, and after nine years of service he was a serjeant. Then came the Revolution, and the serjeant of 1789 became the colonel of 1792, and general of brigade, and general of division in one little twelve months more. He held the latter rank in the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse in 1794, when he greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Fleurus. In 1797 he and his division went to Italy, where Napoleon commanded in chief. Even before then, Bernadotte, who beyond all doubt was a jealous and selfish man, is said to have become envious of his future Emperor, who although one of the youngest generals of the Revolution, already had surpassed them all. In Italy he speedily gave a significant proof of his ill-will towards Napoleon, but at the same time he affected extreme Republicanism, which induced the Directory at Paris to order him and his division to leave Italy, and proceed to Marseilles, where a Royalist insurrection was threatened. He put it down in blood, and owing to his absence from Italy on this account, he did not share the marvellous campaign of that year, and this circumstance yet further embittered him against Bonaparte. The Directory itself also began to be jealous of their future Emperor; and when he left Italy, leaving the command to his friend Berthier, the Directory sent their “red, red” Republican officer, Bernadotte, to supersede him. Bernadotte set forth, but before he could assume command, Bonaparte had interest enough to change his mission. Arrived at head-quarters, General

* Our main authority for the facts embodied in this article is the admirable *Histoire des Maréchaux de l'Empire*, by Camille Leynardier; but we have also freely availed ourselves of the historical facts contained in various other works, French and English.

Bernadotte found himself commissioned only to go out to Vienna as Ambassador Extraordinary! He at first refused to go, but at length obeyed. He managed matters very badly at the Austrian capital, owing more to ill-will and surly dislike to his appointment, than to any lack of ability to perform the duties committed to his charge. Yet on quitting it, the Directory still retained such an opinion of the man that they offered him the embassy to the Hague, which he refused.

In 1799, war being declared against Austria, Bernadotte was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of Observation of the Rhine. He acted with energy, and displayed his patriotism by the severity of the measures he instituted against Austrian interests and French emigrants. He subsequently became Minister of War, and is admitted to have filled that very important office with eminent success. The Directory, nevertheless, took umbrage at something he did, and replaced him by General Moreau.

When the Consulate replaced the Directory, Bernadotte firmly resisted all the offers of Bonaparte, refusing to be his coadjutor, and defying and denouncing him. How much this conduct was dictated by a pure love of country, and apprehension that its liberties were menaced, and how much was owing to Bernadotte's envy and hatred of the First Consul is a matter of controversy; but with every wish to judge charitably, we cannot award any other than very dubious praise to Bernadotte's extremely bold, not to say audacious conduct, on this "Brumaire" crisis, bearing in mind as we are bound to do, his former and subsequent open hatred of Bonaparte and his treason to France. The First Consul was too powerful to fear the denunciations of his enemy, whom he magnanimously forgave, and made a Councillor of State and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the West. Still Bernadotte sullenly scorned these friendly advances, and rested as before and as ever, the enemy of "Napoleone Buonaparte"—to write his name for once in its genuine native Italian.

About this period, Bernadotte, and several other general officers, were suspected of plotting a Royalist "reaction," and, whether innocent or

guilty, he had the boldness to ask for the command of the expedition to Saint Domingo. Bonaparte sternly refused the request, and bestowed the command on the unfortunate General Leclercq.

Notwithstanding all the past ominous signs and tokens of Bernadotte's inappeasable hatred and jealousy, Bonaparte, on ascending the Imperial Throne in 1804, created his enemy a Marshal of the Empire, and Grand-Officer of the Legion of Honour. Subsequently he nominated him to the command of the army of Hanover, and Grand-Eagle of the Legion of Honour. Bernadotte accepted these honours, although he had previously opposed the creation of the legion.

In 1805 Bernadotte and his army were recalled to serve against Austria, and the campaign earned him the title of Prince of Ponte-Corvo. In 1806 he fought at Austerlitz, and afterwards defeated the Prussians at Schleitz and at Saafeld. Other victories ensued, and he, in conjunction with Soult and Murat, after a bloody battle, utterly defeated the Prussians under Blücher and the Prince of Brunswick, near the walls of Lubeck. He then entered Poland, and fought during the campaign of 1807. Next year, being in command of a mixed corps of French, Spanish, and Dutch troops, he passed from Hamburg into Swedish and Danish territories, and conciliated the inhabitants by kind and judicious government. In 1809 he again fought against the Austrians, at Wagram; but although the Saxon troops he commanded behaved badly, he issued a proclamation to them, lauding their courage in the highest degree. This angered the Emperor Napoleon, who sent Bernadotte back to France.

The great epoch in Bernadotte's life was now at hand. In the spring of 1810, the heir to the throne of Sweden died, and the succession was vacant. The Swedes applied to the "king-maker," Napoleon, to give them a sovereign. He told them to choose one of his great captains. Bernadotte being known to them personally, and very favourably by his conduct in 1808, and he also being related to the imperial family (his wife Eugénie Clary, was sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, then king of Spain), was naturally enough selected. A deputation went from Stockholm to Paris

to announce to Bernadotte the election of himself. He at once accepted the offer, subject to the Emperor's assent, which was duly accorded. Napoleon, however, seems instinctively to have feared that evil to himself and to France would result. "It appeared to me," said he, in latter times, "that Bernadotte would become a serpent nourished in our bosom. With this idea I said to him, 'I hope that you will never forget that you are a Frenchman, and that you owe the crown of Sweden to the glory of the French armies, you have commanded.' He replied: 'I shall ever glory in being a born Frenchman, and never forget it, Sire, in becoming subject to a foreign monarch.'"

The Emperor gave the embryo "serpent" a million francs for an outfit, and Bernadotte triumphantly entered Stockholm, where he renounced the Catholic faith, and avowed himself a good Lutheran, assuming the title of Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden.

In 1812, a treaty between Sweden and Russia was signed, by which Bernadotte engaged to war against his old master. In 1813, he is said to have planned the campaign, with Leipzig for a "rendezvous," and history has recorded the great part he played therein. Our French author distinctly affirms, that Bernadotte, at this period, nourished the idea of supplanting Napoleon on the throne of France; but we cannot well conceive how, even his ambitious brain could seriously give birth to such an idea. When the utter downfall of Napoleon was assured, Bernadotte, according to M. Leynardier, intrigued with agents of the Emperor, offering to betray the allies, and once more fight for France—a very apocryphal story. Certain it is that Bernadotte entered Paris with the allied sovereigns, and the reception he met with from his countrymen, was so little flattering, that he quitted the city as speedily as possible.

Charles XIII., King of Sweden, died early in 1818, and the Crown Prince, Bernadotte, was proclaimed King of Sweden and Norway by the title of Charles John XIV. As King

of Sweden, he proved eminently popular, as we can personally testify; and yet we have been assured by Swedes, that he could not, or would not, learn to speak the language of his subjects. He died, March 8, 1844, at the ripe age of fourscore. He was succeeded by his son, Oscar, a remarkably fine looking man, of a very amiable disposition; and he now is dead, after a long affliction. He married the eldest daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, and had a fine family, who, with himself, have hitherto been almost idolized in both Sweden and Norway.*

Frenchmen execrate the memory of Bernadotte—and not without reason. France has confirmed the indignant denunciations and predictions of the Great Napoleon, who, when in exile, according to Las Cases, repeated that Bernadotte was a "serpent nourished in his bosom." "Vainement," (to quote his own burning language), "dira-t-il pour excuse qu'en acceptant le trône de Suède il n'a plus dû être que Suédois: excuse banale, bonne tout au plus pour la multitude et le vulgaire des ambitieux. *Pour prendre femme, on ne renonce pas à sa mère, encore moins est-on tenu à lui percer le sein et à lui déchirer les entrailles. On dit qu'il s'en est repenti plus tard, quand il n'était plus temps et que le mal était accompli. . . . C'est là une de ces fautes qu'il paiera chèrement: il sera flétri par la postérité.*"

Our next marshal is the chivalrous Murat; the veritable beau ideal of a modern soldier, unburied with the most fiery valour; one who would head a forlorn hope, or gallop up to the mouth of grape-charged cannon, as guily as he would walk to a banquet, or lead a fair lady to a ball-room. His Emperor summed up his character in a very few words. "Murat," said Napoleon, "je dirai toujours à ta louange, que tu fus le meilleur officier de cavalerie de mes armées: tu étais un héros devant l'ennemi, une femmelette dans ton cabinet!"

Joachim Murat, was born at La Bastide, Fréfontiére (Department of Lot), March 23, 1768. His father was an innkeeper. He was destined for the priesthood; but his mili-

* The kings of Sweden adopt a motto for their coins. Bernadotte's was, "*Folkets Kärlek är Belöning*,"—"People's love is my reward." Oscar's was, "*Rätt och Sanning*,"—"Right and Truth."

tary predilections speedily induced him to enter the army. In 1791, he joined a cavalry regiment, and soon became a sous-lieutenant. He so distinguished himself that he rapidly rose, and in 1796 he joined the army of Italy, with the rank of general of brigade. Napoleon, on that occasion, made him one of his aides-de-camp. Throughout the wondrous campaign that ensued, Murat pre-eminently distinguished himself. He followed his future Emperor to Egypt, and at the battle of the Pyramids, where he was seriously wounded, he won his grade of general of division. So valiantly did he subsequently fight in the Syrian war, that Bonaparte officially declared that Murat's cavalry had performed an impossibility. Returning with Napoleon to France, he zealously aided the projects of his ambitious friend, who rewarded him with the hand of his sister, Caroline Bonaparte. He commanded the whole of the cavalry at Marengo in 1800, and in 1801 he forced the Neapolitans to evacuate the States of the Church.

When the Empire was established, Murat received his Marshal's baton, and early in 1805 was made a Prince and Grand-Admiral of France, and Grand-Eagle of the Legion of Honour. His next dignity was that of Grand Duke of Cleves and of Berg. He fought with astonishing valour at most of the great battles of this period, and in 1808 became General-in-Chief of the Army of Spain; but when Joseph Bonaparte was placed on the throne of that country, Murat (1st August, 1808) was proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, by the title of Joachim Napoleon. Thus, in the space of seventeen years, the innkeeper's son rose from the grade of an obscure soldier to be a European sovereign, and brother-in-law of the mightiest Emperor the world ever knew. His subjects welcomed him with enthusiasm; and with the approval of his imperial master (for in effect, the Great Napoleon's kings continued *his* subjects) he commenced a series of reforms and improvements, but after a while he introduced measures which Napoleon strongly condemned.

Murat commanded all the cavalry of the enormous army assembled for the invasion of Russia in 1812, and throughout the horrible campaign signalized himself by acts of almost in-

credible daring and sublime valour. When the wreck of the army escaped the pursuit of their pitiless foes, Murat suddenly threw up his command and returned with all speed to Naples. This act has been severely censured. "With the army," it was said, "Murat was not a king, but only a captain; he was a French citizen and not a Neapolitan." This reasoning is plausible, but open to the gravest objections. At any rate the Emperor was bitterly indignant, and denounced Murat's "desertion" in the *Moniteur*, and wrote to his sister, Caroline, declaring that her husband was a traitor, an ingrate, a political fool, and deserving of public and severe punishment. To this Murat replied by a very angry letter; but he did not yet desert France in her hour of need. He fought through the long and disastrous campaign of 1813, and then bade a friendly and last adieu to his illustrious brother-in-law.

On returning to Naples, Murat seems to have been bewildered by his position as a king and ally of Napoleon. He signed an alliance with Austria, January 11th, 1814—signed his own death warrant! He maintained an attitude of armed neutrality—thus being indirectly hostile to Napoleon. When, however, Napoleon escaped from Elba, all his old spirit and love for his chief revived, and he attempted to head all Italy against Austria, but utterly failed in the desperate struggle. He then fled to France, but never more to draw sword on its soil. After Napoleon's final overthrow, he remained for months hiding for his life.

We have not space to follow in detail his further adventures. Suffice it, that after escaping to Corsica, and being received with acclamation, he had the infatuation to land on the coast of Calabria, after most of his little flotilla had deserted him. We may quote Alison's description of his landing:—

"He then ordered his officers to put on their uniforms; and as the wind was fair, and the day fine, he steered into the bay of Pizzo, and cast anchor on a desert strand at a little distance from that town. His generals and officers, five-and-twenty in number, wished to precede him in going ashore, but the king would not permit it. 'It is for me,' he exclaimed, 'to descend first on this field

of glory or death; the precedence belongs to me, as the responsibility;—and with these words he leapt boldly ashore.

“Already the shore was covered with groups of peasants, whom the unwonted sight of the barks in the bay, and the uniforms of the officers landing, had attracted to the spot.

“Among them was a detachment of fifteen gunners, who came from a solitary guard-house on the shore. They still bore Murat’s uniform. ‘My children,’ said he, advancing towards them, ‘do you know your king?’ And with these words he took off his hat; his auburn locks fell on his shoulders, and the noble martial figure which was engraven on their hearts appeared before them.

‘Yes, it is I,’ he continued: ‘I am your King Joachim: say if you will follow and serve the friend of the soldiers, the friend of the Neapolitans.’ At these words the officers in Murat’s suite raised their hats, and shouted, ‘Vive le Roi Joachim!’ and the soldiers mechanically grounded their arms; but a few only exclaimed ‘Vive Joachim!’ Meanwhile the inhabitants of Pizzo, under the direction of the agent of the Duke del Infantado, who had great estates in the neighbourhood, and who was ardently attached to the Bourbon family, assembled, and, while Murat was vainly awaiting a movement in his favour, declared against him. While still uncertain what to do, two peasants arrived, and informing Murat of what was going on in town, offered to guide him to Monteleone, where the garrison might be expected to be more favourable, and the possession of a fortified place would open to him the gates of his kingdom. This offer the king accepted, and the party, consisting in all of forty persons, were soon seen in their brilliant uniforms wending their way over the olive-clad summits by which the road passed. They were soon met by a colonel of the royal gendarmerie, named Trenta Capelli, a noted chief of the Calabrian insurrection, and the fate of whose three brothers, slain on the scaffold by the French, had inspired him with inextinguishable hatred towards them. Murat knew him, and called him by name to join his cause. ‘My king,’ said he, pointing to the flag which waved on the towers of Pizzo, ‘is he whose colours wave over the kingdom.’”

Murat in vain addressed the crowd, which answered by shouts and a discharge of fire-arms. Several of his little suite were killed and wounded. The unhappy ex-monarch called out to the captain of his bark to steer inshore to take him on board, “but the perfidious wretch, instead of doing so,

put out to sea, carrying with him the arms and gold. . . . In this extremity the king threw himself into a fishing-boat, moored at a little distance from the coast, but the bark, stranded on the sand, resisted all his efforts to set it afloat. He was soon surrounded by a furious crowd, which broke into the vessel, and dragged him, disarmed and bleeding, ashore, where the soldiers had the barbarity to strike the wounded hero on the face with the butt-ends of their carbines, and tore from his breast the ensigns of his glory, which he wore in that hour of his fate.”

His doom was at hand. Almost immediately tried by a sham court-martial, he was condemned to be shot forthwith. Never had the hero-soldier been so heroic as in this last sad scene. He wrote a letter of farewell to his wife and four children, so tender, so loving, so exquisitely affecting, so resigned, so kingly, that one can hardly read it without tears. No sooner was sentence announced than execution followed. From his chamber to his death-ground was but a step. He stood so close to the twelve soldiers appointed to execute him, that the muzzles of their muskets almost touched his breast. “Do not tremble,” said he to them, “do not strike me in the face, aim at my heart.” In his left hand he held a medallion of his wife and children, and was shot dead whilst gazing on their beloved images.

“Poor dear Murat,” sighed Byron, “his white plume used always to be the rallying point in battle!” Will not every reader of sensibility echo “Poor dear Murat.” He was pre-eminently a fighting soldier, and the best and greatest cavalry officer of modern times. He was not a statesman like the Emperor; but, on the other hand, he was not a despot. His faults were not of the heart, but of the head.

Next on our glorious roll stands the “Bravest of the Brave.” Michel Ney was born at Sarrelouis, January 10th, 1769. His father was an ordinary artisan, who had sense enough to give his son a tolerably good education. In his youth the future Prince of Moscow was a notary’s clerk. At seventeen years of age he joined a regiment of huzzars, and when the Revolution broke out he at once became a sub-officer. In 1796 he was

Adjutant-General, and seized every opportunity to display his indomitable energy, his matchlessly cool courage, his utter contempt of danger, and above all, the prompt military genius which he possessed in an uncommon degree. He served under Bonaparte in the glorious Italian campaign, and on returning from Egypt the First Consul caused him to marry a friend of Hortense Beauharnais, and showed him singular honour in other respects. When Napoleon became Emperor, Ney was the second on the list of newly-created Marshals. In 1805 he led the sixth corps of the army against the Austrians, and earned his title of Duke of Elchingen by his brilliant conduct at the battle of that name. At Jena and Friedland he won his name of "Bravest of the Brave," and Napoleon himself emphatically confirmed the surname. Much has been written concerning the comparative valour of Ney and Murat. An able writer, author of "Hints to a Soldier on Service," speaking of these two illustrious captains, observes, that "the difference in their respective claims to military superiority was remarkable. Murat, with glorious audacity, at the head of his noble cavalry, conspicuous by his white-plumed cap, and found always where the contest was the hottest, won, even from his wild opponents (the Cossack guard), their boundless admiration; while Ney, in ruin and defeat, was greatest: as, half buried in a snow-wreath, he examined his maps, and calmly, when all beside despaired, pricked the route out that saved to France the *debris* of her magnificent army. To which of these unequalled soldiers should the palm of moral courage be awarded? To him of Moskwa, undoubtedly."

Ney served in Spain until recalled to take part in the fatal Russian campaign of 1812, yet this very campaign proved the crowning glory of the great marshal. His conduct was literally sublime. Valour and grand military qualities for once were united in absolute perfection. In one of the battles during the retreat he found his little band of 6,000 opposed to Kutusoff's whole army of 80,000. The Russian general sent a flag of truce, and summoned him to surrender, but Ney replying, "a French marshal never surrenders!" the battle began by a terrible fire of musketry from

the Russians. During the fight Ney himself several times led on 2,000 men against 80,000, and returned the fire of an immense artillery with only six pieces. Though obliged to fall back, he succeeded in holding out till dark, under cover of which he effected his escape by a circuitous route.

We believe it was on this occasion that the Emperor, who, with the rest of the army, had given up Ney for lost, exclaimed, on hearing of his safety, "I have two hundred millions in my treasury, and I would have given them all for Ney."

Leynardier has a brief passage as striking as it is literally true:—"The conduct of Ney during this terrible retreat was one episode of sublime devotion, of incredible bravery; it lasted forty days and forty nights. During all this time, Ney, a musket or a sword in hand, general and soldier at the same time, provoked by innumerable troops, always beaten and always returning to the charge, in the midst of the most awful trials with which an angry heaven ever afflicted an army, Ney was always the last fighting, and more than a hundred times risked his life to save that of others. . . . Admirable as was the unconquerable bravery of Ney during this fatal retreat, his solicitude for the miserable soldiers was yet grander. Amidst scenes of death, of despair, and of affliction, he encouraged the one, he stimulated the other, recalling to all their past glories, and showing them as the goal of this life of fatigues and dangers, France, the object of their ardent vows."

The Emperor created Ney Prince of Moskwa as a reward, or, at least, an acknowledgment of his priceless services. The desperate efforts Ney made in defence of his now-falling Emperor during 1813 and 1814 are well known. All in vain: the star of Napoleon had set for ever in the snows of Russia.

The one great error of Ney's life now was consummated. He swore fidelity to the Bourbon monarch; he promised to give proofs of his loyalty whenever occasion should arise; he inspired confidence, and was rewarded with a cross, a peerage, and several high military appointments, including the command of the 6th corps of the army. A few months passed, and Napoleon, comet-like, landed from Elba.

All Ney's devotion for his old master was resuscitated. In a fit of uncontrollable enthusiasm he cast to the wind all his vows of fidelity to the King of France, and joined the invader, heart and soul. Let Frenchmen gloss this act, and justify it with a logic and sophistry peculiar to themselves, we must nevertheless denounce it, in plain words, as treason. Ney fought with all his natural gallantry at Waterloo, and led on the Old Guard—to its destruction. He subsequently sought refuge—being proscribed—at the house of a lady related to him, residing at the Château de Bessons, in the Department of Lot. She concealed him, but some of her visitors saw in her saloon the magnificent Egyptian sabre, adorned with precious jewels, which Bonaparte had presented to him on his marriage. This led to his arrest by the police. His trial, condemnation, and execution, are matters of universal history. The Duke of Wellington has often been blamed for not interfering to save Ney's life—and, doubtless, he *could* have done that—but the Iron Duke throughout life made duty his watchword; and he felt that Ney had committed a most deplorable act of treason through the infatuation of his attachment to Bonaparte. Nevertheless, all things considered, the Bourbons would have acted wisely to have pardoned such a man as Ney. They injured their own cause very much by his execution, which has been deplored to this day throughout France, and by every man of the army of which he was the idol. A few years ago a grand monument was erected to him at Paris, and opened and consecrated with all the pomp that the army and the church could confer.

Jean-de-Dieu Soult was born at Saint Amand, March 29, 1769; and he lived to be the last survivor of the eighteen marshals created in 1804. The year 1769 was also the birth year of Napoleon, Wellington, Walter Scott, and other very eminent men. Soult's father was a small notary, and he himself volunteered as a private soldier in his sixteenth year. Solely by his bravery and his talent he rose to be a general of brigade in 1794. Five years subsequently, after many a hard fight, he became general of division. He then fought under Massena in Switzerland, and in 1800

served in the army of Italy. After serving in the kingdom of Naples, he returned to France at the Peace of Amiens, and in 1804 he commanded the camp at Boulogne, assembled for the invasion of England. That attempt (real or pretended?) having blown over, war with Austria ensued, and at the great battle of Austerlitz Soult commanded the right wing with such effect that Napoleon told him he was one of the "premiers manœuvriers" of Europe. In 1806 he served against Prussia, where he earned his title of Duke of Dalmatia, and in 1808 was sent to Spain to "drive the English leopards into the sea." How he succeeded, the history of the Peninsular campaign will ever attest; and yet it is but justice to this subtle chieftain to admit that had he had almost any other opponent than our own Wellington, the result might have been very different.

After the Russian campaign Soult being driven out of Spain, was recalled to organize new levies of conscripts, and he commanded the centre of the French armies at the sanguinary battles of Lützen and Bautzen. Foreseeing the impending invasion of the "sacred soil" of France, Soult was sent to defend its southern frontiers. He made determined stands, but could not long check the advance of the enemy. He did not hesitate about tendering his sword to the restored dynasty, and was rewarded with honours and commands. In truth, Soult, in addition to his other bad moral qualities, was destitute of gratitude, and never faithful any longer than served his own interests. Give him rank, pay, and honours, and he would draw his sword for an emperor, a king, or a republic, with supreme indifference. In December, 1814, his subserviency obtained him the office of Minister of War, and when Napoleon returned from Elba, he issued an order of the day to the army denouncing his old master in violent language as a wicked "usurper," an "adventurer," a "madman," and other choice epithets. The "usurper" re-entered the Tuilleries, and Soult at once accepted from his hands the rank of a peer of France and a high military rank. Soult fought for the "adventurer" at Fleurus and Waterloo, but no sooner was the "madman" a second time de-

throned than our military "Vicar of Bray" once more turned round, and had the disgusting audacity to publish a document justifying his own shameless tergiversations, and in it he actually expressed unbounded scorn and contempt, and even "hatred," of "that man"—the ex-Emperor whom he had so lately served right valiantly. Whether the Bourbons had grown suspicious of this hypocrite, or whether he overshot the mark by his mean, infamous ingratitude to the "adventurer," certain it is that he was exiled for some years, but in 1819 was pardoned, and his baton of marshal restored. In 1827 he again obtained the restoration of his rank as a peer—principally, it is said, by pretending to be very devout, to please Charles X., who was priest-ridden. This hypocritical time-serving marshal even used to go about in religious processions carrying a wax-taper. For this he earned the "Order of the Holy Spirit!"

After the Revolution of 1830, he again became Minister of War, an office he held till 1834, when he was compelled to resign owing to clamours about his mal-administration (and worse!) concerning money matters. He wriggled into employment after the lapse of a few years, and was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to England at the coronation of our Queen. He was President of the Council of France from 1839 to 1845, when he retired with the title of Marshal-General. He died in 1851 at a great age, leaving any thing but a savoury memory. He was the greatest "plunderer" of all the French generals, and that is saying much. He pillaged every country where he held command. After his death, the pictures which he had stolen from Spain alone, sold for the enormous sum of £60,000. As a soldier, Soult ranked high among his brother Marshals—as a moral man he ranked the lowest—as a wholesale plunderer he surpassed them all.

A splendid contrast to Soult was the noble-hearted warrior whom we will next introduce.

Jacques Etienne Joseph Alexander Macdonald was born at Sancerre, September 17, 1765. We have repeatedly read that he was descended from a Scotch family—as his name indicates—long settled in France; but

Leynardier says he was of an ancient noble Irish family, which followed James II. of England when he sought refuge in France. Perhaps Leynardier was drawn into an error by the fact that Macdonald was a Second Lieutenant in Dillon's Irish Regiment at the beginning of the great Revolution, and remained behind, although the rest of that corps emigrated. For his bravery at Jemmapes, he was made a colonel of a regiment of infantry, and rose to be general of division in 1796. He served as such in the armies of the Rhine and Italy, and in 1798 was made Governor of Rome. Passing his many subsequent services, we find that he seconded Bonaparte with all his heart and soul, and in 1800 was General-in-Chief of the Army of Reserve. This "reserve" army performed most important services in actual warfare, especially in the Tyrol, and Macdonald so distinguished himself, that he was sent in 1803 as Minister Plenipotentiary, and was made a Grand-Officer of the Legion of Honour. Soon after he fell into disgrace, having compromised himself in the deplorable affair of Pichegru. But in 1809 he was again in favour, commanding a division of the army in Italy. At the battle of Wagram he materially aided to win a brilliant victory. After the battle, Napoleon embraced him and said: "It is to you and to the artillery of my guard that I owe this day." And on the field of battle he created him a Marshal of the Empire.

We have not space to chronicle the victories and services of Macdonald up to the Russian campaign, in which he commanded the 10th corps of the army; and after the fatal campaign was ended, he fought at Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipzig, where he performed "prodigies of valour." He took part in the defensive campaigns of 1814, and when Napoleon was compelled to abdicate, he significantly said to Macdonald: "I am not rich enough to recompense your last services, but at least I will give you a souvenir which will remind you that I have not forgotten that which you have done for me." The ex-Emperor then presented Macdonald with a sabre which had been given to himself in Egypt by Mourad Bey, and which he had borne at the battle of Mont Thabor. "See," said he, "something which will, I think, give you

pleasure." "If I had a son," responded the chivalric Macdonald, "this would have been his best heritage." "Give me your hand!" said Napoleon, and opening his arms, Macdonald threw himself on his master's breast, and they embraced and separated in tears.

Macdonald gave in his adhesion to the restoration, not in the despicable spirit of a Soult, but as a brave warrior, "without fear and without reproach," yields to events beyond his control. He was confided with appointments, and continued as faithful to the restored sovereign as he had been to Napoleon. In July, 1815, he was named Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and during ten subsequent years he bore many honours and commands. He died September 24, 1840, in his sixty-fifth year.

The two noblest qualities of Macdonald—"the terrible Macdonald," as he was termed by contemporaries—were his golden devotion to his Emperor, and his bravery in action. He was not a great general, but to carry out the commands of others he held the very first rank. His greatest

merit was not his bravery, but his truly noble fidelity. The English translator of "Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire" says of Macdonald:—"He was not only one of the bravest men in the French army, but he was also a man of uncommon genius; and had he not been kept down by the jealousy of rivals, might have risen like Murat, Soult, or Bernadotte, to the highest military rank and favour. His mind had been formed by the theories of the old school of war; and Macdonald's retreat through Tuscany was equal to the famous retreat of Moreau through the Black Forest.

After the Restoration, Charles X. asked Macdonald how it happened, that serving in Dillon's regiment, which had emigrated *in toto*, he himself had remained in France? Macdonald replied:—"Sire! it was because I was in love; and I am glad enough I was, since to that circumstance it is I owe the honour of now sitting at table with your Majesty; for if I had emigrated, I should most likely have had to live in rags, and might still be a poor man."

MANSION and woodland, moor and hill,
And laughing stream that winds afar—
These Dives hath. The poor, who fill
The world, to him as nothing are.
He eyes them with indifferent eye;
His sacred pleasures may not cease
Though they in hopeless penury die,
Or live 'mid woe. He dwells in peace.

O frightful fate! The peace of earth,
Freedom from care, most wicked ease,
Banquets and perfumes, music, mirth—
Save us, O Lord, from love of these!
Give us to love Thy poor, by whom
In sorrow earth's rough ways are trod!
O may we 'scape that awful doom—
"Who mocks the poor reproaches God."

MORTIMER COLLINS.

TRUCES AND TREATIES—ITALIAN NOTES IN JULY AND AUGUST, 1850.

MAGENTA. MILAN.

I KNOW well how you ought to feel upon a hard fought battle-ground, especially if the fight have taken place only a short time before your visit. The imagination should be thoroughly roused, so that with your mind's eye you should see here and there through a break in the vast cloud of smoke that hangs like a funeral pall, glimpses of a "thin red line" moving forward at a rapid pace, or serried masses of bristling bayonets standing square, firm and immovable; and then, while the artillery is flashing and bellowing, and the sheen of ten thousand swords glitters through the death-laden mists, you will hear the tramping of horses, with a dull and heavy beat, shaking all the land, as though it had been smitten by earthquake; and as the desperate struggle grows more fierce, and thousands of brave men fall on every side, struck to the heart by the merciful bullet, or writhing beneath the bayonet thrust, until the strength of the strongest begins to fail, and the courage of the boldest begins to faint at sight of the terrible gaps in the but now unbroken ranks; and all the proud confidence of a few hours ago gives place to a dreadful fear, and a wild tumultuous flight of men fleeing for their lives, driven on by ten thousand merciless foes, you have a vision of apocalyptic grandeur, of the most glorious, the most fiendish scene that earth has to offer.

But who that has not witnessed can imagine so tremendous a spectacle? Could you call up to your mind that desperate battle of the giants, forty-four years ago, as you stood this summer on the peaceful slopes of Waterloo, and looked far forth upon golden corn-fields, and white farm-houses, and boundless acres of never-ending mangold-wurzel, and that hideous pigmy mountain, surmounted by the Belgian, not British lion, (*proh pudor!*) could you, with the assistance even of white-bearded Sergeant Munday, realize to yourself how the strife so furiously raged

around the walls of Hougomont, and how the French guard which "dies but never surrenders," fell like sheaves before the reaper, as it charged right up to the stolid British lines in the desperate hope of retrieving ruined fortunes? Yet, though so quiet and fruitful now, Waterloo seems made for a battle-field: the undulating, hedgeless, treeless ground, the semi-fortified farm-buildings, make just such a situation as a good general would choose. But who would think, as he dashed along in a railway carriage over canals, and a wide river, through a country rich with climbing vines and broad-leaved maize, and mulberry trees, with their dark green foliage, until gradually slackening speed, he stops at a small station where the guards run from carriage to carriage, and shout "Magenta," that this very spot was, only about six weeks ago, the scene of the first great battle fought in the late memorable campaign?

My only fellow-traveller from Novara, was a German student, who had been over the field two hours after the fate of the day had been decided. As we journeyed on he grew greatly excited, and even let his cigar out in his anxiety to explain the position of the contending forces on the 4th of June. At San Martino station, the last on Piedmontese ground, all the *baracour* and *salles d'attente* were turned into barracks. A day or two before the battle, you might have seen thousands of French and Sardinian troops lying, sitting, smoking, sleeping about the premises. The first-class waiting-room was turned into a temporary hospital, and upon heaps of straw you might have seen wounded French and Austrians stretched side by side, a Croat next to a grenadier, a Zouave hard by a Tyroless, while the noise of generals on horseback, giving their orders, aides-de-camp coming and going, disturbed the last moments of the dying men. Then, as we passed onward and crossed the *Naviglio grande*, (grand canal), and

the Ticino, my companion pointed out the bridge of boats over which the French army crossed, and which was constructed in three-quarters of an hour. By the side of the railway there are heavy earthworks thrown up, and these large flat mounds, in which you see two rude sticks roughly nailed together crossways, are the graves in which many a brave fellow is laid to rest. This is Magenta station, and we are now in Lombardy, and on what but a few weeks ago was Austrian ground. While the train stops we rush out and see what there is to be seen. The station buildings which were held by the Austrians, do not seem to have suffered much; but yonder house and tower are pretty well riddled by something larger than swan-shot. There are hosts of boys here selling bullets and other warlike trinkets; you had better buy them; you can at least say that you brought them from the field of Magenta. The strangest thing about the field is its exuberant fertility. It requires no little faith to believe that a deadly conflict was maintained only a few weeks back on this ground, now covered by trim vines and graceful maize. It seems as if the earth had been rendered doubly fruitful by the streams of blood with which it had been watered. It is scarcely credible that two months have not elapsed since troops of cavalry and heavy artillery were forcing their way over these luxuriant plots, crushing down the ripening corn, doing sad damage among the tendrilled vineyards. All seems so orderly now, that were it not for the battered houses, and the bridge of boats, the traveller would be ready to swear that no invading foe had ever passed this way within the memory of man.

An over fond lover of peace would be apt to judge harshly the nation which had been the cause of devastating this fair country. But we condemn the Italians unjustly if we deem them to have been the first to let slip the dogs of war. They did but arm in defence against Austrian tyranny and brutality.

Let me refer to Milan especially, and perhaps when we enter that city as we shall in a few minutes, you will think rather differently of the people, and judge somewhat more charitably the various attempts, even though

not bloodless, which they have made to rid themselves of their oppressors.

After the unsuccessful *émeute* in 1848, and when Radetzki and his troops were in peaceable possession of Milan, the Milanese one morning awoke and found to their astonishment, a notice, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, seeing how his rebellious subjects, whom he, in his inexhaustible clemency had forgiven, persisted in devoting their property to the furtherance of revolutionary schemes, had determined to make an extraordinary levy on all the members of the late provisional government, on all who had served on any committees, and all those who had either led or helped the recent insurrection. The total amount of this levy was more than £700,000. Five out of the long list of two hundred nobles thus amerced, were fined about £27,000 each; many more had to pay sums nearly as large, and to them even more ruinous. This enormous impost was, moreover, in addition to the £850 paid daily for the support of the garrison. When representations were made to Radetzki that his proclamation was most unjust, he became furious, and issued a second notice, which not only confirmed the first, but ordered that if any persons appointed to collect the money should refuse to be so employed, they should be severely chastised; or in plainer words, be bastonaded to death.

The poor Italians might have thought themselves well off if they had had merely to pay away the money which they had so hardly earned. But there were two greater evils even than official robbery—the army and the police. It has been the devilish policy of Austria to excite political disturbances by means of hired wretches, who entice the unwary into plots against the government, and then reveal the names of the deluded conspirators to the authorities. Thereupon the garrison is increased, martial law proclaimed, a heavy fine levied for the maintenance of the extra troops, and a large number of persons, supposed to be hostile to the Austrian rule, are arrested and shot or hanged. The tragedy ends with a heavy bill, in which the municipality is charged with the expenses attending the executions. One of the most

scandalous cases of this sort occurred in August, 1849. The 18th of that month was the anniversary of the Emperor's birthday, an occasion which the Austrian soldiers celebrated by illuminations and other festivities, and in which the Italians were compelled to join. It happened that a woman of infamous character, named Olivari, had displayed an Austrian flag outside her window. This excited the indignation of the more virtuous inhabitants, who knew the nature of her intimacy with the Austrian officers. They expressed their disgust in loud hisses. Thereupon a number of armed men rushed out, and laid hold indiscriminately, of all whom they could carry off, and conveyed them to the Castle. Eighteen of these unfortunates were sentenced to from twenty-five to fifty blows with a stick. Of these, *two girls*, public singers,—aged twenty and eighteen,—were condemned to forty and thirty blows. The sentence was carried out instantaneously, in presence of the soldiers, who amused themselves by watching the agonies of their victims. The military commandant afterwards sent in an account to the municipality of 33 florins 9 kreutzers to pay for the expenses of ice applied to the flesh of the sufferers, in order to prevent gangrene, and for *rods, broken and used in the execution of the sentence*. "*Per spesa di ghiaccio e di bacchette rotte e consumate nel castigo dei ribelluosi del giorno 18 agosto.*" The town of Milan was further ordered to pay Olivari 30,000 livres (£1,135), as compensation for the insults that she had received. I do not know how that most respectable body, the Society of Friends, would have fared in Lombardy some ten years ago, when the Austrian authorities issued proclamations in Mantua, Pavia, and Brescia, commanding the people to go to the theatre, and warning them that if they did not pay their annual subscriptions, and make their appearance at the performances they would be punished,—that is, beaten. Listen to the proclamation of the commander-in-chief, Kollowrat, dated, Pavia, January 3, 1849 :—

"It is thought expedient, at this present season of the carnival, that the theatre should be opened, to afford a diversion for the mind (*per disturre la mente*); and, inasmuch as the public is

accustomed to this form of amusement : For this purpose the imperial and royal prefecture is invited to agree with the municipality, in order that an opera troupe may appear as soon as possible. As this is the theatrical season, all owners of boxes must pay the usual subscription; and in case the receipts shall not cover the expenses, they will have to make up the deficiency; and if any one, with a culpable political obstinacy, takes it into his head not to frequent the theatre, this will be considered as a silent demonstration of a culpable disposition, meriting notice and punishment."

It is possible that "Friends" may have fared still worse in the matter of hats, since *chapeaux à l'Hernani* and *à la Puritaine* were forbidden to be worn. "Friends" would have been compelled to adopt the worldly vanity of a gold or silver watch-chain, for watch-guards were strictly prohibited, under pain of the wearers being delivered over to the military authorities. They would, however, have been advantageously situated with regard to neck-handkerchiefs, since this article of dress was not permitted to be of more than two colours. An unfortunate old man, who did not happen to notice that his neck-tie contained three nearly washed out hues, was arrested and hanged for his negligence. It certainly does seem rather hard that if people are compelled to go to the opera or theatre they should not be allowed to hire a bad singer or actor. At Modena, which was garrisoned by Austrian troops, the people learnt to their cost that they must not presume to be critics, or, at least, they must not criticize any cantatrice familiar with the Austrian officers. The Modenese, not yet having been taught this lesson by sad experience, one night hired a singer who was patronized by the military, whereupon soldiers, with bayonets fixed, marched into the pit, and a horrible scene ensued. Five-and-twenty persons were taken to the hospitals severely wounded, besides those who were conveyed to their own homes.

The possession of arms has afforded the most common pretext for Austrian atrocities. During the disturbances of 1848-9, proclamations were issued in all the large towns, declaring that whoever was found to have any description of arms upon his premises would be shot. Accordingly, numerous arrests were made of persons who

had chanced to have in their houses an old fowling-piece, a few bullets, a rusty sword. The arrests were always followed by executions. A family of farmers living near S. Benedetto were suspected to possess arms concealed. The military authorities thereupon sent some pretended burglars, who attacked the house. The inmates, falling into the snare, fired off the guns, which they kept for such emergencies. A patrol of soldiers, close at hand, then came up, dispersed the quasi-thieves, arrested the farmers; and the latter were subsequently shot. A Quaker would say that this story shows the value of his peace principles. But stay, my friend; not so fast. A butcher at Brescia, having occasion to slaughter an ox, was, on his way returning quietly home, with his knife and the other tools of his craft, arrested and shot, notwithstanding he pleaded that there was no regulation which prevented butchers from carrying knives.

The Austrian penal code is beautifully simple. It makes scarcely any distinctions in punishment. Small crimes merit the stick, the fusillade, or the gibbet; and, as you cannot invent much heavier sentences for graver offences, you have a system as easy to work as Draco's. A man is sinful enough to pay for some brandy and water, as a sign of sympathy with two soldiers who cried out "Long live Italy": let him be shot. Another criminal hears a regiment of military approaching, and throws a pistol which he had by him into the river: let him be shot. A third offender sells a pair of trousers, such as are worn by civilians, to a soldier: let him be shot. A fourth traitor is guilty of wearing a *chapeau à l'Hérain* and a "suspected cravat": he is below the legal age at which he can be shot, so let him be beaten to death. A young man attempts to defend his mother from the assaults of some soldiers. This is a most heinous crime: he must be tortured, and then shot before the eyes of the friends who had interceded for him. Such are the sentences; and reprieves for political offences are unknown. Listen to the following story:—In 1854 the Count Montanari, descended from an ancient family, was, with five of his relations and friends, arrested on the charge of conspiring with Mazzini.

All were condemned to death. The wives and mothers of the condemned betook themselves to Verona, to implore from Radetzki at least a commutation of the sentence. The Marshal refused to receive them. They besieged the palace, and their cries would have moved the heart of a tiger. Even General Benedek, one of Radetzki's chief officers, and conspicuous for the part that he had taken in the massacres at Tarnow, in Galicia, was moved. "Listen," said he, to the suppliants, who had fallen upon their knees, "I will go and make a last attempt with the Marshal." Returning in a few minutes, he said, with a joyful countenance: "Go home, ladies, the Marshal bids me say that not a drop of blood shall be shed." The mourners returned home, comforted by the thought of hope for the future. When they reached Mantua they understood the horrible jest which had been practised. *Not a drop of blood had been shed, for the condemned had all been hanged.* Consult the Italian and French papers for last year, and you will find the same devil's work going on everywhere: that is, not only in Lombardy and Venice, but in the Duchies, and in the Legations too. Now, then, I ask you, is it any marvel that these people are "incorrigible anarchists?" Can you wonder if they exclaim with the betrayed Constance:—

"War, war; no peace: peace is to me a war.
O Austria, thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany."—*King John, Act iii. Scene 1.*

Milan at last. A scramble to the omnibus, which holds some forty people, and we are carried through streets gay with the Sardinian tricolour, and all alive with Zouaves, until we reach Bair's *Hôtel de la Ville*, one of the best in Italy.

"Shall I stir out to-night?" I asked myself, when chocolate and eggs were despatched. Then, putting my head out and catching a glimpse of a lofty eastern window, I lost not a moment, but, seizing hat and stick, rushed out violently, and up a crowded street, to you know well whither.

It was at sunset on a Sunday evening when I first saw Milan Cathedral. The heavy clouds of a recent thunder-

shower were breaking up and rending slowly apart. Right against these bluish-black ruins of the storm delicate pinnacles of purest marble glimmered with a ghostly whiteness. From a crevice between the huge piles of cumulus one bright star shone just over the golden saint that crowns the central spire. From thence the green, red, and white flag of Sardinia drooped in the breezeless evening. Involuntarily one thought of another evening, and another star that shone over a far different temple, which shined Deity in infancy. The great square was full of people keeping their festal day, and lingering in the twilight that they might enjoy the cool and balmy eventide. It was a glorious sight to behold the bright eyes, and happy faces, and free steps, so changed from the louring countenances and stealthy pace of two months ago. No longer the hated black and yellow flag hung a gloomy symbol of national death, but the loved tricolour, banner not only of Sardinian, but of Italian liberties. No longer brave men gave way, with an ill-concealed look of hatred, to the detested white-coated soldiers; nor pretty women shrank from contact with the Austrian, whose touch would be pollution. The drums sound the *ryffel*; and, instead of turning away lest they should see their tyrants, the people advance hastily forward, and follow the fifes and flutes as they strike up a lively air. Here you see a Zouave walking arm-in-arm with a Milanese civilian; there, one of Napoleon's artillery-men is talking bad Italian to a comely, dark-eyed girl, who answers in bad French. Men speak out loud. They are no longer afraid of spies; they have nothing more to fear from the villainous *surve*.

Imagine, if you can, the agony of expectation with which the people must have listened to the distant rumbling of the guns at Magenta. Days before the conflict they could scarcely restrain their long-pent hatred as the armed Austrians passed through Milan on their way to battle. But when the troops returned in haste and disorder, and bivouacking only for a few minutes outside the castle, continued their retreat, all doubt and fear vanished. Milan rose *en masse*, yet orderly and peacefully. The municipality took the government into their own hands, and sent deputations to

Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. On the 8th of June the conquering sovereigns, with their victorious troops, entered the city amid such a storm of jubilant applause as we phlegmatic Northerners cannot conceive of. The people seemed well-nigh to have lost their senses; they threw themselves before the troops and almost under the feet of the horses. A little maiden of four or five years' old, clothed in white, carried a bouquet larger than herself and offered it to the hero of the day, MacMahon. The Marshal placed her on his saddle amid the shouts of the people and a shower of nosegays. In the evening every Milanese insisted upon having a French or Sardinian soldier with him. High-born women, with the blood of the Sforzas and the Viscontis in their veins, walked side by side with soldiers from the ranks. The nobility in person drove their new guests through the city. The lower classes turned out into the streets that they might give their beds to the deliverers of Italy; and paupers spent their little all in furnishing a sumptuous repast in honour of the victors. Their prodigality would leave them utterly penniless; but what cared they. "*Italia è libera.*"

As the *Duomo* is the last thing that we look at in the evening, so it is the first object of our morning pilgrimage. Seeing it by daylight one is more than ever struck by the marvellous beauty and exquisite finish of every part. The canopied niches on all sides of the cathedral would afford room for a population of 4,500 statues, and 3,000 are actually in place. I know very well that the architecture is not pure Gothic, and one could wish the west front different in many respects; but, for all that, this church ranks among the very foremost of the temples raised to the glory and honour of God. It has the advantage, moreover, of being nobly placed. Instead of being built against, like Antwerp, or erected in the midst of narrow streets, like Cologne, it stands, free and alone, in an open square, where the irregularity of the houses serves as a foil. One walks round and round the cathedral, gazing at every window, and spire, and flying buttress, with a lover-like fondness, until, entering through the great west door, you pass from the brightness of an Italian noontide to deepest gloom.

When the eye has got used to the change, it turns from one beauty to another—from the great east window, full of glorious hues, to the airy pillars of clustered shafts that spring so lightly from the marble floor, and are lost far up above amid capitals of carven leaf and fruit. But all the world seems gathered here to-day. It is drawn hither by the preparations that are being made for the solemn service in memory of Charles Albert that will be celebrated this week. The long aisles resound with the noise of saws and hammers. Bearded workmen are busy in erecting an enormous catafalque; in front of the chancel, flags and banners are being arranged in graceful draping. Large scrolls, with patriotic inscriptions, are being fastened to the pillars of the nave. Let us read this one—"Ai forti caduti sui campi della gloria pugnando per l'Indipendenza Italiana, il Municipio, col clero e popolo implora da Dio giusta Rimmunerazione l'immortale Corona." The brave dead who fell in the disastrous campaign of eleven years ago will rest more quietly in their graves on the battle-fields if it is given to them to know that the freedom which they perished in striving to win, has been obtained at last. Then, reverting in thought through 1,500 years, the fourth century, with its two sainted heroes, seems to rise before us. One sees the Western Bishops assembled in solemn conclave to discuss the doctrines of the persecuted Athanasius; and while the tumult of the multitude without—fearful lest violence should be done to the pastors whom they love—grows louder and louder, we hear the servants of God boldly refuse to do the bidding of a Roman Emperor. Or else it is a few years later, when the Latin prelates are again convened to choose a person meet to be the spiritual father of this rival of Rome—this capital of the Western Empire. Then one seems to hear the lately discordant voices shouting out in unison, "Ambrose is Bishop!" He, the fearless saint, we behold dauntlessly refusing the royal demand of a church for the use of the Arian heretics, and saying to the armed guards that are come to enforce their request—"You may use your swords and spears against me; such a death I will readily undergo." Then there peals through the nave

and quire of the old Basilica the sublime words of the "Te Deum Laudamus," sung—and sung for the first time—in the grand and simple strains of the Ambrosian chaunt. But the hymn of praise is hushed—low Misereres break forth in wailing tones—when, a century later, "the Scourge of God," with his dread barbarians, spreads ruin and desolation all around. Louder are the cries for mercy—more full of anguish the "Kyrie Eleison"—seven hundred years after, when a more ruthless destroyer than Attila, with sword and fire lays waste the once noble city, and only the great church remains unscathed in the midst of universal ruin. Then, after a long period of sore trial and oppression, succeeded by a great and wonderful prosperity, one sees the northern nations contending for the fair prize—each holding it in turn, till it is handed over by heartless diplomatists to the tender mercies of the wicked. But now, looking upon this vast multitude of people—these flags bearing the well-known colours of liberty—we remember that the city of Saint Ambrose is free once more, and, with all our hearts, we rejoice with them who have such good cause to rejoice.

Service this morning is being performed in the underground church. It is a curious sight to look down upon the stoled priests and white-robed acolytes flitting about in the dusky gloom, which the light of a multitude of tapers does not disperse. The diocese of Milan boasts of possessing the only liturgy which has not given way to that one of more modern date used by the rest of the Latin Church. This liturgy is the work of St. Ambrose, to whom is ascribed the glory of having written the *Te Deum*. The clergy, mindful of their ecclesiastical lineage, and proudly styling themselves "*Noi Ambrogiani*," have resisted all attempts to alter their mode of worship, and still retain, with firmness of affection, the *Rito Ambrogiano*.

You have duly examined the various monuments and statues, and criticised, though not admired, the celebrated St. Bartholomew, and looked with reverence upon the *Chrismon Sancti Ambrosii*, with its mystic symbols. Then, let us pass through this little door, and, mounting a long and weary flight of steps, emerge upon the roof of the cathedral. I know of no

church where the details are wrought out with such perfection as in this *Duomo*. Not only in the portions of the building which every one sees will you find this elaborate finishing, but in little nooks and corners, which it is a chance that you will not overlook altogether, you will discover the same exquisite workmanship, as though the workmen thought little of human praise, and very much of the approval of Him for whose glory they used chisel, and hammer, and file. Wandering from roof to roof, and gazing at pinnacles, and buttresses, and niches in long succession of delicate tracery and wondrous carving, one is more than ever amazed at the combined vastness and beauty of this Queen of Churches. It is, to borrow a simile from a French writer, as though you looked upon some mighty iceberg with its thousand peaks of dazzling whiteness, or as if you stood in some cave surrounded by a countless multitude of stalactites. Then, when you have formed some idea of the vast whole, and as you proceed to examine the details, you suddenly come upon a sheltered angle, and light upon some statue that would move the envy of the lord of the most princely palace. Now it is a St. Sebastian, by Canova; now an Eve, by Gobi; now a Virgin, by an unknown artist : and so, more than ever, one sees how those three great "lamps of architecture," Truth, Beauty, and Sacrifice, have shone upon this church since the first foundation-stone was laid.

Stationed anywhere else than where we stand, we should long ago have been feasting our eyes on the glorious country that stretches all round, far as sight can reach. Here, as from the spire at Antwerp, you look upon a wide sweep of fertile plain, surrounding the city, close at your feet, and dotted with innumerable villages and farms; but here you have what is wanting to the Flemish view—a grand mountain back-ground. Through many a league the snow-crowned Alps extend their giant ranges. There is the pyramid of Monte Viso, and there our old friend the Cenis, there Queen Monte Rosa; yonder is the Simplon, with whom we hope to make closer acquaintance; far off the St. Gothard is faintly visible; then follows the range at whose base sleeps the beautiful lake of Como; and, lastly,

in the north-east, the mountains of the Valteline stand clear in the sunlight.

But neither for Alps nor statues can I stay longer in the glare of this fierce noontide. Descending again to the interior, we shall be just in time to regulate our watches by the sun, as he passes over the meridian line laid down upon the floor of the church. Then passing out at the western door, let us creep along in the dark shadow of the cathedral. Give me leave to inspect this book-stall. What have we here?—a novel sight, I expect, in this part of the world. See, close against the great church, is a stand of Bibles and Testaments sent out by the Bible Society. Hard by you have a different class of literature: the war, of course, and all that relates to the leaders of it, are the favourite subjects. I have made my daily purchase; it is a "Life of Garibaldi," most cherished of Italian heroes.

Few men have led such an exciting life as the leader of the Alpine *Cacciatori*. His love of adventure early manifested itself in his escaping from school, and embarking on board a vessel which took him to Rome, the Mediterranean ports, and to Russia. In 1834 he was engaged in a liberal conspiracy at Genoa, and was compelled to fly to France. Returning soon after, incognito, he pursued his studies for two years, and then entered the service of the Bey of Tunis. Finding little work here, he went to Rio Janeiro. Taking command of the squadron against Buenos Ayres, he performed such marvellous feats of courage, that the enemy declared it was no man, but a devil, that fought against them. He again displayed his bravery against the English fleet in the river Uruguay. The British commandant, Admiral Brown, was so struck by the dauntless courage of his foe, that after the fight was over, he sent word to Garibaldi that he wished to see him. The white-headed veteran was astonished to find that the man who had given him so much trouble, was but a youth. Warmly shaking hands with the young hero, he praised his valour in the highest terms, and so the rival warriors parted. In the midst of his battles, Garibaldi fell in love, and was married. His wife accompanied him in all his enterprises, and fought by his side.

At one time she received a ball through her hat. At another she rode sixty miles on horseback alone, by night, and during a frightful storm. In 1846, Garibaldi joined the great Italian movement. Twice he defeated the Neapolitan troops; then hearing how Rome had fallen by French treachery, he placed himself at the head of 3,000 men, with whom he made a desperate sortie from San Marino. Finding that little could be done here, he resolved to get to Venice and aid her in her heroic defence. On his way he fell in with the Austrian fleet, from which he escaped miraculously; then flying from the squadron, he landed at the mouth of the Po, and here, his wife worn out by so many dangers, expired on the beach. "On taking her pulse," he said, "in the hope of restoring her to life, I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, as I thought of the sin of taking her from her home." The mourner then went back to America, and for a while engaged in business. In 1852 he again returned to Europe, and settled down upon a farm in the little island of Capresa, between Sardinia and Corsica, where one of his chief friends was Alphonse Karr. When the late war broke out, the Sardinian Government corrected the error which they made eleven years before, in omitting to recognise the services of so useful an auxiliary, and Garibaldi was raised to the rank of Major-General in the Italian army, and appointed to command the *Cacciatori dell' Alpi*.

The services which these free lances rendered in the recent glorious struggle are well known. It is not so well known that this regiment was recruited not only from Sardinia, but from Milan, Verona, Pavia, and Modena. On the walls of those cities venturesome hands had dared to inscribe the names of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Marmora. The students at the universities obstinately refused to learn German, and employed their time in forming secret societies connected with the National Italian Society at Turin, of which Garibaldi was vice-president. The watchword among these youths was VERDI, since the name of that composer contained the initials of five favourite words—Vittorio Emmanuel, Re D'Italia. The secret instructions of this society were

most full and explicit. As soon as hostilities commenced the members were to rise with the cry of "Long live Italy and Victor Emmanuel. Death to the Austrians." If an insurrection was not possible in one city, they were to proceed to the nearest where an *émeute* was feasible. They were bound to intercept the march of Austrian troops by breaking down bridges, tearing up the railroads and telegraphs, burning the magazines and stores, and keeping as hostages any officials whom they could take prisoners. The Italian and Hungarian troops were to be won over to the popular side if possible. Wherever an insurrection had succeeded, the man most high in the public esteem was to take the place of Provisionary Commissioner for the King of Sardinia, and he should at once abolish all taxes upon bread, wheat, &c. A levy of one per cent. of the young men was to be enrolled for the public protection. A council of war was to have free power to punish when necessary, and the most strict discipline was to be maintained. An account of arms and stores was to be sent to Victor Emmanuel; and, where needed, money might be raised from the inhabitants for the defence of the city. These provisions were signed by Garibaldi and La Farina, a well-known author. When war actually threatened, multitudes of able-bodied men contrived to pass from Lombardy and the Duchies into Sardinia, and there they enrolled themselves in the band of the *Cacciatori*—all the world knows the valiant deeds of general and men. Perhaps the time is not far off when they shall accomplish even greater things in behalf of Italy.

The traveller has his duties as well as his pleasures. In most cities there are certain lions to whom he is bound to pay his respects. To go from Milan without seeing the *Cenacolo* would be as grievous a *lèse majesté* as to leave Antwerp without a sight of the *Descent from the Cross*. The two works have certainly little in common. In most minds very different emotions would be excited by them; or, at least, while Rubens' brilliant colours would call forth unmingled admiration, the blurred and broken fresco of Da Vinci would awaken as much regret as admiration. I must confess that having so often seen this

celebrated "Last Supper" engraved as though the original were perfectly preserved, I felt a shock at beholding the well-known figures so irretrievably injured by time, by monks more ruthless than time, and by "restorers" more pitiless than either. There is much wisdom in Wordsworth's lines—

"Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown;
It must, or we shall rue it.
We have a vision of our own:
Ah! why should we undo it?"

And most travellers will do well, in this instance, to resolutely refrain from seeing what "every one must see."

One may visit the *Biblioteca Ambrosiana* without any fear of disappointment. Here are scarce old manuscripts, wonderfully illuminated initials, grand old first edition folios, rough designs by master artists worth a hundred times their weight in gold, autograph letters of kings, and popes, and warriors, palimpsests over which Cardinal Mai has spent many an hour of loving toil, parchments covered with characters of almost forgotten languages, and lastly, by way of anticlimax, a lock of Lucrezia Borgia's golden, silken hair. The number of volumes contained in this building is not large, probably about 100,000; but the Ambrosian can boast of being the first public library in Europe. Passing up stairs we go through room after room of paintings, till I sink down wearied out by the heat and this continual demand upon my "organ" of wonder. "Then let us leave these and go to the *Brera*, one must see the *Brera*." "No, my friend, not another picture will I look at to-day. Hail the first *vetturino* that you see, and we will take a drive. Out with you Murray—go anywhere you please."

Well, there is nothing very remarkable in the castle, though no doubt the Italians have thought it quite strong enough all these years: nor is there any thing picturesque in this open ground which they call the *Piazza d'Armi*, and where, I do believe, we shall have a *coup de soleil* in a minute. "Here, cabby, take us into the shade as quick as you can." But *il vetturino* does not comprehend English, nor French either. "What is the Italian for *drive*?" "I am sure I don't know. What is to be done?"

A few minutes more of this and I shall never see my native land again."

"Cabby, all'ombra, aussai vite que possibile." "Well done, Jehu, he understands us: he is become quite a polyglottist all at once! We will rest on this Boulevard and enjoy the strange scene before us. Not a bad subject for an artist this: the long avenue of trees, and the soldiers lying, Tityrus-like, by hundreds, in the shade. They would be tolerably happy here were it not for the flies; as it is, they manage to pass their time in smoking, 'chaffing,' and flirting with the *vivandières*. Look at yonder strong fellow, stretched at full length, and infinitely amused by a pet rabbit that sports at his side, and ever and anon hides himself in his master's jacket as some ill-looking dog comes up, sniffing the air and scenting game. See here, marching down the road, with a steady tramp, drums beating, and colours flying, comes a regiment of Sardinian soldiers, as fine a set of men as you will see anywhere. Out rush all the gamins, up start nursery-maids and children, and walk together side by side with the brave heroes of Italian liberty.

But now we have a sadly different spectacle, as we enter a church which has been set apart for the wounded whom the hospitals could not take in. The stalls are turned into beds, and on each lies some poor fellow who has tasted the suffering as well as the glory of war. Over each bed a card is placed with the word, *Dieta* 1, *Dieta* 2, &c., up to 4. These, the lady-nurse who kindly accompanied us says, denote the diet on which the invalid is placed. It is easy to see the difference in the condition of the patients without looking at these. Here a face of ghastly paleness, and cheeks all sunken, and brows furrowed by pain, give little hope that the sufferer will ever get beyond the meagre fare of *Dieta* 1. What a contrast this bright-eyed, radiant countenance presents, how intensely he relishes the wing of the chicken which the doctor, who placed him on *Dieta* 4 this morning, allows him to have. He is a Zouave, and as in reply to my inquiries about his wound, he shows me his broken limb all swathed and bandaged, how every feature of his handsome face lights up as he goes on to talk of the glorious day at Magenta: how hopefully he smiles as I wish him

a speedy return home. He is not yet quite so far advanced as his comrade there who is walking about on crutches, trying his recovered strength; but in a few days he will be well, the doctor says, and then *Vive la France!* It is a rare and touching sight to behold how, as the ladies who have devoted themselves to nursing their wounded deliverers glide about with scarcely heard tread, and passing from sufferer to sufferer, smooth an uneasy pillow, or give a sip of water, or whisper a word of sympathy and encouragement, all eyes are turned to them with an unspeakable love and reverence. There was one of these tender watchers especially, with a pale and wonderfully beautiful countenance, whom the poor helpless ones seemed to look upon as an angel of God. For myself a new and deeper meaning was given to the lines of our favourite sacred poet:—

"This world's a room of sickness, where each heart

Knows its own anguish and unrest.

The truest wisdom there, and noblest art

Is his, who skills of comfort best:

Whom, by the kindest look and gentlest tone,

Enfeebled spirits own,

And love to raise the languid eye

When, like an angel's wing, they feel her
flecting by."

This is only one, and not by any means the worst of many similar scenes. In the regular hospitals there are far more harrowing spectacles, for there the most severely wounded lie hovering between life and death; altogether there are in Milan about 14,000 sick and wounded. At Brescia, too, the effects of the war are seen in their full horrors. There are 4,000 French, 4,000 Italians, and 550 Austrians crowded in the hospitals, churches, and public buildings. Most of these were struck down at Solferino, and a terrible rumour says that fever, cholera, and gangrene have come to finish the work which the bayonet and the cannon-ball had begun, and that not one-tenth of all this multitude will ever leave their beds alive.

The *table d'hôte* to-day is quite a grand affair. A brilliant company of French and Italian officers in full uniform, and laden with medals, crosses, and ribbons, is seated in Bairr's splendid *salle-à-manger*. Conspicuous among the rest is the distinguished looking surgeon-in-chief to the French

army. While we are discussing the bounteous dinner, a sudden darkness spreads through the room, then there is a low rumble which gets louder and louder, a dazzling light dispels the gloom for an instant. We are going to have a rare storm. The waiters bring lamps, though it is only six o'clock; but soon every one rushes from table, drawn to the open yard by such a roar of rain and hail as I have never heard before, and do not expect to hear again. Great masses of ice come tumbling down into the vast pools of rain that have fallen in a few minutes. The uproar of the elements is something wonderful. I can compare the din to nothing else but the noise that one hears when an unpopular candidate begins to speak from the hustings. In quarter of an hour the hurricane has abated, an hour of it would be a disastrous flood.

The evening is cool and pleasant. As we stroll about the streets we notice a crowd of people reading a placard upon the wall. It is an address to the French army from the people of Milan, written in French and Italian:—

"Two months ago," it begins, "a whole people, trembling with anxiety and hope, heard the sound of your guns: that great voice of battle announced the hour of their redemption, and coming still nearer, gave fresh strength to the voices already raised against the oppressors. You arrived, and the first ray of the sun of liberty showed us your glorious colours intertwined with the colours of our country."

The address then eloquently describes the heroic deeds of the French army, and the Milanese then mourn that though they were free when the sword of France was put into the sheath, their brethren still remained in misery.

"No greater grief ever followed greater gladness. You who looked upon the paleness of our faces felt it in the depths of your hearts, and, perhaps, doubted whether our regret had not overcome our gratitude.

"Ah, no! the Italian people are not ungrateful. They know what they owe you, and they have no greater comfort than to remember it when it must be that now, chosen sons of France, you leave us half way on the road of our fortunes. The Emperor has said it, happen what may, France will always be the

great nation so long as it has a heart to embrace a noble cause, and men like you to defend it. Not in vain will our sons have fought by your side the great battle of independence. By your example they will have gained fresh strength, and you, perhaps, will preserve a not ungrateful remembrance of your brethren in arms: of these old comrades whom already in the Crimea you began to know: of those youthful combatants whom patriotism has excited, and whom their country shall find matured by discipline on that day when God shall grant them to fulfil their destinies. On that day, we have faith that our banners will wave together, our right hands be clasped, our hearts beat in unison, even as now our banners wave, our right hands are clasped together, and our hearts beat in time, not exchanging a last farewell, but each saying to the other '*A rivederci sui campi dell'onore!*'"

This address was signed *I Milanesi*. Whether it was really the expression of the popular feeling I do not know—at least it was well timed; for the Milan newspapers had been saying rather unpleasant things about the peace of Villafranca, and the author thereof: so unpleasant indeed, that the provisional government had deemed it necessary on this very day to give the offending editors a public warning, somewhat after the style to which French journalists are so well accustomed. It is true the people seemed to look with a favourable eye upon the crowds of Zouaves and other French troops that filled the streets: true you might see notices in the windows of the reading rooms that Messieurs the French officers were prayed to favour the owner of the room by reading the newspapers whenever they pleased (although to see yourself abused is not a very great privilege). Yet a straw will show the current; and newspaper writers have

a knack not only of following the stream, but of guiding its course.

Since the war a large crop of journals has sprung up. Many, and especially the *Gazzetta di Milano*, belong to the first class. One of the chief privileges in which a free country prides itself is the power of laughing at those in authority. So Milan has started its *Punch* under the name of *Uomo di Pietra*. Like *Il Fischietto*, at Turin, its jokes are not of a very high order, yet they are stinging enough to render it certain that if any one had possessed a copy of the paper in days of yore he would have been shot or hanged without mercy. This week the principal engraving in *l'omo* is called "Cavour and Time." The ex-minister is sitting on a chair, and glares through his spectacles in a fiercely despondent way. "Never mind, Cavour," says old Saturn, who, with his scythe and glass, has dropped quietly in for a morning call; "Never mind, Venice will have her turn." "Well, then, be quick about it," is the tart reply.

Weary of my day's work I send for the maestro of the hotel, who speaks fair English. "I wish to go to Venice: which is my best route?" "Pardon, Monsieur, that is impossible. You cannot pass the Austrian lines for three weeks to come." This is a sore disappointment. What should I do. I will go to the northern Italian lakes, and start to-morrow for Arona. "Is Monsieur aware that the trains are stopped since Sunday?" "No, indeed, why is that?" "The Government is using the line for sending back troops." "Per Bacco! So it is easier to get into Italy than to get out."

E. S.

JACQUES VAN ARTEVELDE.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

THE cities of Flanders, with their republican municipalities, present, during the fourteenth century, a spectacle very similar to that offered by the Republics of Italy. In all we behold the system of enfranchised townships and the principles of self-government followed by a remarkable progress in civilization, the more striking, if compared with the state of those portions of Europe which were subjected to the feudal system. In the latter, the condition of the people was wretched beyond measure: the inhabitants of the cities as well as of the rural districts were given up, without defence, to the plundering, lawless bands—the scourge of that age—to the extortions of their lords, or, to the brutal and despotic authority of the delegates of a heartless despot. The degree of prosperity attained by those free cities during the fourteenth century appears fabulous when contrasted with the barbarism then reigning in other lands. On the other hand, that system of local freedom—growing ever more exclusive and jealous—devoid of the great principles of unity and solidarity between cities and lands, is evidently a vicious system of government, especially when it clashes with the prerogatives of a suzerain. It engenders incessant agitations and dissensions; it is a perpetual element of revolts and civil wars; the liberty it secures is of so stormy and restless a nature that the partial blessings it confers are certainly feeblier if placed in the balance with the bloodshed, destruction, and habits of ferocity it fosters. The history of the city of Ghent offers one of the most striking examples of the turbulent, haughty love of local freedom, with its fatal results. Ghent, as well as the other republican cities of Europe, displayed, in its prosperity of the fourteenth century, an excess of sumptuous wealth—it plunged into the material enjoyments which never fail to become the gnawing worm that invisibly saps the basis of the social edifice; its state of corruption, however, has been singularly exaggerated. It has been re-

peatedly related that the bath-houses (*schoonen*) had become, in Ghent, the abode of the most frightful profligacy, and that about 1,400 murders had been committed in one year, in the city and its environs. The Flemish historians (Lenz and de Gerlache) have demonstrated the falsehood of such ridiculous fables. The disease of corruption was deeply rooted enough, in its sad reality, to be deplored and justify the foreboding of an inevitable decay, without these exaggerations of the weak-minded, and of political foes.

The commencement of the fourteenth century was very brilliant for the city of Ghent; it evinced the energy and patriotism of its citizens. In 1300, Philippe-le-Bel, of France, detained treacherously the Count of Flanders a prisoner, incorporated the whole of that province with the Crown of France, and sent to govern it his uncle, a man notorious for his cupidity and tyranny. The Flemish, already indignant, since the iniquity perpetrated against their unfortunate Count, were now smarting under the insults of a foreign despot. They prepared for the work of vengeance. A bold and skilful citizen, Peter de Koning, a weaver of Bruges, conceived the generous project of delivering his country. He joined to his enterprise, in the quality of assistant-lieutenant, a butcher named John Breydel, a very patriotic and determined character. On a fixed day, all the French and their partisans, *Léianon*, friends of the lily, were either massacred or driven away from the country. Immediately after a formidable Flemish army of 60,000 men was formed under the walls of Courtrai to resist the powerful French host that was preparing to wash into a sea of blood the blot of their shame and expulsion. Peter de Koning made over the command of the Flemish army to Gui, the son of the Count of Flanders. The Flemish army thus assembled was almost entirely composed of the men of the various corporations of trades, all burning with enthusiasm

for liberty. The French army, approaching, came to encamp on the side of the city opposite to that occupied by the patriots; it reckoned more than 50,000 men, but comprising the *élite* of French chivalry, commanded by Robert of Artois, cousin of the French monarch. The city of Ghent, in the meantime, suffering from famine, every able-bodied man had left it to join his fellow-citizens at the camp. On the 11th of July, 1302, the battle of Courtrai was fought, the most glorious day in the annals of Flanders. The French nobility were mowed down without mercy. Seven hundred golden spurs found on the field of battle were suspended as a trophy in the church of the abbey of Groeninghe, near Courtrai.

The devotion of the city of Ghent for its Counts was not destined, however, to be of long duration. The sovereignty of Flanders fell into the hands of an unworthy prince—a prince who proved insensible to the interests of the country and absorbed by his own cupidity and political ambition. Louis, of Bethel and Nevers, known at a later period as Louis de Crecy, in remembrance of the field of battle on which he lost his life, became Count of Flanders in 1322. The King of France, Philippe V., gave him his daughter in marriage, and by such a skilful policy he secured the suzerainty which the French monarchs claimed over the Counts of Flanders, and which was all but lost. When Philippe VI. of Valois ascended the French throne in virtue of the Salic law, in 1328, it is well known that Edward III. of England opposed to him his own pretensions to the sovereignty of France, founding his claims on the rights of his mother Isabella, daughter of Philippe-le-Bel, sister and heiress, as he maintained, of the last three kings, who had died without any male heirs. Thus, Flanders was constrained to come to a decision as to which of the two would be recognised as its suzerain, Philippe or Edward.

It was the period when the French kings were preparing the great unity of the monarchy. All their efforts tended to submit to the direct authority of the Crown the great fiefs of the kingdom. Flanders was in a strange position; divided into three very distinct parts: Flanders, *sous*

la couronne, holding of the King of France; Flanders, *sous l'empire*, holding of the Empire; and Flanders, *allodiale*, under the direct immediate suzerainty of the Count of Flanders. In the present emergency Count Louis sacrificed the prosperity and interest of the Flemish to his own sympathy for the French alliance and French despotism; he declared war against the English, and the city of Ghent would have been crushed in its commerce and liberties, if a patriot and hero, Jacques van Artevelde, had not stood up for the defence of his native city.

Jacques van Artevelde was born towards the close of the thirteenth century. His father was of an old noble family that had taken its name from the village of Artevelde (now Ertvelde), and possessed a fortune considerable enough to be enabled to give his children an education suitable to their station. Jacques' father was several times invested with municipal dignities in Ghent. His mother was also of high birth, and subsequently inherited a large estate. Jacques, when still very young, was sent to the Court of France, where he received a knightly education. He was successively page and knight to some French noble of high lineage, and was noted for his intelligence, his grace, and courtesy. In the year 1310 he followed a French prince to the Isle of Rhodes, having already explored many countries, acquired much experience, and distinguished himself in many tournaments. After many years' wanderings and adventures he returned to his native city, resolved to devote his experience to the Fatherland; he, therefore, fixed upon his hearth,—married a lady, also of noble birth, and, was soon seen taking part in public affairs with a keen interest. Louis de Nevers, Count of Flanders, was not long before commencing, through his agents and favourites, a series of petty persecutions, and, as they did not meet with ostensible resistance, they were soon followed by actual acts of despotism, in violation of the laws of the land. Jacques van Artevelde felt acutely the deplorable state into which his fellow-citizens had fallen. He therefore concerted with some of his relations and friends the means of remedying such a state of things. A numerous party of sym-

pathizers was soon formed. They resolved to put a check to the encroachments upon their liberty. A legitimate subject for the explosion of discontent ere long offered itself. A venerable citizen of Ghent, Siger le Courtouaisin, was illegally condemned and put to death. He was ostensibly attached to the English alliance, and had received an English deputation with great splendour.

Courtouaisin had, along with Artevelde, managed also some secret understandings between the Flemish and the English. Count Louis having discovered this transaction arbitrarily ordered Courtouaisin to be seized, and his head cut off. Artevelde felt exasperated when he beheld his venerable friend and relative dragged to the block. His hatred against the Count of Flanders became deeper; it was the signal for a general movement; the workshops had already been closed. The weavers now filled the streets, crying for "bread and work!" Artevelde convoked his fellow-citizens at Bylogue, near Ghent. There he spoke with eloquence—pleaded the cause of the people, and pronounced himself fearlessly in favour of the English alliance, which was so advantageous to the city of Ghent. Several partisans of the Count and of France rushed upon him and would have assassinated him, were he not promptly succoured. When the news of the attempt spread through the city the people became infuriated; they flew to arms, and proclaimed him their governor (*ruwaert*) and captain of the citizens. The Count withdrew, but soon after returned, granting a general amnesty to Ghent and Bruges, which city had joined Artevelde in his resistance. He also confirmed the revolutionary changes that had taken place.

The popularity of Artevelde daily increased. He was hailed by the corporation of trades with boundless enthusiasm. On entering public life, he had inscribed himself in the registers of one of the great corporations of trades, that of the brewers, as a member of that body. It was a custom with a great number of nobles thus to affiliate themselves to the powerful industrial classes of the city, thus to insure a certain degree of popular favour. The same custom was then existing at Florence, where

Dante had entered one of the *arts*, that of medicine and drugs. Hence the gross error committed by Froissart, copied by Hume, and by a vast number of historians, even in our own time, of supposing that Jacques van Artevelde was actually a brewer. Whatever may have been his social station, it does not by any means affect the intrinsic merits of the popular chieftain. The warmth of the Belgians in asserting his just position and sphere of education, of late years, has been in proportion to the opprobrium which the partisans of absolutism cast upon him, as a coarse, mean, ignorant brewer. Indeed, the public life of Artevelde, if justly narrated; his eloquence, diplomatic skill, and the acts of his government, would certainly be a most marvellous phenomenon, had he been a simple, uneducated brewer; whilst they fall within the domain of probabilities when he is recognised as the man of experience, of education, rare accomplishments, and noble blood.

The corporation of the brewers, proud that the *sumert* was one of their body, although an honorary member only, were more than others, perhaps, ready to perish in the defence of Artevelde. Under his auspices the three cities of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres, made public the alliance they had formed, as well as their commercial treaty with England. But the Count was secretly fomenting the armed resistance of the enemies to the civil authority, and Artevelde was obliged to check several insurrections, and, at the head of the well-disciplined bands of his fellow-citizens, to take by force of arms the town of Biervliet, that had refused to recognise the alliance, treaty, and administration of the three cities. From that day the wool came in abundance from England, and the weavers of Ghent returned "joyfully to work." An active commerce was soon established between the Flemish and the English. But, in the meantime, Count Louis continued his hostility against the civil government. He had assembled, after great efforts, a little army, which he placed on an island to molest the passage of the English and Flemish vessels; the citizens marched against it, and it was defeated and dispersed. The Count of Flanders, again obliged to yield, sanc-

tioned the ameliorations and extensive powers of the civil government which he had found himself unable to crush.

The Province of Brabant, with its Duke, was exposed, however, to the intrigues of the agents of the French monarch, who, anxious to secure his alliance, spared no means that might sow the seeds of discord between the people of Brabant and the Flemish. Here Artevelde gave a striking instance of his political sagacity: through his intervention the Duke of Brabant formed a close alliance with England, in which were comprised the principal cities of Flanders. In this treaty, so beneficial to Flanders, the private rights of each were respected, whilst the privileges were shared by all. Its object was to bind by a common interest the brave populations of those provinces, so that, acquiring strength by their union, they might be prepared to triumph over their external foes. This celebrated treaty, signed at Ghent, in November 1339, is considered one of the ablest acts in the records of statesmanship. It was due exclusively to the persuasive eloquence, skill, and activity of Artevelde, who, accompanied by a colleague in the government, went to every city to proclaim its adoption, receive the oath of fidelity, and declare at the same time the alliance with Edward of England, to whom supreme power was given, the property of the Count, however, and the laws and privileges being respected.

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teenth century, the Kings of England bore the title of Kings of France.

The Flemish thus bound to Edward III., prepared to join him in his war with France. They still hesitated, however, and made propositions to the French King, which, being haughtily rejected, put an end to their hesitation. In the meantime the King of England, who had been in Ghent with his queen and children, and made himself popular with the Flemish, especially by the esteem he manifested for Artevelde, had been obliged to proceed to England in order to prepare for the impending struggle, leaving the queen with her children at Ghent, where, later, she gave birth to the celebrated John of Gaunt, with Artevelde, who was intrusted with the whole administration of affairs, assisted by the Earl of Salisbury and James Harris. Edward III. obtained immense supplies from the English Parliament. Before he could return to Flanders, however, he was informed that Philippe de Valois had collected a tremendous fleet in the harbour of Sluys (*P'Escluse*), to intercept him. His council advised him to stay till more ships could be collected: but he would not be detained, and set sail, with such an English fleet as was ready, on the 22nd of June, 1340. On the following evening he came in sight of the enemy, who, on the morning of the 24th, drew out to the mouth of the harbour of Sluys. As Edward saw the movement he exclaimed—"Ha! I have long desired to fight with the Frenchmen, and now I shall fight with some of them by the grace of God and St. George."—(*Froissart*). The battle soon began; stones were cast and arrows discharged from the decks; and then fastening their ships together with grappling irons and chains, the enemies fought hand to hand with their swords and pikes and battle-axes. The English gained a complete victory; nearly the whole of the French fleet was taken, and from ten to fifteen thousand of their mariners were killed or drowned, but, Edward disgraced his victory by ordering the French admiral, whom he had taken prisoner, to be hung.

Soon after his great naval victory, the King of England came to Bruges, where, to gain popularity, he requested to be admitted to the Corporation of

Trades, and immediately after joined Artevelde to confer with him. Since the 30th July, Artevelde had invested the rebellious and opulent city of Tournai, at the head of 40,000 Flemish, and 20,000 men from Brabant. The King, on his arrival, was struck with amazement at the admirable order and discipline of the Flemish army. The military service in Flanders had formerly been according to the feudal system; and the extreme division of the authority was fatal to unity and efficiency. Each was bound by his duty and his oath to march under his own chief, and his own banner only. Thus, the vassals of an Abbot, or Baron, could not follow any other banner but their own; nor any chief but their direct master, or his delegate. Hence arose great inconveniences and loss of time. Artevelde reformed that system with consummate skill. Of the mass of the cities and villages he made one nation. He brought the whole of Flanders to submit to one military law, instead of the thousands of divisions which paralyzed the movements of the country; he divided it into three circles, with their three capitals, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres. Each circle received a separate civil and military administration, with excellent, well-defined organic laws. The Flemish army derived incalculable advantages from this reform, as soon appeared at the siege of Tournai. The city had made extensive preparations for defence; it was completely invested by the Flemish; the King of France, with whom remained Count Louis, hastened to its assistance with his army. He advanced, therefore, but here Artevelde proved that his capacity was not confined to civil administration. He evinced the genius of a tactician. By the skill and rapidity of his dispositions, the French army was reduced to complete inaction, blocked up in an unfavourable position, spectators of the heroism, distress and submission of the citizens of Tournai, and unable to come to their assistance. After numerous assaults, repulsed with an indomitable courage, the city, reduced to the last extremity by famine, was on the point of surrendering itself at mercy. But the King of France had recourse to diplomacy to save it, and obtain an advantageous peace. He requested his sister, Jane of Valois, mother of the

Queen of England, and Countess Dowager of Hainault, to obtain favourable conditions. The lady complied with the request, and in her mission of peace, employed the influence of relationship, consanguinity, and of religion—for the Pontiff interfered;—and through her influence, a truce of two years was agreed upon. But in the conferences for this peace there was a general tendency hostile to the Flemish—a disposition to abandon the interests of Flanders. The French King naturally spared no means to separate its cause from that of England; whilst the King of England had grown somewhat insensible to the cause and rights of the Flemish. In these circumstances, Artevelde displayed his energetic patriotism, his diplomatic capacity and eloquence. He protested against the iniquity of excluding Flanders from the armistice and truce; and ultimately secured that his country should be on a footing of equality with France and England. He obliged Edward III. to sign the truce of two years, and to agree that all the sentences and decrees which had been launched against Flanders, should be annulled. He had them all burnt publicly, on the market-place, at Ghent, on the following Friday, and in his presence. He, moreover, insisted that Flanders should be discharged of every claim and debt, and that the King of France should swear for himself and successors, that Flanders, in future, should never be interdicted.

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Dictatorship of Artevelde on a firm basis. Indeed France, and even Count Louis, at the close of the conferences after the siege of Tournai, had all but recognised officially the authority of the great citizen. Artevelde's position derived its strength less from an aversion for the government of Count Louis, than from hatred for France. The flourishing state of commerce and of the manufactures was also a great cause of the love the citizens had for him. He had protected the clergy on several occasions, and in their turn they supported him, and advanced him large sums to meet the emergencies of his government. A portion of the nobility had remained firmly attached to the prerogatives of the Count, whether they were legal or not; but several of them gave daily their adhesion to the powerful Governor. At no period had the prosperity of Flanders been so great as under the governorship of Artevelde. His dictatorship was a power which had no other source than the popular affection. It has been said that such was his ostentation, that he never walked out without being accompanied by a formidable guard of honour. But it has been well established that this body-guard was nothing more than the armed valets, *zweerd-draegers*, who were by etiquette to follow him as Dean of the Trades. The knights and soldiers who also attended him were a guard of honour, due to him as Captain of the Citizens of Ghent.

The very acts of vigour, by Artevelde, which served his country, have been disfigured and transformed into acts of cruelty and despotism. He never ceased himself to respect justice and the laws, as much as he caused them to be respected and obeyed by others. The more his popularity and power were in the ascendant, the more he was exposed to the enmities of the aristocratic partisans of the Count. Quarrels between such citizens and his followers and friends, were unavoidable, and, probably, Artevelde yielded at times to the partiality, inherent in human nature, in sheltering his own supporters when they were the authors of the wrong. Nevertheless, the following circumstance, well authenticated by all the Belgian historians, is a testimony, that if he felt extremely sensitive to the insults offered him, he was not accompanied by

a band of satellites, ready, at a signal from him, to exterminate his enemies; but, on the contrary, that despite his power and high position, he was ready to obey the law fairly administered. A certain John de Steenbeke insulted him publicly, and declared that Artevelde had violated the oath which he had taken. The latter incensed, drew his sword, rushed upon Steenbeke, who took to flight. Artevelde pursued him to his own house, which he invested at the head of his band, now augmented by a great number of his infuriated armed friends. But a magistrate interposed, declaring that he could never suffer the domicile of a citizen to be violated. The Regent of Flanders bowed before the authority of the law, he constituted himself a prisoner in the Town Hall, and asked for a fair trial. After an impartial investigation, the tribunal condemned de Steenbeke, as well as his partisans, to exile; and Artevelde was publicly acquitted and restored to all his dignities, despite the secret intrigues of his enemies, and of Count Louis' agents.

It has also been asserted that when Van Artevelde was elected *ruvoert* he proceeded immediately to expel all the magistrates and officers of the Count. The historian Lenz has very clearly demonstrated that there was no truth in that statement. He has also established the impossibility of another accusation being well founded, which long remained as a blot on the memory of Artevelde. The calumny that charged him with having ordered the massacre of all the nobles, partisans of the Count, was too gross and devoid of a shadow of probability even to survive the great citizen; but the fact that he stabbed with his own hand de Rode, and under the eyes of the Count, when the latter returned to Flanders in 1338, has remained as an historical truth, and been also repeated by all historians. Lenz has, by his researches, established that this accusation is mentioned by one sole chronicler of the sixteenth century: that Artevelde was not at Ghent at the time of the Count's returning, and that when they met, and till the year 1339, the Governor-Captain and the Count were on good terms. On the other hand, a slight study of the history of Ghent and of its citizens must lead to the moral conviction, that if

Artevelde had committed such an act of sanguinary brutality the magistrates of the city would have immediately deprived him of his dignity.

Artevelde continued to govern Flanders, and his functions were not incompatible with the prerogatives of the Count, according to the Constitution. The great gulf that separated them was the alliance with France. In other circumstances, when Count Louis yielded to the dictates of reason, and to a policy advantageous to the country, Artevelde had been the first to lay down arms, to proffer a reconciliation, to urge a unity of action for the benefit of Flanders, and to exercise his influence in order that private resentments should yield to the public good. His firm and wise conduct had been crowned by complete success; the commercial interests triumphed over feudalism, along with his political principles, namely: armed neutrality, even in the dissensions between the Count Suzerain and the neighbouring powers, and freedom of commerce with all nations, even the enemies of the prince. This policy raised Flanders to the highest degree of glory and prosperity; it survived Artevelde, its founder, more than a century, despite the conspiracies and intrigues of the suzerain and his party; and if Artevelde succumbed, it was because, in a moment of difficulty, he outstepped these principles, and thus gave a handle to the interested and ever-watchful hatred of his enemies.

The government of Artevelde had been of seven years' duration. The city of Ghent only received occasionally a visit of its Count, who returned to France each time on witnessing the firm popular authority of the *ruwaert*. Whenever a cloud hovered over Flanders—whenever a civil dissension was expected to favour his intrigues, and enable him to crush the civil authority and hated privileges, Count Louis was known to be not far off, ready for action. Unfortunately, a fatal acrimony had long existed respecting a question of wages, between the lower workmen on one hand, and the better class of weavers and merchants on the other. The difference festered; every attempt at conciliation was fruitless. The deep rancour on both sides must inevitably break out in bloodshed. After useless efforts towards a just understanding, Artevelde considered it

his duty to defend the weavers with their Denn, Gerard Denys. The exasperation of the other party exploded, and on the 2nd of May, 1345, one of the most tremendous civil battles recorded in history was fought in the streets and market-place. Fifteen hundred fullers lost their lives on that fatal occasion, and those who remained were driven out of the city. That disastrous day, precursor of another still darker, has ever since been remembered in the annals of Flanders by the appellation of *bad Monday*.

Not long after Edward III. landed at the Sluys with a powerful fleet. The Count of Flanders had returned to Brussels. The events of the "bad Monday" appeared to him a very favourable pretext for renewing his manœuvres. Since that conflict the influence of Artevelde had been sensibly on the wane. Now, the King of England made a formal demand to Count Louis to take the oath of fidelity to him, King of England, who had assumed the title of King of France, and thus annul his pledge to Philippe of Valois, to whom it was legitimately due, declaring that in the case of a refusal he would propose his son, the Prince of Wales, for the sovereignty of Flanders. Artevelde gave his warmest approbation and support to this measure, protesting that he was ready to make over his authority to the new sovereign. After an interview with Edward, he returned to Ghent, assembled the people, and laid before them the demands of the King of England, observing that the Prince of Wales was son of a Belgian princess, Philippa of Hainault, and was not therefore of foreign blood. The Flemish, however, strongly inclined to the English alliance, from interested motives, were not disposed to transform their allies into masters. The proposition met with strong opposition. It undermined the popularity of the *ruwaert*, who went also to Bruges and Ypres, to dispose the populations to this change. In the meantime, Count Louis and the agents of the King of France spared no intrigue, no promises to augment the odium of the proposition; Van Artevelde was far more formidable to them than the King of England, and their other adversaries; they shrank before no crime that could deliver them of the dreaded, noble antago-

nist, who, had he lived, might probably have torn away from them and for ever the sovereignty of Flanders. They won over the worst characters of the city, made abundant promises to those among the weavers who were envious of the power and glory of the *ruwaert*, spared no calumnies, however monstrous, to decide the waverings of others. It was afterwards reported, and it has often been written, that Gerard Denys, Dean of the Weavers, for whom Artevelde had fought on the *bad Monday*, and who was his friend, jealous of his influence and authority, had entered the conspiracy, and even participated in the assassination; but recent researches in Ghent (Vaernewyck) have washed away the foul accusation from the memory of Denys.

Van Artevelde returned from his journey to Bruges and Ypres on the 17th July (1345). He had scarcely entered his house, when a clamorous band surrounded it, vociferating that he was a traitor, and had secretly introduced into his house and the city armed bands of English. The conspiracy had been so planned, that the assassins held a dagger in one hand and a torch in the other. Artevelde appeared on his balcony to address the murderers, but in vain, his voice was drowned; he then came down, and was not trying to escape disguised by a back door, as it has been calumniously said, but endeavouring openly to come out, and appeal, as well as to give himself up, to the people. He fell butchered at his own threshold. It is certain that a saddler, named John, struck the first blow. His house was immediately burnt, and along with it the chancellory of his office, with all the valuable papers and archives it contained. Thus were reduced to ashes the invaluable laws enacted during the 14th century.

The news of his death spread a deep consternation among the citizens; numerous assemblies denounced the murderers loudly; cries of vengeance were heard from the different parts of the city, so much so, that the Count of Flanders, Louis of Nevers, did not venture to make his appearance in Ghent; he endeavoured to secure a certain number of partisans among the people, but in vain; he went in search of money, sold his rights over Malines, raised troops, and then only

appeared near Ghent, whose citizens poured out and dispersed his troops like dust. Edward III. did not hesitate to express his indignation at the tragical end of the man who had rendered him eminent services, and whose administration had been so valuable. Deputations from Bruges, Ypres, Cassel, and Courtrai, came to him to record their horror at the crime committed at Ghent. In truth the indignation of those cities was such, that had not the latter been so powerful, it would have been visited with a severe retribution. After a few weeks the wrath of Edward was appeased; Ghent and all the cities renewed their alliance with England, and Flanders remained republican in its institutions, without being a republic. A cloud of reprobation hung over the names of the King of France and of Count Louis of Flanders, who fell at Crecy.

It is probable that the body of Jacques van Artevelde was laid in the church of the Bylogue; for, a certain Wantier de Mey, one, no doubt, who formed part of the band of assassins, endowed the foundation with a lamp that was to burn eternally before an image of the Virgin Mary, in memory of Jacques van Artevelde. But the recollection of the great citizen long lived in the hearts of the people of Ghent, although without any external signs and manifestation, whilst a mass of calumnies and misrepresentations, inspired by the feudal and royal tendencies, that prevailed with acrimony after him, also obtained circulation and credit. It is in the nineteenth century only, that the Belgian historians have published the truth after minute and irrefragable historical researches and testimonies. It has been the rehabilitation of Van Artevelde. All the popular songs in Flemish and French, on the great *ruwaert*, have been carefully collected, and every thing relating to his life and person, treasured up with enthusiasm. In 1835 a public, though tardy, homage was paid to his memory in his native city. When the house which he had inhabited was reconstructed—which had little of Artevelde's house—Place de la Calandre, 16—M. Van Ooteghem, merchant of Ghent, to whom the property belonged, gladly listened to the proposition of several patriots, and gave directions that there should

be a large balcony on the first floor, in remembrance of the historical balcony from which Van Artevelde addressed the people; in the middle of it has been placed an inscription, in large brass letters, between the crest of the *ruwaert* and that of his wife Christina. This inscription, summing up in a few words the life of Van Artevelde, is as follows:—

Ici périt
Victime d'une faction
le xxiv Juillet, mcccxxxv.,
Jacques van Artevelde
qui éleva les communes de Flandre
à une haute prospérité.

Several historical romances and dramas, in both French and Flemish, of real merit, have been composed by citizens of Ghent, in honour of their patriot chief. Among the latter we have seen with great interest the drama of Van Artevelde, by M. Victor Joly, although in it the great Burgher of the fourteenth century is transformed into a modern French Republican. Some ten years ago, we heard on the Grand Theatre of Ghent, the *grand-national* opera of Jacques van Artevelde, by M. Van Peene, with a very remarkable music, composed by M. Boverly, both natives of that city, and the enthusiasm of both the artists and the public was an affecting testimony that the genius and virtues of their great countryman are honoured in the city that beheld his birth, his noble career, and his martyrdom.

No character in history has been more dragged into mire, and sullied by the chroniclers and historians of opposite principles. They have represented him as a coarse brewer, who trampled under foot all laws, human and divine, grasping at the property of others, and always followed by a band of murderers. If those chroniclers and historians are to be believed, the government of Van Artevelde was a reign of terror. Although the unscrupulous agents of despotism have laboured during ages to destroy every document, remembrance, and trace of the Flemish liberties, still enough remains, of accounts, registers, private chronicles, correspondence, and treatises on peace and commerce which had escaped destruction, to enable the character and principles of Van Artevelde to be fully understood and depicted.

Jacques van Artevelde—the great citizen, as he is usually there in among the Flemish—nip; he re-experience and patri-ty on the part salvation of his cou, wore in his turn Louis had aliena^{dem}. the people, by¹ of Philippe was to their most murder of his father, by destruction ought to trial and to the perity, ^{ave} citizens convicted of hav- of his ^{icipated} in the conspiracy. lity, then restored order, reorganized neral city, and enacted wise laws. A dersidable army was raised, com- aced by able captains, whom he Wised, reserving the supreme com- dow¹ to himself. Philippe was really proceed to reconcile the city of Ghent strict its sovereign. He sent to the velde^{ha} deputation of two of the power it^{spected} citizens. These un- the super^{men} signed a disgraceful soundness^h the Count, by which two the inter^{citizens} were to be given up sufferings^{nally}. On their return, neutrality revealed this ignoble treaty that menac^{ed} could not be saved from genius reorganized^{they} fell under the try. He gave a prodig^{es}, and even to commerce and industry, the mean- fore him, were in the most wretch^{all} condition. He had formed project¹ and traced the plans, of several great industrial works destined to insure the future prosperity of nations; for instance, that of a great canal to be constructed from Ghent to Dam, then a harbour of considerable importance. Van Artevelde proved himself also a general and tactician of skill, blended with dauntless bravery. When Edward III. left Flanders in 1339, he gave orders that nothing should be done, no disposition be taken about his forces, without consulting Van Artevelde. He was the most skilful negotiator and statesman of his time, baffling all the secret intrigues and crafty policy of the cabinet of Philippe de Valois. The nineteenth century has beheld the great figure of the Wise Citizen restored to its real purity and nobleness by the enlightened lovers of truth.

If we search for the origin of the misrepresentations accumulated on Van Artevelde, the celebrated chronicler, Froissart, is found to be the fountain-head of all. The other contemporary chronicles have never drawn much attention, nor been popular; one of them, by an anonymous

no avail. Froissart alone has reigned absolutely during more than four centuries, and many great historians of Germany, France, and England have continued to transcribe his misrepresentations, to hail his calumnies with exultation, and even add to them the repulsive effusions of a fiendish imagination.

It will not be irrelevant to this brief sketch of the character of Jacques van Artevelde to say a few words on the destiny of his son Philippe, who, after the murder of his father, retired into private life, devoted to peaceful agricultural pursuits, nourishing a just veneration for the memory of his sire, and an instinctive aversion to the turmoil of public affairs. During this peaceful, obscure existence, the Prince, then Count of Flanders, Louis de Mâle, was lavishing, in sumptuous prodigalities and in profligacies, his extensive revenues. Three times the city of Ghent had granted him munificent donations. He came again, and endeavoured to levy a new tax, which the citizens resisted. He then turned to the city of Bruges, to which he sold the privilege of cutting a channel, which would have opened to them a direct communication with the river Lis, the navigation of which was otherwise only accessible by passing through Ghent. This would have been ruinous to Ghent, whose citizens flew to arms, and killed or dispersed the Bruges workmen already engaged in the work. Hence arose a sanguinary war between the two cities. The people of Ghent ravaged all the estates of the Count, burnt down his magnificent castle, and forced to submission most of the cities of Flanders. But they suffered a terrible defeat near the village of Nèvele, after which Count Louis de Mâle was enabled to return and besiege Ghent. He soon raised the siege, after having lost a corps of his chivalry in an ambuscade. Nevertheless the city had suffered greatly from the war; its population was disheartened, and every thing disorganized. Then, was frequently heard the bewailing cry, "How happy we would be if Jacques van Artevelde was still living." The principal citizens suggested to offer the direction of affairs to his son Philippe. They went to him in solemn deputation and found him reluctant to undertake such a task. He was pressed and persuaded

—brought in triumph to the great square (February 1381), and there invested with the dictatorship; he received the oath of fidelity on the part of the people, and swore in his turn to be faithful to them.

The first act of Philippe was to avenge the murder of his father, by having brought to trial and to the block twelve citizens convicted of having participated in the conspiracy. He then restored order, reorganized the city, and enacted wise laws. A formidable army was raised, commanded by able captains, whom he selected, reserving the supreme command to himself. Philippe was really desirous to reconcile the city of Ghent with its sovereign. He sent to the latter a deputation of two of the most respected citizens. These unfortunate men signed a disgraceful peace with the Count, by which two hundred citizens were to be given up unconditionally. On their return, when they revealed this ignoble treaty of peace, they could not be saved from the popular fury; they fell under the swords of the magistrates, and even of Philippe himself. In the meantime, Ghent, being cut off from all communications, was suffering from famine, despite the assistance received from Brussels, Louvain, and Liège. Philippe van Artevelde once more endeavoured to obtain peace; he proceeded himself to confer with the Count at Tournai, but the demands of the latter were so cruel and outrageous, that Van Artevelde, on his return, reporting them with a fierce indignation to thousands of the assembled people, this multitude, although famished, demanded clamorously to march against their enemy. The army of Ghent immediately advanced towards Bruges, where stood the Count at the head of his bands. Philippe addressed his fellow-citizens with an enthusiastic eloquence, and was soon after attacked by the men of Bruges and the chivalry of the Count. The fury of the people of Ghent was boundless: it appalled their foe, who soon quailed, and an immense slaughter of them followed. The Count fled with scarcely forty followers. The triumph of Ghent, the immense booty collected, the general panic that followed, are perhaps unparalleled. Philippe van Artevelde, who had proved himself a great administrator, great orator, and

now a skilful and heroic commander, received from the Senate of Ghent the honours of a triumph, and was proclaimed *Father and Liberator of his country*. Dark clouds, however, soon after hovered over Flanders. France resolved to annihilate the spirit of independence of those great cities. The Duke of Burgundy, heir to the Flemish sovereignty, and regent during the boyhood of Charles VI., found it his own advantage to restore Louis de Mâle. A most formidable French army, with the young king, a host of princes of royal blood, all thirsting for the blood of free citizens, the *élite* of the French chivalry, entered Flanders, and encamped near Roosbeke. Philippe van Artevelde, too confident of success, still glowing with his late victory, advanced at the head of 40,000 men. He neglected some indispensable precautions in tactics, intending to have his men bound together and serried, in order to present a formidable bulk. The work of death commenced. Swarms

of French surrounded the Flemish, who performed prodigies of valour, but fettered in their movements, died suffocated—their frames cracking in every direction; they lost 20,000 men. Philippe van Artevelde had been among the first who fell mortally struck. After the battle, the young king and the Duke of Burgundy ordered his body to be found. It was pointed out by a soldier of Ghent, bathed in his own blood, who, when it was ordered to dress his own wounds, refused all succour, not wishing to survive his general. When the boy king had gazed some time on the face of the Regent of Flanders, the body was carried away, and it was never known what became of it.

The battle of Roosbeke, and the death of Philippe van Artevelde, may be considered as the knell of the great days of Flanders. The Dukes of Burgundy afterwards made great concessions to conciliate those heroic populations; but with them commenced a new phase in Flemish history.

HEINRICH HEINE.

POLITICS and poetry are seldom allied with any advantage to either. Parnassus ringing with polemics seems rather an incongruous idea. Nevertheless this idea, anomalous as it may seem, is realized in the recent poetical literature of Germany. Dreams of liberty, aspirations after reform, notions of progressive advancement which have long been agitating continental Europe—these form the topics of the national muse of Germany, and these are the inspiration of her poets.

Exceptions to this rule, however, are easily to be found; more especially among the poets of the Swabian school—poets like Uhland, whose delicious ballads are widely known; like Gustav Schwab, and Justinus Kerner, all of whom abandon the interests of the present in favour of the past, and all of whom prove the directness of their descent from the ancient race of Minnesingers. Other poets also, like Schücking and Geibel, though not altogether free from the agitations of polemics, though participating to a certain extent in the fervour of "young Germany's" aspirations, are yet, on the whole, not to

be confounded with those who make poetry merely the agent for propagating political or philosophical notions, and who regard the higher regions of poetry with contempt, and value artistic finish and completeness only so far as they may be made instrumental for the attainment of their grand design.

Among poets of the latter class, the Pfizers, Dingelstedt, Stieglitz, and Counts Platen and Auersperg, are worthy of especial notice as the champions of progress, and the singers of the fiery wants and fierce wrongs which, whether real or imaginary, are throbbing in the breasts of the people of Germany. Herwegh's socialism is the soul and substance of his poetry. Hoffmann has frequently been compelled to leave his native land on account of the fierceness of his poetical denunciations; and Frölich gave great offence to certain magnates by the publication of his epic, "Ulrich Von Hutten." And the dramatists, as might be supposed, are not behind the lyric poets in their enthusiasm for liberty. Prutz for political, and Gutzkow for ecclesiastical reforms, might, one would

ave supposed, have exhausted the patience of their auditors, in the perpetual iterations of the same, or similar claims, which occur in all their works; but not so. The Germans are a play-going people; and with them the drama is a matter of serious importance. The most popular dramatists are ever those who develop the abuses of power, and who endeavour to make tyranny hideous. Any playwright who is sufficiently possessed with ideas of humanity and liberty is certain to be successful. He need not have genius. Tact enough to flatter national vanity, and abundant appeals to political feelings, are quite sufficient to secure for him a wide popularity. The *Quistows* of Schaefer, the *Pinganser* of Knorr, and a play by Mallian, possessing no intrinsic merit, although it has awakened an amount of enthusiasm at Munich which none of the compositions of Goethe or Schiller ever excited, prove what we have just said.

Foremost among recent German representative poets is Heinrich Heine. The vast popularity of his numerous productions proves his claim to be regarded as the exponent, *par excellence*, of the public feelings of the various German states, and the completest representative of the multiform peculiarities of the German mind. Since Goethe no poet has wielded a power like that of Heine. Notwithstanding the dictum of Thiers, who pronounced Heine to be "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire," he was pre-eminently national. That he wrote French as fluently as German there can be no doubt; but his sentiments, his range of thought, the topics which he selected for treatment, and the manner in which he treated them were not French, but German. The Teutonic depth of feeling, the Teutonic richness of imagination and fancy are everywhere apparent in his writings; and although a mocking spirit accompanies him everywhere, and is ready to gibe at every one of his creations, yet that mocker is not a frequenter of French salons, but one of the terrible Seites, in whose laughter there is more of horror than of mirth.

Heine has been compared by various critics to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Cervantes, Burns, Sterne, Jean Paul Richter, Swift, Voltaire, Byron, and Béranger; and there can be no doubt

that among those who are disposed to trace resemblances amid difference, all those comparisons may be justified. He had the daring of the first; but he certainly had not the laughter-moving power of Rabelais. He had humour, but it was dry and hard, and more closely allied to satire than to that rich flow of feeling which moves to laughter or to tears. With Béranger he has little in common, excepting that both wrote songs, and both represented faithfully the peculiarities of their time and nationality. Burns he resembles in the great variety of his metres, and in the grotesque humour of his weird creations. His goblin laughter is as wild as that of the Scottish poet; and, like Burns, he tones down terror until it becomes ludicrous. But he lacks the earnestness, the deep faith, the rough and rugged piety which lay at the bottom of the heart of the Scottish ploughman. Burns never sneered at religion, but kept the keen barbs of his satire for hypocrites and shams. Heine evidently believes in nothing but shams; and when betrayed into a little apparent earnestness now and then, he takes care to let us know that it is not natural to him; that it is only assumed for the sake of effect, and winds up his most telling passages with a stale joke. To Voltaire, Heine bears a closer resemblance than to any other of the poets with whom he has been compared. It is true that Voltaire was a wit, while Heine was a humorist; and yet, in this particular case, the distinction is almost one without a difference; for, as we have already said, the humour of Heine is so dry, so utterly without geniality, that it may almost be mistaken for wit. Voltaire hated Christianity, Heine, though professedly a Lutheran in his latter life, neither loved it nor hated it. The creed of the Mussulman or the Hindoo was as welcome to him as the creed of his adoption. He would not have believed in the Vedas, and he evidently did not believe in the Bible. Voltaire was filled with a frantic hatred whenever he touched on sacred topics; Heine trifled with them, because he did not believe them to be sacred at all, and they were, therefore, as far removed from hatred as from love. Voltaire was an earnest Atheist; and Heine never was earnest at all, ex-

cepting, perhaps, when he was advocating the cause of Pantheism; and much of this was probably assumed, in order that he might the better display his powers of irony.

The scepticism of Heine, however, did not rest in negative forms, but led him into the recklessness which rejoices in the perpetual betrayal of want of faith. It was not, in his mind, a nice balancing of probabilities, resulting in a terrible uncertainty which he regarded with awe. The uncertainty was there; but instead of shrinking and trembling before it, he rejoiced in it. His scepticism was not a limitation but a licence. It did not benumb his powers, but gave additional audacity to his genius. With the earnest seeker after truth of the highest kind, uncertainty is mystery, and mystery begets awe; but, in the case of Heine, it had the opposite effect. He mocks at the great questions of all time and of eternity, cracks his jokes in the very vestibule of the infinite, and rattles away in his most lively manner when he is speaking of subjects of the greatest solemnity.

His mind seems to have been warped almost from the first. In early boyhood he seems to have had a lofty, chivalrous ideal; and we are told that he went into paroxysms of anger with Cervantes, because the heroism of Don Quixote was so ill-requited. He took care, in afterlife, to give plenty of occasion for his readers to fly into passions of rage against himself. After winning the reader's attention, and exciting his sympathies, the author's sole object becomes the selection of an effective anti-climax. His poems are a notable exemplification of the principle of surprise; and are an elaborate comment on the famous joke of Dr. Johnson:—

"Hermit old in mossy cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy pensive breast, and tell
Where is bliss, and which the way."

"Thou! I spake, and frequent sigh'd,
Scarcely repress'd the falling tear,
When the hoary sage replied:
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer!'"

Heinrich Heine was, by birth, a Jew, both of his parents being of that persuasion. He was born in the Bolkerstrasse, at Dusseldorf, on the 12th of December, 1799. Much doubt existed as to the exact date of his birth,

many of his biographers having fixed it on the 1st of January, 1800, on the strength of one of his own sayings; to the effect that, being born on the first day of the new century, he must be the first man of that century. But, in reply to a specific inquiry, Heine admitted that his birth had been a little post-dated by his family, in order to exempt him from the service of the King of Prussia—a pious and patriotic fraud, as his friends were, at that time, in favour of the Prussian invasion.

He received the earliest rudiments of his education at the Franciscan Convent in his native town; where, as he informs us, a profound impression was made on his mind by the sorrowful expression upon the face of "a large wooden Christ," in the convent; the feeling produced was, however, altogether sentimental, and had nothing whatever to do with his subsequent renunciation of Judaism, and adoption of the Christian faith. His religion he wore lightly, always. His nominal conversion to Lutheranism, he accounts for thus:—"because he did not wish M. de Rothschild to treat him too *'fa-millinairement.'*" In 1832, four years before his death, he writes thus, on the subject of his conversion to Christianity:—"My ancestors belonged to the Jewish religion, but I was never proud of this descent; neither did I ever set store upon my quality of Lutheran, although I belong to the evangelical confession quite as much as the greatest devotees among my Berlin enemies, who always reproach me with a want of religion. I rather felt humiliated at passing for a merely human creature—I, whom the philosophy of Hegel led to suppose that I was a god! How proud I then was of my divinity! What an idea I had of my grandeur! Alas!" he adds, "that charming time has long passed away, and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am lying stretched on my back, whilst my disease is making terrible progress." Di-*ease*, like death, is a fearful disenchanted. Well might poor Heine, racked by bodily agonies for years, regret the days when a philosophy which was utterly powerless when most needed, had buoyed him up with false hopes, and by teaching him that he was above the common wants of humanity, had de-

prived him of humanity's necessary solace, religion.

After leaving the Franciscan Convent, he was placed in the Lyceum of Dusseldorf, where he remained, apparently, until 1816, when he was sent to Hamburgh "to study commerce," being designed for mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he was removed to the University at Bonn, and studied under Augustus Schlegel. He remained but six months; and then proceeded to the University of Göttingen, where, as he informs us, he was rusticated soon after matriculation. He then proceeded to Berlin, and studied philosophy under Hegel, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy. Among his other associates, at this period, may be mentioned Chamisso, Bopp, Gräbe, and Varnhagen Von Ense. The influences of the teaching of Hegel, of the study of Spinoza, and of the society in which he now mixed, are perceptible in all the writings of Heine.

His first volume of poetry was published in 1822, and almost fell dead from the press. The only two plays which he ever wrote, "Almanzor" and "Ratcliff," were equally unsuccessful. His genius was eminently lyrical, and the drama tasked his powers too far. The "Lyrical Interlude" inserted between these two plays, excited but little interest at the time of publication. Heine thus met with the ordinary fate of youthful poets. He had to pass through the period of probation, and bide his time like the rest of the tuneful tribe. In 1827, however, he republished the collection of poems entitled the "Lyrical Interlude," together with his "Youthful Sorrows," and gave to the whole the title of the "Book of Songs." This time Heine sprang into the car of fame at a bound. His poems were read with avidity everywhere, but especially at the universities, where they were hailed with enthusiasm by the students, over whose minds they exercised great power.

Nor is this to be wondered at; for they appeal especially to the vivid imagination, the hot passions, and the vanity of youth. Youth's dreamy languor inspires some of them with its vague sorrows, aimless aspirations, and wild longings. The most terrible scenes are depicted in others; and the beauty of love glows on the page,

until the set time comes, and then the author blots it out at once as though he were impatient of his triumph, and anxious to obliterate every trace of its existence in some absurdity. One of the most powerful of the series of poems in the "Book of Songs" is that entitled "Visions." Here the author lets his imagination revel in the terrible and the mysterious without bridle or any other trammel. He multiplies terror on terror, and holds a ghoulish carnival of horrors. The following passage is, perhaps, as characteristic as any which we could select:—

"Only watch them! good sirs, how polite is your hand!

Ye carry your heads, 'stead of hats in your hand;

With your clattering bones, and like gallows-birds dressed,

Why arrive here so late when the wind is at rest?

"The old witch on her broomstick comes galloping on;

Ah, bless me, good mother, I'm really thy son.

The mouth in her pale face beginning to twitch,

'For ever, amen,' soon replies the old witch.

"Twelve wither'd musicians come creeping along;

The limping blind fiddler is seen in the throng;

Jackpudding dress'd out in his motley array,

On the grave digger's back is grimacing away.

"With dancing, twelve nuns from the convent advance,

The hoar old procuress leading the dance.

Twelve merry young priests follow close in their train,

And sing their lewd songs in a church-going strain.

"Till you're black in the face, good old clothesman, don't yell,

Your fur-coat will nothing avail you in hell;

'Tis heated for nought all the year with odd things,—

'Steal of wool, with the bones of dead beggars and kings.

"The girl with the flowers seemed hunch-backed and bent,

Tumbling head over heels in the room as they went;

With your faces like owls, and a grasshopper's leg,

That rattling of bones discontinue, I beg.

"The squadrons of hell all appear in their shrouds,

And bustle and bustle in fast-swelling crowds;

The waltz of damnation resounds in the ear;

Hush, hush! my sweet love is at length drawing near.

"Now, rabble, be quiet, or get you away!
I sorely can hear e'en one word that I say;
Hark! is't not the sound of a chariot at hand?"

Quick, open the door! why thus loitering stand?"

"Thou art welcome, my darling! how goes it,
my sweet?"

You're welcome, good parson! stand up, I entreat!

Good parson, with hoof of a horse and with tail,

I'm your dutiful servant, and wish you all hail!"

And in this wild and reckless manner does the author rush on, plunging into Tartarean glooms and horrors, only that he may throw into them his squibs and crackers; summoning spectres of the most terrible associations, that he may place upon them the cap and bells, and allowing his wanton humour to run into blasphemy. It will be apparent that Heine aims at the grotesque, rather than at the grand, the beautiful, the true, the holy. Truth he had failed to find in his rationalistic speculations; and to him nothing was holy, and nothing was terrible. Here and there in the "Book of Songs," we find poems of a much healthier stamp than that from which we have extracted—touches of tenderness, as of one who was wearied with perpetual scoffing, and who yearned for that love and sympathy at which he had jeered—tones of a profound plaintiveness, as of one who was weary of the world, and who took the entire blame of the sense of weariness on himself. One of the most touching of the poems of this sort is that entitled "The Mountain Echo."

It is very brief, and very beautiful; and, therefore, we make no apology for quoting it entire:—

"At sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave;
'Ah! travel I now to my mistress's arms,
Or, but to the darksome grave?'
The echo answer gave:
'The darksome grave!'"

And further rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express'd:
'If I thus early must go to my grave,
Yet in the grave is rest!
The answering voice confess'd:
'The grave is rest!'"

Adown the horseman's furrowed cheek
A tear fell on his breast;
'If rest I can only find in the grave,
For me the grave is best.'
The hollow voice confess'd:
'The grave is best.'"

Heine's next great work was his "Reisebilder," or, Pictures of Travel, written partly in prose and partly in verse, descriptive of the various countries through which he travelled, especially Italy and England, the whole being written at intervals between 1826 and 1831. The poetical portion of this wonderful composition is divided into three parts—"The Return Home," "The Hartz Journey," and "The Baltic." And here we have Heine's whole nature revealed to us with a frankness which we find nowhere else in his productions: we have the powerful imagination revelling in the grandeur, the beauty, the grotesque horror of its own creations, summoning the most direful shapes from the "vast deep" of his own mind, only that he might cast ridicule upon them; a fancy as exuberant as that of Jean Paul himself, capable of adorning any theme which it touches with garlands of inimitable beauty, and rejoicing in thus lavishing its boundless floral treasures with a profusion that is positively amazing, until, at last, in a fit of cynicism, they are all torn away with scorn, only to reveal the hideous features of a satyr; and then a mocking laughter is heard, and the poem winds up with a jest.

The French Revolution, in 1830, determined Heine's future career. Having previously lived at Hamburg and Munich, he had then taken up his abode at Berlin. He became a politician and a newspaper writer; and, in 1831, whether owing to certain broad hints from the Prussian authorities, or whether voluntarily, is not exactly known, but he proceeded to Paris, where he continued to live until the period of his death in February, 1856. He seldom visited Germany afterwards; and his countrymen always regarded him as frivolous and French. At Paris he contributed, either personally or through his friends, translations of his various works to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and the *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*. In 1831 he wrote a series of articles for the *Augsburg Gazette*, on the state of France, which he subsequently collected and published both in French and German. His political opinions were, of course, greatly modified and moulded by his philosophical predilections. Spinoza and Hegel were his guides in philosophy; and he regarded all great political

cal questions from the peculiar standpoint which this philosophy afforded him. The democratic development is, perhaps, a necessary outgrowth of Pantheistic reverie. Those who do not seek for a central cause, a single presiding intellect in the multiform harmonies of the universe, but who are satisfied with the multitudinous onrush of life, and who deify this vitality, are not likely to look with a favourable eye on any of the outgrowths of Feudalism?

Perhaps the most important of all Heine's prose works is his "History of Modern Literature in Germany," and which was afterwards republished under the title of "The Romantic School," and in French under that of "L'Allemagne." In this work his characteristic peculiarities are displayed more markedly than in any other of his lucubrations in prose. A French critic speaks of it in the following terms:—

"According to M. Heine, the whole of the intellectual movement of Germany, since Lessing and Kant, has been a death-struggle against Deism. This struggle he describes with passion, and it may be said that he heads it in person. He ranges his army in order of battle, he gives the signals, and marches the Titans against heaven, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, all those formidable spirits whose every thought is a victory, whose every formula is a cosmogonic *bouleversement*. Around them, in front, or behind, are grouped a crowd of writers, theologians, and poets, romance writers and savans. If one of the combatants stops short, like Schelling, the author overwhelms him with invectives. If a timid and poetic band of dreamers, such as Tieck, Novalis, Brentano, and Arnim, try to bring back this feverish Germany to the fresh poetry of the middle ages, he throws himself upon them and disperses them, like those Cobolds in the 'Book of Songs,' who overthrew the Angels of Paradise. And when the philosophical conflict is over, he predicts its consequences with a sort of savage delirium. He compares Kant to the bloodthirsty Dictators of 1793, and proclaims the Gospel of Pantheism. His theory of the intellectual history of the Germans is altogether false, and should only be consulted as an illustration—alas, too positive—of the fever at once mystical and sensual of a certain period of our age."

This book, we are told, produced a perfect storm of fury in Germany. "Denounced by Menzel and the Plet-

ists as an emissary of Modern Babylon, cursed by the austere *teutomania*s as a representative of Parisian corruption, Heine was not the less suspected by the Democrats, who accused him of treason." To all this fury of indignation was added official persecution.

It is not necessary for us to follow minutely the history of the successive prose publications of Heine. The most interesting of these was a collection of essays, commenced at Hamburg in 1834, completed in 1840, and published in four volumes, under the title of "Salon." His "Lutozia," or Paris, consists of a collection of articles on French politics, arts, and manners, written by him as the correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, between 1840 and 1844. An admirable and elaborate critical essay from his pen appeared in 1839, on the Women of Shakspeare. His "Confessions," "Dr. Faust," and the "Gods in Exile," were written a few years before his death, and when he was almost constantly racked by bodily suffering.

In 1841 was published Heine's most delightful poetical performance—"Atta Troll," the dancing bear of the Pyrenees. Here humour, imagination, pictorial power, wit, knowledge of the world, and a terrible sarcasm, are strongly blended into a harmonious whole. Wondrous scenes of woodland beauty are painted with the hand of a master; cataracts are tumbling in the sunshine; forest-holds withdraw themselves into deeper depths of greenery; a breeze runs through the forest leaves, and, amid the enchantment, there skips before you a French dancing-master, bowing and grimacing as if in mockery. The humour of the poem lies in the human attributes ascribed to the dancing bear, "Atta Troll," whose large soul leads him to refuse to dance for the bread of his master to the Biscayans; and who suddenly breaks his fetters—leaving his wife, the swarthy "Mumma," in the hands of the Philistines—hurries through the market-place and the dusty narrow streets, "each one civilly making way," clammers nimbly up the rocks, then looks down upon the town and its inhabitants in scorn, and at last vanishes within the mountains. Here the fantastic drama opens. The cave of Atta Troll, where the bear sits amid his youthful progeny,

thoughtfully sucking his paws, and ruminating as only bears and men can, is described with great power. It lies in the famous vale of Roncesval, hard beside Orlando's Gap, where that mighty hero clove a passage through the wall of rock with his trusty sword, Duranda. Atta Troll has four sons and two daughters. "Well-licked maidens were the latter, with fair hair like parsons' daughters." The youths were brown, only the youngest, with the single ear, is black. How he came to have a single ear is thus related:—

"Now this youngest was the darling
Of his mother, who, when playing,
Happened once to bite his ear off,
And for very love she ate it."

The aged Atta Troll boasts of his achievements as a dancing bear; and, like other *artistes* who have retired from the stage, while affecting to despise criticism when it was adverse, he treasures up in his memory, and duly recounts the plaudits which greeted some of his more marvellous performances. The poet argues that, as we often wonder as to the manner in which the intelligences who are above us reason, it may not be amiss to give a sample of the sage cogitations of the bestial strata below, who, as he assures us, meet all that common custom, and all schemes of natural history have led us to admit as truth, with the flat denial of "impious muzzle."

It is thus that Atta Troll growls and grumbles in the presence of his hopeful family:—

"Men, pray are ye any better
Than we others, just for eating
All your dinners, boiled or roasted?
In a raw state we eat ours."

"Yet is the result the same
To us both.—No; food can never
Make one noble; he is noble
Who both nobly feels and acteth."

"Men, pray are ye any better
Just because the arts and science
With success ye follow? We now
Never give ourselves the trouble."

"Are there not such things as learned
Dogs, and horses too, who reckon
Just like counsellors of commerce?
Do not hares the drum play finely?"

"Are not many beavers adepts
In the art of hydrostatics?
Were not clysters first invented
By the cleverness of storks?"

"Write not asses criticisms?
Are not apes all good comedians?
Is there any greater mimic
Than Batavia, long-tailed monkey?"

"Are not nightingales good singers?
And is Freiligrath no poet?
Who can sing of lions better
Than his countryman the camel?"

"I myself the art of dancing
Have advanced as much as Raumer
That of writing. Writes he better
Than I dance,—yes, I the bear?"

"Men, why are ye any better
Than we others? Upright hold ye,
It is true your heads, but in them
Low-born thoughts are ever creeping."

"Men, pray are ye any better
Than are we because your skin is
Smooth and glistening? This advantage
Ye but share with every serpent."

This is a slight specimen of the humour of Heine, with its glowing sarcasms and sparkling personalities. He can never allow even his imagination to run riot without previously steeping it in bitterness. The pursuit of the bear, "Atta Troll," and the adventures of the pursuers, are described as, perhaps, no other poet but Heine could have described them. There is such a mingling of the familiar and the terrible, the comic and the tragic, the real and the imaginary; such a grotesque juxtaposition of the fish woman and the witch, the village market-place and the glamour of the eve of St. John's, the babble upon the bridge and the vision of the wild hunt, as is not possible to any other than a Teutonic poet, and to few German poets in like degree with Heine. This poem has won for Heine the title of the Ariosto of Germany. There is an exuberance of fancy throughout it which might seem to justify the title, were it not for the fact that all epic interest is purposely excluded. There is no hero and no heroine; no plot, and nothing to be unravelled; and whenever the interest of the reader is excited, it is sure to be disappointed and laughed at by the poet. He plays with his genius and his acquirements as an emperor might play with golden bangles, and at last tosses them away in superb disdain.

In 1844 Heine published, as an appendix to a new collection of poems, his "Germany, a Winter Tale," in which he relates his adventures when travelling to Hamburg to see his mother, during the previous winter. A

tone of bitter railery runs through it from first to last. His scathing satire glances at every thing that comes in his way. He spares nothing, and spares nobody—not even himself. From the moment when he reaches the Prussian frontier to the time when he arrives at Hamburg, he is surrounded with an atmosphere of absurdities, and sees nothing that is not ridiculous. The enormous mustachios of the Prussian soldiery excite his merriment, as he says of them:—

“The long mustachio, nothing more
Than the pigtail of old discoses;
The tail that formerly hung behind
Is hanging now right under their noses.”

He contrives also to drag in the names of his political, philosophical, and æsthetical adversaries, wherever he can do so to advantage, and when they can be impaled upon the keen point of his wit. Among those so treated are Neander, Uhland, Körner, Tieck, Charles Meyer, Raumer the historian, Fouqué, Nicholas Becker, and Hoffman of Follerleben. One of the sections into which the poem is divided—the thirteenth—in its unmitigated blasphemy and contemptuous pity of our Lord, and the ridicule which it endeavours to cast on his sublime mission, is worthy only of the ribald pen of Voltaire, in one of his worst moods. The most pleasing part of the poem is that which is descriptive of Kyffhäuser, the mountain cave, where, according to popular tradition, the Emperor Barbarossa is sleeping, with its four compartments, in the first of which are thousands of horses, all caparisoned, not one of which ever neighs or betrays the slightest symptoms of animation, but all remain bound in an “iron-featured” silence. In the second compartment thousands of soldiers—“a bearded race”—with warlike faces, lie in a deep slumber. In the third of the halls lofty piles of swords, spears, and axes, are lying, with armour and helmets of silver and steel, while high out of the mighty heap is reared a standard of a black-red-golden colour. And in the fourth compartment the Emperor dozes; his red beard rolling to the ground, “like a fiery ocean,” destined some day to arouse the sleepers with the cry of—“To horse! To horse!” and put an end to wrongdoing throughout the whole of Germany. All these are finely described,

with less of that mocking tone which elsewhere mars Heine’s most elaborate descriptive passages. But this is not for long. The wicked spirit speedily returns, and the whole is turned into ridicule in a couple of sections, wherein the poet describes an interview he had with Barbarossa in a dream, and at once strips the ancient legend of its beauty, and converts the Emperor into a waddling antiquary, not wearing by any means “that respectable look” with which he has been drawn, dusting with a peacock’s fan his ancient treasures, careful of his money, careful of his beard, and chattering and abusing with all the garrulity of a fish-wife. When they reach the hall where his warriors are slumbering, the Emperor says:—

“We must take care, while here, not to
waken the men,
— And make no noise in the gallery;
A hundred years have again passed away,
And to-day I must pay them their salary.”

And this he does by slipping a ducat into the pocket of each of the sleeping soldiery.

“And then he remarked, with a simpering
face,
When I observed him with wonder:
‘I give them a ducat apiece as their pay,
At periods a century asunder.’”

In the years 1850 and 1851, Heine wrote his last great poetical work, entitled “*Romanzero*.” At this time he was suffering from that fearful malady, which, commencing with a paralysis of the left eyelid, extended to both eyes, and finally terminated in paralysis and atrophy of the legs. For eight years he was confined to his couch in a state, as he himself says, of “death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write.” Heine wrote this very remarkable book at this period, and divided it into three parts, called respectively, “*Histoires*,” “*Lamentations*,” and “*Hebrew Melodies*.” The first contains poems which are very dissimilar the one from the other, and few of which are written in Heine’s ordinary manner. Romantic ballads were unfitted for conveying that stream of sarcasm, irony, and bitter mockery, in which he delighted. The second of the three books is almost as miscellaneous as the first; but the third, entitled “*Hebrew Melodies*,” contains some of

Heine's very best, as well as some of his very worst effusions. It is subdivided into three parts, which he entitles, "Princess Sabbath," "Jehuda ben Halevy," and "Disputation." The first part is merely an introduction to "Jehuda ben Halevy," one of the purest and most beautiful of all Heine's creations. His Jewish origin betrays itself in the love and sympathy which he gives to the Hebrew poet of the Middle Ages. Of the concluding section of the "Hebrew Melodies" the less that is said the better will it be for the memory of Heine. Here he ridicules Judaism and Christianity both; and does it with a coarseness which admits of no palliation.

Three years after the publication of "Romancero," Heine issued another volume, which, with a premonition of his approaching end, he styled "Latest Poems." On the 17th of February, 1856, he was released from his sufferings. To the very last he preserved his gaiety, and kept up the bitter banter which had distinguished him in his happier, or, at least, less painful days. His translator informs us, that a few days before his death, Hector Berlioz called on him, just as a tiresome German professor was leaving the room, after wearying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow! The fact is, I have just been *exchanging thoughts* with Dr. —," said Heine. It has been said of Heine that though he had many admirers, he had few friends; and the paucity of men of note who attended his obsequies would seem to sanction this view. Mignet, Dumas, and Gautier attended his funeral, and these are the only remarkable men who paid respect to the remains of the man who was supposed to have succeeded Goethe on the throne of German poetry.

Our general estimate of the genius and character of Heine may be gathered from what we have already said. He was a singular compound of sentiment and sarcasm, romance and worldliness, irreligion and religiosity. He delighted in depicting the violent contrasts between the real and the ideal. Like most men of genius whose organism

is of the finest and most sensitive, he had a duality of nature—an intense materialism and an intense spiritualism, and he delighted in the enchantments of the ideal only that he might contrast them with the bald and bare realities of everyday life. He had no religion, and therefore he had no key to the anomalies of the physical and moral universe. He was not a bad man, in the ordinary sense; neither was he, in the ordinary sense, a good one. We are told that he was a good son and an affectionate husband. He might be both; and yet he was jealous of his wife, and neglected his mother. That he was fond of the former is very certain. He frequently speaks of her in terms of endearment; and yet on one occasion he took it into his head that she had run away from him, and was only reassured on this point by discovering that a favourite parrot was still in the room, saying that if his wife had really left him, "Cocotte," the parrot, would have disappeared also. And although he very seldom visited his mother, the "old woman at the Damnthor," yet, to spare her unavailing pangs, he uniformly wrote to her in a cheerful tone while he was confined to his bed; and when he was able to write no longer, he attributed that inability to a trifling affection of the eyes, from which he hoped speedily to recover. He was tender, and yet, untrue. With the lazy temperament of the poet, he worked hard. He entered at many things in which he evidently believed, from a diseased love of joking; and like Byron, exaggerated the extent of his scepticism, and gloried in it.

Heine is but little known to English readers. No complete translation of his poetical productions has appeared in our language until within the last two months. Mr. E. A. Bowring, already favourably known as a translator of the writings of Goethe and Schiller, has performed the task of rendering Heine into English, preserving the original metres. This he has done in a version so spirited and so faithful as to leave nothing to be desired. It will not be the fault of Mr. Bowring if Heine does not become an English classic.

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. VII.

OUR NEIGHBOURS AND DISTANT RELATIONS.

My fellow-passenger, ascertaining that I was going to Radley's Hotel, at Southampton, proposed to share my cab, and also, if I had no objection, to join me at dinner. This arrangement was most agreeable, for nothing is so uncomfortable or uninviting as a solitary meal. Indeed, I think, conversation is absolutely necessary to digestion. It compels you to eat slowly, and enables you to enjoy your wine, which you are never inclined to do when alone. Talk is an excellent condiment. A dog prefers to retire to a corner with his food, and if a comrade approaches him he snarls, shows his teeth, and if he persists in intruding his company, most probably fights him. But dogs cannot communicate their ideas to each other; if they could they would, no doubt, regard the quality of their food as well as its quantity. Man is a reasoning animal, and delights in a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," as much as in his material food; he equally dislikes a crowded or an empty table. The old rule that your company should not be less than three, or exceed nine, is a fanciful one, founded on the limited number of graces and muses. Now, in my opinion, the arrangement should be made by couples, from two to ten. Three is a very inconvenient limitation, constituting, according to an old adage, "no company." If ten assemble the table should be round, which admits of your seeing all your friends at once, avoids the necessity of talking across any one, and enables you to hear more distinctly. Straight lines are always formal, but never more so than at a convivial board; indeed, I should prefer to have the dining-room circular: you can then say, with truth, that you are "surrounded by your friends," or that you have "gathered your friends round you," expressions which are either unmeaning or inapplicable to our ordinary arrangements. But this is a digression.

My new acquaintance, Colonel Mortimer, had seen much foreign service, and was a well-informed and

pleasant companion. He was acquainted with many people I had known in the East, and with several of my friends in North America. Nothing is more agreeable than such a casual meeting with one who has travelled over the same ground as yourself. It enables you to compare notes, and has the advantage of presenting the same objects in different points of view. After dinner I reverted to our conversation of the morning, as to the state of our national defences. "This place," I said, "is imperfectly fortified, and open to attack both by land and sea, and the number and value of the steamers in the docks invite a visit from our neighbours, if we should, unfortunately, be at war with them. Do you really think there is any fear of a French invasion?"

"Fear," he said, "is a word, you know, we Englishmen don't understand. Nelson, when a boy, asked what it meant; but, I do think, there is reason to apprehend invasion. As I observed this morning, what is the object of the great and incessant naval preparations in France? I asked the question, the other day, of a Frenchman; he shrugged his shoulders and said, 'We are at war with the Chinese, and we think it necessary to be prepared for an attack from them!' The real design, however, is too obvious to be denied. The Emperor is in politics a *Loyolast*, a sort of diplomatic Jesuit, who says one thing and means its opposite, who conceals his objects until the proper time arrives to unmask them, and who by his skill acquires your confidence without giving you his own in exchange for it. He is not an "ally," but "a lie" to England, and an enigma to Europe. His naval preparations point to us; they may be meant as a blind to withdraw public attention from his designs upon Belgium or Prussia, and, judging by his past acts, it is not improbable that such may be the case; but as neither of these countries possesses a navy, it is not reasonable to suppose that such an enormous expenditure has been in-

curred for such a purpose. We must look at things as they are, and draw our own conclusions. At this moment he has twenty line-of-battle ships on the stocks, plated with steel, and fitted with every modern improvement. He has completed the construction of a coast line of telegraphs, all centering at Cherbourg, so that no ship can leave any harbour on this side of the channel without being signalled to the fleet stationed at that port. These preparations for war are not confined to France: he has a greater military force at Martinique and Guadeloupe than we have in all our West India Islands put together. He has fortified St. Pierre and Michelon, which lie between Newfoundland and Canada, contrary to the express terms of the treaty; and under pretence of meeting at Cape Breton the French mails, conveyed by the Cunard steamers, he sends men-of-war thither, who return to those places heavily laden with coal from the Sydney mines. This is pretended to be for the use of the ships themselves, but every now and then a sailing vessel takes a cargo on account, it is said, of the merchants there, but in reality for the Government. He has an immense store of coal there; and every vessel laden with fish, that sails thence to the French West India Islands I have named, quietly conveys a certain portion of this fuel, to form a depot there also, for his Atlantic fleet.

"The Island of Cape Breton, as you are aware, is one vast coal field, and was conquered from the French. Its capital, Louisburg, was taken by General Wolfe. Most of the inhabitants of that colony remained there after its formal cession to England, and their descendants are, to this day, a separate race, speaking the language of their forefathers; they are mainly occupied in the fisheries, and are excellent pilots. Their descent, their religion, their traditions, and their sympathies, naturally incline them to think favourably and kindly of their mother country; and though not actually disloyal to England, they are not unfavourably disposed towards the French. It has been observed of late that their friendship has been systematically courted by the latter, who engage their young men in their fisheries, encourage them to trade with them, and, under one pretence

or other, continually visit their harbours. During the past year, while that valuable colonial possession has been entirely neglected by the admiral on the Halifax station, three French men-of-war have been at anchor a great part of the time, at Sydney, as if it were a French port, and their flags, and that of their consuls, were the only ones that were seen by the inhabitants. Cape Breton, on its eastern side, presents many harbours, and numerous hiding-places for French men-of-war, not merely on its coast, but by means of the great Bras d'Or Lake (which is an arm of the sea that nearly divides the island into two parts) affords nooks of concealment in the very heart of the country. The coal mines are wholly unprotected, and could be either held or rendered useless at the pleasure of an aggressor. What renders this more alarming is, that *Halifax, and the whole of our squadron* at that station, are entirely dependent upon these very mines for their supply of coal; so that in six-and-thirty hours' sail from St. Pierre, one ship of war could reach Sydney, and render the English fleet utterly powerless to move from their moorings. On every foreign station, whether on the Atlantic, or Pacific side of America, or in the East, the French naval force has been quietly and unostentatiously increased, so that if war were to break out, they would be in the ascendant in every quarter. In these days of telegraphic communication, when news of hostility can be transmitted with the rapidity of lightning, it is not too much to say, that the Emperor, by his foresight, judicious preparations, and well-concealed plans, could sweep the commerce of England from the seas in six weeks.

As I said before, I am no alarmist; I conjure up no phantoms of a junction of Russian or American fleets with those of France, because that probability is too painful to contemplate; but despite the frivolous, pooh-poohing, and imbecile policy of those who ridicule patriotism, and throw cold water on the formation of defensive independent corps, which they style the result of a "rifle fever," I think there is every reason to apprehend that our country is in imminent danger. An invasion of England is a traditional idea in France.

Napoleon the First, as we all know, very nearly attempted it; Louis Philippe had it much at heart. The Prince de Joinville, you are aware, published a pamphlet on the subject, and kept alive the national feeling by describing to his countrymen the facility with which London could be taken by a *coup de main*, and excited their cupidity by pointing out to them the enormous booty it contained, to reward their successful attack. To prepare the public mind for such an attempt, and to awaken and revive the naval ardour of the nation, our flag was everywhere insulted, and in one instance he fired into one of our gun brigs, in South America, forcibly took away her pilot, a Brazilian subject, and compelled him to transfer his services to the French ship. From the time of the first Empire to the present, every exertion has been made by every successive government to increase the French navy, not merely by building ships, accumulating naval stores, and enlarging their dockyards, but by giving bounties to their vessels engaged in the foreign fisheries, especially those of Newfoundland, which are great and growing nurseries for their seamen. There are more than thirty thousand well-trained sailors engaged in this business alone. Now you must recollect that France, possessing but few colonies, and much less commerce than we have, has, of course, very much less to defend, while our distant possessions and immense foreign trade require a force for their protection nearly equal to what is necessary to ensure our own safety. The French navy is aggressive, and not defensive; its business is to burn, sink, or destroy, not to guard, protect, or defend; its employment will be piracy—its reward plunder. The past and present neglect of our navy is, therefore, altogether inexcusable; we must maintain our maritime supremacy, whatever the cost may be; and if our fleets have the command of the channel, we may safely entrust our defences to them, with a certain conviction that our native land will never be polluted by the presence, or ravaged by the hordes, of a foreign invader.

"I am entirely of your opinion," I said: "I have been so much abroad lately, that I am not very" —

"Well posted up, eh, Squire She-

gog? Well, if you ain't, I want to know who is, that's all? And how are you, stranger? I hope I see you well."

"Quite well, Mr. Peabody" (for it was he). "And how is my friend, the senator?"

"Hearty as brandy," he said, "but not quite so spirited; looks as sleepy as a horse afore an empty manger, but is wide awake for all that. He'll be here directly; great bodies move slow; he worms his way through a crowd, as perlit as a black waiter. 'Permit me to pass, if you please, Sir.' 'By your leave; will you be good enough to allow me to go on,' and soforth. I make short metre of it. I took up a porter by the nape of his neck, and stood him on one side, as easy as if he'd been a chessman. It made people stare, I tell you; and I shoved one thus way, and another that way, and then put my two hands together before me like a wedge, and split a way right through the crowd. One fellow, seeing what I was at, just scroodged up again me, so as to hold his place: 'Take your hand off my watch-chain' said I; 'what do you mean by a hustlin of me that way?' The fellow squared round, and so did others, and I pushed on, saying I should not wonder if my purse was gone too. They had to make room to feel their pockets, and that made room for me. There is no use a talkin of it, stranger, people must keep off the track, unless they want to be run over. Here comes Senator, I do declare, a puffin and a blowin like a wounded porpoise, when the whole shoal of 'em are arter him."

"Well, Senator," said Peabody, "you seem to have had a tempestical time of it at the station, among the excursionists agoin to see the Great Eastern. Take a chair, and sit down, and rest yourself, for you look like a fellow that's sent for, and can't come, and sittin is as cheap as standin, when you don't pay for it. So let us all heave to, and cast anchor, it saves the legs, and depend upon it, they wern't made always to hang down, like a Chinaman's tail, or dangle like old Sharnon Fluke's queue. If you want them to last out the body, you must rest them, that's a fact; you must put them upon a chair, or out of a winder, or cross them in front of you, like a tailor. Is it any wonder the English

go about limpin, hobblin, and dotango-one in, when their feet hang down for everlastin, like those of a poke, when it's frightened from a swamp, by a shot from a Frenchman, who hates him like pyson, for poachin among his frogs. Blood won't run up hill for ever, you may depend. I don't wonder you are tired, threadin your way through these excursionists. Don't the British beat all natur in their way? they will go any where, stranger, to see any thing big. What's curious ain't no matter, it's size they like—a hugeacious ship, a big glass palace, a mammoth hog, an enormous whale, a big ox, or a big turnip, or Big Ben (that's cracked like themselves); any monster, fish, flesh, or fowl, is enough to make the fools stare, and open their mouths as if they were a going to swallow it whole, tank, shank, and flank. Fact, I assure you—now jist look ahere. Senator is a far bigger man than I be anywhere, he has more larnin, more sense, and the gift of speech of ten women's tongues, reduced and simmered down to an essence; talks like a book: we call him a 'big bug' to home. Well, he is undersized you see, and they think nothen of him here, but stare like owls at a seven-footer like me. As one of them said to me to-day, 'if you are a fair specimen of your countrymen, Mr. Peabody, I must say the Americans are a splendid race of men.' 'Stranger,' said I, 'I am just nothen, I am only seventeen hands high, or so; I am the leastest of father's nine sons; you should have seen my brother Oby: when he was courtin Miss Jemime Coffin, of Nantucket, he used to lean on the winder sill in the second story, and talk to her as easy as if he was a lollin on the back of her chair. One night he went, as usual, to have a chat with the old folks—of course he did not go to see the young ones; such a thing is impossible, who ever heard of that in all their born days! Visits is always to parents, and if a lady comes in by accedent, and the old ones go out, or go to bed, why, accordin to reason and common sense, young people remain behind, and finish the evening; nateral politeness requires that, you know. Well, this time he was a little bit too late; they had all gone to roost. To home in our country, folks don't sit up for everlastin as they do here, but as soon

as it is daylight down, and supper over, tortle off to bed. Well, this night, the fire was raked up safe, the hearth swept clean and snug, the broom put into a tub of water, for fear of live coals a stickin to it, and they had all turned in, some to sleep, some to dream, and some to snore. I believe in my soul, a Yankee gall of the right build, make, and shape, might stump all creation for snoring."

"And pray," said I, "what do you call the *right build* for that elegant accomplishment?"

"Why," said Peabody, "a gall that is getting old, thin, and vinegary, that has a sharp-edged bill-hook to her face, with its sides collapsed; they act like stops to a key-bugle, and give great power to that uncommon superfine wind instrument, the nose. Lor'! an old spinster practitioner is a caution to a steam-whistle, I tell you. As I was asayin, they had all gone to the land of Nod, when Oby arrived, so as he didn't like to be hauled of his chat with the young lady, he jist goes round, and taps agin the glass, and she ups out of bed, opens the sash, and begins to talk like all possessed, when he jist puts his arm round her waist, hands her right out as she was, throws his cloak over her, whips her up afore him on his hoss, and off to Rhode Island, and marries her quick stick. It gave her such an awful fright, it brought on a fever, and when she got well, her face was as red as a maple leaf in the fall. Gracious! what a fiery daughtertype it gave her; she always vowed and maintained it warn't the fever that throwed out the scarlet colour, but that she blushed so, at being hauled out of the winder all of a sudden, afore she had time to dress, that the blushes never left her arterwards. Give a woman modesty for a title-page, and see if she won't illuminate and illustrate, and picturate it to the nines. Yes, if you want to look on a model man, you must see Oby. He was near eighteen hands high, fine lean head, broad forehead, big eye, deep shoulder, perdigious loins, immense stifle, splendiferous fists, knock an ox down a'most, and a foot that would kick a green pine stump right out of the ground; noble tempered fellow as ever trod shoe leather, never put out in his life, except when he warn't pleased; in short, he was all a gall could ask, and

more than she could hope for. Poor fellow! only to think he was tied for life to one that looked as scarlet as the settin sun arter a broilin day in summer, hot enough to make water bile, and red enough to put your eyes out. It all came from bein in an all-fired red hot haste. Still, I won't say but what there are shorter men than me in the States, and specially among the French, in Canada. I was driven, between Montreal and Quebec, winter afore last, in a little low sleigh I had, and I overtook a fellow that was a jogging on along afore me, as if he was paid by time, and not distance; sais I, 'friend, give us room to pass, will you, that's a good fellow;' for in deep snow, that's not so easy a job as you'd think. Well, he said he couldn't, and when I asked him again, he said he wouldn't. We jawed a little grain faster than our horses trotted, you may suppose, when all of a sudden he stop't straight right in the middle of the track, atween two enormous snow drifts, and said, "'since you are insuch an everlastin hurry, pass on.'" Well, there was nothin left for me to do but to get out, throw the little chatterin monkey into the snow bank, and his horse and sleigh arter him; but when I began to straighten up, the fellow thought there was no end to me; it fairly made his hair stand on end, so; it lift up his fur cap—fact, I assure you. "So," sais he, "'stranger, you needn't uncoil more of yourself, I cave in,'" and he scrabbles out quick stick, takes his horse by the head, and makes room for me as civil as you please. But, stranger, sposin we *pre-rogue* this session, and *re-rogue* again, as they say in Congress, to the smoking room."

We accordingly all proceeded thither, with the exception of the Colonel, who said he never smoked, and had, besides, an appointment with the officer commanding at the battery.

"Now," said Peabody, producing a case of cigars; "I feel to hum—talking and smoking is dry work; when I want to build up a theory, I require liquid cement to moisten the mortar, coat the materials, and make them look nicely."

"When you joined us," I said, addressing the Senator, "my friend the Colonel and myself were discussing the probability of a rupture with France; do you think there is any

prospect of an interruption in our friendly relations with America?"

"That," said he, "is a question easier asked than answered. Under ordinary circumstances, I should say no; but inconsiderate and unprincipled people may compromise the United States in a way to make the President think that concession may be mistaken for fear, and that recourse must be had to hostilities for the sake of national honour."

"Well, supposing such an occurrence to take place, for instance, as has lately happened by your taking forcible possession of the island of St. Juan, and a conflict were to ensue, what would be the conduct of the colonists? Do you suppose that they would defend themselves, and remain loyal to England, or would they sympathize with the invaders?"

"There is not the slightest doubt in the world," he replied, "that they would retain their allegiance. Few persons in this country are aware of the value and extent of British America, its vast resources and magnificent water privileges, or the character and nature of its population. The British possessions in North America cover the largest, the fairest, and most valuable portion of that continent. They comprise an area of upwards of four million square geographical miles, being nearly a ninth part of the whole terrestrial surface of the globe, and exceeding in extent the United States and their territories, by more than 579,000 miles. The Old Atlantic colonies consist of Canada (east and west), New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, and to these countries alone has public attention been hitherto occasionally directed. The history of the rule of Downing-street over these valuable dependencies, since the peace of 1763, is a tissue of neglect or ignorance, of obstinate conflicts or ill-judged concessions. Nothing has preserved them to you but the truly loyal and British feeling of the people, and a continued and marvellous prosperity, that has triumphed over every difficulty, and overpowered the voice of politics by the noise of the axe, the saw, and the hammer. They have been too busy in commercial to think much of political speculations, and too familiar with free institutions to be intoxicated with

power, like those who have but recently acquired their rights. However large the accretion by emigration may be from Europe, the bulk of the people are natives, who are accustomed to the condition of colonial life, and the possession of responsible government, and desire neither absolute independence of England nor annexation to the United States, but who feel that they have outgrown their minority, and are entitled to the treatment and consideration due to adult and affectionate relatives. The day for governing such colonies as those in North America by a few irresponsible head clerks in Downing-street has passed away, and something more efficient than the present system must be substituted in its place. As these countries increase in population and wealth, so do the educated and upper classes, who, although they deprecate agitation, will never consent to occupy a position of practical inferiority to their brethren in England, or their neighbours in the United States. They are contented with the power of self-government that they possess within the limits of their respective provinces; but they feel that there is no bond of union between the Atlantic colonies themselves; that they have five separate governments, with five several tariffs, five different currencies, and five distinct codes of municipal laws; that the supreme power is lodged in Downing-street; that the head of the department with which they are connected is more occupied with imperial interests than theirs, and goes in and out of office with his party, while the business is delegated to clerks; that they not only have no voice in matters of general intercolonial and foreign interest to all the colonies, but that as individuals, or delegates, they have no personal status here, and no duly constituted medium of transacting their business with the imperial government. This inconvenience is generally felt and lamented, and there are not wanting unquiet persons, both here and in our country, who point out to them that their neighbours have a minister in London, and a consul at every large seaport, and many of the manufacturing towns in Great Britain, while even Hayti has its black ambassador, and every petty German state its accredited political agent. This is as obvious to you as

it is to them, and common prudence, if no higher motive, should induce you to apply a remedy before it grows into an established grievance of dangerous magnitude."

"He talks like a book, Squire, don't he?" said Mr. Peabody; "if you only had the like of him for a colonial minister, I reckon he would make English secretaries rub their eyes and stare, as if they felt they had been just woke up out of a long dreamy sleep. Why, would you believe it, not one of these critters ever saw a colony, in all his born days, and yet the head man, or Boss, as we call him, sends out governors that know as little as he does. When he gets the appointment himself, he is like a hungry lean turkey being prepared for market—he has to be crammed by the clerks. 'Tell me,' says he, 'about Canada, and show me the ropes. Is Canada spelt with two n's?' 'No, my Lord Tom, Dick, or Harry,' (as the case may be), says the underling; 'it ought to be, but people are so poor they can only afford one.' 'Capital,' says secretary, 'come, I like that, it's uncommon good. I must tell Palmerston that. But what is it remarkable for? for I know no more about it than a child.' 'Big lakes, big rivers, big forests,' says clerk. 'Ah,' says he, 'when will the government be wicant? Now, New Brunswick, what of that?' 'Large pine timber, ship-building, big rivers again, and fisheries.' 'Grey wants that for one of his family; but the Eliots threaten to go against us, if we don't give it to one of their clan. To settle the dispute, I shall appoint my brother. Now, tell me about Nova Scotia.' 'Good harbours, Halifax is the capital, large coal fields, lots of iron ore, and fish without end, quiet people.' 'Ah, that will just suit Mulgrave.' 'Now,' says the clerk, 'if any colony feller comes a botherin here, the answer is, "you have a responsible government, we should be sorry to interfere." That's our stereotyped reply, or "leave your papers to be considered." 'I will then post you up in it agin he calls next day. All colonists are rascals; no principle—they pretend to be loyal—don't believe them; unless they are snubbed, they are apt to be troublesome'—By golly, I do wonder to hear Senator talk as he does, when he knows

in his heart, we couldn't stand them when we were colonists, and just gave the whole bilin of them the mitten, and reformed them out in no time."

"Now, my good friend," said the Senator, "how do you know all this? You were never in Downing-street in your life, and it's not fair to draw upon your imagination, and then give fancy sketches as facts."

"Lyman Boodle," said the other, striking his fist on the table with much warmth; "I am not the fool you take me to be. Didn't our Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Victoria, tell both you and me so, in the presence of John Van Buren and Joshua Bates, word for word what I have said; and didn't you break through your solemnholly manner, and laugh like a slave nigger (for they are the only folks that laugh in our country). So come now, what's the use of pretendin'; I like a man that's right up and down, as straight as a shingle."

"Mr. Peabody," said the Senator, with well-affected dignity, "I have no recollection of the conversation you allude to; but if it did take place, as you say, nothing can excuse a man for repeating a piece of badinage, and abusing the confidence of a private party."

"Ly," said his friend, looking puzzled, "you do beat the devil, that's a fact."

The Senator, without pressing his objections any farther, turned to me, and with great composure, resumed his observations. "There are now," he said, "about three millions of inhabitants in British America, and in justice to them I may add, that a more loyal, intelligent, industrious, and respectable population is not to be found in any part of the world. Their numerical strength is about the same as that of our thirteen revolted colonies, in 1763, when they successfully resisted England, and extorted their independence. But there is this remarkable difference between the two people. The predilection of us Americans, with some few exceptions, was ever republican. The New England States were settled by Cromwellians, who never fully acknowledged English sovereignty. From the earliest period they aimed at independence, and their history is one continued series of contests with

the prerogative of the king, the power of parliament, and the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts. From the first, they claimed the country as their own, and boldly asserted their exclusive right to govern it. They altered the national flag, assumed the right to coin money, entered into treaties with the native tribes, and their Dutch and French neighbours, and exercised sovereign powers in defiance of the mother country. Aware of the advantage and strength derived from union, the New England Colonies confederated at a very early period, and elected a representative body of delegates, who settled all disputes of a religious, territorial, or defensive nature, arising either between their respective provinces, or between them and their neighbours of foreign origin. In this tribunal we find the embryo Congress of the United States, and the outline of the government which now prevails in that country; it required but time and opportunity to develop it. The control of the parent state was ever merely nominal, and when it ceased to exist, the change was little more than converting practical into positive independence, by substituting forcible for passive and obstructive resistance. The unjust as well as impolitic attempt to impose taxation without representation, afforded them what they ardently desired—a justifiable ground for organizing an armed opposition, and a deep-rooted disaffection, and sectarian hatred, infused a vigour and a bitterness into the contest, that the assertion of a constitutional right would alone have failed to inspire. When an object is predetermined, it is not often that folly furnishes so good an occasion for effecting it as the Stamp Act. Had the people been originally loyal, resistance would have ceased when it had been successful; but the repeal of the Act, while it removed the obnoxious tax, failed to appease disaffection, and the contest was continued, not for principle, but for independence. The present British provinces are peopled by a totally different race. They were never the refuge of the discontented, but the asylum of the loyalists, who were either driven from their homes by us, or voluntarily followed the flag of their sovereign into the British terri-

tory. The great bulk of the original settlers of Upper Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, had carried arms on the British side in the American Revolution, and those who subsequently removed there, selected the country because they preferred retaining their allegiance to their sovereign to becoming subjects of the Republic. Most of the loyalists were men of property and education, for such are seldom revolutionists, and their descendants have inherited the feelings of their forefathers. It is from this cause, that they are morally, and from the salubrity of their climate, physically fully equal, if not superior, to their English brethren—a fact that is patent to all who have travelled on that continent, or mixed with the population on both sides of the Atlantic. It is necessary to keep these facts in view, whilst speculating on the destiny of these noble colonies. It is a settled conviction with a certain class of politicians in this country (who hold that colonies are an incumbrance), that as soon as they are able, they will separate from the parent state; and they point to the United States as a proof of the truth of their theory. This has been loudly and offensively proclaimed by such men as Duncombe, Wakefield, and Buller, who have wounded the susceptibilities of the colonists by their offensive personal remarks, and weakened the interest which the people in this country have hitherto felt in their transatlantic possessions. It is, however, manifest, that separation does not necessarily follow from the power to sever the connexion, but that to the ability, must be superadded the desire; and that where there is a good and cordial feeling subsisting, that desire is not likely to arise, unless it is the decided interest of the colonists to become independent. In what that interest can consist, it is difficult to conceive, so long as this country pursues a wise, liberal, and just policy towards so important a portion of the empire."

"I will tell you," said Peabody, "what their interest is, and you know it as well as I do. Their interest is to jine us, and become part and parcel of the greatest nation in all creation; to have a navy and army of their own, and by annexation to the

United States, to feel they are able to lick all the world. Now they are nothing; no, not half nothing, but just a nonentity. Invaded and insulted by us, they can't help themselves for fear of England, and England daren't go to war, for fear of the cotton spinners of Manchester. Big fish were never found in small ponds. Let them jine us, and I'd like to see the power that would dare to hurt a hair of their heads. They haven't got one member to Parliament, no more than footmen have; if they belonged to us, they would send a hundred Senators to Congress. Who ever heard of a colonist being appointed a governor anywhere? Catch the English a-doing of that! No; they give them the great and glorious privilege of paying British governors, and actilly make them fork out to Sir Head, in Canada, a salary much larger than we pay to the President of the United States; and while they support all the consuls east of Philadelphia, by fees levied off their ships, only one colonial consul is to be found, and Lord Clarendon was bullied into that. I tell you I know it as a fact, they are shut out of every appointment in the empire."

"You forget," said the Senator, "that Mr. Hincks was appointed a governor."

"No, I don't," said Peabody, "but he warn't a colonist; he was an Irishman that went to Canada to seek his fortune, and he was promoted for two reasons: first, he was an Irishman; and secondly, he waded into the troubled waters Lord Elgin got into, and carried him out on his back, or he would have gone for it. But show me a native that ever got that commission! You say the critters have some intelligence; well, if they hui, wouldn't they show their sense by jining us, and being made eligible to be elected President, or Foreign Ambassador, or Secretary of State, and so on? What sort of birthright is a farm in the woods, half swamps, half stumps, with a touch of the ague? and no prospect before them but to rise to be a constable or a hogreave, catching vagrant thieves or stray pigs! Bah! the English are fools to expect this to last, and Canadians are still bigger fools to stand it. But go on; some of these days you will say, 'Peabody

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times its population in 1817 (or thirty-three years before.)

"Nor is the comparative statement of cereal production less favourable. The growth of wheat is very nearly one-sixth of that of the whole Union; of barley more than one-fourth; of oats one-seventh; and in all grain, exclusive of Indian corn, about one-sixth."

"Oh, of course," said Peabody, "they deserve great credit for all this, don't they? They had great tracts of good land; emigrants came and settled there; the country grew, and the population increased. They couldn't help it, no how they could fix it; but naterally they are a slow conceiving, slow believing, slow increasing people when left to themselves. There ain't a smart city in Canada."

"What do you call a *smart* city?" I asked, "for I never heard the term before."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said; "I was goin' down the Mississippi once in a steamer, and the captain, who was a most gentlemanlike man, was a Mr. Oliver (that I used to call Oliver Cramwell, he was such an everlastin' eater), and we passed a considerable of a sizeable town." Said the captain to me, 'Peabody,' said he, 'that's a smart town, and always was. Ten years ago, when I was steward of a river boat, we wooded at this place, and there didn't seem to be any folk there, it looked so still; so as I walked down the street, I seed a yaller cotton oil coat a-hangin' out of the shop door; I tried it on, and it fitted me exactly, and as there was nobody there to receive the pay, I walked off, intending, of course, to pay for it next time I came that way. I hadn't gone a few yards afore I was seized, had up afore the justice, tried, convicted, received thirty-nine lashes on my bare back, and, upon my soul, it was all done, and I was on board the steamer agin', in twenty minutes.' Now that's what I call a *smart place*. They han't got the go-a-head in them to Canada we have. Their lead hosses in the State Team, their British governors, are heavy English cattle, with a cross of Greek and Latin, and a touch of the brewer's dray. They are a drag on the wheels, made of

leaden links, that the colonists have to gild. The only airthly use they are is to sink at the mouth of a river in time of war, for they are the grandest obstruction to a new country that ever was invented."

"Pooh, pooh," said the Senator, "don't talk nonsense. Such, Mr. Shegog, is this magnificent country, through which the proposed route to the Pacific is to pass from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, having a vast continuous chain of navigable waters from the Atlantic to the head of Lake Superior. Four hundred and ten miles of steamers from the ocean, and you reach Quebec, the great seaport of Canada, with a large and increasing foreign commerce; 590 miles more bring us to Montreal. From thence seven canals of different lengths and great capacity, fitted for sea-going vessels, enable us to ascend 116 miles of river, and at 168 miles above Montreal, you are in Lake Ontario. Swiftly traversing this vast body of water, which is 180 miles long, you pass by the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, and thence through Lake St. Clair, and its river, into Lake Huron, 1,355 miles from your starting point, the entrance of the Gulf. By means of St. Mary's River, and a gigantic canal, you now enter Lake Superior (a fresh-water sea as large as Ireland, and the recipient of 200 rivers) which enables you to attain a distance of 2,000 miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. I do not speak of what *may be*, but what *has been* done. Vessels of large burden, built and loaded in Lake Superior, have traversed this entire route, and safely reached both London and Liverpool."

"Such is the navigable route to Lake Superior. There is nothing in England, or indeed in Europe, that can furnish by comparison an adequate idea of this great river, the St. Lawrence. Of its enormous tributaries I have not time even to enumerate the principal ones. I must refer you to maps and statistical works for fuller information. I shall only mention one, and that is the Ottawa—it falls into the St. Lawrence near Montreal. It drains with its tributaries a valley of 80,000 square miles, commanding the inexhaustible treasures of the magnificent forests of the north-west of Canada, that cover an area of

six times the superficial extent of all Holland. One of the tributaries of this noble river, itself a tributary, the Gatensaux, is 750 miles long, and nearly as large as the Rhine, being 1,000 feet wide, 217 miles from its junction with the Ottawa. Imagine innumerable other rivers of all sizes downwards, to the limited extent of those in England, and you have an idea of the rivers of Canada."

"Lyman Boodle," said Peabody, rising suddenly, and drawing himself up to his full height, "Lyman Boodle, I like to see a feller stand up to his lick-log like a man, and speak truth and shame the devil. You are an American citizen, and we all have the honour of our great nation to maintain abroad. My rule is to treat a question I don't like as I treat a hill, if I can't get over it I go round it; but catch me admitting anything on the surface of this great globe in rips, raps, or rainbows, or in the beowels of it, or the folks that live on it, to have anything better than what we have, or to take the shine off of us. Don't half that river St. Lawrence belong to us as well as them, and hain't we got the right to navigate from that half down to sea? Don't we own half of every lake as well as them, and all Huron besides? Ha'n't we got the Mississippi that runs up over two thousand miles right straight on end, and only stops then because it is tired of running any farther; and don't the Ohio fall into that, and, big as it is, seem only a drop in the bucket? If you like it so much you had better go and settle there, give up being a senator, and sink down into a skunk of a colonist. I'd like to hear you talk arter that fashion to Michigan, and unless you wanted to excite people to go and take Canada, why they would just go and lynch you right off."

To give a turn to the conversation, which, on Mr. Peabody's part was becoming warm, I said, "has Canada the power to maintain itself against the United States?"

"I think," he said, "in the event of a war, in which our population was united, we should overrun it."

"Well done, Ly," said his friend, slapping him cordially on the back, "you are clear grit after all—you are a chip of the old American hickory block. Overrun it! be sure we

should, and I should like to know who would stop us? Why we should carry it by boarding; some we should drive into the sea, and some into the lakes, and the rest we should free. If the telegraph ain't built afore then, the first news they'd get here would be that Canada is taken, British flag hauled down, the goose and gridiron run up, damages repaired, prisoners down the hold, and all made ready for action agin. It would all be over directly—arrived—saw it—drew a bead on it, brought it down and bagged it. England would feel astonished as the squirrel was Colonel Crockett fired at when he didn't want to kill the poor thing. He drew on it, let go, and took its ear off so sharp and slick the critter never missed it till he went to scratch his head and found it was gone—fact, and no mistake."

"Yes," said the Senator, not heeding the interruption, "we should overrun it, but whether we should be able to hold it is another matter, perhaps not."

"Ah, there you go again," said Peabody, "rubbin' out with your left hand what you wrote on the slate with your right—you are on the other tack now, I hope it is the short leg at any rate."

"Mr. Shogog," said the Senator, "it is almost incredible how Canada has been neglected by this country. There is much truth mixed up with the extravagant talk of my eccentric friend here. I have reason to believe that the greatest possible ignorance prevails in Downing-street as respects this noble colony. It is inaccessible for ships in winter, and for mails all the year round. Would you believe it possible that all European and inter-colonial mails pass through the United States to Canada, with the exception of a few that are sent to Quebec during the summer months by Canadian steamers. There is no road from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick to Canada; we grant permission for the British mails to be sent from Boston or New York, through our territory, to Canada, but at a month's notice (or some very short period), this permission can be withdrawn, and Canada in such a case would be as unapproachable for a certain season as the interior of Africa. In a military point of view this state of things causes great un-

easiness in the British provinces, and, I may add, to all discreet and right-thinking men also, in the United States. If war were to be declared by us in the early part of November, not a soldier could be sent to the relief of Canada till May, nor any munitions of war conveyed thither for the use of the people, while their correspondence with the mother country would be *wholly suspended*. This state of affairs is well known to our citizens, and the defenceless condition of the country invites attack from a certain restless portion of our population, consisting of European and British emigrants, to whom plunder has more allurements than honest labour. It is surprising that the lesson taught by the Crimean war has been so soon forgotten. You may recollect that during that anxious period the British Government wanted to withdraw a regiment of the line from Canada, and send it to Sebastopol, and also to draw upon the large munition of war accumulated at Quebec. The winter meanwhile set in, the navigation was closed, and there were no means of transporting them to Halifax, so they lost their services altogether. The artillery and other military stores were of still more consequence, and it was determined to send them by means of the railway (leased to an English Company), to Portland, and thence ship them to their place of destination: but the question arose, whether they could legally be transported through our country, that was at peace with Russia at the time. The English Crown officers were of opinion that they would be liable to seizure."

"And we are just the boys to seize them, too," said Peabody, "for we are great respecters of law."

"Yes," I replied, "when it happens to be in your favour."

"Stranger," he said, "you weren't born yesterday, that's a fact; you cut your eye-teeth airy; I cave in, and will stand treat. I am sorry they han't got the materials nor the tools for compounding here; and Boodle is a temperance man, and never drinks nothing stronger than brandy, and whiskey and water; you shall have your choice—try both, and see which you like best."

"Peabody," said the Senator, "I wish you would not keep perpetually interrupting me in this manner—I

almost forget what I was talking about."

"Smuggling ammunition and cannon through our great country," said Peabody.

"Ah," continued the Senator, "the consequence was they could move neither troops nor military stores. This state of things, if suffered to continue, may cost Great Britain the most valuable colony she possesses."

"How," I asked, "do you propose to remedy it?"

"You are aware, sir," he replied, "that the great through line of railway in Canada is completed to a point about ninety miles below Quebec, called *Trois Pistoles*; an extension of this line for four hundred and fifty miles will connect it with the Nova Scotian line, and then there will be an uninterrupted railway from Halifax through New Brunswick and Canada to Lake Superior. This is the only link now wanting to complete the intercolonial communication."

"If once constructed, Great Britain and her colonies will be independent of us for the transit of their mails, and the former will be relieved of the burden of maintaining a military force in Canada as a precautionary measure in time of peace. In twelve days a regiment may be conveyed from England to Halifax, and thence by railway to Quebec, accompanied by its baggage and stores; and the very circumstance that the country can obtain such ready and efficient aid, will, of itself, put an invasion of Canada by us as much out of the question as a descent upon England itself. The three colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, have severally undertaken to carry out this great national object, if aided in raising the funds under an imperial guarantee; but the apathy with which it is viewed in Downing-street, has almost exhausted the patience of the provincials, who feel that as colonists they are unable to obtain that loan, which, if they were independent, they could raise without difficulty. The feeling of dependence is not very congenial to the Anglo-Saxon mind; but it is the worst policy in the world to make that dependence more galling than it naturally is, independent of considerations of a defensive character. Commercially, it is of the utmost importance to the traders to have a safe and

tory. The great bulk of the original settlers of Upper Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, had carried arms on the British side in the American Revolution, and those who subsequently removed there, selected the country because they preferred retaining their allegiance to their sovereign to becoming subjects of the Republic. Most of the loyalists were men of property and education, for such are seldom revolutionists, and their descendants have inherited the feelings of their forefathers. It is from this cause, that they are morally, and from the salubrity of their climate, physically fully equal, if not superior, to their English brethren—a fact that is patent to all who have travelled on that continent, or mixed with the population on both sides of the Atlantic. It is necessary to keep these facts in view, whilst speculating on the destiny of these noble colonies. It is a settled conviction with a certain class of politicians in this country (who hold that colonies are an incumbrance), that as soon as they are able, they will separate from the parent state; and they point to the United States as a proof of the truth of their theory. This has been loudly and offensively proclaimed by such men as Duncombe, Wakefield, and Buller, who have wounded the susceptibilities of the colonists by their offensive personal remarks, and weakened the interest which the people in this country have hitherto felt in their transatlantic possessions. It is, however, manifest, that separation does not necessarily follow from the power to sever the connexion, but that to the ability, must be superadded the desire; and that where there is a good and cordial feeling subsisting, that desire is not likely to arise, unless it is the decided interest of the colonists to become independent. In what that interest can consist, it is difficult to conceive, so long as this country pursues a wise, liberal, and just policy towards so important a portion of the empire."

"I will tell you," said Peabody, "what their interest is, and you know it as well as I do. Their interest is to jine us, and become part and parcel of the greatest nation in all creation; to have a navy and army of their own, and by annexation to the

United States, to feel they are able to lick all the world. Now they are nothing; no, not half nothing, but just a nonentity. Invaded and insulted by us, they can't help themselves for fear of England, and England daren't go to war, for fear of the cotton spinners of Manchester. Big fish were never found in small ponds. Let them jine us, and I'd like to see the power that would dare to hurt a hair of their heads. They haven't got one member to Parliament, no more than footmen have; if they belonged to us, they would send a hundred Senators to Congress. Who ever heard of a colonist being appointed a governor anywhere? Catch the English a-doing of that! No; they give them the great and glorious privilege of paying British governors, and actilly make them fork out to Sir Head, in Canada, a salary much larger than we pay to the President of the United States; and while they support all the consuls east of Philadelphia, by fees levied off their ships, only one colonial consul is to be found, and Lord Clarendon was bullied into that. I tell you I know it as a fact, they are shut out of every appointment in the empire."

"You forget," said the Senator, "that Mr. Hincks was appointed a governor."

"No, I don't," said Peabody, "but he warn't a colonist; he was an Irishman that went to Canada to seek his fortune, and he was promoted for two reasons: first, he was an Irishman; and secondly, he waded into the troubled waters Lord Elgin got into, and carried him out on his back, or he would have gone for it. But show me a native that ever got that commission! You say the critters have some intelligence; well, if they hui, wouldn't they show their sense by jining us, and being made eligible to be elected President, or Foreign Ambassador, or Secretary of State, and so on? What sort of birthright is a farm in the woods, half swamps, half stumps, with a touch of the ague? and no prospect before them but to rise to be a constable or a hogreave, catching vagrant thieves or stray pigs! Bah! the English are fools to expect this to last, and Canadians are still bigger fools to stand it. But go on; some of these days you will say, 'Peabody

warn't such a fool as you took him to be."

"All you have advanced," said the Senator, "amounts to this: the provinces require a new organization, and so does the Colonial Office. I understand both these beneficial objects will soon be obtained by the mutual consent of Great Britain and her dependencies; and to the very great advantage of both. I do not deny that the evils of the present system require removal, but I have no doubt the remedy will soon be applied. I was talking of the country and the loyalty of its people, and not of its constitution. Much has been said," he continued, "of the rapid growth of the United States. No sooner was our independence acknowledged than they became the resort of all who sought a refuge from political strife in Europe; a safe and wide field for the investment of capital; a market for their labour, and a new home in this vast and unoccupied territory. They absorbed, to the exclusion of other countries, nearly the whole emigration, not only of Great Britain but of Europe. The continued wars that grew out of the French Revolution gave them, as neutrals, a very great proportion of the carrying trade of the world. It was a popular country; a realization of the theories of French philosophers and English reformers. It was neither burthened with the expenses of royalty, the tithes of an Established Church, nor the entails of an hereditary nobility. Freedom and equality were inscribed on their banners, and their favourite maxim, '*Vox populi, vox dei*,' was realized in the assumption of the whole power by the people. Direct taxation, except in municipalities, was unknown. Customs duties and the sales of public lands maintained their then frugal government, and supplied a large surplus for works of public defence or improvement.

"The firstfruits of this system were a vast increase of population and wealth. The growth of the country, however, stimulated by the causes just mentioned, has been prodigious; and it is for this reason I select it as a standard wherewith to measure the growth of Canada, and I think the comparison will astonish you, if you

have not taken the trouble to institute an inquiry for yourself."

Turning to his pocket-book the Senator read as follows:—"The last Census of the United States was taken in 1850, when the population (after deducting that of recent territorial acquisitions) was upwards of twenty-three millions. In 1840 it was only seventeen millions, or thereabouts. In ten years, therefore, the increase was upwards of six millions, or thirty-five per cent.

"The Census of Upper Canada in 1841 gave 465,000. In 1851 it was 952,000. Increase in ten years 487,000, or about 104 per cent. It may be said it is not fair to take the whole of the United States for a comparison with Upper Canada, much of the former country being comparatively old and long settled. It will be seen, however, from the United States Census, that the three States of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois, which have had the most rapid increase, contained in 1830, 6,126,851; in 1850, 8,505,000, or a little over 320 per cent. in twenty years. Now the increase in Canada West, from 1840 to 1849, was over 375 per cent. for the same period, so that the increase in these three choice States was 55 per cent. less than Canada West during that time, while in the Far West of Canada, the counties of Huron, Perth, and Bruce have increased upwards of 571 per cent. in ten years—an increase almost beyond comprehension.

"This immense advance is not confined to the rural districts, for the cities and towns will equally vie with those of the United States. Between 1840 and 1850 the increase in Boston was 45 per cent., but in Toronto, 95 per cent. The increase of New York, the emporium of the United States, and a city which, for its age, may vie with any in the world, thus stands as compared with Toronto, 66 per cent. between 1840 and 1850, against 95 per cent. of the latter. St. Louis, which had in 1850, 70,000 inhabitants, had increased it fifteen times since 1820. Toronto had in 1850 increased hers eighteen times that of 1817. The population in Cincinnati was in 1850, 115,590, or twelve times its amount in 1820 (thirty years before); and Toronto had in 1850 eighteen

times its population in 1817 (or thirty-three years before.)

"Nor is the comparative statement of cereal production less favourable. The growth of wheat is very nearly one-sixth of that of the whole Union; of barley more than one-fourth; of oats one-seventh; and in all grain, exclusive of Indian corn, about one-sixth."

"Oh, of course," said Peabody, "they deserve great credit for all this, don't they? They had great tracts of good land; emigrants came and settled there; the country grew, and the population increased. They couldn't help it, no how they could fix it; but materially they are a slow conceiving, slow believing, slow increasing people when left to themselves. There ain't a smart city in Canada."

"What do you call a *smart* city?" I asked, "for I never heard the term before."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said; "I was goin' down the Mississippi once in a steamer, and the captain, who was a most gentlemanlike man, was a Mr. Oliver (that I used to call Oliver Cramwell, he was such an everlasting eater), and we passed a considerable of a sizeable town." Said the captain to me, 'Peabody,' said he, 'that's a smart town, and always was. Ten years ago, when I was steward of a river boat, we wooded at this place, and there didn't seem to be any folk there, it looked so still; so as I walked down the street, I seed a yaller cotton oil coat a-hangin' out of the shop door. I tried it on, and it fitted me exactly, and as there was nobody there to receive the pay, I walked off, intending, of course, to pay for it next time I came that way. I hadn't gone a few yards afore I was seized, had up afore the justice, tried, convicted, received thirty-nine lashes on my bare back, and, upon my soul, it was all done, and I was on board the steamer agin', in twenty minutes.' Now that's what I call a *smart place*. They han't got the go-a-head in them to Canada we have. Their lead horses in the State Team, their British governors, are heavy English cattle, with a cross of Greek and Latin, and a touch of the brewer's dray. They are a drag on the wheels, made of

leaden links, that the colonists have to gild. The only airthly use they are is to sink at the mouth of a river in time of war, for they are the grandest obstruction to a new country that ever was invented."

"Pooh, pooh," said the Senator, "don't talk nonsense. Such, Mr. Shogog, is this magnificent country, through which the proposed route to the Pacific is to pass from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, having a vast continuous chain of navigable waters from the Atlantic to the head of Lake Superior. Four hundred and ten miles of steamers from the ocean, and you reach Quebec, the great seaport of Canada, with a large and increasing foreign commerce; 590 miles more bring us to Montreal. From thence seven canals of different lengths and great capacity, fitted for sea-going vessels, enable us to ascend 116 miles of river, and at 168 miles above Montreal, you are in Lake Ontario. Swiftly traversing this vast body of water, which is 180 miles long, you pass by the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, and thence through Lake St. Clair, and its river, into Lake Huron, 1,355 miles from your starting point, the entrance of the Gulf. By means of St. Mary's River, and a gigantic canal, you now enter Lake Superior (a fresh-water sea as large as Ireland, and the recipient of 200 rivers) which enables you to attain a distance of 2,000 miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. I do not speak of what *may be*, but what *has been* done. Vessels of large burden, built and loaded in Lake Superior, have traversed this entire route, and safely reached both London and Liverpool."

"Such is the navigable route to Lake Superior. There is nothing in England, or indeed in Europe, that can furnish by comparison an adequate idea of this great river, the St. Lawrence. Of its enormous tributaries I have not time even to enunciate the principal ones. I must refer you to maps and statistical works for fuller information. I shall only mention one, and that is the Ottawa—it falls into the St. Lawrence near Montreal. It drains with its tributaries a valley of 80,000 square miles, commanding the inexhaustible treasures of the magnificent forests of the north-west of Canada, that cover an area of

six times the superficial extent of all Holland. One of the tributaries of this noble river, itself a tributary, the Gatenaux, is 750 miles long, and nearly as large as the Rhine, being 1,000 feet wide, 217 miles from its junction with the Ottawa. Imagine innumerable other rivers of all sizes downwards, to the limited extent of those in England, and you have an idea of the rivers of Canada."

"Lyman Boodle," said Peabody, rising suddenly, and drawing himself up to his full height, "Lyman Boodle, I like to see a feller stand up to his lick-log like a man, and speak truth and shame the devil. You are an American citizen, and we all have the honour of our great nation to maintain abroad. My rule is to treat a question I don't like as I treat a hill, if I can't get over it I go round it; but catch me admitting anything on the surface of this great globe in rips, raps, or rainbows, or in the beowels of it, or the folks that live on it, to have anything better than what we have, or to take the shine off of us. Don't half that river St. Lawrence belong to us as well as them, and hain't we got the right to navigate from that half down to sea? Don't we own half of every lake as well as them, and all Huron besides? Ha'n't we got the Mississippi that runs up over two thousand miles right straight on end, and only stops then because it is tired of running any farther; and don't the Ohio fall into that, and, big as it is, seem only a drop in the bucket? If you like it so much you had better go and settle there, give up being a senator, and sink down into a skunk of a colonist. I'd like to hear you talk arter that fashion to Michigan, and unless you wanted to excite people to go and take Canada, why they would just go and lynch you right off."

To give a turn to the conversation, which, on Mr. Peabody's part was becoming warm, I said, "has Canada the power to maintain itself against the United States?"

"I think," he said, "in the event of a war, in which our population was united, we should overrun it."

"Well done, Ly," said his friend, slapping him cordially on the back, "you are clear grit after all—you are a chip of the old American hickory block. Overrun it! to be sure we

should, and I should like to know who would stop us? Why we should carry it by boarding; some we should drive into the sea, and some into the lakes, and the rest we should tree. If the telegraph ain't built afore then, the first news they'd get here would be that Canada is taken, British flag hauled down, the goose and gridiron run up, damages repaired, prisoners down the hold, and all made ready for action agin. It would all be over directly—arrived—saw it—drew a bead on it, brought it down and bagged it. England would feel astonished as the squirrel was Colonel Crockett fired at when he didn't want to kill the poor thing. He drew on it, let go, and took its ear off so sharp and slick the critter never missed it till he went to scratch his head and found it was gone—fact, and no mistake."

"Yes," said the Senator, not heeding the interruption, "we should overrun it, but whether we should be able to hold it is another matter, perhaps not."

"Ah, there you go again," said Peabody, "rubbin out with your left hand what you wrote on the slate with your right—you are on the other tack now, I hope it is the short leg at any rate."

"Mr. Shegog," said the Senator, "it is almost incredible how Canada has been neglected by this country. There is much truth mixed up with the extravagant talk of my eccentric friend here. I have reason to believe that the greatest possible ignorance prevails in Downing-street as respects this noble colony. It is inaccessible for ships in winter, and for mails all the year round. Would you believe it possible that all European and inter-colonial mails pass through the United States to Canada, with the exception of a few that are sent to Quebec during the summer months by Canadian steamers. There is no road from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick to Canada; we grant permission for the British mails to be sent from Boston or New York, through our territory, to Canada, but at a month's notice (or some very short period), this permission can be withdrawn, and Canada in such a case would be as unapproachable for a certain season as the interior of Africa. In a military point of view this state of things causes great un-

easiness in the British provinces, and, I may add, to all discreet and right-thinking men also, in the United States. If war were to be declared by us in the early part of November, not a soldier could be sent to the relief of Canada till May, nor any munitions of war conveyed thither for the use of the people, while their correspondence with the mother country would be *wholly suspended*. This state of affairs is well known to our citizens, and the defenceless condition of the country invites attack from a certain restless portion of our population, consisting of European and British emigrants, to whom plunder has more allurements than honest labour. It is surprising that the lesson taught by the Crimean war has been so soon forgotten. You may recollect that during that anxious period the British Government wanted to withdraw a regiment of the line from Canada, and send it to Sebastopol, and also to draw upon the large munition of war accumulated at Quebec. The winter meanwhile set in, the navigation was closed, and there were no means of transporting them to Halifax, so they lost their services altogether. The artillery and other military stores were of still more consequence, and it was determined to send them by means of the railway (leased to an English Company), to Portland, and thence ship them to their place of destination: but the question arose, whether they could legally be transported through our country, that was at peace with Russia at the time. The English Crown officers were of opinion that they would be liable to seizure."

"And we are just the boys to seize them, too," said Peabody, "for we are great respecters of law."

"Yes," I replied, "when it happens to be in your favour."

"Stranger," he said, "you weren't born yesterday, that's a fact; you cut your eye-teeth airy; I cave in, and will stand treat. I am sorry they han't got the materials nor the tools for compounding here; and Boodle is a temperance man, and never drinks nothing stronger than brandy, and whiskey and water; you shall have your choice—try both, and see which you like best."

"Peabody," said the Senator, "I wish you would not keep perpetually interrupting me in this manner—I

almost forget what I was talking about."

"Smuggling ammunition and cannon through our great country," said Peabody.

"Ah," continued the Senator, "the consequence was they could move neither troops nor military stores. This state of things, if suffered to continue, may cost Great Britain the most valuable colony she possesses."

"How," I asked, "do you propose to remedy it?"

"You are aware, sir," he replied, "that the great through line of railway in Canada is completed to a point about ninety miles below Quebec, called Trois Pistoles; an extension of this line for four hundred and fifty miles will connect it with the Nova Scotian line, and then there will be an uninterrupted railway from Halifax through New Brunswick and Canada to Lake Superior. This is the only link now wanting to complete the intercolonial communication."

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cheap mode of conveyance for themselves and their productions, and a new and extended field opened to them in the Lower Provinces, for the exchange of their mutual commodities. At present we derive an enormous advantage from intercepting this trade, and directing it through canals and railways to various parts of our Union. While the British Government are either indolently or wilfully negligent in promoting their own interests, our people are fully alive to the importance of monopolizing the trade of the lakes. The navigable lakes above Canada are bounded by a coast of many thousand miles, connected by canals and railways from the Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Wabash, and Ohio rivers. Twenty American Railways are already in operation, leading from those rivers to Chicago, one of the largest exporting ports for food of every description in the world. In addition to these, there are the great Erie canal extending to the Hudson River, the New York Central Railway, that to Boston *via* Ogdensburg, and several others. Now, you must recollect, that while all these works have been constructed for the express purpose of diverting the trade to us, the same routes furnish us with so many channels for transporting troops for the invasion of the country, to the different points at which they terminate. Now three things result from this state of affairs—First, we are in possession of your only mail route. Secondly, we divert the colonial trade to us, and thereby increase the interest the provincials and ourselves feel in each other, and render annexation not a thing to be dreaded, but to be desired, as one of mutual advantage. Thirdly, our railways and canals afford every means of overrunning the country at a season of the year when it is inaccessible to you. The completion of the unfinished portion of the railway between Nova Scotia and Canada is, therefore, a matter of vital importance, both in a military and commercial point of view, and when I consider that the British Government is not asked to do this at her own expense, but merely to assist by a guarantee the several provinces in raising the necessary funds, I am utterly at a loss to understand why she does not perceive that her duty and

her interest alike demand it at her hands. The truth is, the Colonial Office is a dead weight on the Empire. Instead of facilitating and aiding the progress and development of the colonies, it deadens the energies and obstructs the welfare of the people. It is almost incredible that the Home Government actually subsidize two several lines of ocean steamers to run to Boston and New York, and convey thither their first-class emigrants, their mails, and their valuable merchandise, the first to swell our population, and the two latter to be first taxed and then conveyed by us to the boundary line; while Canada is treated more like a foreign and rival country, and left to maintain steamers at her own cost, as best she may. It is an undeniable fact that these ocean steamers have driven out of the field the passenger and freight ships that used to run to Quebec, and thereby diverted the stream of emigration from you to New York. Up to 1847, emigration had increased at Quebec to 95,000, against some 80,000 to New York, while in 1850, it had diminished to some 30,000 at Quebec, against an increase of 200,000 at New York. The diminution of direct exportation from Quebec has also arisen from the circumstance of its having no outlet in winter. The Halifax Railway will supply this difficulty, and by its harmonious action at other periods make that capital the greatest city of the West. In summer it will possess the advantage of being 250 miles nearer Liverpool than New York, and in winter it can avail itself of Halifax harbour, which is also 300 miles nearer England than our empire city. How is it that a minister of state knows so little, and a colonist effects nothing?"

"I'll tell you," said Peabody, "it's as plain as a boot-jack; it's six of one, and half a-dozen of the other, one darsn't, and the other is afraid. One don't know what to do, and 'tother don't understand how to do it no how he can fix it. There was a feller came over here from Montreal, to complain that the Newfoundlanders, who are a set of donkeys (the Roman bishop there used to call them kings of the rabbits) had granted a monopoly of setting up telegraphs in the island to a Yankee company, whereby New York would get European news

before the British provinces. So he goes to the Colonial Office, and asks for the Boss, to protest against this act getting the assent of the Queen. Well, the gentleman that tends the door made a gulp of a bit of bread and cheese that he was atakin of standing, told him his Lordship was in, and ordered him up, threw open the door, and said, 'Mr. Smith, my Lord, from Madawisky.' 'Mad with whisky,' said Lord, stepping back, and looking scared, 'what does all this mean?' 'Mr. Smith, from Madawisky,' repeated the usher. 'Sit down sir,' said Lord, (for he didn't half like a man who had 'mad' and 'whisky' to his name), 'glad to see you, sir, how did you leave Doctor Livingstone?' had he reached the great inland lake beyond the desert, when you left him?' 'What lake?' said Colonelist, looking puzzled, for he began to think minister was mad. 'Why the Madawisky,' said Peer, 'I think you called it by some such name: I mean that lake in Africa, that Livingstone has discovered.' 'I am not from Africa,' said poor Smith, looking sky wonoky at him, 'I never was there in my life, and I never heard of Doctor Livingstone. I am from North America,' and he was so confustrigated he first turned red, and then white, and then as streaked as you please. 'Oh! North America, is it?' said the skipper, 'well, here is a map, show me where it is.' Well, while he was looking for it, Lord stoops over him, and he had a great long ugly stiff beard, as coarse as a scrubbing brush, and it stuck straight out, like the short dock of a horse, he tickled him so with it, he nearly drove him into a conniption fit. 'Oh! now I see,' said Lord, 'pray what may your business be?' So he ups and tells him about the Newfoundlanders, and their telegraph, and Cape Race, and the Basin of Bulls, and so on. 'Strange names,' said secretary, 'I had no idea they had races there, and as for the other place, I *have* heard of the fat Bulls of Basan, but I never heard of the Basin of Bulls. That place must be inhabited by Irishmen, I should think,' and then he laid back in his chair, and haw hawed right out. Smith was awfully scared, he never sot eyes on a lord afore in all his born days, and expected to see some strange animal like a unicorn and not a com-

mon looking man like him. He was wrothy too, for he thought he was a quizzin of him, and felt inclined to knock him down if he dared, and then he was so excited, he moved to the edge of his chair, and nearly tilted it, and himself over chewallop. He got nervous, and was ready to cry for spite, when Lord said, 'show me where the Basin of Bulls is.' 'Bay of Bulls,' said Smith, kinder snappishly, and he rose, and pointed it out to him on the map, and as Lord stooped down again to look at it, he gives a twirl to his beard, that brushed across Smith's mouth and nostrils, and set him off a sneezin like any thing. Then, from shame, passion, and excitement, off he went into the highstrikes, and laughed, sneezed, and cried all at once. They had to lead him out of the room; and Lord said, 'Don't admit that man again, he's either mad or drunk.' Creation! what a touss it made among the officials and underlings. Would you believe it now, Senator, that monopoly Act *was* passed by the Newfoundlanders, *was* approved by the Colonial Office, and *did* receive the Royal assent, just because the asses in Newfoundland found kindred donkeys in Downing-street; so the interests of Great Britain and the North American colonies, were sacrificed to the ignorance and negligence of this useless—say, more then useless—obstructive department."

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Boodle, "what nonsense you do talk."

"I tell you it ain't nonsense," said the other: "President Buchanan told me so himself, the last litch I was to England. He was our minister to St. Jim's at that time, and says he, 'Peabody, how long do you think we would stand such a secretary in our great country?' 'Jist about as long,' I replied, 'as it would take to carry him to the first sizeable tree, near hand, and then lynch him.' And now Senator, don't you think all this insolence, and slack, and snubbing colonists get, comes from them not being so enlightened and independent as we are, nor so well educated?"

"As regards education," replied the Senator, "you will be surprised when I tell you that they have made better provision for instructing the rising generation than we ourselves. Of the social benefits to be derived by a nation from the general spread of in-

telligence, Canada has been fully aware, and there is not a child in the province without the means of receiving instruction, combined with moral training. In fact, the system of education, now established in Canada, far exceeds in its comprehensive details any thing of the kind in Great Britain.

"In 1842, the number of common schools in Upper Canada was 1,721, attended by 68,000 pupils; and in 1853, the number had increased to 3,127 schools, and 195,000 pupils. There are now, in the upper province, in addition to the above, eight colleges, seventy-nine county grammar schools, one hundred and seventy-four private, and three normal and model schools, forming a total of educational establishments in operation, of 3,391, and of students and pupils 204,000. But to return to what I was saying, when Mr. Peabody interrupted me, you may take what I now say as incontrovertible—

"1st. Transatlantic steamers, subsidized by Great Britain, should be in connexion with her own colonies, and especially Canada.

"2dly. The completion of the Quebec and Halifax line of Railway, is of vital importance, both in a defensive and commercial point of view; and

any delay in finishing it may be productive of infinite mischief, if not of the loss of Canada.

"3rdly. As soon as possible, after this railway is finished, (which will complete the line from Halifax to Lake Superior), immediate steps should be taken to provide a safe, easy, and expeditious route to Frazer's River, on the Pacific. Had such been now in existence, you never would have heard of the invasion of St. Juan, for an English force could leave Southampton on the 1st of November, and on the 16th of the same month, arrive at Vancouver Island. *An ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure.* But this is your affair, and not mine. I hope you will excuse the plain unreserved manner in which I have spoken. I have said what I really think, and given you as candid an opinion as I am able to form.

"But it is now getting late, and as I feel somewhat fatigued I must retire."

As the Senator left the room, Peabody put his finger to his nose, and whispered to me, "Didn't I put him on his mettle for you beautiful? He is a powerful man, that, but he wants the spur to get his Ebenezer up, and then the way he talks is a caution to orators, I tell you. Good night."

THE IMPRISONED SPIRITS.

I ENVY thy rapture, most beautiful bird,
Young skylark, the sweetest that ever was heard;
With thy breast to thy cage, with thy beak towards the sun,
And thy song, that like streamlets of silver, doth run.
Gushing forth, like the joy of a revelling child,
Spontaneous, unbounded, harmonious, yet wild.
Spreading pleasure around, with no mortal at strife,
Let my lot be the Skylark's, a musical life.

Just to feel that I live, and at all times may sing,
But never find out I'm a captive in Spring;
With melody ever, sweet music, no more,
Tho' with small room to flutter and smaller to soar.
I'd always be happy, most happy and gay,
Could I warble like thee, pretty bird, through the day,
And when at the last, death my cage shall have riven,
I would spring with a gush of pure song into Heaven.

S. N. E.

UNIVERSITY ESSAYS.—NO. VII.

THE VATICAN MANUSCRIPT.

BY D. T. DOBBIN, LL.D.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum—it is not every man's luck to fare to Rome: nor, we must add, when there, to obtain free access to the Vatican manuscript. No Danse was ever watched by a fear-haunted Acrisius, no Io by the hundred-eyed Argus, as have been these precious parchments of late years by their learned keepers. The precautions of Papal librarians to prevent any available use of the Codex would be ludicrous, if they were not discreditable and painful. Dr. Tregelles was forced to return to England without accomplishing the object of a five months' sojourn in the Eternal City, baffled by a seeming politeness, which appeared to cede his critical rights, yet practically denied the use of the object of his quest. The testimony of this indefatigable scholar to his treatment in the year of grace 1845, in the metropolis of the Roman Catholic world, is in every point of view discreditable to the authorities of the Vatican Library:

"It is true," says he, "that I often saw the manuscript, but they would not allow me to use it; and they would not let me open it without searching my pockets, and depriving me of pen, ink, and paper; and at the same time two *prelati* kept me in constant conversation in Latin, and if I looked at a passage too long they would snatch the book out of my hand."

Tischendorf's opportunities seem to have been even more limited of becoming acquainted with Codex B, although he must have been known to be a person well qualified to pronounce judgment upon its merits, as well as one highly disposed to appreciate the value of the document. During a residence of some months

in Rome for critical purposes, after a lengthened expectation of the privilege, he was at last accorded the use of the manuscript, during two days only, for a period of six hours altogether, under the eye of the librarians, of course. During this scanty period the learned critic had first to do the whole manuscript in a cursory fashion, running through it from beginning to end; secondly, to ascertain five-and-twenty doubtful readings of supreme importance; and lastly, to trace four facsimiles of the writing. We here see the same disobliging policy at work, for, from his own account (Prol. Ed. N. T. 1849), it seems that he obtained the various readings by stealth, although Tischendorf is studious, in a note in his last edition, to vindicate the politeness of Cardinal Mai to literary men. Tischendorf's own words, however, settle the question of the limited nature of his opportunities of collation at Rome. We quote from his *Editio Septima Critica Mayor*:

"Anno 1843, mihi ipsi per menses aliquot Romæ versanti, postlongam expectationem, contigit ut per bideum intra horas sex Vaticanum Codicem in manibus tenerem. Quo beneficio ita usus sum ut, postquam universum librum attente percurrissem, locos dubiæ imprimis lectionis conferrem viginti quinque et specimina scripturæ quatuor conficerem."

In a note on this limited opportunity of collation furnished to Tischendorf, Mr. Scrivener says in his noble imprint of the *Augian Codex*, concerning the authorities of the Vatican:—"It is now their fixed rule to permit no stranger to *collate* their more precious manuscript treasures." Those authorities win for themselves

Vetus et Novum Testamentum, ex Antiquissimo Codice Vaticano. Edidit Angelus Maius, S. R. E. Card. Romæ: apud Joseph V. Spithover; Lipasæ apud E. F. Steinacker, 1857.

Novum Testamentum Græce ex Antiquissimo Codice Vaticano. Londini: renumdant William et Norgate, et D. Nutt, 1859.

a most unenviable distinction who act upon this narrow-minded rule: their policy dictates a line of procedure totally unlike the conduct of any other public body professing to care for the interests of learning. It is but the other day we saw priceless manuscripts from the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, in the hands of our learned Professor of Arabic in Trinity College, Dublin, freely transmitted to him at his request for collation. Every one who has been in Paris, in the Great National Library, must gratefully record the facilities in that magnificent establishment placed in the way of scholars for examining manuscripts, as well as printed books. Although a perfect stranger, without any introduction whatsoever, we, in the year 1840, examined with considerable care the Codex C, since printed in large type by Tischendorf, and were allowed to copy, trace, or collate the manuscript under our hands.

In the edition of the Vatican Codex, printed by Cardinal Mai, the Nemesis seems to have overtaken the proprietors of this memorial of antiquity, in a shape most effectual to smirch its reputation and drag its dishonoured head down to the dust. The orange had already been fairly sucked by a persevering, yet desultory, criticism, and Cardinal Mai has merely placed the fragments in every one's hands, so as to multiply the scornors in proportion as he multiplied the users of the eviscerated fruit.

The supreme fault attaching to Mai's edition is the unpardonable one of doubt; no one can tell whether any one reading quoted from it is really the reading of the original. It is true that with the help of Bartolucci's, Rulott's, and Bentley's unpublished papers, and with the collations of Mico and Birch, by an elaborate system of check and counter-check, we may arrive at a tolerably correct notion of what is the general cast of a passage, but no device of this kind will assure us of the minute accuracy of a particular reading. The damning vice of the book, which no merits can compensate, of learning and good intentions in the editor, and of splendour of form, typography, and paper, is—uncertainty. There is not a *procul dubio* from its first page

to its last. It is a Serbonian bog of scepticism, wherein every step one takes he is up to the neck in mire. That we in no measure exaggerate the faults—the crowning fault of the printed book—let Dr. Vercellone's most candid preface testify. The work began to be printed in 1828, and was completed in ten years—by 1838. A very slight inspection of the printed edition showed Cardinal Mai that it was too inaccurate for publication—*non satis accurata evasisset*. Learning, sagacity, and unslumbering diligence were requisite for the conduct of such a work through the press—but the editor was busy, and printers were careless. Determined, however, to remedy the evil ere the edition was given to the public, the Cardinal procured a competent scholar, who should read over to him the printed edition, while he followed with his own eye the lines of the manuscript, and noted in the margin of a printed copy at his side every variation. So rare were the intervals devoted to this work, and so tedious was the process, that Cardinal Mai consumed many years in the task of revision alone.

The result of this comparison was to reveal the fact that the printed copy of the manuscript was disfigured by *innumerable blemishes—innumeros defectibus*. The method of reparation, however, was as curious as the defects were startling. The words of Vercellone reveal a state of things without parallel in the annals of Biblical criticism. We give their substance:

When at last, with infinite pains, the Cardinal had completed this collation, his thoughts were directed to the remedy, by means of which the countless defects of his printed edition might be cured. Having matured his plan with the utmost deliberation, he determined to adopt three separate means of correction. He conceived, in the first place, that certain slips of the printer's, of an insignificant kind, might be corrected with the pen. But along with this handiwork—*χειρωνακ*—was designed to be given a list of words thus corrected, at once as a check upon the indolence of the correctors who might neglect to do their work in some of the copies which passed through their hands—the inspection

of all the separate copies by the Cardinal being out of the question—and to prevent other manual corrections, if such were ever made afterwards, from being confounded with those enjoined by Mai himself. This was the first part of the device, and strange to say the pen was not then to be used for the first time in an imprint from this same Vatican Codex; for by a coincidence, which is extraordinary, the Septuagint of 1587 was really printed in 1586 and bore that date, but the greater number of copies were issued the year afterwards, and had the additional figure *added with the pen*. In the second place—certain leaves, which were too full of mistakes to be amended by such a process as this, were to be cancelled altogether. But after assigning only one or two of these to the printers, the Cardinal died in 1854, and the posthumous editor, from the Cardinal's notes has cancelled forty-one leaves in the several volumes, six of these being in the New Testament (namely, 23-4, 139-40, 195-6, 291-2, 345-6, 409-10). The defects which may be detected in these substituted pages will lie upon the head of Vercellone and his colleagues alone, as the learned and honest Barnabite takes care to tell us.

But as there still remained places in which the edition differed from the Codex, in which, for instance, letters, accents, or other diacritical signs had failed to be noted, either through the fault of the printers, or the neglect of the editor himself; and as Mai had not adhered to the palæography of the manuscript, although in his prolegomena he had expressed his intention of doing so *ad litteram*, the remedy he appeared to have thought of was to make a list of the chief of these deviations, that the attention of the studios might be called thereto. These are duly printed, and are supplied, in almost every instance, from the manuscript of the Cardinal, prepared whilst he was conducting to an end that tedious revision of the whole work already described: *tertium fere universum ex notulis ab editore conscriptis, dum iterum codicem, ut dicimus, conferret, emendavimus*. Thus, after ten years consumed in printing the work, and ten years in revising it, it has been issued after nearly ten years more spent in its correction, in a state of hopeless departure from

simplicity and correctness. Any scholar of moderate industry would have copied the whole manuscript in six months and printed it in six more, and given it to the world in a form which is still an object of desire—the simple, unadulterated, unadorned text of the Vatican Codex. That the present publication is marked by such manifest imperfections is a matter for lamentation. Mai's reputation is too well established on the basis of his other works, as a careful and candid scholar, to be seriously affected by this wretched and disappointing production, while we follow him to the grave with our tribute of respect that he entertained the purpose of printing the manuscript at all. Looking at the execution of this edition, however, nothing but a blind partiality could promise the Cardinal any increase of fame from this now notorious imprint; yet Vercellone says:—*Per hoc novo opere, nova usque gloria atque splendidiore corona decorabitur*. We can respect the admiration for the deceased scholar which prompted this tribute of his surviving friend, although we cannot see in the premises enough to justify the eulogist's conclusion. Cardinal Mai's memory will be perpetuated on other grounds than his biblical labours—on grounds where his success will not be disputed—while his impression of the Vatican manuscript will be regarded as the weakness of a strong man, and the folly of a wise.

No serious are the defects of the edition, that it would almost seem as if the design had been to make the imprint as unlike the manuscript as possible, for in no one feature do they correspond.

1. The publication of Mai has followed the ordinary Greek printed Testaments in being distributed into chapters, paragraphs, and verses, whereas the original text of the manuscript has no divisions at all, save the small and very rare interspaces mentioned in Hug's description, dividing the larger paragraphs.

2. That very peculiar numeration of sections, which is claimed for the Vatican Code as unique, the editor has ventured to tamper with in the Epistle to the Hebrews, thus cancelling, so far as the printed text circulates, the curious evidence it affords of the original position of the Epistle

to the Hebrews, which was between Galatians and Ephesians. This change is, indeed, recorded in a foot note, but the "*nobis aliter*" of the editor, however clear as an intimation, is not satisfactory as a reason. Respecting the abnormal position of the Hebrews, we may direct attention to the fact that one of the Moscow manuscripts has the same Epistle placed just before that to the Romans, which is a novelty in location no less striking, perhaps, than that in the Vatican.

3. We are not aware of a single profession made respecting the character of the intended imprint which the Cardinal has shown himself scrupulous to observe. He commences, for instance, on the first page, with an *admonitio orthographica* in a foot note:—

"In codice prætermittitur iota quod dicimus subscriptum: accentus autem et aspiracionis notæ non posteriori sed priori diphthongorum litteræ apponuntur. In his ego palæographiam codicis conservandam non censui."

Cardinal Mai has substituted, according to this note, the iota subscript of ordinary printed Greek, for the subscript letter of the older writing; nevertheless, we find *ἡπαρ*, John viii. 59, John xi. 41; *ἡδαι*, John xiii. 11, xviii. 2; *ωι*, Acts vii. 39, 1 Pet. v. 9, 2 Pet. i. 9, 1 Cor. iv. 2, xii. 8, 2 Cor. ii. 10, Gal. i. 5, Heb. vii. 2; *ωι*, Luke xvii. 29. All these, it will be observed, are departures from the Cardinal's rule. A few of them, moreover, constitute various readings in the passages in which they occur.

4. His next intimation in the same note, is followed by as wide a departure from his professed canon of procedure, as any other.

"Secus vero frequentem diphthongum *ει* pro *ι* præsertim producto constanter retinui, quamquam secunda manus diphthongum in codice passim sustulit."

The prevailing itacism has not been retained "constanter," in the text before us; as see John ix. 11, Acts i. 4, Acts xi. 26, xxvi. 28, 1 Pet. iv. 6, and scores of other instances in which it has been relegated to the margin; nor has the second-hand corrector altered the orthography "passim," for in a single chapter, Romans ii., six instances of *ει* uncorrected occur, while only one is corrected. It is superfluous to ad-

duce other examples, which are too numerous for citation. One chapter is sufficient to show the rashness of the editor's assertion.

5. The Vatican manuscript has been long notorious for its exclusion of several passages that appear in our vulgar text of the Greek Testament; as Mark xvi. 9-20, Luke xxii. 43, 44, John v. 3, 4, Acts viii. 37, Acts ix. 5, 6, 1 John v. 7; all of which are filled up in Mai's printed text from extraneous sources. But, besides these, the great *hiatus* from Heb. ix. 14, to the end of the Apocalypse, embracing 1 and 2 Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and the Revelation, is printed out of other manuscripts. Many of the supplements, however, do not indicate the source from which they have been filled up, and lead to the conclusion that some ordinary printed text has been the type followed.

When the pages of Mai's imprint of the New Testament are laid open, short marginal notes present themselves to view throughout, in such numbers that the average is nearly three on each page for the entire volume. Their aggregate number is upwards of 1,200. As the manuscript is of such value in the estimation of critics, and its appearance in print is the fulfilment of a learned Europe's longing for years, it might be anticipated that the space so occupied would have been devoted to the vindication of the important deviations of the document from the printed texts current in Christendom, or some other matter of corresponding moment. Where space was so precious, and the manuscript itself so old and peculiar, such a use of the vacant margin would justify itself by its obvious utility and importance. But, with the rarest exceptions, these notes are devoted to show how a second hand has replaced the itacism of the text by the more usual orthography of modern Greek scholars. On page 148, for instance, just four of these notes occur; and they call attention to the fact that *γενεαι*, *λιμος*, *πολιτεια*, and *λιμω* of Luke xv. are spelled in the manuscript *γενεαι*, *λιμος*, *πολιτεια*, and *λιμω*: while the word *φαιρισται* appearing in the same chapter and presenting the same peculiarity is passed without notice; as is the addition of a clause consisting of seven words to verse 21; and peculiarities of text

amounting in the whole to upwards of fifty.

One might have supposed the *obscura diligentia* of the editor, or second-hand corrector, would have been satisfied with noting, once for all, or even a few times, the fact that *παρισιαίος* was the usual orthography of the manuscript. After repeated side-notes of the occurrence of this mode of spelling the word, on page 23 he says:—"S.M. *παρισ* Et sic deinceps." But still, instead of availing himself of the dispensation this general acknowledgment furnished, to be silent henceforward on this notorious itacism, which nearly pervades the manuscript, and which he had already denoted to excess, ten pages further, 33, there are no less than three distinct notes pointing out the extraordinary fact that, in three instances there occurring, *παρισιαίος* is put for *παρισίος*.

But the attention of the second-hand corrector began to flag after he had laboured upon the first three Gospels; for in John and the Acts the itacisms noted are only as one in three of those detected in the preceding books; while further on in the Epistles they are still more rarely noted. In James i., for instance, only one case of itacism is noted, while four others occur. But in Matthew xvii., which has exactly the same number of verses, 27, and is therefore selected for comparison, eight instances are distinctly noted, being all that occur within the chapter.

But both first and second-hand readings are *cushioned* in this edition for others without any authority from the manuscript.

In Rom. xi. 5, *prima manus* wrote *λεμμα*, *secunda manus* corrected it to *λεμμα*, and yet the printer gives us neither in the text, but our common *λεμμα*.

Rom. xvi. 1, the manuscript spells *κεχρησας*, which is right, but is sent in diagraph to the margin; while the second-hand spells *κεχρησας*, which is wrong, and foisted into the text, the post of honour. This is as we state it, if first and second-hand are not reversed by the oversight of the editor, as we strongly incline to believe is the case.

John xii. 3, the text reads *ωλευριμον*, the margin *ωλευριμον*; but the corrected reading is neither, but *ωλευριμον*.

Its reading in Mark ix. 44, *σκανδαλίζη* is inconsistent with *σκανδαλίζω* of the

preceding verse, the construction and sense being just the same.

κραββαρον, Mark ii. 4, is another instance of that laborious perverseness, whereby a simple operation of correction becomes complex and defeats its object. The reading here, if any truth be in the English reprint, is *κραββαρον*, and for this a side-note vouches on verse 9, where it says, *prima manu κραββαρον* *heic et infra*. One would think, after the actual insertion of that reading where the word first occurs, the process would be easy to spell the word in the same way in verses 9, 10, and 12. But that would be far too straightforward a procedure for editors so perversely wrong as those who have done their obstetric duty by this book. They mark in a side-note opposite verse 4, that *secunda manus* spells it *κραββαρον* here and in the cases succeeding; a piece of information not very instructive, but which may pass. It will scarcely be believed, however, after this preface, that in verses 9, 10, and 12, neither first nor second-hand is followed in the spelling of the word, but a mode that differs from either, the type of which probably existed in the printer's brain. The word appears three in succession *κραββαρον*.

By far the most amusing class of marginal notes are those calling attention to the actual readings of the Codex, as though these, to which the index points with the words *Ita cod.* were marked by some unusual enormity of orthography or construction. To run the eye through the volume, with a view to these alone, would furnish half-an-hour's rare entertainment to the student. For example, the name *Τιμοθεον* occurs in the text of Philippians, ii. 19, and the margin notes it thus *Ita heic, a. m. Τιμ.* But on our recurrence to all the other passages which have hitherto presented the name, Acts xvi. 1, xvii. 14, 15; xviii. 5; xix. 22; xx. 4, we find it spelled in the same way, without even a marginal note to show that it ever was otherwise in the manuscript. But this, of course, awakens the suspicion that in other places the manuscript does spell it *Τιμοθεον*, and that the editors have misrepresented the orthography. Col. i. 1, hangs out the same suspicious flag: *Ita cod. heic Τιμ.* Yet 1 Thess. i. 1, exhibits the name cor-

rectly without any note; but, still without intimation, Rom. xvi. 21, and 2 Thess. i. 1, spell the name just twice in the printed volume Τειμοθεῖς.

Ita cod. in Heb. ix. 2, seems to reflect on the enormity of the manuscript reading ἡγίς after το χρυσουν θυμιατηριον, but the author of that significant note forgot that σκηνη was the proper antecedent to the relative here.

The same fault shows itself in the *Ita cod.* of verse 9, where καθ' ην takes παραβολη for its antecedent, and not τυπον or καιρον.

Heb. vii. 5, ἀποδεκατον is marked out for special notice as an unusual infinitive of the verb ἀποδεκατω, but a similar form seems to occur in the manuscript in Matt. xiii. 32, κατασκηνοειν, of which no notice whatever is taken in Mai, where it appears in the ordinary form κατασκηνουν. But Mark iv. 32, gives the peculiar infinitive.

To complete the tale of marginal note delinquencies, we shall close with the Acts xxii. 28, where, although an asterisk marks the word πολιτειαν in the text, no corresponding mark in the margin returns the signal. Thus, to every possible form of unacknowledged commission and omission, is added an omission which is heralded with a "lo, here!"

The startling inconsistency of this extraordinary publication is not confined to its text alone, but pursues, with persistent irregularity, the titles of the books, which are no part, properly speaking, of the inspired text; for while the editors have adopted the title for Matthew of *the Gospel according to Matthew*, appending a brief note, *the word Gospel is wanting in the manuscript: Deest. in cod. euangelion*—they adopt the same formula for Mark, Luke, and John, without any intimation of the exact title in the original. Again, in the Epistle to the Romans, the title is given of *The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans*; but this too is accompanied with the explanation, that in the manuscript the title is only *To the Romans: In codice titulus est tantummodo προς ρωμαίους*.

The title to the Corinthians presents the curt brevity of that denied to the Romans, for it reads only *προς κορινθίους*, and is thus, perhaps, the only book out of the six just named.

which exhibits the real title it bears in the manuscript. But this is not quite certain on the showing of Mai's edition; for this, like every thing else in it, lies under the plague of an incurable doubt; yet it is all but certain on the testimony of other authorities.

The Foot Notes are twenty-six, but few of these are of any importance. These occur at the bottom of pages 1, 49, 102, 104, 165, 168, 169, 182, 192, 210, 282, 293, 306, 318, 324, 396, 407, 413, 418, 419, 425, 429, 430, 440, 441, 465. They contain eighty-nine lines, or about two pages of print; but some of them consist of only one line. For all the information they convey, they might almost as well have been absent. Of the less important, we translate the note on the subscription of the Epistle to the Philippians, "Written from Rome." The note says, "these three words are written in a more modern hand." The most important and longest note relates to the disputed text of the *Three Witnesses in Heaven*, which, although wanting in the Vatican manuscript, is nevertheless interpolated in the printed edition, accompanied by the following notice:—

"In the very ancient Vatican Codex which we represent in this edition, there is only read: *ὅτι τρεῖς εἶσαν οἱ μαρτυροῦντες, τὸ πνεῦμα, καὶ τὸ ὕδωρ, καὶ τὸ αἷμα· καὶ οἱ τρεῖς εἰς τὸ ἐν εἰμέν.* *εἰ τὴν μαρτυρίαν, &c.* The celebrated testimony of John, therefore, in favour of the three Divine Persons is wanting, which circumstance was already well known to critics. Nevertheless, one Greek codex in the Vatican, of no great antiquity, exhibits that testimony, which the Latin manuscripts everywhere vigilantly guard; and of these especially, one most ancient one of the monastery of La Cava at Salernum, a faithful transcript of which has been lately placed in the Vatican at my suggestion. I refrain from discussing the genuineness of the testimony of John, because the critics have already adduced all the arguments necessary for its proof. The testimony of the Disciples we are independent of after all, since we have been baptized by the Master's command, *In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*"

The tone of the note will be interpreted differently by different readers. To ourselves it is very far from expressing deep conviction on the part of the writer, that the passage is gen-

vine:—It seems, in fact, to breathe such a spirit as this:—The testimony is not there, and there is no help for it; but we do not much need it, for as good or better is to be found elsewhere. Those who are satisfied with such advocacy as this, must be persons who are easily satisfied.

The only other foot-note we shall refer to, for their slight importance claims the very slightest regard, is that on Colossians iv. 2, which objects to the present and prevailing division of the chapter. "*Hinc rectius ordietur capitulum, quam rem nota OE et materiae ratio comprobant.*" But, strange to say, the same division prevails in Ephesians vi., where the same Apostle treats of the same class of relative duties; but neither the manuscript nor the editors take any notice of the matter there.

Notwithstanding the obstacles laid in the way of collators of the Codex within the last thirty years, sufficient extracts of a trustworthy character were placed in our possession by the scholars of earlier times, to make us familiar with its leading characteristics. Ample confirmation of these conclusions is furnished to us in the printed text of Cardinal Mai. The great feature of the Codex is *omission*, which any one may learn at the glance of an eye, as he looks down the columns of Ford's Supplement, the word "deest" meeting him everywhere. The Codex presents an abbreviated text of the New Testament; for of that portion of it only do we speak in this paper. This peculiarity would appear clearly to every reader, could we exhibit the text of its omissions in two or three sacred books. In Mark, for instance, besides 364 other omissions of greater or less moment, it leaves out the whole concluding paragraph, consisting of nine entire verses, or from 12 inclusive to 20, of chapter xvi.

The right which these verses have to admission into the text of the New Testament, we know has been matter of controversy for a long time; but the peculiarity of the manuscript before us, in relation to the passage, is, that while it omits all this matter, it nevertheless leaves the blank space, which it should occupy, unwritten on. A critical care, therefore, either in the exemplar copied, or in the transcriber, governed the omission of the passage; a consideration which should not be

lost sight of in the judicial assignation of the merits of the manuscript.

Another long passage like this in Mark, occurs in John viii., where the narrative of the woman taken in adultery appears in our received text, but is here excluded to the extent of eleven verses. The omission embraces also the last verse of the preceding chapter. This is another of those passages whose genuineness has been matter of dispute in the Church. The bloody sweat, and the vision of the Angel, in Luke xxii. 41-3, is likewise left out; the troubling of the pool at Bethesda, John v. 3-5; the answer of Philip to the eunuch of Queen Candace, Acts viii. 37; and the celebrated passage, 1 John v. 7, relating to the three heavenly witnesses. All these disappear from the text of the Vatican Codex, and give it a very distinctive character as a member of a certain class of manuscripts; and these omissions are noted in the margin. But besides these, there are numberless omissions of a less striking sort, which can only be apprehended on a close collation, which embrace whole verses, clauses, and words; and which, more or less, affect the sense, and bestow a prevailing complexion on the document. Some of these, doubtless, follow the copy transcribed into our Codex; but many of them are due to the carelessness and ignorance of either copyist.

Some of these are sustained by the testimony of other manuscripts, but many omissions are mere blunders and oversights of the copyist - the extent to which these may be found to prevail being one of the criterions of the value of the Codex. Every kind of form which omissions can take, and far more numerous than we can classify, they are found to assume in the Vatican manuscript.

We are compelled to exclude a long list of examples, which are intended to appear in due time elsewhere.

Summary of Omissions. — Matthew, 330; Mark, 365; Luke, 432; John, 357; Acts, 384; James, 41; 1 Peter, 46; 2 Peter, 20; 1 John, 16; 2 John, 3; 3 John, 2; Jude, 11; Romans, 106; 1 Corinthians, 146; 2 Corinthians, 74; Galatians, 57; Ephesians, 53; Philippians, 21; Colossians, 36; 1 Thessalonians, 21; 2 Thessalonians, 10; Hebrews, to ix. 14, 38. In the Gospels and Acts, 1772; and in the Epistles extant,

881, or 2,486 in all. Each chapter in the first division of this calculation (117) contains more than double the number of those in each chapter of the Epistles, which in this volume are 101.

These numerous omissions are not only characteristics, but faults; they furnish the scholars of our own day with a valid reason for refusing their entire confidence to the readings of a Codex so full of blemishes. The text which our manuscript copied was one of a peculiar kind, and the transcriber a person who multiplied the faults of his exemplar by a prodigious accumulation of his own. He has proved himself guilty of the grossest negligence in causeless and countless omissions, besides other faults of a serious character. Whenever, indeed, the text of the Vatican manuscript can be accurately ascertained, it will be weighed in the balance of probability, and submitted to the same tests, as other ancient manuscripts; but it presents no strong claim upon our deference from the nature of its readings apart from the asserted antiquity of the document, and that assertion itself is still under debate.

Transpositions are, of course, various readings in every instance; but they do not in ordinary cases perceptibly affect the sense; yet are there cases in which they do; and in all such cases the question of the evidence upon which such variations rest becomes a matter of importance. If these occur, moreover, in any document in such unusual numbers as to make them one of its grand peculiarities, they become on that ground, along with others, entitled to close consideration. There are exactly 220 chapters of the original text extant in the Vatican Codex, and in these occur 1,086 transpositions, or variations in the order of the words from the standard of comparison adopted in this essay, Elzevir, 1624.

In our close collation of the whole, with a view to ascertain this point, we have not found half-a-dozen chapters in the volume without a transposition, while the average assigns nearly five to each chapter throughout. Whence is this prevalence of dislocation, which leaves the Vatican without a parallel in this respect, unless it be in the eccentric Codex Bezae? And what is its effect upon

the authority of our manuscript? If we allow one-half the entire number of transpositions to belong to the interval between the apostolic autographs and the exemplar whose text the Vatican exhibits, and give credit for only one-half of them to the transcriber of the present copy, we shall have laid at the door of the copyist so large an amount of studied, capricious, or unconscious changes, as ought to awaken suspicion of his competency, integrity, or watchfulness. Transpositions occur in all quarters, connexions, forms, and numbers. We have single transpositions, Matt. i. 18, ii. 3; double transpositions, Matt. vi. 33; triple transpositions, Matt. xii. 27, xx. 13; quadruple transpositions, Mark i. 5, 33; quintuple and sextuple transpositions, Matt. xxii. 29, xxiii. 10, Mark iii. 27. There are further simple and complex ones. Transpositions complicated with omissions, Mark x. 16; others with insertions, Mark xi. 3; and others with involutions, Mark vii. 21. Some embracing many words, Matt. iii. 22, Mark vii. 29; even whole verses, Matt. xxi. 30; others only two words—these last abound *passim*.

That we may ascertain how many of these are fairly attributable to the source before us, and how many to the craftsmen before his day, to whom he owed the text which he copied, we shall see how many of them Tischendorf adopts, the German editor being a person who would willingly take as much from the Vatican as could, with the slightest show of authority, be substantiated. The tenth chapter of St. Mark contains twenty transpositions; of these, Tischendorf adopts twelve, leaving eight to the account of the carelessness or caprice of our scribe. Such is the state of the case, even on Tischendorf's showing; but we do not invest this eminent textuary with the supreme dignity of a judge from whose award there is no appeal, because his partialities are too apparent for that class of manuscripts to which the Vatican belongs.

Summary of Transpositions.—Those in Matthew amount to 139; Mark, 172; Luke, 231; John, 163; Acts, 167; James, 9; 1 Peter, 4; 2 Peter, 6; 1 John, 7; 2 John, 3; 3 John, 0; Jude,

4; Romans, 38; 1 Corinthians, 59; 2 Corinthians, 20; Galatians, 16; Ephesians, 16; Philippians, 9; Colossians, 3; 1 Thessalonians, 7; 2 Thessalonians, 3; Hebrews to ix. 14, 10.

The insertion of *Ephelkystic Nu* before a consonant, is the rule in this manuscript; nevertheless, there are inconsistencies even here. Eph. i. 22, reads *ἰδωκε κεφαλὴν*, but the next verse reads *ἰσὺν το σωμα*. Heb. v. 8, presents both forms, the right and the wrong—*εμαθεν ἀφ' ὧν επαθεν την*, κ. τ. λ. 1 Pet. ii. 12, presents a verb in the plural number without ν. *δοξασωσι τον θ*; iv. 5, 6, also presents two of the same sort. These instances are sufficiently rare to make a few exceptions worthy of note. 1 Peter v. 14, has *πασι* without ν.

In like manner it is characteristic of the Vatican Codex to insert the *Ephelkystic sigma*, after *οὐτω*, without regard had to the fact whether a vowel or consonant follow it. But there are exceptions even to this usage, always assuming that we may draw our conclusion from Mai's text. Thus, Phil. iv. 1, *οὕτω στήκετε*.

Other peculiarities, which must in candour be owned to be peculiar faults, and those of every conceivable description, abound. Exempli gratia—words imperfectly written, Eph. iii. 19; 3 John, 3; Mark ix. 48; and sundry others.

Words copied in a contracted form and misunderstood by the scribe—Acts xxviii. 1, James iii. 6, 2 Cor. iii. 1, Mark xv. 8, Matt. xix. 24, John x. 4.

Words misread by the copyist. Acts xx. 15, James iii. 5, 1 Peter iii. 20. Words in other forms and genders than those in common use—Acts xi. 28, Eph. i. 7. Phil. iii. 6.

Faulty punctuations—Jude 22, 1 Cor. vii. 33, Gal. iv. 31, Acts xxiv. 18. Mispunctuation complicated with transposition, Acts xiii. 20, 21. Mispunctuation complicated with omission, Acts xv. 17, 18.

Faulty syntax appears in countless cases, as Acts viii. 7; Rom. xiv. 18; Jude 20, 21; but not Acts iv. 25, although marked as faulty syntax in Mai's edition.

Contradiction in statement: Acts x. 19; xi. 11.

Omission of negatives: Rom. iv. 9; John v. 42; Col. ii. 18.

Thus, irregularity and inconsistency

are largely characteristic of the manuscript, for most of these deviations from our standard count by scores of cases.

The inconsistency of its text appears in the reading, Mark xv. 34, where the divine name reads only once as a translation of the Syriac, which reads twice. This is obviously an undesigned omission from homoeoteleuton:—"And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani? which is, being interpreted, my God, [my God], why hast thou forsaken me?" Here the sin is defect, but to counterbalance it, we have the fault of redundancy elsewhere, Acts xix. 34—"But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'" The reduplication here is the scribe's own—a semi-critical embellishment of his text.

It has been asserted that contractions of words are not known in the manuscript, but that arose from defective information, for all the common abbreviations appear in it, such as *θε*, *ες*, *ις*, *χς*, *υς*, *ση*, *ηλ*, *λημ*, *πρα*, *μα*,—for *θεος κυριος, ιησους, χριστος, υιος, σωτηρ, ισραηλ, ηρουσαλημ, πατερα, μητερα*. From the facsimile of a single page given with Mai's New Testament we copy the following, in the first verse in Mark, *ω, χυ, θυ*.

The peculiarities of orthography in the Vatican manuscript are not numerous; few, if any, are exclusively found in this Codex; the most striking being those represented to be Alexandrian forms, but which are nevertheless of common occurrence elsewhere. The most frequent peculiarity of its orthography is its itacism in the simple form of *α* for *ι*; but we have also noticed every other form of itacism common in Greek books to the number of thirty-five varieties.

As we have broached the subject of orthography, it may not be out of place to offer an observation or two on the Greek spelling of certain modern printed editions. Of the orthography adopted in Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles' editions we openly avow our opinion that it is indefensible, although it savours of

archaism, and claims to be regarded as an attempted conformity to the age of the oldest manuscripts. We object to the process, first, on the ground that the age of the manuscripts whose orthography is deferred to is undetermined, and may be anachronous. The mode of spelling, which we reflect on is not that of any one manuscript, the accurate representation of which, even in its orthography, is desirable when it is presented in a printed form to the public; it is rather a mosaic of orthography, and may thus represent the accumulated blunders of many ages or scribes, instead of those merely of one.

Our second ground of objection deals with the matter in more dogmatic style, and denies the possibility of ascertaining a fourth century orthography of the New Testament, from our sheer inability to ascertain, on indisputable evidence, a fourth century manuscript without direct testimony in the manuscript itself to its date. We may content ourselves with a broad and decided denial of any man's capacity for determining the age of a parchment codex, from its mere appearance. It seems unaccountably forgotten by diplomatic critics, that the state of preservation of a manuscript has great weight unconsciously with the observer in determining his opinion of its age; and that a shattered mouldy volume will gain credit for centuries, which will, with equal promptitude, be deducted from the age of one which is clean and well preserved. We seriously see strong reason against fixing the supposed older manuscripts in the fourth century, rather than the fifth, or any other down to the ninth or tenth; for one hundred years, or less, of ill-treatment would work that change in their appearance which now bespeaks their antiquity with the fuutors of their claims; of course, along with other considerations. Greek manuscripts of the New Testament have always been a-writing down to the discovery of printing, even in the darkest ages, for there always has existed a Greek Church, with its officiating clergy and its scholars. Fox used to say there had been no dark ages. In a certain sense this was true; for the so-called dark ages had only supplanted one kind of literature by another—the literature of Paganism by that of Christianity.

In like manner must we aver, with far more correctness, that there never was an extinction and consequent revival of a Greek literature. It is true that in the western regions of Europe, the Greek gave place to the Latin tongue; but in Greece Proper, and in the provinces of the Greek Empire, a Greek church, school, and nation, were a living fact at all times; so that the transcription of Greek ecclesiastical and sacred books never died out, and the Greek tongue, as the vernacular of the people, was never superseded.

What a sheer romance of conjecture, even in the hands of a clever man like Tischendorf, the supposed vicissitudes of a Codex become, let his genealogy of Codex C attest. "It seems to me," says he, "that it was written before the middle of the fifth century, in Egypt. That then about a hundred years afterwards it was corrected in Palestine, that next, about the ninth century, it was corrected and arranged for ecclesiastical use in Constantinople. Finally, that in the twelfth century, it was prepared by the deletion of its original matter, to receive thirty-eight treatises of Ephraem Syrus, in a Greek translation, which were re-written on the same parchment." All this is mere conjecture; no one fact being certain beyond this, that it is a palimpsest; nor a date incontrovertible, except this, that the palimpsest could not have received its second text earlier than the date of Ephraem Syrus, at the close of the fourth century. As the manuscripts, then, whose spelling is copied in Tischendorf's text, may really be later than the date he assigns them, and the archaism of his orthography be more apparent than real, we object to his peculiar spelling also on this consideration.

But as he goes no higher than four hundred years after Christ, and for even this date has to trust to the teaching of only two manuscripts, which have a thousand faults, A and B, and which he would no more implicitly follow in all their peculiarities than he would follow a will-o'-the-wisp, we think there is another defect of evidence in favour of the peculiar orthography he adopts. In no artificial acquisition is the idiosyncrasy of the individual man more exclusive than in his orthography. A scribe may copy a document in other respects

most accurately, and yet foist in, unintentionally, his own peculiar mode of spelling words. Paul, and Tertius, and Timothy, in all likelihood, did not spell their Greek alike, just as we find no two Englishmen spell their native language in every respect similarly, although in all well-educated persons there will be a general resemblance to a common standard. If Paul, then, would not spell exactly as Tertius, how can we look upon the spelling of a fourth-century manuscript as a correct representation of the way in which the inspired writers wrote? To us, the project of Lachmann and Tischendorfsema, on this side of their enterprise, to partake of serious hallucination, and to be really unworthy of the task they have undertaken. We think their reproduction of a fourth-century orthography itself too problematical to be received with undoubting confidence—still more, if we are to regard this as the actual way in which Evangelists and Apostles spelled their Greek. We, English of the nineteenth century, do not spell in the same way as Chaucer or Wicliffe did; and yet the interval between ourselves and these worthies is no greater than that between the inspired writers of the New Testament, and the transcribers of A and B, on the most liberal calculation. And in four hundred years more, if phonographers, Americans, and colonial printers, operate freely upon our English orthography, as great a change may be expected. We conclude it, therefore, to be as wrong to conform our orthography of New Testament Greek to a fourth-century type, as to conform our religion to a fourth-century Christianity, or our present orthography to that of the period of Chaucer. There is a certain ascertained and received Greek orthography, just as there is a normal English orthography, and we think common sense, as well as the considerations urged above, should induce adhesion to the received mode of spelling. In instances wherein the only difference from the received text consists in the different mode of spelling of a given word, it savours either of a crotchet or of pedantry to adopt the novel and reject the received. Of course, what we arraign in Lachmann or Tischendorf, is as censurable in the still more recent editors of Greek texts, who sail in the same bottom with

these learned Germans. Of each and sundry of such persons, we may say, as was said by hostile divines of Luther's Exegesis, in the sixteenth century, and of his debt to old De La Harpe—

"Si Lyra non lyrasset
Lutherus non saltasset."

Lachmann set the fashion in spelling, and others have been eager to copy his example.

If we are dissatisfied with the labours of certain modern editors in their attempted assimilation of our ordinary texts of the Greek New Testament to ancient models, not less are we unconvinced by their arguments in favour of an Egyptian origin, and an extremely early date for this Vatican manuscript.

Dr. Hug, on the very slightest grounds, assigns an Egyptian origin to the document in question, the terms he has employed being as decisive as his premises are weak. In his introduction to the New Testament this learned divine thus reports on the incunabula of the Codex, in language needlessly strong and unqualified:—

"The manuscript evinces by its peculiarities of language, that it was written by an Egyptian calligraphist. This peculiarity occurs *only* in Coptic or Græco-Coptic documents," &c.

Less faultily, because less dogmatically, does Dr. Tregelles write in his volume of Horne's Introduction to the New Testament, p. 164. This industrious critic states on the point of orthography:—

"In many points of orthography this manuscript may be safely followed, as giving the forms, &c., which really belong to that kind of Greek in which the New Testament was originally written. It has been supposed that these forms show that the Codex was written in Egypt; but their existence does not *prove* this point, which may be regarded as pretty certain on other grounds: [the critic should have stated these.] The habitual retention of Alexandrian forms in this manuscript is worthy of remark, and this it may be thought, would have been unlikely if the copyist had belonged to another region."

From this language it is apparent that Dr. Tregelles holds to the Egyptian origin of the manuscript, for reasons not stated—"pretty certain

on other grounds;" and yet his main reliance seems to be on the "Alexandrian forms" of orthography, the "retention" of which "would have been unlikely if the copyist had belonged to another region."

Now, on this subject of Græco-Coptic peculiarities of dialect, whether orthographic or other, we are disposed to conclude with Schow, that more is taken for granted than can be readily proved. We are quite familiar with allegations to the effect that this and the other Greek forms which differ from classical Greek, in their orthography or construction, are Alexandrian peculiarities; but we are equally sure that much which is advanced to this effect rests upon no stronger foundation than a willingness to believe it so, as the most obvious solution of a difficulty. We know too little of the mongrel jargon of Alexandria, and too little of the common speech of the native Greek cities to be able to affirm what is peculiar to the one or to the other, and to make our assumption of a Græco-Coptic dialect other than a term which has been invented to hide our ignorance. This unknown quantity of Alexandrianism reminds one of Horace Walpole's sally on a kindred subject: "None of the critics could ever make out what Livy's Patavinity is; though they are all confident it is in his writings." So with the matter in hand: men have persuaded themselves that there ought to be Alexandrianisms in the dialect of the New Testament, and then have quietly assumed that they are there. Now we see no antecedent ground for believing such to be the case, and we still pause for instances of peculiarities which can be decided to be exclusively Alexandrian. We can understand that there might be Palestinian, or Syrian, or Cilician, or even Italian idiotisms, for all these regions contributed their influences to the composition of the New Testament writings; but we perceive no special causes why they should be tinged with an Alexandrian hue. True, the Septuagint is fathered upon Alexandria by extravagant tradition, but from the inequality of that translation it is all but certain that it is a mosaic contributed by various countries where God's ancient people resided, prior to the advent of our

Lord. Schow expounds nearly the entire mystery when he says: "Fata etiam ac mutationes, quas dialectus Græco-Ægyptia subiecit, quum in libris nunquam adhibita sit, ignoramus: nec de eadem minimam quidem cognitionem habemus, ni in scriptoribus sacris rara ejusdem superfuissent vestigia, nam et scriptores ecclesiastici, in Ægypto nati, dialecto vulgari sive Constantinopolitana utebantur." The author, indeed, assumes that there are vestiges of this dialect in Holy Writ, but "rare" ones; and very expressly declares that there is absolutely no other extant source of information on the subject. We must leave to himself the task of reconciling such a declaration with his assumption; as in the absence of evidence outside the Scriptures of similar peculiarities, we can conceive few conclusions more hazardous than to take it for granted that they may be detected on the sacred page. Where this learned writer affirms so doubtfully, we take leave to question altogether his feeble allegation.

To the statement of Hug, then, circulated without examination by others, a simple negation of the premises is the proper reply. The forms named are not exclusively Alexandrian, nor any modification of Greek with native Egyptian elements. On grounds equally valid we might pronounce the manuscript Italian in its origin; for there can be no doubt that the Greek of Italy corresponded in these respects with that of Alexandria, as we can prove on indubitable authority. On the forms *ειπαρ*, *ηλθαν*, &c., we need not offer an observation, as they are too common in their occurrence in manuscripts of all descriptions and countries to claim for themselves an exclusive habitation in any region of the Old World; besides that in the Vatican manuscripts, these forms exchange at intervals with the more usual *ειπον*, *ηλθον*, &c. The spelling of the derivatives of *λαμβάνω* with *μψ* and *μφθ*, where the *μ* in the *κοινή διαλεκτός* is usually dispensed with, is more relied on by biblical critics than any other, as evidence of the Alexandrian origin of the Vatican Codex. Yet this very usage we can quote from an Italian manuscript in the Latin tongue, written for Italian use, and never out of Italy; a document, more-

over, written most probably within the self-same century which witnessed the transcription of the Vatican manuscript, if we must allow this latter so early a date. In the library of the Cathedral at Verona exists a palimpsest copy of the text of Virgil's poems, with commentaries, written underneath the *Moralia* of Gregory on Job, and assigned to the fourth century. All around the margins of the text run the commentaries of Asper, Cornutus, Haterianus, Longus, Nisus, Probus, Scaurus, Sulpicius, and the collector of these: most of the names cited being those of classical grammarians of repute, who are quoted by writers of the preceding age.

Now, in this purely Italian manuscript, written for Italian purposes and readers, the occasional Greek words quoted are written in uncial characters, which the terms employed to describe those of the Vatican code, would describe. "Lectores moneo," says the editor, "scripturam graecam veronensis palimpsesti speciosam esse, quadratam, omnique spiritu et accentu carentem." And how does this Italian manuscript spell, without variation, the only three Greek words it contains which could exhibit the so-called Alexandrian orthography? Why, simply in the form which is claimed as peculiarly Alexandrian. It writes —

ἐκαναληψις.	ἐκαναλημψις;
μεγαλεμψιμ.	metalempsim;
	and
προληψιμ.	προλημψιμ.

In the face of such positive counter-evidence as this, it cannot be maintained that the appearance of the letter *mu* in the deflections of λαμβανω, is a peculiarity exclusively Alexandrian; and with this, as the chief point urged in favour of an Egyptian origin, the hypothesis itself falls to the ground. There is absolutely nothing else of any moment to rely upon, except the forms εἶπαν, &c. &c., ἄλθαν, which are too commonly interchanged with the more usual forms in the present manuscript, to constitute them a peculiarity of its dialect, besides being found freely in other manuscripts, which are as little Egyptian as itself. If our codex has καταλημψην in Phil. iii. 12, it has also καταληψεσαι, Phil. iii. 13; if it has εἶπαν, Matt. xxi. 16, it has εἶπον xxi. 30; if it has ἄλθαν, Mark vi. 28, it has also ἦλθον, vi. 53; if it has εἶδον, Mark

vi. 50, it has εἶδον, xvi. 5, εἶχον, viii. 7, εἶχον, viii. 14; ἐπεβαλον, Mark xvi. 48; ἐπεβαλον, Matt. xvi. 50; προσήλθον, Matt. v. 1, προσήλθον, xv. 30. Here are instances of both forms; and others are abundant, quite enough to prove that the presence of *alpha* in certain tenses of verbs where we usually find the *omicron*, is not the invariable characteristic of our manuscript. Two instances of *o* occur in John vii. 45. The use would seem indifferent, and is common elsewhere.

Again, the perfect tense ending in *av* instead of *asi* is called a peculiarity of our manuscript, and confined to Alexandria; but the common termination is seen here and there in the manuscript. But, first of all, we must call attention to Rom. xvi. 7, where, instead of Hug's γεγοναν, Mai's edition reads γεγονασιν; Hug being a more reliable authority for a reading than the wretched imprint of the Cardinal, and being sustained, moreover, by the authority of the collators. In Acts xvii. 28, we have κρηκασιν; Jude 10, οἶδασιν; the same, John x. 4, 5, xv. 21; εωρακασιν, μεμνησκασιν. John xv. 24, and dozens of others.

On the evidence already adduced, showing that the supposed Alexandrian peculiarities of the manuscript are not Alexandrian at all, but just as common in Italian as in Egyptian Greek, and finding thus the way open for conjecture or hypothesis of our own on the subject of the natal soil of the Codex, we must confess that we lean to an Italian origin. In support of which we may urge a small item or two, but diminutive as they are they are not smaller than the alleged basis of its Egyptian derivation—they may besides be sound, which the other was not.

There is a very curious reading in 2nd Peter iii. 10, which may find its origin in a Latin word—the verse reading thus in the Vatican: ἡμέτερον ἡμεῖς κυρίου ὡς κλεψτῆς [ἐν νυκτι] ἐν ᾗ οἱ οὐρανοὶ βοήζοντες καταλυσονται, στοιχία δὲ καυσούμενα λυθισονται, καὶ γῆ καὶ τα ἐν αὐτῇ ἔργα εὐρεθήσονται. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief [in the night] in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein, shall be burned up" ["shall be found," Vat. MS.] I do not overlook the fact

that this reading is met with elsewhere, but so rarely as scarcely to be more than an echo of our text. There are two ways which suggest themselves of accounting for this odd word in the present place. The one is that the negative *μη* has dropped out, and that the original reading was *μη ευσθησεται*, which would give a good and scriptural sense, and would answer well to the *λυθησεται* of the preceding clause; but this is absolutely without manuscript authority. Our other suggestion is that the word is neither more nor less than the Latin verb *uro*, I burn, and that *ευσθησεται* is thus only a Latin root with a Greek inflection: *vident quantum*.

We have the Latin name *Silvanus* rendered into Greek, 1st Peter v. 12, *σιλβανου*, although it appears in other forms in three other places in Mai's imprint, but with questionable correctness, for the collators are against the Cardinal. Now this is a Latin and not a Greek orthography, *Bisit* appearing for *Vixit*, *Birgo* for *Virgo*, and *Ocatia* for *Octavia* on the monuments. The common Greek form is *σιλουανος*.

There is also the curious reading of Mark iv. 8, where the Greek numeral, *ις*, is taken for the Latin preposition, *in*, "and brought forth *unto* thirty, and *in* sixty, and *in* a hundred." Tischendorf, it is true, considers this the genuine reading, but quotes it as if the Codex B read *thrice eis*, which it does only once. There is great difficulty about determining the true lection here, but to a scribe ignorant of Greek to take an unaccented *εις* for *in* would be natural.

The reading *εις ις*, which is that also of the very remarkable and Latinizing Codex Bezae, savours of the Roman *item*. Tischendorf cites only the one authority for it. The learned but speculative author of *Palaeo-Samaica* would have thanked us upon his knees for this suggestion.

We may add the titles *κατα Ματθαιον*, *προς ρωμαιους*, *ιακωβου ιπιστολη*, and *πραξις αποστολων*, the two latter of which, if they can be depended on, are sheer Latin constructions and not Greek. Every eye recognises in both *Epistola Jacobi* and *Acta apostolorum*, the bald simplicity of Latinum, rather than the ornate fulness of the language of Plato and the gods.

We cannot see much advantage to be gained for the authority of the manuscript by assigning it a place amid the polemics of the fourth century. Do not Origen, Jerome, Tertullian, and Augustine, testify to abundant variations in the copies of their own day; and are not the quotations from Scripture in the earliest writers of the church perceptibly different from one another? "The devil's apostles," as corrupters of texts were called by a very early writer—"The devil's *deacons*" is an apostolic phrase, 2 Cor. xi. 15)—were, indeed, soon at work, altering by design; but even without this source of change, which we believe to have been very limited in its effects, good men with the best intentions, and all men from unavoidable mistakes, contributed to alter the original and genuine text. With regard to the very partial influence of the heretical pravarator of copies of Holy Writ, and the real authorship of the clerical errors of manuscripts, each sacred writer and each supposed corruptor, might lay them at the doors of the transcribers, in the words—*non meus est error: movit librarius ulla*. By the fourth century, or fifth, there were probably as many and as great variations from the purity of the autograph text, as there have been since then—the variations detected now not being modern in almost any case, but ancient. Each church, region, preacher, editor, owner, translator, and transcriber, seems to have had an edition differing more or less from every other, and because most of these varieties are only gathered together in modern times, and as a matter of course, from the more recent manuscripts, the older documents having perished, their origin has been ascribed to the negligence or design of the more modern copyists. This is a great fallacy, and will vitiate much of our reasoning on the subject of manuscripts if not carefully avoided. The variations originated chiefly in the first five centuries of the Christian church, and not later. Every cause that has conduced since that time to garble or mutilate the text of the Christian documents, was then in more intense and energetic operation than at any later period. Reason avouches this, and history confirms it: *maxima pars depravatum lectionum primis saeculis invasit*.

Antiquitas præcipue licentiâ scribarum et correctorum luxuriavit.—Rinck, x. 11. See also the learned Jesuit Germon's Monograph—*De veteribus Hæreticis Ecclesiasticorum Codicum corruptoribus*, 1713.

Every written copy necessarily differed from every other copy; even successive copies made by the same scribe after the same exemplar were all unlike each other from the operation of various causes; and all these faults of the different copies were of course imitated in the copies made from these, with other original faults added. Codices bear no resemblance to printed editions; there was never uniformity in all respects between two manuscripts, much less between a series of written books of any province or nation, as there will be in a printed edition of five hundred or a thousand copies; hence each manuscript must stand or fall as representative of its individual text, and not of that current in any region or Church. The Vatican Codex has no valid claim to represent the prevailing text of the age to which it belongs. There never was such a text in the sense of one represented alike in two copies, or a series of copies, without variation; and much of the evidence hitherto attainable is against its curt and quaint text being in harmony with those generally circulating in the Church at large.

Besides, our Codex is not free from the possible charge of theological bias, as in the reading, John i. 18, in which it substitutes *μονογενὴς θεός* for *ὁ υἱός*, "only-begotten God," for "only-begotten Son." This is something like that of the Alexandrian manuscript A, John xix. 40, wherein the corpse of Jesus is called *τοσούτα τούτον*, the body of God. In neither of these cases can we yield our convictions of the wrongness of the reading to the antiquity or supposed authority of the manuscripts. Subjective considerations and internal evidence are of some weight in the determination of a text, and no man, without renouncing his judgment altogether, can tie himself down to the reception of suggested readings of an unapostolical character, merely because the voice of one or two antiquated manuscripts is raised in their favour.

These two readings just instanced we reject, although we receive *θεός* in Acts xx. 28, as probable, and the same

word in 1 Timothy iii. 16, as certain. The construction and the usage are not opposed in these latter cases to the admission of the Divine Name, as in those to which we object. We are not concerned to ascertain whether theological reasons dictated the changes of *θεός* for *κύριος*, and *viceversa*, which are to be found in the Vatican manuscript, e.g., the former variation, Acts xvi. 10, 32; xvii. 27; xxi. 20; the latter, xv. 32; xx. 32. &c. &c. These are specimens of a common kind of various reading, easily accounted for under ordinary circumstances without the suspicion of design. But whatever be the antiquity or the merits of the manuscript itself, there can be but one opinion entertained of the unfortunate character of Mai's publication.

The tantalizing result of the Cardinal's editorial labours is most aptly expressed in Baillet's description of the visionary Alchemy of the Middle Ages, and its fruitless results: "*Est sine arte ars; ejus principium est scire, medium mentiri, finis mendicare;*" the which we may freely render, "a work most marvellously done, which began with a profession of intelligence, belied that pretension as it advanced, and beggared its author in the issue." That the result of beggary was not literally reached in the Cardinal's case, may, perhaps, be owing to the same cause which accounted for the prosperity of the early Franciscans: The Father of the Cordeliers being asked by the Pope how he came to be able to maintain so many religious houses, replied, complimenting his Holiness, "that their order, though it had a very poor mother (the Church), yet had a very opulent father (the Pope)." Resources were doubtless found to sustain Mai in his costly enterprise, without encroaching upon the personal comforts of his Eminence, or impoverishing the expectations of his kindred.

The good Cardinal ought to have studied with special attention, in reference, at least, to this one publication of his, the posthumous work of his brother Cardinal Valerio, *De cautione adhibenda in eludis libris*: not that the *quis scribat* or the *quid scribitur*, or the *cur*, or the *ad quos* is in question, as on all these grounds Mai must be proclaimed unexceptionable, but that he has sadly failed in

the *quomodo* of actual performance. We join in the wail of the seventeenth century scholar, with a direct application of our own to the nineteenth century scholar's senile shortcomings:—"mirabile enim est quosdam

interdum scripsisse [libros edidisse] ita barbare, ita inquinate, ut legi sine fastidio et sine molestiâ, a viris mediocriter in bonis artibus versatis non queant."

HESPERUS.

Lo! Autumn's star, the golden evening star,
The splendour-hearted star of harvest, fills
The west with joy; the rivers take its light,
And o'er the sea it dances through the night,
And round the shores, the forest-cinctured hills,
And leafy headlands, sparkles from afar.
O! rich and sweet, O! harbinger divine -
O bringer of soft herbage to the kine!
O! plenteous-handed god of wheat and wine—
The juiced apple mellows in thy glow;
And dips the amaranth her purple vase
Within the waters silvered with thy rays;
And pants the nightingale her song of praise,
From gardens where the August roses blow.

All that thou touchest, gladdens: in the even
The hamlet's children cease their play, and turn
Their innocent eyes where thy kind glories burn.
Thou shinest o'er the widow old and weak,
And o'er the maiden in her cottage meek,
And o'er the sickleman's embrowned cheek,
Who better loves thee than all stars beside—
The Pleiads pale, the scintillating Seven -
And, silent, hails to worship thee— Oh guide,
Oh rustic guardian of a gate in heaven.

Not solely round the norlands green and wan
Thou movest; still thy sapphire lustre flows
O'er India's ebon woods, Saban's sands,
Dark paradises, incense-bearing lands,
And mighty rivers floating from the dawn,
Where glooms the cypress, and the fuchsia glows.
O, still shine on, ubiquitously bright,
Above the silent realms, the lands of song,
Where odorous woods exhale the noonday's fire,
Where thrills the blue with tonings of the lyre,
And fast by marble ruins foam along
The lillied freshes, tinkling to the night:—
Glow sovereign beauty, happy spirit glow,
Until the angels of the sunrise reap
The golden clouds, and sweeten human sleep,
Till o'er the crimson-fronted morning steep,
The sea-bird wavers on a wing of snow!

T. IRWIN.

W. M. THACKERAY—SATIRIST AND HUMORIST.

PART I.—HIS EARLIER AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

THERE is scarcely any one among our readers, we suppose, who is not already perfectly well acquainted with that charming optical illusion known as a series of Dissolving Views. We remember it as a scientific toy, standing about midway, in point both of time and excellence, between the old Magic Lantern of our childhood and that wonderful new-fangled world-in-little—that double-barrelled microcosm of photography—the Stereoscope. Don't we all of us bear vividly in recollection the mingled surprise and suspense with which we first watched those marvellous fluctuations of light and shadow upon the disc of the Dissolving Views, as we sat there in the darkened exhibition-room—picture fading into picture—the variegated colours and manifold outlines of each glowing radiantly for a while upon the spectral canvas, as turn by turn the paintings streamed upon it distinctly from the lens of the invisible microscope. It was the realization for once of the wizard mirror of the Necromancer. We were guests at length, for one delightful interval, of our old friend Cornelius Agrippa, or of that more modern intimate, no less King of the Secrets and Master of the Arcana of the darker sciences, Cagliostro, the Rosicrucian.

It happened, perhaps, that we were gazing upon a beautiful sylvan landscape, unbraced with foliage, diaphanous with sunshine, exquisitely illusory in its aerial perspective. Gradually, while we are yet looking at it, there steals over the scene some nameless ghost of a change—the hues paling off imperceptibly—the shapes fainting away into shadows—their outlines becoming blurred—a blending of mist and mystery: when, lo! a granite pillar starts abruptly out of yonder leafy oak branches in the foreground, the fragment of a gabled roof is glimmering upon a sudden through the clouds, an oriel window, gorgeous with stained glass, occupies the middle distance, and at the next instant we marvel to find ourselves no longer gazing upon the green

country-side, but upon the mystical glories of the interior of some old Gothic cathedral.

Scarcely have we become familiarized, however, with the peculiarities of this new spectacle, when a surging billow, it may be, rolls out of the tessellated pavement—high up in the roof-loft the gilded organ-pipes are welded over with a sudden tracery of shrouds and rigging—a jib-boom sprouts surprisingly out of the half-transparent architecture; and—in another twinkling change—we are watching the progress of a rising storm, far out at sea, in the midst of the crisis of some disastrous shipwreck.

It is now nearly eleven years ago since a series of transformations quite as mysterious and remarkable in their way appeared upon the surface of a yet more magical spectrum that new mirror held up nowadays, in lieu of the drama, before Nature as seen in Society—the reflective and sometimes (it must be confessed) the distorting circle of our periodical literature.

There, among other shifting forms and features, had appeared during some ten years previously, a succession of whimsical personages, grotesquely emanating, one after another, from the same creative imagination. They moved in motley. They talked in feigned voices. It was the shadow of one fantastic entity seen in a variety of different disguises. Now it was no other than *George Fitzboodle* who, from his corner in the Omnium Club, quizzed the whole social system through the medium of his Confessions. Now it was dear old garrulous *Michael Angelo Titmarsh*, perpetually laughing at us through his comical spectacles, saving only at those rare moments, when his keen sight, becoming dim with emotion, he whisked the glasses off to rub them dry, with the tears in his voice. Now it was the straddling saunter of the immortal *Charles Fitzroy Plantagenet Yellowplush*, luring us into attention from the first moment of his preposterous apparition—his, no doubt, badly-mended goosequill

Miscellanies: Prose and Verse. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," &c. 4 vols. Bradbury and Evans, 1856-1857.

dropping wisdom from it as he wrote in aploches of excruciating orthography. Here it was the assumed "alter ego," or archetype of *Snob*, delineating specimen after specimen of his own peculiar "genus" with the point of a scalpel, or pinning them down one by one upon his page as actually and substantially as the perforated spoil of the entomologist. Here it was that prize-wag—fed upon the oat-cake of laughter—the memorable *Fat Contributor*, jovially shaking his sides and our own too, sympathetically, by the contagion of his genial merriment. Another while it was excellent *Mr. Brown* himself, poking fun with an air of irresistible gravity at his ingenious offspring, fresh from the paternal nest, pruning his new-fledged wings in the scanty sunbeams finding their way into Fig Tree Court, Inner Temple. Now we were exchanging appreciative winks with honest *Spec.*, tender abbreviation for the well-beloved spectacles. Now we listened delighted to the warblings of *Pollicenus N.* Now gazed admiringly upon the obtrusive cheek and affluent whiskers of *Jeames*, otherwise popularly known, after his promotion from Buckley-square to the Mulberry, as *C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq.* Wonderfully dissimilar caterers for the general amusement, all of these, it must be acknowledged—yet some among them carrying conspicuously into the throng of their contemporaries one common and thenceforth sufficiently familiar characteristic: to wit, those two amazingly bulbous calves upon which certain of these imaginary personages stalk down their respective narratives to their own renown, and to our unspeakable admiration; calves such as Perseus might, in a happy moment, have caught, ranged two and two down the palace staircase, and (with a flash of his Medusa-shield) appropriately ossified into balustrades. Portentous protuberances of muscle, distinctive, above all, of those twin chiefs of Flunkeydom—the renowned *Jeames* and the delightful *Yellowplush*. This perpetually recurrent characteristic forms, confessedly however, it should be observed, "a weakness" with the creator of these amiable individualities. Has he not in one of the earlier chapters of his great "Book of Snobs," when pausing be-

fore a cluster of menials in plush breeches, has he not there fondly particularized "that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which," says he, "has always had a frantic fascination for us." So, with that "delightful quivering swagger," pass on to immortality the calves of *Jeames* and *Yellowplush*.

The fortunate moment arrived, however, eventually, when the last grotesque change was to flutter across the mobile features revealed to us in this singular species of literary phantasmagoria. The applauded actor was to appear himself at last in *private personâ* before the footlights. Mask and motley thrown behind the side-scenes, as no longer requisite. Dropped off the false padding of the *Fat Contributor*! Faded out like a blush the claret complexion of *Mr. Brown, Senior*! Dwindled away into ghostly nothingness, even the fleshy proportions of the celebrated legs already particularized! The guttural waggeries of *Spec.* no longer audible. Silenced the hilarious squeak of *Snob* behind the green baize curtain of *Mr. Punch*, the manager. Nothing left of *G. S. Fitzboodle* but his wit; or of *M. A. Titmarsh* but his spectacles. Instead of any one among these fancy portraits sketched by the hand of the invisible artist, there at length appears before us a life-like representation of that artist himself. The features of the author (no longer anonymous) reflected in his own polished looking-glass, framed in his own first-acknowledged title-page; features soon afterwards portrayed with infinite skill by the truthful graver of *Francis Holl*, from the inimitable pencilling by *Samuel Laurence*.

An impression of this admirable likeness hangs, to the present day, upon the wall of a little old-fashioned sitting-room, on the ground floor of a mournful-looking house, upon the borders of a churchyard, hid away among the wild moors of Yorkshire. Half a dozen years ago it was installed there as the most cherished among all the household gods of one of the keenest witted women in England—since buried away hard by under a grave-stone, scribbled over with memorial names; dead, the last among a numerous family, and yet, though the last, the most prematurely. The character revealed in this vivid portraiture, the

contour of the head, the expression of the features, Charlotte Brontë cleverly epitomized in the exclamation, to which she is reported to have given utterance when first looking at the picture :—"And there came up a lion out of Judah!" This, it may be remarked, was upon the occasion of her first seeing the original drawing in the metropolis. Afterwards, when a copy of the engraving came into her possession at Haworth Parsonage, she analyzed the portrait carefully, with a subtle and appreciative discrimination. And it is, indeed, worthy of the analysis; for without bearing about it one single line of beauty, it is the "counterfeit presentment" of a really remarkable countenance; the eminently characteristic head of the greatest satirist, and one of the most delightful humorists of our generation. In his own estimation, probably, "not worth the sun-burning," according to the happy phrase of Shakspere's Harry the Fifth; yet, for all that, precisely the very face in which we can, every one of us, recognise the caustic wit that gave to the novel without a hero, a heroine like Becky Sharp—the genial and gentle heart to whose pulsations we are indebted for the existence of Colonel Newcome. Examining "the great man's picture" (as she reverently terms it, with eyes of shrewdest scrutiny, the authoress of "Jane Eyre," observed thereupon, that the broad brow seemed to her to express intellect. "Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic," she writes; adding, "the mouth indicates a child-like simplicity; perhaps, even a degree of irresoluteness, inconsistency, weakness in short, but a weakness not unamiable." Nevertheless, she remarks immediately afterwards in regard to the picture, that "a certain, not quite, Christian expression—not to put too fine a point upon it, an expression of *spite*, most vividly marked in the original is here softened; and perhaps a little, a very little, of the power has escaped in the ameliorating process." There stands the author before us, in truth distinctly portrayed; in stature, tall; in proportions, stalwart; at this present writing no more than some forty-eight years of age; yet, long since with his shock of hair so bountifully sprinkled with gray as to be almost whitened. Evidence beyond all this, clearly dis-

cernible through the features, of the blending in that shrewd observer of the contrasting natures of the satirist and the humorist: a look at once kindly and scornful, gleaming out bravely through the spectacles in a glance of mingled sarcasm and good fellowship.

William Makepeace Thackeray, was born in 1811, at Calcutta, and consequently might, so far indeed, be claimed by the Asiatics as a Bengalee. But it is pleasant to note of our truly British author, that on both sides he came of thoroughly British parentage: his mother (still happily living), being the descendant from an old Welch family, his father (long since deceased), the last of an extended line of Yorkshiremen. And evidently if we may judge from an incidental remark thrown out by him parenthetically in the first of his six lectures on the English Humorists, where he is speaking of Dublin, as Swift's undoubted birth-place—"but it seems to me he is no more an Irishman, than a man born of English parents at Calcutta, is a Hindoo"—Mr. Thackeray, himself, implies a claim advanced on his own part to be regarded, not in any respect as an Anglo-Indian, but distinctly, and essentially, as an Englishman. His ancestry, whether viewed in reference to his maternal or paternal progenitors, might certainly be described with a double significance in the phrase, as rare of the soil of the Anglo-Saxons. It is a circumstance worthy of note, in regard to these progenitors, marking, as the incident does, the first arrival of the family in the vicinity of London, from the wilds of Yorkshire, that the Rev. Richard Thackeray, grandfather of our novelist, was for some years curate of Hadley, in Middlesex. At the commencement of the present century, that clergyman's son, father of the future man of letters, occupied, in his capacity as a civil servant of the Honourable East India Company, a lucrative and responsible post in the capital of the Bengal Presidency. Prematurely widowed, William Thackeray's mother, a beautiful and accomplished lady, after a little while, contracted a second marriage, and as already remarked, still (it is pleasant to remember) survives to rejoice in the distinguished reputation achieved by her son, as one of the most remark-

able, and one of the most original of the later contributors to our national literature. A delightful glimpse of her, in her comely age, as "a fine handsome young-looking old lady," has but very recently been obtained through a casual allusion to that effect, occurring in Mrs. Gaskell's charming biography of the author of "Villette," where (4th ed. p. 403), Jane Eyre, in one of her more cheerful letters, records with undisguised glee, her introduction, one afternoon, to the mother of her favourite hero-of-the-pen.

Any thing like a popular reputation now-a-days necessitates for the winner of it the payment of a certain penalty in the shape of individual publicity, which is among the distinguishing peculiarities of a period unburthened at any rate (whatever other fardels are yet borne upon its Atlantean shoulders), by the merest semblance of a literary or pictorial censorship. Hence, the unnumbered photographs and memoirs issued from time to time of celebrated contemporaries. The photographic art, of course, is inexorable in its representations. There is no need of Cromwell's advice to Lely, that the warts should never be slurred over, but all alike accurately portrayed. Granted but ordinary skill in the manipulation, excellence in the lens, purity in the collodion, and those happy accidents of time or atmosphere, which are essential for the production of a perfect negative (being to the new art as the gift of melody to the musician), and the photograph is by necessity faithful—even microscopically. The Biography, however, on this side of the Atlantic at least, happily for the preservation among us of the customary amenities of social life, admits of a certain amiable and rational amount of reticence. It was reserved for Mr. Dickens to learn, for the first time in his life, in the United States, as he himself recounts with delightful gravity, in his American Notes, "how the back of his head looked when viewed from behind," as he sat there in a railway car, waiting patiently for the train to carry him out of a mob of Yankee spectators. There it was also, upon another occasion, that the same great humorist, having his gold watch caught sight of by another United

States inquisitor, was "asked," he tells us, "what *that* cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it, or had it given me, and how it went, and where the key-hole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then; eh! for now! do tell!" Here, however, in these islands, we can leave the watches of our great authors unthought of, save by our light-fingered professionals. We can content ourselves with a front view of those heads, to which we are so largely indebted: saying and excepting we believe in that solitary instance in which the eccentric author of the "Doctor" is represented as seated in his arm-chair, in the library at Keswick, with his back towards us for ever, in the tantalizing frontispiece. Nevertheless, while any reasonable man amongst us would shrink from the indecency of taking an inventory of the laces and penates of a home; while any rational observer here would instinctively refrain, of course, from describing the daily costume of the living writer of eminence, with that delightful particularity with which the balls of Mr. Filby, the tailor, mention the "ratteen coat" and the "bloom-coloured breeches" of Oliver Goldsmith: the outlines of a career may surely be sketched upon our tablets, so soon as fame has rendered those outlines in a manner public property. We may loiter and chat among the pillars of the peristyle without any infraction of the laws of courtesy; if we but pause upon the inner threshold; if we abstain from lifting the curtain veiling the porch of the trichinium; if we but bear in remembrance the symbolic rose carved upon the old classic ceilings over the centre of the banquet-table—the rose ever since those days, or rather nights, of the ancient symposium, imparting a proverbial sanctity to social converse. Guided by this rational sense of what is alone allowable to the biographer of the living, we would here trace in a few rapid touches, the leading points in the forty years traversed by W. M. Thackeray, in his advance from childhood to maturity: from the period when, as a rough-pated urchin, he first donned the gown, doubly famous now as that worn also, once upon a

time, by Old Flos (Sir Henry Havlock), and by Old Codd Colonel (dear Thomas Newcome); upon entering as a boy scholar, the old monastic Charterhouse. There, among the Cistercians, as he loves to call them, Thackeray received his early education. Thence he was removed in due course to the University of Cambridge, where, among his contemporaries may be found numbered upon the list of the then *alumni*, several destined, like himself, to achieve some reputation in literature. Foremost among these aspiring striplings, the now laureate, Alfred Tennyson. Noticeable among them—in a lesser and varied degree—Mitchell Kemble, the late gifted Saxon antiquary; Monckton Milnes, the accomplished member for Pontefract; Alexander Kinglake, author of that brilliant, cynical "Eothen;" together with another famous oriental traveller, the ill-fated and lamented Eliot Warburton.

Originally intended for a career at the bar, Mr. Thackeray kept seven or eight terms while at Cambridge, but eventually quitted the University without a degree, bent upon obeying implicitly, and with all reasonable despatch, the earliest promptings of his youthful ambition, then inciting him at the outset of his career to become in preference to aught else, an artist. In this design he appears to have been encouraged, at the period, by a variety of circumstances. Immediately, for example, upon coming of age in 1832, he found himself in possession, by inheritance, if not of an ample fortune, at any rate of an independence sufficient to justify him in carrying out to the full his own instinctive inclinations. He at once started upon an educational tour, as an art student, through the principal galleries of the European continent. Pausing for a while in those travels for the more careful prosecution of his studies at Rome, Thackeray loitered on at his leisure among the academies of Italy and Germany. Thither, indeed, while yet a minor, he had found his way, pencil in hand, into the midst of the refined society of Weimar, then in 1831, still recognised as the intellectual capital of the whole Teutonic Confederation.

At nineteen, his artistic powers, like those of Clive Newcome, were chiefly remarkable for the extravagant

and rapid drollery of his quaintly-scribbled caricatures—comical sketches of situation and character dashed off in pen-and-ink, *currente calamo*, for the delighted amusement of his acquaintances. "Among the English who lived in Weimar during these days," writes Mr. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," (vol. ii. p. 442) "was a youth whose name is now carried in triumph wherever English literature is cherished—William Makepeace Thackeray;" the biographer adding—"and Weimar albums still display with pride the caricatures which the young satirist sketched at that period." Several of these bizarre scraps of pictorial fun were shown at the time to Goethe, to the great author's unspeakable amusement. And, at last, there came the day, marked thenceforth with a white stone in the calendar of the young Englishman, when the venerable German poet gave audience to the caricaturist. The interview has happily been described by Mr. Thackeray himself, in that charming letter, penned nearly one quarter of a century after the occurrence it describes; that letter, dated "London, 28th April, 1855," in which he recounts to Mr. Lewes the circumstance of his converse with the author of "Faust." Through that epistle, as vividly as through the lorgnette of a stereoscope, we recognise that stately, comely figure, robed in the long grey redingote, the blooming features beaming radiantly above the white neckcloth, the little red ribbon glowing in the button hole. *Vidi tantum*, exclaims Thackeray, exultingly, at the close of those delightful recollections.

Several years passed thus pleasantly over the head of the young art-student, preparing himself with eager but desultory application for those toils in the *atelier*, which were never, as it happened, to begin for him in earnest. How it eventually came to pass that, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, art was permanently abandoned by him for letters, he himself humorously related more than twelve months since, upon the occasion of the annual dinner given by the Royal Academy. There, within the walls of the National Gallery, upon Saturday, the 1st of May, 1858, Mr. Thackeray afforded us that anecdotal glimpse of his earlier life which was welcome to all who heard it, as a fragmentary portion

of his autobiography. Mr. Charles Dickens having responded to the toast of literature, Mr Thackeray, whose name had likewise been coupled with that toast complementarily—supplemented the thanks of Boz with this most apt reminiscence:—

"Had it not been," he said, "for the direct act of my friend who has just sat down, I should most likely have never been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be, not a writer but a painter or designer of pictures. That was the object of my early ambition; and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, of which I cannot mention the name, but which were coloured light green and came out once a month; that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. But for that unfortunate blight which came over my artistic existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavoured one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances."

Happily for us all, that wholesome blight did really descend thus upon the pictorial leaves carried hopefully by William Thackeray to the door of those chambers in Fumival's Inn, thus doubly and delightfully classic ground, being at once the abode of the historian of Mr. Pickwick, and the starting point in the brilliant literary career since traversed by the author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes." Shortly before this incident, while sojourning in the French capital, Mr. Thackeray had been industriously, day after day, copying pictures in the gallery of the Louvre. Thenceforth, however, after that timely corrective, the crayon was thrown aside for the goosequill. The art-student, forsaking the palette for the standish, settled down resolutely to work out his destinies afresh, and with redoubled fervour, in his new capacity as a professional man-of-letters.

According to a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Thackeray illustrated his literary career shortly after its commencement, somewhat notably, by setting on foot and editing, with

distinguished ability, a weekly journal, arranged upon the plan of the *Literary Gazette* and *Athenæum*. It is generally understood that his pen contributed to the columns of the *Times* newspaper during the editorship of that first of all London journals, by Thomas Barnes, the first of all London journalists. His earliest settled engagement, however, upon the staff of any periodical, dates, we believe, from the September of 1836, the very year during which the first great humorous novel by Boz was brought to its triumphal termination. The rejection of certain proffered embellishments for which work, we have seen, had suddenly, during the course of its periodical issue, driven Thackeray from art to literature. Towards the close of that year there was commenced in London a daily newspaper, called *The Constitutional*. Mr. Thackeray's stepfather occupied from the outset a prominent position in the direction of the establishment. Vanishing, though this journal did, from the world of letters, within a few months after the date of its inauguration, it is interesting to remember the names inscribed upon the catalogue of its contributors. Douglas Jerrold, then fresh from the glories of "Black-eyed Susan," was the theatrical critic. Laman Blanchard filled the Kladmananthine chair as the literary reviewer. Dudley Costello wrote the foreign articles. W. M. Thackeray, taking up his position anew in the gay French capital, efficiently discharged, during the existence of the newspaper, the congenial duties devolving upon him in his official capacity as its Paris Correspondent. There it was, during his sojourn in that metropolis, that our author first met the fair Irish lady, to whom he was shortly afterwards married, and by whom he has issue two daughters.

Scattered into thin air, whatever hopes were raised by *The Constitutional*, there remained for him the wide field of competition, open to all adventurers in literature in the pages of the old established periodicals. To these he contributed during the dozen years ensuing—industriously, with varied success, always anonymously. His earliest distinction was gained in this manner through *Frazer's Magazine*, for which he wrote month after month, year after year, papers of the most

miscellaneous character, some of them of essential evanescence, but others peculiarly worthy of preservation—essays upon art, reviews, tales, and social sketches, fantastic squibs, and the quaintest satirical disquisitions. Foremost among these grotesquely humorous contributions to “*Regina*” were the nine facetious communications, entitled, “*The Yellowplush Correspondence*.”* These, if never printed in a separate form in their own tongue, were at any rate eventually translated into Dutch, by Mark Philip Lindo; and in that foreign guise were published at Haarlem in 1848—during the first outburst of the popularity, won for the author by the completion of “*Vanity Fair*”—under the novel title of “*Gedenkschriften van den heer Yellowplush*.” The November of 1837 witnessed the appearance of the earliest of those nine eccentric and certainly very original instalments; the latest of them, “*Mr. Yellowplush’s Ajew*,” appearing in “*Regina*” in the August following. It is in that first prefatory chapter of his memorials that the redoubtable Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Plantagenet Yellowplush observes of Captain Flupp—among other specimens of his quality—specimens provocative only of what in Homeric phrase is defined as inextinguishable laughter—that “he is a huzzza, but looks much more like a bravo.” Pointing us the way majestically with his gold-headed cane, Chawles Jeames introduces us—we are ashamed to confess it, always upon the broad grin, to Mrs. Shum’s husband—conducts us into “*Foring Parts*,” refreshes us with a few “*Skimmings* from the Diary of George IV.”—skimmings, of course, at once yielding us access to the *crème de la crème*; reveals to our scrutiny the various shuffles of “*Mr. Duceace at Paris*,” obliges us with a trenchant exemplar of “*Diamond cut Dimond*,” ultimately, bringing us up short with a pathetic “*Ajew*,” as already intimated, from the lips of this preposterous high-priest of Flunkedom.

Between the commencement and the completion of the Yellowplush Correspondence occurred one month’s omission—a hiatus auspiciously filled

up (under date June, 1838), by those “*Strictures on Pictures*” in *Frazer’s Magazine*, which formed, we believe, the earliest acknowledged effusion from the pen of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. The sequel to this lecture upon the Fine Arts did not make its appearance in *Regina* until another entire twelvemonth had elapsed, when, in June, 1839, M. A. Titmarsh again put on the critical spectacles. Afterwards, it was in the ensuing December, there was brought to light, through the same channel, that ingenious “*Letter to Macgillp on the French School of Painting*,” which, a few months later, formed part and parcel of our author’s first substantive publication. This, in truth, was no other than the “*Paris Sketch Book*,”† by Mr. Titmarsh; a couple of volumes composed of miscellaneous papers—several entirely new, but the majority simply reprinted from the periodicals. Scattered through the letterpress appeared here, for the first time, some of those fantastic little “*designs by the author*,” for which etched on copperplate, pencilled on wood-blocks—Mr. Thackeray’s writings have so often since then been whimsically remarkable. Productions of art, some of them almost as funny, most of them nearly as inartistic as even Tom Hood’s pictorial conicalities. As a draughtsman Mr. Thackeray employs the crayon and the needle habitually with too careless a rapidity ever to effect more, by their twittering movement over level box or varnished metal, than to tickle his reader now and then into a cordial burst of laughter. With much of the grotesque genius of the caricaturist, he has but little of his manipulative dexterity—scarcely any indeed beyond that evidenced by the extraordinary speed with which, literally in a twinkling, he produces these fantastic embellishments. Occasionally, it must be confessed, dashing off thus rapidly a vignette or an initial letter characterized by an effect the most exquisitely ludicrous. Instance this, one of the latter, i.e. an initial letter prefixed to a chapter about midway in “*Vanity Fair*,” in the which a small boy and girl balance upon their tip-toes to a degree beyond the endurance of any-

* “*The Yellowplush Correspondence*.” IX Parts. *Frazer*: 1837-38.

† “*Paris Sketch-Book*, by Mr. Titmarsh,” 2 vols. Macrone, 1840.

one's gravity—attaining an acme of absurdity upon their pumps, beyond the possibility of an eclipse by any similar imagining of Leech or Cruikshank.

Reverting, however, from the embellishments—which are but the aits interspersing the current of the letter-press—to the volumes of which they are but the incidental, and for the most part indifferent illustrations, we may observe, that the work, as a whole, does not, in one sense at least, affect the merit of originality: several of the tales in it being avowedly borrowed from the French, and reproduced in translations chiefly remarkable for the ease, the freedom, and the sprightliness of the paraphrase. The narrative, if so it can be termed, opens with a pleasant “invasion of France” *à la* Boulogne. It is agreeably inscribed by Mr. Titmarsh to his tailor, M. Aretz, of the Rue Richelieu—a gentleman who had offered him a 1,000 franc note, proving himself thereby the very paragon of snips, and one eminently worthy of the meed of this genial dedication. As a test of his quality as a humorist, almost we had said before starting, we have that delightful record, by Mr. Thackeray, of the English bull heard by him while they are crossing the channel. Says the man at the wheel, “That’s Ramsgit,” says he, “that there’s Deal—that’s Dover, round that there pint, only you can’t see it.” As for the written bad pronunciation of French, soon after we have landed upon the shores of Gaul, it is here altogether as excruciatingly good in its way as Albert Smith’s imitative spoken pronunciation under the like circumstances. It is literally, as the Egyptian Hall polyglot monologist calls it quaintly, “French, with that unmistakable English accent.” Turning the pages of this “Paris Sketch Book,” who can ever forget “The Painter’s Bargain”—that story of Simon Gambouge, where the invisible devil who has answered his soliloquy of impieties, on being asked by Simon, “Where are you?” says in reply, and in the very smallest of voices—“S-q-u-e-e-z-e!” And, immediately, on the nail being picked from a bladder of crimson lake in the hand of the artist, a little imp spirts out on the palette. A little blood-coloured imp of expanding dimensions—as big, at first, we are told, as

a tadpole, as a mouse, as a cat—when it jumps off the palette and turns a somersault! Who again can easily lose the remembrance of that other kindred historiette of “The Devil’s Wager”—the irreverent legend about the soul of Sir Roger de Hillo, such as ought by rights to have been clamoured by Thomas Ingoldsby: or that quaintest of episodes, “The Story of Little Poinssinet,” another Little Pickle as ugly as Thersites, and as deformed as Asmodeus? Here, too, in this curious *mélange* do we still bear in vivid recollection the mock-heroic biography of Cartouche, the pickpocket; the terrible history of Mary Ansel—a leaf stained with blood, torn from the Annals of the Revolution; and the sorrowful memoirs of Beatrice Merger, a poor French servant of all work—memoirs there penned nearly twenty years ago by Thackeray, as simply and as touchingly as Lamartine has since related those of Genevieve. Here likewise do we listen awe-struck to that frightful record of “A Gambler’s Death,” a story with a horrid pathos in it, depicting in lurid colours the career and decease of John Attwood the gambster. The circumstantial account of a trial for murder, relating to us in this strange miscellany the extraordinary particulars of the case of “Sebastian Feytel,” might have awakened the enthusiasm, as it must certainly have rivetted the interest of Edgar Poe, that master of the horrible and mysterious in literature. It is in this chapter that, while speaking of execrations, Thackeray writes, “It is a fine grim pleasure that we have in seeing a man killed.” Effective phrases are by no means sparsely sprinkled over this maiden work of the humorist and the satirist, in which he already gives evidence of his rare capacity in both characters. Pausing under the shadow of the Egyptian obelisk in that superb central point of the French capital, and remembering, as he looks about him, the scenes that have been witnessed in that really “finest site in Europe,” he wonders to himself, drolly, *why*, upon earth they call it the Place de la Concorde? Looking then (in 1840) with an eye of keen sagacity under the specious quietude that lasted for years afterwards, until the arrival of one famous February, he declares of Louis Philippe, with all the confi-

dence of one far in advance of his time, that "no one cares sixpence for him or his dynasty." Scanning with an impartial glance the social and political problems of that time and country, he asks gravely—while discoursing upon the treatment there and then of female prisoners—"was it not a great stroke of the legislature to superintend the morals and the linen at once, and thus keep these poor creatures continually mending?" Descanting upon some of the glorious memories of the empire he observes most happily of Murat that he was a kind of mixture of Duguesclin and Ducrow—a felicitous comment reminding one of that celebrated witticism of Mirabeau, in which the great Tribune spoke of Lafayette by a double epithet as Cromwell-Grandison.

One of the most delightful portions of this "Paris Sketch Book" is one glorious critical chapter upon French caricature. It celebrates befittingly the genius of Phillipon and Daumier the rival artists of the *Charivari*. It relates, among other things, how they in their time have immortalized through their ineffably ridiculous lithographs the knaveries of Robert Macaire, and of poor dear stupid Bertrand the perpetual accomplice of that most clever and ragged of rascallions. Phillipon it was, by the way, especially, who assisted materially, with the point of his wicked lead-pencil, in bringing about eventually the third (and let us hope, final) French Revolution. He assisted thus in preparing for it, by discovering in regard to the citizen king that—as the Arab exclaims with disgust in the ballad of Bon Gualtier—

"His head is like a pear!"

And there—thanks to Phillipon—week after week that pear dangled and mellowed among the leaves of the *Charivari*; until, at length, in Napoleonic phrase, the pear being ripe, fell from its high estate at the first breeze of the February Revolution.

Throughout these initial volumes of his, however, Thackeray is especially bounteous in regard to art. He himself was just fresh from it; he was yet great upon it; it was still in a manner his hobby, in retrospect. Writing upon this theme to a certain extent, as an ex-artist, *ex cathedra*, he by no means, as an art-critic, lectures us even into a momentary notion of his infallibility. We differ from his

opinions, we dissent from his conclusions, we recoil from him, when he blasphemes Raphael, the divinest of all painters—actually (at page 156, vol. i.) designating as "donkeys" all those who do not accord to him in the flagrant heresy an implicit agreement. Yet, for the most part, when gossiping upon art topics, Mr. Titmarsh is peculiarly delightful: he is then, beyond a doubt, especially amusing. Protesting against the long nightmare of French classicism, he designates it "a classicism inspired by rouge, gas-lamps, and a few lines in Lemprière." But, exulting later on over the downfall of the popularity of Davidism and classicism, he cries out exultingly—"Classicism is dead. Sir John Froissart has taken Dr. Lemprière by the nose, and reigns sovereign." While enunciating earnestly enough his preference for landscapes, he observes after the irresistible manner of dear lamented Leigh Hunt—"Fancy living in a room with David's sans culotte Leonidas, staring perpetually in your face." His sense of the true sublime in art, however, is profound and thorough. If he reviles Raphael, he pronounces the apotheosis of Bonmaroti. Speaking of the sculptural masterpiece of that colossal intellect as "frightfully majestic," he adds—"I would not like to be left in a room alone with the Moses;" wondering afterwards in so many words, that Michael Angelo was not "scorched up" by the fire of his genius like Semele by Jupiter. By a pleasant conceit he likens Watteau to Champagne, Claude Lorraine to Chateau Margaux, and Poussin to a draught of hot blood; remarking in regard to the last-mentioned—"I don't like indulging in such tremendous drink." Then, taking his reader by the button-hole, "Confess," now, says he, "how many times you have read Béranger, and how many Milton? If you go to the Star and Garter, don't you grow sick of that vast luscious landscape, and long for the sight of a couple of cows, or a donkey, and a few yards of common." Yet, loving Béranger thus entirely, he is, nevertheless, in these very volumes but indifferently successful in his attempted imitations of the mastersong-writer. Instances of these versions of *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, *Le Grenier*, and *Roger Pontempo*, in which, as he himself observes so happily of translations, "the flavour and

sparkle have evaporated in the decaunting." If feeble, however, in his insular echo of those glorious chansons, he is admirably bold, vigorous, and discriminative in his criticisms upon another and a very different branch of French literature. His masterly survey, we mean, of one or two species of prose fiction, then, and some of them still, popular among our Gallic neighbours. Herewith he puts forward an earnest plea for romances in general, all-unconscious of some he himself was to write in the hereafter, exclaiming derisively to those sedate big-wigs who avowedly despise novels—"Go and hob for triangles from the Pons Asinorum!"

Incomparably the happiest evidences ever given of his capacity as a reviewer of novels and novelists are those afforded through his searching and scornful satire upon George Sand (otherwise Madame Dudevant), and the New Apocalypse. One after another, he subjects to the inexorable scrutiny of common sense the various masterpieces of that intellectual hermaphrodite, selecting each in turn, as though it were some glittering reptile pinned down upon the page, and placed under the lens of the critical microscope. "Indiana"—directly attacking marriage as a religious and social institution! "Valentine"—advocating an amiable licence in all things for young men and young maidens! "Lelia"—what does he call it?—"a regular topsyturification of morality, or thieves' and prostitutes' apotheosis!" Finally, "Spiration"—the religious, or rather ethical manifesto of George Sand, in which that epiceno prophet boldly declares for Pantheism! Here it is that, in words worthy of the then, and long afterwards, unrecognised genius within him—words as noble in their eloquence as any to which his pen has since then in his happiest moments given visible utterance—Thackeray breaks forth at last in this cry of burning and reverent indignation—"O, awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name that God's

people of old did fear to utter! O light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are those that are now so familiar with it?" It is no mere professional jester who talks to us thus from the "Paris Sketch Book," but an earnest thinker, who is already scanning the philosophy of life with a clear and comprehensive intelligence.

Our examination of these earliest volumes from the hand of Mr. Thackeray has been thus minute and lengthened intentionally. The production is, doubtless, little more in itself than a careless prelude to all his elaborate and ornate after performances. Yet it is a prelude, we cannot but think, in which the gamut of the hitherto untouched organ was sounded—however carelessly—from the treble to the diapason. As such, it appears to us not altogether uninteresting to recall some of those prefatory trills and roulades, some of those forgotten chords and harmonies, thus distinctly to remembrance.

The following year, 1841, witnessed Mr. Titmarsh's reappearance before the reviewers, bearing in his hand, however, this time only a miniature volume, in which he recounted, in three letters addressed to Miss Smith of London, the incidents accompanying the obsequies, thenceforth famous in history as "The Second Funeral of Napoleon."* It was a timely effusion enough—not by any means one in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase *apropos des bootes*, being, in point of fact, literally *apropos* to the celebrated Jack Boots of the Little Corporal! Boots, by the way, far beyond the seven-leagued boots of the nursery tale—having traversed kingdoms and empires during the wearer's lifetime, in strides preternaturally gigantesque; and now, after death, carrying him at one stride from Blanc's Valley, under the shadow of the willows of St. Helena, to his place of final and imperial sepulture under the dome of the Invalides.

Although Mr. Titmarsh is a true Briton, and, therefore, appears to have felt somehow constrained to look with an eye askance upon the pageant he has recently been witnessing, he cannot help blurring out, once in a way, an indication of hero-worship worthy of a true Bonapartist. Relating the

* Second Funeral of Napoleon, by M. A. Titmarsh. 18mo, pp. 122. 1841.

historic fact, how the old soldiers and the villagers walked miles and miles across country to the borders of the Seine, in order that they might see the boat pass by with its twinkling *chapel ardente*; and how those veterans and peasants knelt down there on the banks, and prayed with streaming eyes for the repose of the soul of the Emperor and King Napoleon, Thackeray cannot help exclaiming, "Something great and good *must* have been in this man; something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection." Yet, for all that, the letters are written in a sardonic spirit throughout; even from the commencement of the first epistle, in which there is sarcastic talk about that veritable banyan tree, spreading and dropping tendrils down and taking fresh root, and expanding into a wider and a wider forest perpetually—the Humbug Plant! Nay, so little is the enthusiasm of the writer kindled by the spectacle at which he is assisting, so feebly is his record of it coloured with anything like infatuation, so keen a regard still does he preserve for the ludicrous in the midst of the ceremonial of the reinternment, that he there makes that most ridiculous mention of the signal-cry uttered by the Commandant of the National Guard—the signal reverberating in the silence of the sacred edifice, and sounding in Mr. Titmarsh's profane ears like nothing less extremely absurd than "Harrum—Hump!" In expiation, so to speak, however, of what might seem but flippant in the eyes of another even than an Imperialist, there is appended to the prose narrative of the Second Funeral, the poetic "Chronicle of the Drum," a ballad history recounting the warlike glories of France from the days of the Great Condé to those of the Greater Napoleon—

"The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum."

It is chanted, this stirring war-song, appropriately by the lips of the Veteran Pierre, one of the Emperor's Old Guardsmen. As the grizzled warrior sings to us—

"This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it,
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow:"

we needs must listen to the close;
we are under the glamour of an eye

as glittering as that of the Ancient Mariner. Altogether this ditty is, perhaps, the best sustained among the lyrical efforts of Mr. Thackeray. And although it might with truth be described as also one of the most successful, it is far from being our own peculiar favourite. Better than this, that charming reminiscence of the Temple, "The Cane-bottomed Chair;" trollying off with—

"In tattered old slippers that toot at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with
cigars,
Away from the world, with its toils and its
cares,
I've a snug little kingdom, up four pair of
stairs.

Best beautiful that homely realm of
day-dreams, because there, in the
embrace of that old Cane-bottomed
Chair, Fauny one morning sat en-
throned so bewitchingly—

"It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her
face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed, in my cane-
bottomed chair."

Better to us than that roaring blood-
bespattered "Chronicle of the Drum;"
the delectable souvenir of Paris life,
preserved to us in "The Ballad of
Bouillabaisse."

"When first I saw yo, *curi lunghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim, old fogy,
I sit, and wait for Bouillabaisse."

Better, oh! how immeasurably
better, the cordial hand-grasp of each
line of "The Mahogany Tree"—

"Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree."

Still sing on with us, warm heart,
large heart, and gentle—

"Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust;
We sing round the tree."

Surely, this is the dear old song of
home for us all. As such we prize it.
As such we love it. This, if we must
perforce make choice from among
them, we may perhaps select as of
all the lyrics of Thackeray, our own
especial favourite.

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A NEW TALE

ENTITLED

VONVED THE DANE, COUNT OF ELSINORE,

WILL BE COMMENCED

IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begs to notify that he cannot undertake to be accountable for any Manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal.

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CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE "SMUGGLER'S CAVE."

"In short, a tar's life—you may say that I told it—
Who leaves quiet and peace foreign countries to roam,
Is of all other lives—I'll be bound to uphold it—
The best life in the world—*next to staying at home!*"—DIEDIN.

ONE of the pleasantest of all men-o'-war "stations" is Halifax. You are often in port there; and nowhere in the world is there greater hospitality shown to naval men, or more agreeable society open to them. The shore-sports and pastimes are also numerous and exhilarating, especially in winter. But one may weary even of an earthly paradise—provided it does not contain an Eve of our own; and the craving for variety, change of scene, and excitement of action, is deeply rooted in the nature of a seaman. Add to this that the "Termagant" (I was her youngest lieutenant) had been full three years on the station, and you will not marvel that most of us began to sigh for home, and growl at the old admiral whom we (probably unjustly) suspected of keeping us there unnecessarily, beyond the length of time for which we were commissioned. But at the latter end of October it was the "ship's talk" that we were almost immediately to be ordered to England to be paid off. Some believed—others doubted—many thought the news too good to be true.

We had just finished supper in the gun-room one evening, when Leigh Conway, the second lieutenant, who had been on shore to superintend the shipping of some stores, burst in with a cheer that electrified us.

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"Huzza! my hearts! for England, home, and beauty!"

"What! are we undersailing orders at last?"—"Is it true?"—"Who told you, Conway?"—"Not a Flemish account, eh?" and divers other exclamations, greeted him in a volley.

"True! is it true that I can see the cardinal points of my pocket-compass in the darkest night by the Bardolphian light of old MacMyn's proboscis?" laughed the reckless young officer, letting his strong hand fall, with no gentle slap, on the shoulder of our Scotch surgeon, a queer, hard-featured Aberdonian, with lint-white locks (pretty enough in Scottish ballads, but not remarkably graceful in reality), a mahogany-coloured cheek, and a huge misshapen nose, which had a bulbous termination, fiery-red, pimpled, and apparently glowing hot. Surgeon MacMyn used confidentially to attribute this very suspicious state of his nose to the scarifying nature of the keen sea air, acting upon a nasal cuticle unusually thin and tender; but that ingenious explanation was invariably coughed down, and sundry broad hints were freely uttered concerning mysterious black-case bottles in his cabin, supposed to contain something several degrees stronger than the ordinary ship's rum, of which amber liquid, however, he did not

disdain to imbibe generous diurnal potations. However, MacMyn was a good-natured fellow, who could both give and take a joke, smooth or rough, as the case might be; and on the present occasion he merely wriggled his shoulder, looked up at Conway's eager, hilarious countenance, with a droll expression of dry humour, and in the strong Aberdonian dialect which he always spake, said,

"Fat [what] noo, Conny? Gude beward us! my shouther wull be sair eneuch. Eh, mon! gif ye skelp an auld frien' that fashion, fat maun an enemy expect at yer haund?"

Conway struck a theatrical attitude, and was beginning to spout some affected rhapsody, when our first luff addressed him as Ancient Pistol, and bade him deliver his tidings "like a man of this world;" if, indeed, tidings he really bore. Thereupon Conny concisely told us that it was positively true that we had received orders to sail for Portsmouth within forty-eight hours, our relieving-ship having arrived. All doubt at an end, we unanimously drank the health of the bearer of the joyful tidings; and a second glass to a quick passage home.

"Good-bye to Halifax and all her bonny lasses, O!" exclaimed I. Whereupon our purser, whose chief characteristic was that he had a bit of a song pat for any subject whatsoever, sang out the first verse of a grand old sea-ditty:—

"Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!

For we have received orders

To sail to old England,

But we hope in a short time to see you again!"

"Hang me, if I do!" muttered the literal-minded, gruff, old-school sailing-master. "To my fancy, there's no place like Portsmouth harbour."

"And the 'Common Hard'?"

"And the 'Cat and Fiddle' 'long shore?"

"Ay," gravely remarked Conway; "and I don't marvel at old Blowhard here sighing to anchor in the front parlour of the 'Cat and Fiddle,' for it has the best Jamaica, and the plumpest, prettiest, sweetest, daintiest landlady in Portsmouth. You are a deep old sea-dog, sailing-master!"

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

commenced the assistant-surgeon, a melancholy-looking young gentleman, who wore long perfumed hair (he kept a pair of curling-irons, and bribed the cook to heat them for him at the galley, on the sly), a turn-down shirt-collar, played dismal airs on a cracked flute, and quoted Byron on all possible occasions. But the sailing-master cut him short by hoarsely ejaculating,

"Sink Byron—the humbug! He turned down his shirt-collar, frizzled his hair, and was always on the mope and whine."

The assistant-surgeon reddened at this personal attack, and was about to make an angry retort, when the purser interposed.

"Well," said he, "to tell you my mind; if Byron had lived in our times, he would have kicked poetry overboard, and become Chairman of the Comprehensive Golden Traffic Railway Company, and have dabbled in stock besides. He had a keen eye for rhino, had my lord."

"Talking of Byron," observed our first luff, a fat, jolly fellow, who was always propounding some droll, quaint theory or other; "I have an idea that poets and authors owe the quality of their inspiration to the nature of their diet. The relations between the stomach and brain are most intimate. Byron never ate his food like a civilized Christian. He was afraid of honestly growing fat, and dined on cold potatoes soaked in vinegar, and supped on a biscuit and a bottle of gin. What marvel that his writings were bitter, gloomy, savage, and wicked. Now, I maintain that the diet of an author should be regulated by the particular kind of writing he is about to produce. If he wants to pen something in the pastoral line, let him dine on innocent lamb; if a woodland scene is required, I prescribe pheasant and woodcock."

"Suppose him engaged on a sea story?"

"Then give him naught but salt-fish and sea-breeze."

"But just fancy a fellow preparing to indite an article on the African slave-trade?"

"Why, sir, in that case I should strongly recommend a plump young nigger."

* "Sea-breeze" is the pleasant West-Indian name of a delectable and exhilarating liquid compound.

This evoked a roar of laughter; and we dispersed to our several duties—or, as Conway observed, "the House of Lords adjourned;" it being an old ship-joke to call the ward-room officers, the House of Lords; the cockpit-mess, the House of Commons; and the crew, the People. The captain, of course, is the Sovereign—and a veritable sovereign a man-of-war captain is, whilst on his own quarter-deck.

Within three days our anchor flukes saw daylight, and with a favourable breeze we sailed on our homeward passage. During the first fortnight out we had pleasant weather; and nothing remarkable occurred until one afternoon, when Mr. Murray, our first lieutenant, directed my attention to the very singular appearance of the sun. There was a great and most remarkable halo around it—not an ordinary, regular-shaped halo, but one which, if I may use the expression, was *Vandyked*, or split into divisions, like the points of the compass, and these sections were jagged at the edges, and kept fluctuating in shape. There were not many clouds, but all along the horizon to windward a dull-red mist had hung all day long, and steadily, albeit slowly, increased in magnitude and density. There was very little wind, and it came in inconstant puffs. The air was unusually warm for the latitude and the time of the year, and it had a queer oppressive feel.

"I don't half like the look of that sun," muttered Murray.

"Certainly it has an extraordinary and wild aspect."

"Ay, it looks almost precisely similar to a halo I once saw in the Spanish Main; the weather was much the same, too; and in less than three hours we had a hurricane."

"You expect a gale?"

"I wish we may get off with nothing worse—that's all."

Many others on board keenly noted the strange aspect of the sun and sky; and towards sunset there was a sudden and portentous change which could not escape the observation of the most stolid or inexperienced. The halo entirely disappeared, as though it were a mere dissolving view drawn by the hand of man, and was succeeded, almost directly, by a shapeless mass of vapour, through which the sun shone like a huge dim globe of

molten fire, red as red could be. When the sun touched the edge of the horizon, its apparent magnitude visibly shrunk and dwindled, as though the vapour thickened and contracted, so that when the orb finally disappeared, it was reduced to a mere spark, and its place was almost immediately filled by a dense curdling mist. The lurid vapour to windward had deepened materially, and now rose rapidly to the height of forty-five degrees. The wind died away to a light cat's-paw after sunset, and the ship had barely steerage way. Yet, to the astonishment of everybody, the barometer kept steady.

Our captain was an old and experienced mariner. Although not easily frightened, he was prudent. He stripped the ship of all her light sails, and sent down royal masts, and took in the studding-sail booms and the flying-jib-boom. That done, the men were sent to supper, and an anxious brooding silence ensued. By-and-by, the quartermaster at the wheel announced that the ship no longer had steerage way. The breeze, in fact, had sighed itself entirely to rest like a wearied child; and our lower canvas *thudded* heavily and listlessly, and the yards creaked at every slight roll of the hull. The "fite-mist," as an old seaman called it in my hearing, expanded all around and overhead, and thickened to such a degree that an unearthly darkness ensued. I say "unearthly," because it was not a good, commonplace, natural obscurity, but rather a dense, nameless, palpable veil, not honestly black, but streaked and interwoven with dim ruddy gleams. There was not the slightest glimpse of sky, nor atom of a genuine cloud; and the warm dampish air felt sicklier than ever.

For a couple of hours after sunset, the phenomena of the heavens and the ocean remained much the same; and then there came a perceptible change for the worse. The dull reddish flakes faded out of the sombre mists, and a most marvellous sight ensued. I hardly know how to describe it intelligibly and faithfully; but if the reader will only conceive the vast canopy of darkness instantaneously sprinkled with tens of thousands of minute sparkling points—darting and flashing—appearing and disappearing—contracting and ex-

pandering—singly and in clusters, he will form a faint idea of the startling spectacle, unparalleled in the experience of the oldest seaman of the crew. Whilst gazing entranced at this wondrous manifestation of the boundless powers and protean shapes of that secret and terrific principle of Nature, which men call Electricity, it was whispered on the quarter-deck that the barometer was lowering at last, with a rapidity commensurate with its former sluggishness. Captain Ingledew came on deck, and issued precise orders in a low tone to the first lieutenant. He in turn communicated them to his subordinates in a subdued voice; and they were executed with a celerity and a silence that I never saw equalled either before or since on any similar emergency. The topgallant yards and masts were struck, and the spars eased of all top-hamper that could be dispensed with. The courses were furled. The mizen topsail was also furled. The fore and main topsails were closely reefed—this, when not an air of wind was blowing. Extra lashings were put on the boats, the ports and hatches were secured, and every conceivable precaution adopted to prepare the ship for the expected storm. A landsman would have imagined our captain had taken leave of his senses, by thus making ready his ship for action with an enemy as yet invisible and unfelt.

Another sudden and subtle change in the elements ensued. The sparkling points became fused together with an audible crepitation, and assumed the form of flickering lightning. This lightning spread itself from the horizon on all points, and culminated at the zenith, where it formed a superb coronal of living flame, environed by long tongues of crimson fire. Low growls of thunder afar off, now faintly struck the ear; and brighter and brighter flashed the lightning. Yet, so still was the atmosphere at this brooding moment, that the flame of a candle held up at arm's length, by way of experiment, ascended perfectly straight.

More and more vivid grew the lightning—nearer and louder roared Heaven's dread artillery; and an indescribable low creeping moaning betokened that the surface of the great deep was beginning to partake of the nervous agitation of the elements.

At length the great crisis was evidently at hand. Sea and ship were literally illumined by blinding lightning—not mere narrow flashes, but mighty flakes or streams of subtle electric fluid that momentarily swallowed up the "blackness of darkness," and that darted forked tongues of blazing fire, as though to lick up the impotent human beings exposed to their fell wrath. The colour of this lightning was not, as is ordinarily the case, a livid white, but was red as blood—at least it seemed so to our excited fancies—and fearfully did it uplift the pale ghastly-looking faces of our awe-struck crew. Ever and anon the appalling thunder bellowed and crashed like the blended report of a thousand pieces of heavy artillery; and every moment we expected the ship would be shattered to pieces beneath our feet.

A pause ensued, as though the demons of the storm were taking breath. In this brief interval, a ball of fire settled on the caps of each of the masts—an omen much dreaded by mariners, who call it a *corposant*. When only one ball appears it is termed *Corpo Santo*, or *St. Helena*; if two, *Castor and Pollux*; if three, *St. Elmo's fire*.

Another breathless pause, and then with a fearful rushing, hissing roar, the storm-wind burst upon our devoted vessel, and although it struck us astern, such was its terrific force that every sail but the close-reefed foretop-sail and the storm-staysail was blown out of the bolt-ropes, and the ship plunged forward headlong into the seething ocean, until she was buried to the foremast. Had the blast caught her on the broadside, down we must have gone in the twinkling of an eye. Then the poor old craft arose, her head quivering with the shock, and whole cataracts of water pouring off, and would have breached to had she not been powerfully met by the helm. Onward she now rushed with a fearful and augmenting velocity, leaping and plunging, shaking and rolling, and at one time thrown over on her beam-ends, until several planks of the deck were under water. The sea rose in fury almost as suddenly as the wind, which literally upheaved vast masses of water, and projected them bodily through the air. It was a curious fact that the spray which

flew over us in drenching showers was milk-warm, whilst the rain was icy cold.

Never shall I forget that tremendous night! The oldest seaman on board had never experienced its equal. The stoutest heart quailed—the most dauntless trembled, lest the next minute might be his last.

Three of our boats, and above ninety feet of bulwarks, were carried clean away; the jib-boom broke off by the cap; the mizen topmast snapped like a carrot; the mainyard smashed in the slings; the stern-post started; two feet water in the hold; seven men washed overboard! Ere morning we were compelled to "start" an immense quantity of fresh water; and our upper-deck guns and quarter-deck carronades were heaved overboard.

During eight-and-forty hours we battled with the insatiate tempest; nor did it finally moderate until every man on board was almost worn-out. On the morning of the third day there was a decided lull in the storm, and ere nightfall it had moderated to a fitful breeze; but the sea swelled most fearfully. The song-book simile of waves running "mountains high" seemed almost realized. We were, however, now safe; for the carpenter had managed to reduce the leaks, so that the water was easily kept under.

The next day we repaired damages as well as the rolling of the ship permitted, for the sea continued to run exceedingly high. In the afternoon we perceived a vessel evidently in great distress, and on nearing her made out that she was a large Dutch schooner, either very deeply laden or waterlogged. Her mainmast was broken off about a score of feet above deck; the foretopmast snapped off at the cap of the foremast; and on the latter was set a foresail, or rather the remains of one, for it was split from head to foot in three or four places. Signals of distress were hoisted from the foreshrouds, and several of the crew waved pieces of canvas to attract our notice. With difficulty and risk our ship was hove-to, in order to communicate with or relieve the stranger, if possible; and we hailed her repeatedly, but the answer was not intelligible. One thing we clearly perceived—the hapless Dutchman had not a boat left. One or two female

forms emerging from the cabin increased our desire to render assistance. The risk of doing so was very great. If we lowered a boat and it escaped being swamped alongside, there was the intervening water to cross, and a boarding to be effected, and the crew and passengers taken off.

"Shall I lower the larboard cutter, sir?" asked the first lieutenant, addressing Captain Ingledew, who had long and anxiously gazed at the disabled craft.

"I will not *order* a boat to be lowered in such a sea as this" was the quiet but significant response.

"Permit me to take the cutter, sir," I immediately said.

"And volunteers?"

"Four, sir, and a coxswain."

Permission was given, and in lieu of the regular cutter's crew I selected a quartermaster as coxswain, and four prime seamen from a score or two, who immediately offered to go with me. Not a word was uttered by either the captain or my brother officers concerning the danger of the undertaking; only Leigh Conway wrung my hand, and whispered the impressive interrogative words—"If any thing happens to you, old fellow?" "Open the lower drawer in my cabin, and you will find a sealed packet, with directions outside." He gravely nodded, and I calmly took my seat in the stern sheets of the cutter, now ready for lowering, under the immediate personal superintendence of the first lieutenant.

Kind old Captain Ingledew gave a loud ahem to clear away a little huskiness from his voice.

"Mr. Derwent!"

"Sir!" I responded.

"If you safely board the schooner, I expect you to return with the crew and passengers, if possible. But if you cannot get them off, you must decide whether to come back as you went, or to stay by the vessel and endeavour to save her. It seems to me an equal chance."

"If I resolve to abide by the schooner, Captain Ingledew, what are my instructions?"

"To save and work her to the nearest British port."

"What signal shall I give in the latter case?"

"Three oar blades above the taffrail."

"All clear sailing now, sir; I will do my best."

"I do not doubt it. God be with you. Lower away the cutter!"

A favourable roll of the ship enabled the men successfully to perform the very delicate and uncertain act of lowering a boat in a mountainous sea, and the tackles were cast off the instant we touched the water.

"Give way, men! For life or death!"

For life or death we indeed struggled in more senses than one. Nothing, under Providence, but consummate skill on the part of the old quartermaster whom I had intrusted with steering, saved us from being capsize or sunk a score of times during the passage from our ship to the schooner. Our frail cutter was literally whirled like a cork on the yeasty billows, and when we sunk in the trough of the vast Atlantic "rollers," we appeared gliding to destruction helplessly as swiftly; at times monstrous green waves upreared their glittering crests far above our heads as though about to instantly burst upon us—yet not a single drop of water did we ship. A terrible hard pull was it, even for the powerful arms and toughened sinews of my gallant crew, and the time occupied seemed to us an age. At last we swept within a boat's length of the schooner, and then the question was how to board her without having the cutter staved alongside. Thrice we attempted to board amidships, but, even with the help of the Dutchmen, utterly failed. I then resolved to try the counter, and a small hawser having been cast to us, we made fast and veered astern. By carefully watching the pitch of the schooner, myself and three men managed to get on board over the taffrail, leaving the other two to keep the cutter clear.

The scene presented by the deck of mynheer was not remarkably encouraging. The round house had been swept overboard; the bulwarks were shattered; a few broken spars and tangled rigging and ropes were strewn about; and eight or ten miserable-looking seamen were clustered aft, staring at me with a woe-begone eagerness, almost ludicrous in its intensity. The females whom we had seen on deck had gone below.

"Do any of you speak English?" was my first query.

Not a soul replied.

"Who's the captain? the skipper? the master?"

My two last words elicited immediate ejaculations.

"Den schipper! den meester!"

"Yes, where is he?"

A couple of the fellows instantly dived down the companion-way, and a wonderful spluttering and groaning saluted my astonished ears. A brief pause and they returned, pushing and hauling on deck—their skipper! He was a squab fat old man, attired in corduroy trousers, a huge green flapped waistcoat, and a blue coat reaching down almost to his heels, and profusely decorated with brass buttons as large as five-shilling pieces. He wore a pair of sea-boots with wide tops reaching high above his knees, and a great fur cap on his head. His broad puffy face was white and wrinkled with fright, and his goggle blue eyes rolled round without a particle of animation or expression.

"What the devil!" (pardon my expletive, ladies!) cried I, "are *you* the master?"

"Den schipper! yaw!" chorussed his crew, whilst he himself grimaced hideously, and murmured—

"Ag my wat pyn!"

"What pain!" echoed I, understanding a little Dutch; "why, what is the matter with you?"

"Helas wat srik!" moaned he. (Alas, what terror!).

"Wakker, schipper!" (courage skipper!) cried one of his crew. "Hed moed!" (come cheer up!) added another.

But the unhappy old shipmaster was so bewildered and terror-stricken that he only groaned piteously and wrung his hands, muttering, "weemy, myn zondig leeven! Wee! 'tis geed-aan!" (Woe me, my sinful life! Woe! I am lost!).

I paused a moment and surveyed the wretched skipper with the profound contempt and disgust which a seaman naturally feels when he beholds one of his own manly profession overcome with abject fear in the presence of danger at sea.

"Skipper, do you speak English?" cried I, in no gentle tones.

The question seemed to arouse him, for he goggled hideously, and murmured—

"Yaw, mynheer, yaw! I spik English meek fine!"

"What's your name?"

"Myn naam Vanderdunderboom!"

"Hem! a pretty name and a very pretty fellow *you* are! What is the name of your schooner?"

"Den Keizer!" (The Emperor).

"Where from?"

"Azores te Rotterdam."

"What's your cargo?"

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom paused a moment to collect his ideas, and then informed me that his cargo was goods and fruit. Further questions elicited that the vessel had sprung a leak, in the bows, as he believed, but he seemed to know very little on that or any other subject, and I could not make his crew comprehend me. I was about to ask concerning the passengers, when they emerged from the cabin—two females, and an elderly gentleman, all of whom I knew at a glance to be English. The gentleman, named Blackburne, who appeared very weak and ill, briefly expressed his thankfulness that a British naval officer had come to rescue them, and said that the young lady was his daughter, and the woman her servant. I scarcely glanced at either of the latter, being too much occupied by the emergency of the case. Mr. Blackburne expressed his opinion that so far as leakage was concerned the vessel was in no immediate danger of foundering, but anxiously asked if I thought I could safely convey them on board the man-of-war. I candidly told him that the risk would be exceedingly great, and that my first duty was to ascertain the real state of the schooner.

On sounding the pumps and examining the vessel, I fancied there was a possibility of saving her, and resolved to "father" a sail over the bows to stop the supposed leaks. With a deal of shouting we managed to make the crew understand our intentions, and a spare fore-and-aft foresail being got on deck, my own men "thrummed" it. So little help did the Dutch seamen give, that my patience was exhausted, and forgetting that they could not understand my words, I gave them a grand nautical lecture, to which they listened open-mouthed, and clattered their wooden shoes.

"Look alive, you pickle-herring lubbers!" roared I, "and don't stand goggling at me as if you had each swallowed a belaying pin! And do

you, Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, bestir yourself like a man, or by George!" and I significantly shook a rope's end over his head. The idea of their corpulent, old skipper being threatened with a rope-ending so tickled the fancies of the Dutchmen, that they grinned, and hee-hawed, and yawed like a parcel of donkeys over a bed of thistles. "Do you hear, Mynheer!" I reiterated, giving the life-rail a smart rap with the rope.

"Ag! yaw! I spik English mooch—all saam - ik koom 'er van Engeland—mooch English fine!—ag! myn vrou!"

"You old dunderheaded idiot! go below to your berth. You are neither boy, man, sailor, nor soper! You are no more use on board than an empty pickle-jar!"

We got the sail over the bows and manned the pumps. The result was most satisfactory. The chief, if not only leak, for the craft was exceedingly stout and well built—were about the bows, and the sail drew in so well that half an hour's vigorous pumping lightened the vessel a foot, and convinced us that provided no fresh leak occurred there was no imminent danger of foundering. Hardly had we come to this conclusion ere a gun was fired from the "Termagant" as a reminder. My resolution was formed on the instant—I would stay by the schooner.

"Lash three oars on end to the taffrail, quartermaster!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The signal was promptly acknowledged by our ship firing another gun and keeping away on her own proper course.

"Now, my lads!" said I cheerily, "the old 'Termagant' has left us with a Dutch deck under foot. Let us try if we can't get into port before her, after all."

"Ay, sir," growled the quartermaster, "and so we might, if these ere wooden-shoed, broad-bottomed gentry was men. Look at that there skipper of theirs, Mr. Derwent, he's a himage—he is!"

"Why, certainly, they are not very smart hands, Buntline."

"Smart, sir? I'm blest if I wouldn't make them smart if I was in your place, sir. I'd give every one of 'em a salt eel for supper this precious night, beginning with that figure-head

of a skipper, and finishing off with the boy. Four dozen apiece, sir, I'd serve out to brighten 'em up and make 'em smart. Say the word, sir, and we'll polish 'em so that they won't get rusty for one six months."

"The ancestors of these very men, Buntline, once swept the narrow seas—ay, and the Thames itself, with a broom at the masthead."

"Swept the seas, sir, did they? I can believe that, sir; for if we had those ere crawling lubbers aboard the 'Termagant,' the first thing we should do would be to put a broom in their hands to sweep decks. They're fit for nothing but sweepers, sir."

"And pumpers, Buntline! Put them all on to the pumps at once, and see that they work. Start them with a rope's end if they shirk and skulk."

"Ay, ay, sir, that I will." And that he *did*, beginning with poor Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, whom he dragged by the ear up to a pump, and made him labour until the unhappy skipper was fairly worked out of his abject fright and worked into a violent passion, which Buntline regarded no more than the screaming of a solitary *schiffvogel*, or sea-gull, which hovered around the hull.

I next had our cutter hauled up, and the two men clambered on board. In their place I put the Dutch cabin-boy with a bucket to bale out any water the boat might ship, and then veered her astern to the length of half-a-dozen fathoms.

As I turned round from superintending this duty, the sweetest of all sweet voices saluted me with the eager words—

"Oh, sir, how thankful I am that you are here to save us!"

"My daughter, Lucy, Mr. Derwent," said Mr. Blackburne. "Lieutenant Derwent, my child."

We exchanged bows—mine involuntarily a deep one, and on raising my head I gazed at the young lady so fixedly that a rosy blush reminded me of my want of manners, and then I stammered and stood like a simpleton. The truth was, I felt as much astounded as Mynheer Vanderdunderboom would have done, had a veritable mermaid skipped on deck and flopped down at his High Mightiness's feet with a deep-sea curtsy. For did I not behold a fine, handsome girl, standing in the graceful attitude of

an accomplished lady, with such a frank, charming expression, such bonny blue, sparkling eyes, such smiling lips, such—I've said enough—you'll imagine the rest.

"Yes," said her father gravely, "with the blessing of Providence on the exertions of yourself and your gallant men, Mr. Derwent, we may now reasonably hope to reach home once more."

"Oh," exclaimed Lucy, with considerable vivacity, "from the moment I saw your boat lowered, I felt that my fears were at an end, and—and"—she stopped short and blushed anew.

"God grant your confident anticipations may be realized," said I. "We will do all that British seamen can do. I promise no more."

"You promise enough, sir," observed Mr. Blackburne. "British men-of-war's-men can do every thing short of impossibilities."

"Then, you have not had reason to admire the seamanship of these Dutch mariners?"

"Had you seen them, sir, during the gale, you would have said—in a word, sir, they were like a parcel of old women."

"Ah, you *should* have seen Mynheer Vanderdunderboom!" exclaimed Lucy, with an irrepressible laugh, glancing at the same time towards the hapless shipmaster, who was tugging away at the pump, puffing like a porpoise, sweating like old Jack Falstaff in the famous "buck basket," and groaning and swearing in High Dutch like a hungry burgomaster.

"Ah, I dare say it would have been a droll enough spectacle."

"Droll!" laughed the fearless, merry girl. "Why, sir, I could not have helped tittering had we gone to the bottom the next moment."

"It is somewhat strange to me," I observed, "to find a Dutch crew such timorous boobies as these men seem all to be. Dutchmen are generally good seamen."

"The fact is, sir," answered Mr. Blackburne, "that hardly a couple of the crew are real seamen. They are fishermen by calling, but most of them have made a few coasting voyages. Old Vanderdunderboom himself has spent nearly his whole life in sailing between Rotterdam and Hull. He never was on the broad Atlantic nor any other ocean before this voyage."

"However came it, then, that he was intrusted with such a fine schooner as this?"

"The owners wanted to send her off in a hurry, having got a very profitable charter to the Azores, and as a better captain was not at hand, they intrusted her to Vanderdunderboom. Seamen being at a premium, that worthy, actuated by motives of short-sighted economy, shipped the worthless crew you see."

"Ah, ha! I begin to comprehend. But pardon me, sir, I must now take steps to insure our mutual safety."

Mr. Blackburne bowed and went below with his daughter and the servant. The reader may probably have marvelled how it was these passengers could sustain a conversation on the deck of a disabled vessel with such a heavy swell on as I described. I can only explain it by the fact that like most Dutch vessels "Den Keizer" sat literally as easy as a duck on the water, having incomparably less motion than our own two-decker; also, Miss Blackburne seemed as little affected by the situation in which she was placed as though she had been ocean-born and cradled in the shell of a nautilus.

It would not be generally interesting were I to detail all that I did to render the schooner seaworthy. Suffice it that my grim, old quartermaster kept the poor Dutchmen so hard at work at the pumps, that the vessel was as dry as an empty bucket by eight bells; and meanwhile my own seamen had cleared the decks of the wreck of rigging, &c., bent a foresail in a shipshape manner, and erected a jiggermast abaft, temporary sails being hoisted on each.

By this time Mynheer Vanderdunderboom and all his merry men—I might more truthfully say dismal men—were utterly worn out, and I felt moved with pity towards them, and especially towards the poor, old skipper, who was sitting down on the wet deck with his back leaning against the bulwarks, moaning and "crooning," as Buntline phrased it. At my suggestion, or "order" I might say (for from the time I first set foot on board to when I brought the vessel safe to port, I was the lord paramount, the skipper being a voluntary cipher), a couple of his men helped Vanderdun-

derboom down to his berth, and then the Dutchmen all supped luxuriously on pickled herrings and cabbage, with a canker of Hollands to aid digestion. I mercifully sent them all below to sleep till eight bells of the morning watch, and arranged that myself and two of the "Termagants" should keep the first night-watch, and Buntline and the other twain the next. I was just wondering what sort of a supper I and my men could obtain (for beef-fed Britons don't cordially relish the fare of Dutch seamen), when Mr. Blackburne came on deck and informed me that a good, substantial supper would be sent on deck for my men in a few minutes, and that his daughter requested my company at her own table in the cabin.

I was agreeably surprised to find a roomy, handsomely fitted cabin (the whole of which had been engaged by Mr. Blackburne), and a table supplied with a most appetizing hot supper, even had I not been ravenously hungry—as I certainly was. Nor was my appetite diminished by incidentally learning that the supper for all us "Britishers" had been prepared by the fair industrious hands of Miss Lucy Blackburne, assisted by her maid. And a very happy supper it was in that Dutchman's cabin—albeit we could hear the occasional grunts and moans, and dolorous ejaculations of Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, as he rolled about in his berth in the adjoining steerage. "Maw conscience!" (as Buldie Neel Jarvie would have exclaimed), how I did enjoy that supper! How I ate! how I quaffed! how I joked! how I laughed! How Miss Lucy—like a warm-hearted, brave, unaffected, joyous Yorkshire lass as she was—delighted to see me eat, drink, joke, and laugh! And how of all curious things in the world, I somehow suddenly grew sentimental and mournful, for, in a moment, a couple of lines of Walter Scott's friend, Willie Laidlaw's most pathetic ballad or song, entitled "Lucy's Flitting," came into my mind:—

"And honey sweet Lucy, see gentle and peerless,
Lies cold in the grave, and will never return!"

Dear heart! does that premature fate await this Lucy—my Lucy! "My" Lucy. By the mainmast and sheet anchor! of what was I dreaming!

"My" Lucy! A young lady, sole child and heiress of a wealthy Yorkshire landowner, and I a penniless junior lieutenant of one of H. M.'s ships! A young lady, moreover, whom I had never seen in my life until six hours previously! But did I not, in a manner, hold her very life in my keeping! What could even yet save her and her father from going to Davy Jones's locker but my sleepless vigilance, my nautical skill? Ah! me! what delicious dreams were mine when I was a junior lieutenant; and now that I am an old grizzled fogy of a commodore, with a middle-aged yet still handsome wife, and—never mind how many bairns—I never dream at all, except when I have a flannel-quilted nightcap on my head, and am snoring like a Dutchman betwixt two feather beds!

I learnt something during that supper. I learnt that Mr. Blackburne was a gentleman of fortune and landed estate in Yorkshire—that Lucy was his only child, and that her mother was dead; that they had been to the Azores in consequence of the death of Mr. Blackburne's only brother, who had long been settled there as a merchant, and had recently died, leaving the Yorkshire squire his sole heir, which obliged the latter to sail to the Azores, to take possession and realize the large property bequeathed to him; that Lucy accompanied her father; that when they had settled their business at the Azores, they waited some time for a vessel to convey them home, and were obliged, at last, to embark in the Dutch schooner "Den Keizer."

I learnt, moreover, that I was—in love. Ten thousand times no! How *could* I be in love with this Yorkshire girl, at first sight? "Shiver my topsails!" (as sailors say in sea-novels, but *never* on shipboard) such an idea is only worthy of a bedlamite. In love? What! on board a half-foundered, dismasted Dutch schooner, with her skipper *pumped* to a jelly lying in the neighbouring steerage, groaning and maundering worse than an old-wife with the toothache.

Three days have elapsed. I have got all "in apple-pie order" on board "Den Keizer"—so far, that is, as possible on board a dismasted and disabled craft. My quartermaster ably seconded by my volunteers ("Terma-

gants" indeed, as the poor Dutchmen learnt to their cost), have worked wonders. They have rigged jury-masts and make-shift rigging and spars, so that, now the swell of the gale is over, and a nice steady breeze is set in, we are jogging cozily along at five knots per hour. I am also jogging *very* cozily along with my cabin passengers. Miss Lucy isn't at all so bold and fearless and steady-footed on deck as on the day when I made her acquaintance. She even is glad to accept my arm (does she ever so slightly press it?) when walking the quarter-deck; and she—hold hard! a British seaman is no tell-tale!

On the morning of the third day Mynheer Vanderdunderboom came crawling on deck. He had changed for the better. His bewilderment had given place to a sort of uncalculating confidence, now that he at length understood that a British naval officer was in charge of his vessel, and he smoked his dirty, old pipe and quaffed his "Hollands" with gusto on deck, and saluted me with a Dutch complimentary phrase which I am far too modest to translate. So exhilarated did Mynheer Vanderdunderboom's spirits become after smoking a couple of ounces of negro-head, and imbibing something like a pint of juniper-smelling Hollands, that he addressed me in what he fondly believed to be pure English.

"You speak English astonishingly well, Captain Vanderdunderboom," I gravely remarked. "One would fancy you must have learned our language when very young?"

"Yaw, mynheer," complacently replied the innocent Dutchman, highly gratified by the compliment, "I does spik English saam well een Engeland. English gute, myn Vaderland tongue betterer."

"Ah, Dutch must be a lovely language indeed!"

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom rolled his eyes and smacked his lips, and patriotically grunted by way of affirmative.

"I vonce skipper der Engelseh sheep."

"You were once captain of an English ship—is it possible?"

"Yuw; I did be skipper of steam-sheep dat go from Hull to Rotterdam. I go voyage one—never not no more."

"How was that?"

"Ag! ten thousand duvils! I vil never not no more put my foots om-board steam-sheep! I vas sail from Hull; big of passengers; mooch Engclish ladies om-board. I gallant mau te dem Engclish womens—show dem all ter machines of ter sheep. Dere is von round hole in deck of steam-sheep for to put coal down te ter stokers, and dat tamt round hole vas open ven I show engines te ter womens. I not nohow see him, and in von leetle minute I slip in dat duvil hole."

"You didn't fall through into the coal-room?"

"No," groaned Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, "I slip down te *here!*" impressively slapping what Buntline called his "midship bilge." "And I jamb, and all ter ladies squeal laughers, and dance round me. Ugh! dere I vas. I try lift out—not nohow. And ter womens squeal laughers till I mad, and ter tamt sailors laughs, too, and pull me, while ter stokers push at my foots in ter coal-house, and dey pull and push till I cry my arms vas coming off. More dey pull, faster I jamb, and ter sailors say must heave me out by a purchase. So dey rig a derrick, and clap rope round my pody, and all hands tail-on to ter tackle-full, and haul till ter rope smokes, and I thinks I vas pulled all in leetle bits. Still I fast, and myn pody swells in ter tamt hole, so I feel I burst, agschrikkelik! Tercarpenter get axe and chop ter deck till him cut hole big as von hatchway te get me out. Dat cost me fifty gulden to repair, and I lie abed von month. Ag, I never set foots om-board steam-sheep not never no more, nohow!"

"A most commendable and prudent resolution, my dear Mynheer Vanderdunderboom!" exclaimed Miss Lucy Blackburne, who had joined us on the quarter-deck in time to overhear the conclusion of the skipper's narrative. "And what is more, I should strongly advise you, on next reaching Rotterdam, to bid adieu for ever to the treacherous main, and settle down for life, with your good old 'vron' by your side, at a 'lust-haus' in the suburbs, with a 'bloemen-garten,' where you can cultivate tulips, and a summer-house with a wooden sentry at the door, where you can sit and smoke all day long, and relate your terrific voyage on the wild Atlantic,

and what unparalleled seamanship you displayed, and how heroically you exerted yourself to save the vessel by—pumping with your own hands under compulsion of an English quartermaster!"

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom slowly puffed a yard of smoke from his meerschaum, and stared with his great fishy eyes at Lucy for the space of a minute and a-half; then emitted a long-drawn, guttural grunt (which might mean every thing or nothing); and without uttering a syllable of reply, coolly turned his back on her and gazed apparently at a cloud in the far distance. As this is the last glimpse the reader will have of his High Mightiness, I regret that it presents him in a somewhat ungallant light; but great men have their little occasional weaknesses, you know.

Gentle breezes and a smooth sea lasted us until our deep-sea lead had brought up "sand and shells," by which we knew to a certainty that we had entered the "chops of the Channel," and were within a day's sail of an English port. Heigho! I absolutely whistled for a head wind, so reluctant was I at the prospect of a termination to the delightful society I enjoyed aboard "Den Keizer." And when we let go anchor in Plymouth Sound I looked so rueful that "honny sweet Lucy, soe gentle an' peerless," archly laughed in my face, and then blushed crimson. Why she laughed and why she blushed was a mystery which would have puzzled the wisdom of Mynheer Vanderdunderboom to elucidate.

When we were about to part, Mr. Blackburne, after briefly but warmly expressing his gratitude for the services I had been the instrument of rendering, invited me, in a way that would take no denial, to visit him and spend Christmas and the New Year at his Yokahiro home. "I think, Mr. Derwent," added he, with a drollish smile, "that my daughter will, if needful, add her frank and earnest invitation to mine." But Miss Lucy didn't, for all that! No, the demure young lady hadn't even the grace to express in an ordinary commonplace way that she would be glad to see me beneath her father's roof; but—

The "but" is such an important "but," that I must honour it by commencing a fresh sentence.

BUT she gave me her little hot, trembling hand; and if she didn't look rosy as Aurora; and if her bright eyes were not dimmed with tears; and if her lips did not quiver as she faltered farewell—I am as true a Dutchman as Mynheer Vanderdunderboom!

From Plymouth I proceeded with my men to Portsmouth, where the "Terzagant" had arrived only two days before the Dutch schooner (for the salvage of which we were, by-the-by, handsomely remunerated by the Rotterdam owners), anchored in Plymouth Sound. The "Terzagant" was paid off, and I found myself, by the beginning of December, free as the winds that blow, so far as my personal movements were concerned—but my heart! "Ag! wee!" (as Mynheer Vanderdunderboom had taught me to ejaculate)—my heart—ah! wee!—my heart was a throbbing captive in the possession of Miss Lucy Blackburne.

A week before Christmastide, I donned a bran-new uniform, and set forth on my promised visit. I need not indicate the locality of Mr. Blackburne's residence more minutely than by saying that it was contiguous to a hamlet on the Yorkshire coast, about half-way betwixt Spurn Point and Flamborough Head. I arrived there nearly at midnight on the 21st, and late as it was, received a welcome worthy of an old, old friend. Whether it is strict Yorkshire etiquette for a young lady to sit up till midnight to receive an expected guest, is more than I can tell; but I know that Miss Lucy was up to greet me, and no gem from the mines of Golconda ever glistened and sparkled more brightly than her eyes.

I had a series of the most amazing dreams all that winter's night, from the moment I closed my eyes to the moment I reopened them. I remember very vividly that when a servant knocked at the door and aroused me, I had already been some years a British admiral and peer of the realm (a reward for some half-dozen victories, any one of which threw Trafalgar in the shade); and that at the identical instant when his unlucky knuckles beat a rat-tat, I was standing at the altar, in the act of putting a ring on the finger of my bride, Miss Lucy; the Archbishop of Canterbury,

assisted by a couple of other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, officiating! Rat-tat-tat! and lo! the great admiral and glorious bridegroom awoke and found himself—an unemployed lieutenant!

I growled awhile for sheer vexation; then sprang up, and looked out of my window. It was situated in a wing of the building, which I could see was of very considerable size, situated on a range of lofty cliffs within musket-shot of the sea.

At breakfast I was introduced to about a dozen guests who had been invited to spend Christmas, like myself. The origin of my acquaintance with the Blackburnes was talked over and laughed at, and a hundred schemes for spending the season right merrily, were discussed. The three next days were spent in a succession of delightful country amusements. To me, however, there was one terrible drawback, in the shape of a great hulking fellow of a Yorkshire squire, who stood six feet two in his stockings, was only twenty-two years of age (would to goodness I could have made him four-score by a touch of a magic wand!) a renowned fox-hunter and four-bottle-man, rawboned, strong as Hercules; the scoundrel almost crushed my hand to a jelly under pretence of shaking it, to express his pleasure at seeing "the hero," as he phrased it, of the Dutch schooner, but in reality to give me a palpable hint that he could smash me like crockery, if I made it worth his while; who had what his friends called a slight cast in the eye, but which I pronounced to be a hideous squint; who had a pair of tremendous whiskers, as red and bushy as a fox's tail; and who (here comes the sting of the matter!) was a sort of cousin—I don't know how many times removed—of Lucy Blackburne; and in virtue of this cousinship the gaunt creature at all times assumed airs of disgusting familiarity towards her; talking to her without a shade of reverence; cloaking and shawing her; and, on the whole, behaving towards her in a way that made my blood simmer and boil. Pray don't fancy that I was jealous of him. Not a bit of it, only—only I should not have put on mourning had he broken his neck in leaping a five-barred gate. That's all.

On the morning of Christmas Eve,

we all resolved ourselves into a Committee of Ways and Means, to devise and determine how to spend the evening in a manner worthy of the occasion. I know we consulted a variety of old books in our host's library to enable us to get up our merry-makings in genuine old English style, and I also know we were all in immense spirits after an early tea, and agreed, as it was a most brilliant starlight night, with a sharp frost, to take a stroll out on the cliffs before commencing the Christmas revels. And such fun we had in helping the ladies to shawl warmly! such joking, such childlike tricks! Ah me! I've heard grey-beards mumble senile nonsense about not wishing ever to be young again, but what would not I give to be five-and-twenty again, to spend such an hour as that! God mend us all! I think the older I grow the wickeder I am, so far as grumbling and maundering about the days that will never return is concerned! Yet as Teunyson sings:

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all!"

Well, my hearties!—for, as I am addressing an audience of good manly fellows, backed by a smiling circle of honest anti-lumbbug and anti-prudery matrons and girls, I may fearlessly speak to you just as I would over a mess-table of my brother men-o'-war's-men—well, my hearties! when we all clustered together in the hall just before going out, Lucy Blackburne, the sly little puss! with a most comical mixture of bashfulness and boldness, secrecy and publicity, with an air, in a word, of don't-tell-to-anybody or tell-to-every-body-you-please, whispered that she and her friend, Julia Summercourt, meant to conduct me out on the cliffs to view a famous cavity, locally known as the "Smuggler's Cave," peculiarly romantic on a starlight winter's night. Eagerly assented—only I mentally prayed, ferocious heathen as I was, that Miss Julia Summercourt might sprain her ankle as soon as ever we got clear of the rest of the company.

And so we set forth, a pleasant party, the gentlemen in the highest spirits, the ladies enjoying themselves immensely, all mightily exhilarated, and quite as happy as mortals have any sort of a right to be in this vale of tears and tribulations. On the summit of the precipitous cliffs we, natur-

ally enough, frolicked into little separate groups, and I'm sure you will admit that it was perfectly natural that Julia Summercourt (what a pretty name!) and Lucy Blackburne, and Charles Derwent, very speedily found themselves isolated from all others; and it was even yet more natural and proper that a very few minutes only elapsed ere Julia Summercourt disappeared. Now, if I were on my oath before the twelve judges, I couldn't, for the life of me, explain how it was that Miss Julia (a bonny, rosy-cheeked, good-natured girl, God bless her!) so suddenly and so mysteriously vanished. I'm not aware that she sprained her ankle, and I'm sure she didn't tumble over the cliffs—but I am not sure of any thing else beyond the fact that all in a moment Lucy Blackburne and myself were left alone to find our way to the "Smuggler's Cave" as well as we could. I shall ever hold that Miss Lucy proved herself a veritable heroine on this occasion, inasmuch as she did not exhibit the slightest tremor or terror by being so very suddenly and inexplicably left alone with me, but, to the reverse, piloted me along with admirable self-possession, narrating, as we walked, with wonderful volubility, no end of curious local anecdotes. Above all, she told me a long yarn about the "Smuggler's Cave." How it got that name by having been the resort for many years of a gang of Yorkshire contrabandists, who used it as a temporary warehouse for the Belgian faves, and the French brandy, and the Holland gin they "run;" how a desperate conflict betwixt custom-house officers and these interesting violators of the law, the smugglers, at length ensued in the very cave itself; how two bold smugglers and one custom-house officer were slain therein; how the ghosts of the defunct aggressors and defender of the law were popularly reported to haunt the cave—especially on bright winter nights—and divers other very interesting legends, unto which I listened greedily enough, as in duty bound.

Meanwhile we had descended to the beach, and pursued a mightily rough walk of a mile or two, till we got under the shadow of the great cliff which contained the Smuggler's Cave. Hearts alive! how I had to help Miss Lucy along that shingly beach. And

how very heavily she leaned (I could feel her heart go pit-a-pat!) on my strong right arm as we clambered and stumbled till we got right under the identical cliff. A huge, gloomy, savage, thundering cliff it was. "There is the cave!" said Miss Lucy; and sure enough, I saw a gloomy opening right on a level with the beach—an opening unapproachable save at low water, as it happened to be then. We drew nigh the mouth. "Stop a moment," whispered Miss Lucy. (I'm sure I don't know why she whispered, for not a living soul was within a mile). "I've got a wax taper," said she, and she produced and lighted it. The night was very calm, as cold, frosty nights usually are. The wax taper shed a bright, flickering light on the face of the cliff, and we carefully picked our way within the Smuggler's Cave.

Now, I hope most sincerely that romantic young ladies who may happen to read my yarn, will not emit a little preliminary shriek at this point of my narrative; for, on the word and honour of an old man-o'-war's man, I'm not going to evoke the ghosts of either the slain smugglers or the custom-house officer. I'm only about to tell a plain, matter-of-fact story, in a singularly matter-of-fact way.

The cave was a very ordinary cave. There was nothing about it suggestive of a raw-head-and-bloody-bones legend. I certainly paused a moment at the entrance to gaze at a huge mass of overhanging cliff, which struck me as being suspended somewhat in the fashion of Damocles' sword; but as Miss Lucy did not appear to notice it or care for it, we passed within, and by the light of the taper surveyed the dank roof and rugged sides, and the rocky bottom, on which sea-weeds grew near the entrance. I perpetrated some stupid jokes, and Miss Lucy condescended to laugh; and then—well, and then, after we had duly surveyed the cold, damp hole, we were in the very act of passing forth on to the beach, when the overhanging mass of cliff, without giving us warning by a single crack, fell thundering down, and blocked up the entrance. If I were to say that Lucy did not scream, and that I did not—ejaculate, on this astounding occurrence, probably nobody would believe me.

Gracious me! we were in a nice predicament. The tide was "making," and, sailor-like, my first thought was about that. I asked poor, trembling Lucy how high the tide ascended in the cave, and my fellow-captive confessed she didn't know; but judging by the sea-weed and the shell-fish, I concluded that the sea habitually came in at high water to a most uncomfortable as well as perilous extent. I made a desperate effort to "break the blockade," but I might as well have attempted to move the Great Pyramid.

Time sped. I shouted till I was hoarse. Lucy cried till her eyes were red—not for fear, but for thinking whatever people would say of her for getting into such a peculiar trouble. I'm sure I comforted her as well as I knew how, and I even hazarded a hardy assertion that our friends would be sure to rescue us before the wax taper was burned out. But that said taper was at its last flicker when a loud halloo (I recognised the voice of the detested Yorkshire squire), gave us assurance that Julia Sumnercourt had turned up somewhere, and had put our friends on the right scent to discover us. The cold, rippling tide had advanced so far as to drive us to the extremity of the cave by this time, and the squire and his companions were actually afloat in a boat at its entrance. They bawled to us the comfortable assurance that until the tide ebbed again no help could be given.

If I were an idle story-teller, instead of a gray-headed naval officer, I could now give such a picture of the Christmas Eve we spent in that Smuggler's Cave as would move my audience to alternate tears and laughter. But I shall do no such thing. I have a great respect for my readers; I think them, each and all, quite capable of imagining every thing. Therefore it is that I will say nothing whatever about the interminable night we were compelled to spend. Suffice it that when the tide receded at day-dawn a numerous body of men, armed with pick-axes and other tools, attacked the fallen mass of rock, and after half-a-dozen hours of hard labour, they cut a passage for us to emerge, and we stepped forth to the beach, and Lucy threw herself sobbing on the breast of her father, and I—oh, confound it!—I was the butt for the arrows of York-

shire wit, which every man and woman present discharged in a cloud.

It was now Christmas Day, and on our way home the wretch of a cousin, whom I have already characterized, thought well to speak a word to me apart.

"I say, lieutenant," muttered he, "you are what I call a silver-spoon man!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I fancy you 'know the ropes,' as you seamen call it."

"I wish I knew the rope spun to hang you!" I angrily retorted.

He burst into a horse-laugh.

"No offence, lieutenant—oh, dear, no! Smuggler's Cave's a nice Cupid's bower, eh? Yes. Don't swear so. You will want a groomsman. I'm disengaged, and always at home!"

"Sir!" I stammered passionately.

"All right!" shouted the monster,

with another hilarious burst of laughter that made the very cliffs ring.

Well, after all, I didn't think this hideous Yorkshire cousin such a very atrocious wretch as I had hitherto done, when he actually *did* officiate as my groomsman some six months subsequently.

My dream came tolerably true, after all. There was only the trifling difference that I stood at the altar, not an admiral and a peer of the realm, but simply a half-pay lieutenant, and in lieu of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the curate of the hamlet tied the noose that bound Lucy Blackburne to me for life.

Eight bells, my hearties! The watch is called, and my yarn reeled off. Here's wishing that every honest man may sooner or later tackle a Lucy as bonny and as good as mine, and may there ever be a Smuggler's Cave for him to pop the question in!

UNIVERSITY ESSAYS.—NO. VIII.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.A.

THE writings of Joseph de Maistre deserve to be studied by various classes of readers. The critic, indeed, will smile at the narrowness of appreciation which looks upon Shakespeare as a cleverish barbarian. The psychologist will find it harder to forgive his systematic depreciation of Locke; and the religious philosopher must sigh over the polemical acerbity which denounces Bacon as an infidel through two dreary volumes, and attacks Pascal, at once as a scientific plagiarist, and as a literary impostor, lifted into factitious eminence by a fortunate spite. But the student of Natural Theology will be rewarded by bold and brilliantly-expressed speculations, as different from the cautious severity of Butler as the elegant diplomatist of St. Petersburg is different from the recluse thinker, who was "wafted on a cloud of metaphysics" to the See of Durham. The meta-politician (as the Germans say), will light upon generalizations, not unworthy of the prophetic depth and majesty of Burke. The epigrammatic point, the chielled fineness, and statuesque relief

of style, which have earned for him the title of "the Voltaire of Catholicism and of Monarchy," will commend him to the mere literary admirer of French prose; while those who are studying contemporary history will at once perceive that thoughts, originally enunciated by the philosophic theologian, are in process of being carved out into historical fact by France and Sardinia; that the very conception of Piedmont, as the stronghold of Italian independence under the amphitheatre of the Alps, is pre-eminently his.

I do not, however, propose to consider the writings of Joseph de Maistre mainly from any of these points of view. I suspect that in our controversy with, at least, one class of Roman Catholics, we perpetually repeat the error of Austria upon a different field. We attack positions that have been evacuated, and draw lines where no army will meet us; while the enemy is marching into another country, and will not be courteous enough to fight us in positions that we have studied for years. There remains, indeed, the old hand-to-hand combat,

which nothing can ever supersede, and which must remain unchanged, until that great day when the church shall indeed be one, when "Ephraim shall not vex Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." But there are also the new and startling tactics of leaders like Möehler, de Maistre, and Newman, mapping out the whole field of controversy by fresh lines of demarcation, without some conception of which we shall misunderstand the position of educated Roman Catholics. With Joseph de Maistre political speculation is but the point of departure for controversial principles. Political Economy, Metaphysics, and even Physiology, are seen through Tridentine spectacles. His celebrated theory of national punishment and of national expiation, abuts, directly upon the atonement, indirectly upon works of supererogation. His Burke-like hatred of *à priori* written constitutions, is founded upon the doctrine of Tradition. His conception of the moral limitations of Monarchy points at the apex to the Papacy and Infallibility. Malthusianism is a wall of defence round the celibacy of the clergy. His physiological investigations into the mysteries of pathology and biology are a profound apologetic for fasting, and for the casuistry of the moral theologians. He is always haling the old boat of ultramontaniam with the silver cup of modern thought.

This remarkable champion has met with a singular fate. His speculations, indeed, have escaped from between the covers of his books, and percolate the whole mass of modern Roman Catholic writings of the abler sort. Yet, those whose oracle he once was are beginning to abjure his authority; while those who once abhorred his very name, are making his sentences their watch-word. D'Azeglio and Cavour quote de Maistre as often as Lord John Russell quotes Burke. And this change has been effected chiefly by the publication of a few posthumous works, and especially of some quasi-official correspondence, passionately anti-Austrian in its tone. Strange, surely, that the mysterious and convulsive national life of Italy should find the most intense exponent of its anguish and of its hopes in the same pen that traced the treatise *Du Pape*.

I shall confine myself in the follow-

ing Essay to a sketch of the life of Joseph de Maistre. To this I shall append a brief analysis of his speculations, chiefly in their bearing upon his controversial method, and upon some problems of "Theodicea."

I.—The English readers—not very numerous, I presume—to whom de Maistre's writings may be familiar, have probably pictured to themselves a grim Papiistical figure, which they think it strange should not belong to a priest or to a monk. Yet nothing can be further from the reality of the polished gentleman, whose wit was the delight of diplomatic circles, and whose sayings, at once brilliant and profound, were constantly written off to the great Napoleon himself. It requires almost as wide a stretch of imagination to realize the fact that the *Noiréus de Saint Petersburg* emanated from the same mind that gave birth to that shrewd correspondence with the Sardinian court, as to suppose that the author of the *Analogy* was also the writer of Horace Walpole's letters. Under this exterior of the diplomatist and the gentleman, there beat a true and tender heart. Romance has few chapters more singular or more affecting than the prolonged separation from a beloved wife and child, renewed by some unavoidable fatality from year to year, until nearly the third of a life-time had passed away. And while the sternly dogmatic and objective religious system to which he belonged may have silenced the expression of inward feelings, enough transpires occasionally to show us that there was an inner life, hidden in the unseen world. Religious phrases in some men's letters cover a large space, but mean very little; with men such as de Maistre, they are like initials, a few letters standing for a great deal. Nor is it surely an unprofitable exercise of Christian charity for us to recognise, under all differences, a faith reposed ultimately upon the same great objects, and a hope that yearned towards the same eternal home.

Count Joseph de Maistre was born in Savoy, on the 1st of April, 1759. Brought up in principles of the severest virtue, and especially of the most unbounded filial obedience, he went to the University of Turin at the age of twenty. His youth was intensely laborious. Languages, mathe-

matics, and philosophical theology, divided between them the energies of this athletic student. At the age of twenty-four he entered upon his political career. Yet, in the midst of all these avocations, he tells us that he pined in his little sphere, crushed with the enormous weight of nothings. Soon, however, the records of the police brand him as one given to the new ideas. Such is ever the accusation against those who, loving the old, strive to translate it into newer and more beautiful *formule*! A new expression irritates, and a new argument insults those who have yet to confess that their old expressions have ceased to charm, and their old arguments to convince. In due time Savoy sided with Austria against the French Republic, and France proclaimed war—hence the confiscation and sufferings of the Savoyard nobility. Deep were the wrongs of Joseph de Maistre. In the end of December, 1792, his young wife found herself in the ninth month of her pregnancy. Taking advantage of her husband's absence at Turin to encounter a risk which his affection would never have permitted, and hoping to collect some shattered wrecks of their fortune, this heroic lady traversed the Great Saint Bernard, upon the 5th of January, on the back of a mule, accompanied by her infant children, Rodolph and Adèle, who were carried wrapped up in blankets. She arrived safely at Chambéry, where the Count de Maistre followed her. He was obliged to present himself to the municipality; but he refused to take any kind of oath. He was soon treated to a domiciliary visit. A troop of soldiers entered, accompanying their invasion with rabid revolutionary phrases, with blows from the flat of their sabres, and with patriotic oaths. M^{me}. De Maistre rushed in, and the next day, after hours of pain and peril, gave birth to her third child, whom her husband was not destined to see again before 1814.

Joseph de Maistre indignantly retired to Geneva. There was to be found a strange and heterogeneous society: on the one side, the sadness and poverty of the French emigration—on the other, Tissot, the Abbé Raynal, Haller, M^{me}. De Staël, and Gibbon.

have been singular, between the infidel historian, who had been expelled from Magdalene for embracing the Roman Catholic religion, which he had so soon abjured, and the fervent controversialist, who was even then meditating the theory that has since fascinated the subtle genius of Newman. M^{me}. De Staël had few charms for him. She was too Parisian. He abhorred the affectation which, he said, vitiated every thing that came from Paris, "from law, down to vau-devilles." On one memorable occasion, at the Villa Necker, Corinne, after laying down the law on other subjects, entered on philosophy. A numerous society applauded with enthusiastic rapture. The young Savoyard deliberately composed himself in a corner to sleep. It is a more important reminiscence of his life at Geneva that he there published his *Considerations Sur la France*. This work attracted much attention, and was honoured by the peculiar study of Napoleon. Much as they differed in detail, de Maistre's conception of the old constitution, as it were with new facets, was the very type of the structure of the empire. Both in perusing this book, and on subsequent occasions, Bonaparte was astonished at the sort of *clairvoyance* possessed by Joseph de Maistre. Few, indeed, have more largely inherited the faculty of political and theological prevision, because few have generalized more largely. He is always seeking the universal latent, and as it were masquerading in the particular. To be in possession of a principle, is sometimes, at least, to see one's way to its conclusion; and that is a lower, and merely human kind of vaticination, which is often astonishing enough, and which constantly shines, like a lighted lamp, in the alabaster vase of de Maistre's elegant style.

Shortly after these years came the series of wrongs and insults from Austria to the House of Savoy, which de Maistre could never forgive. There was in him an antique and enthusiastic devotion to his great master ideas. This is a day of lax convictions, political and religious. There is something instructive in this fidelity to an idea, be it an idea so coarsely expressed, as Protestants consider the Roman theocracy, or so ill-timed as monarchical absolutism. But through

the darkest and most retrogressive of his writings, I find a transparent sincerity. One must forgive him, when one remembers his long self-sacrifice; his deep and honourable poverty; his years of separation from a home which he could love more deeply than most men, out of pure devotion to a king who could not understand him, and who—when he was shivering for want of funds to buy a fur pelisse at St. Petersburg—grudged him the honorary ribbon which he was expected to wear.

The year 1798 closed upon one of the most eventful scenes of M. de Maistre's life. The King of Sardinia was obliged to fly. The French occupied Turin. M. de Maistre was an *émigré*, and consequently in danger of his life. Provided with a Prussian passport, on the 28th December, 1798, he embarked in a little vessel to descend the Po, and join, at Casal, the larger ship of Captain Gobbi, which was bound with salt for Venice. On board Gobbi's vessel were assembled many *émigrés* of rank. Ladies, priests, one bishop, monks, and officers, crowded the ship. A little below Casal Maggiore, the river froze during the night; and though the current of the mid channel was clear, the bark was encircled with ice. The left of the stream was occupied by the Austrians, the right by the French. Every instant the unlucky bark was called upon to stand to or to salute, sometimes from one bank, sometimes from the other. The blocks of ice made the operation difficult, and the continued threats of firing into her did not tend to accelerate matters. At Polisola, a nobleman's carriage was on the bridge, and M. de Maistre's two little ones were snugly roosted in it. The sentry challenged the bark, arrested its progress, and it was boarded for passports. Just as the party were leaving, one of the soldiers said to de Maistre—"Citizen, you say that you are a subject of the King of Prussia, yet you have a queer sort of accent. I am sorry that I did not send a ball through that aristocrat's carriage." Arrived at Venice, his privations were of the most distressing character. He was reduced to live upon the sale of some remnants of his family plate; then, without means of correspondence with his court, his relations, or his friends, he was an

absolute pauper. These circumstances are not without moment in the formation of a character like Joseph de Maistre's. The prolonged torture of the sail down the Po did not pass away from him like the cold shining of the Christmas stars on the blocks of ice. The anguish of paternal anxiety, and the wretchedness of poverty to a proud and independent spirit, were not forgotten in the respect which environed his closing years, and amidst the happy faces of his family. The willow must be shaken before it shows its silver plumes. We owe many a fine thought, and many a tender sentiment to these dark passages of his life. Joseph de Maistre's love for the book of Psalms was a passion. We have many noble and lovely panegyrics on them, by men of all times and of all churches, from St. Augustine to Bishop Horne; and none nobler or lovelier; none—albeit by one who was little of a Hebraist—more spiritual or appreciative, than that contained in the second volume of the *Soirées*. De Maistre was not one to throw away a thought at random. We can often trace, from his first writings to his last, how he turned some favourite conception in his mind from year to year, until at last we have it smoothed and rounded, like a pebble by the roll of the sea. I like to think that we may have the germ of that exquisite passage in his meditations upon the frozen river, or in his poor lodgings at Venice.

Somewhat brighter days soon began to dawn upon him. Victor Emmanuel I. succeeded to the throne, upon the abdication of Charles Emmanuel. Count Joseph de Maistre was appointed to the post of Regent of the Royal Chancery in Sardinia,—the first position in that island. The character of the people was eminently distasteful to him. He describes it, a few years afterwards, in lines whose terrible sarcasm is surprising. It is as if one of Swift's most biting pieces should turn out to be from the pen of Butler. Yet, perhaps, there is a close connexion between high theological and philosophical powers, and that sober sort of irony which, in strong hands, is so withering and so concentrated. Bishop Fitzgerald has remarked that there are passages in one of Butler's sermons which "the witty Dean of St. Patrick's need not blush

to have acknowledged." I will only ask those who wish to do justice to the versatility of De Maistre's powers, to contrast this sketch of the Sardinians with some passages which I shall cite towards the close of this essay:—

"No human race is more strange to all the sentiments, all the tastes, all the talents, which adorn humanity. They are cowardly without being obedient; rebellious, without being courageous; they have studies without science; a jurisprudence without justice; and a worship without a religion. The Sardinian is more intensely savage than the savage; for the savage knows not the light, and the Sardinian hates it. He is without the best attribute of man—progress. Every profession with him does what it did yesterday,—as the swallow builds its nest, and the castor its lodge. Your Sardinian looks helplessly at a forcing-pump (I have seen it), and sets about drying a pond by sheer force of arms and buckets. He is taken to see the agriculture of Piedmont, of Savoy, of Switzerland, of Geneva; he returns home without knowing how to graft a tree. The harrow and the rake are as unknown to him as Herschell's telescope. He is as ignorant of hay (which, however, was surely his predestined food), as of the discoveries of Newton. In short, I know not what to do with him. At least, they can only be treated after the Roman fashion: you must send a *Pretor* and two legions; make roads, establish postal communication, set up gallows, and let them talk without listening to them, since if you do you will hear a folly, a slander, or a lie. You will find this portrait flattering. But remember that a portrait is always a portrait. You must excuse this little weakness in a painter who is willing to commend himself to the original."

Amidst this uncongenial race, de Maistre, in his leisure-hours, fell back intensely upon his suspended studies. So is it ever with great thinkers, especially in evil times. Over the din and whirl of the broken waters of fact they love to look at the floating rainbow, suspended over the troubled scene by the poetic touch of thought, and at the rifts of deep-blue sky opened by meditation upon general laws. Of the philosophy of Comte, indeed, he had anticipated that most excellent position, which can thoroughly be held

by the Christian thinker, who, believing that "the heavens do rule," that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will," believes, also, that that rule is not at random, but by law. True it is that the prophet once and again contrasts the stability of nature, and the unerring operation of instinct, with the instability and rebellion of man's will—lawless and disorderly in a universe where law is paramount. "The sand is placed for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it. But this people hath a revolting and rebellious heart. The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time; the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." Yet, in another and higher point of view, this lawlessness is held together in the grasp of a stronger and divine law, as the torrent, sweeping down the declivity, all driving spray and rushing confusion when we are close to it, looks at a great distance like an unwavering stripe of white, nailed to the mountain-side. The very fact of prophecy implies this. Now, what says Comte? His theory may be summed up in three propositions:—(1). History is a natural phenomenon. In other words, humanity, in the course of its development, like other things, obeys its nature, and the properties of its nature. (2). A law of filiation presides over it. In other words, humanity is directed to its future by the sum-total of its past. (3). Its perturbations have certain limits. In other words, the causes which trouble its evolution are always less than the total action which necessitates its development.* The theory of this development is sociology, or the abstract science of history. "By the aid of this method," Mr. Mill seems to think, that "we may hereafter succeed in looking far forward into the future history of the human race."—"System of Logic," volume ii., p. 617). Nay, he elsewhere hints at the possibility that history might have been constructed *a priori*, by a competent ethologist. What, then, is the conclusion of the Positive School? The evolution of societies, civilization,

* See an article by an eminent Positivist, M. E. Littré, of the Institute, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for April, 1859.

history—call it what you will—is submitted to a law which determines its direction and its progress. Supposing this to be denied, the Positivist would impale us upon one or other horn of this dilemma. If your beliefs are theological, i. e., if you are a Christian, or even a Theist at all, you must believe that Providence is producing this movement, by His intervention, be it perpetual, or occasional and accidental, most probably the former. If your belief is not theological, you think that Chance is the agent, and that there is no law in the matter. Hence, then, if you reject the perpetual intervention of Providence, the “*curiosus et plenus negotii Deus*,” if you see that Chance is an unmeaning word, and that all which passes in history has its roots in the very conditions of history, you belong to the Positive Philosophy.” Yet the conclusion is most illogically drawn. We may believe, with the profoundest thinkers of every age, with the prophets, with St. Augustine (whose treatise, *De Civitate Dei*, is the first philosophy of history), with Bossuet, with Burke, that society is submitted to a law which determines its progress, yet believe withal that that law is relative to the Divine mind. What is a blind, dead law, but that “Chance” which the Positivist already confesses to “be an unmeaning word?” It is, indeed, singular that none of the great classical historians attempt to trace, through the complexity of facts, the law which rules them, and in the midst of apparently self-thwarting and contradictory phenomena, to develop the great end to which humanity tends. Herodotus, with his coloured style and triumphant accents; Thucydides, with his cold and restrained logic; Livy, with his imagination on fire with the glories of Rome—never trouble themselves with “humanity.” St. Augustine, I believe, is the first who has written that the human race is one; that Divine Providence governs the successions of the human race, like one moral being, which carries on its marvellous development from infancy to adolescence, and from adolescence to old age.† To return. I repeat that the

essence of the Positivist Philosophy, the germ of truth which it holds in solution, is the central point of de Maistre’s philosophy, announced several years ago in his *Considerations*, and now beginning to take a more elaborate shape. I need only cite one sentence from a familiar letter:—“Nothing, my dear friend, goes by chance. All has its rule, and is determined by a power which rarely tells its secret. *The political world is as truly submitted to law as the physical world*: but as the liberty of man plays a certain part in it, we end by thinking that it does all.”

The year 1802 brought a suspension of these studies, for de Maistre was then nominated as Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Sardinia at the Court of Russia. He hesitated, but went under that deep conviction of duty, which he afterwards veiled in playful language to a friend:—

“Ought a man—that is to say—can a man merely do what he likes? I often recollect a saying which was addressed in a ball at Philadelphia to a young lady who was amusing herself in lounging with a young gentleman, instead of taking the place which was assigned to her in the dance. Some master of the ceremonies, usual in that country, said to her with an air of severity, ‘Young lady, do you suppose that you have come here to amuse yourself?’ It is in this world just as at the ball: we are not there to amuse ourselves, but to dance as well as we can, minuet or waltz, or what not. It is all very well to say—I am tired, my partner is awkward, the playing is out of tune. All that signifies nothing—dance we must, without any valid excuse, save that we do not know how to dance.”

The journey to Russia was no whirl over a well-waxed floor to our philosophical moralist. We have an account of his travels, of his poverty-stricken drive in a carriage, which was constantly breaking down, and of his very unsatisfactory reception at Vienna. On arriving at St. Petersburg he found Alexander surrounded by favourites, of whom Prince Adam Czartoryski was chief. His reception in all diplomatic circles was triumphant, except at the French and Austrian embassies. In the brilliant

* See M. Littré’s article, just referred to.

† De Quiset. Océog. trib. Quiset. 68. Compare Nourrisson. *Tableau des Progrès de la Pensée Humaine*, p. 204.

drawing-room of the Comte de Stadion, he met a young man of fine figure, and of a haughty and sensual expression, displaying his white hands, and talking of affairs with the condescending air of a duke who chats about turnips with a small farmer. That young man was Metternich. As for the Emperor himself he was an armed and crowned dreamer. His character had oriental passion, softness, and subtlety, with that "liberal" spirit (the word is said to have been coined by Madame de Staël for him), which is so essentially western—remininding one of Aristotle's fine observation about the union of European and Asiatic characteristics in the Hellenic race, as intermediate between the two (Arist. Polit. vii. 7, 3). A beautiful and unhappy shape flits across the scene, white-robed, dark-haired, with neither pearl nor flower—Marie Antonia Narichskine.

His correspondence at this period is full of admiration for English institutions, of some dislike for the English themselves:—

"Do not suppose," he writes to M. Gabot, in September, 1803, "that I am indisposed to do full justice to the English. I admire their government (without thinking, however I will not say that one *ought*, but that one *can*, transport it elsewhere); I do homage to their criminal law, their arts, their sciences, their public spirit; but all is spoilt in their foreign politics by their insupportable national prejudices, and a pride without bounds and without reason, which disgusts other nations, and hinders them from uniting in the good cause. I said one day to Baron Stedding—'Do you know the great difficulty of this extraordinary epoch in which we live? It is, that the cause which we like is defended by the nation whom we dislike.' 'Right,' said he, laughing, 'and the thing is evident.'"

Now, too, as ever, he was constantly moralizing upon the Revolution in his correspondence with the Court of Sardinia. It was a twofold lesson that he drew from it. To sovereigns he would say, revolutions are created by abuses; to subjects, any abuses are better than revolutions. To his own king he writes indirectly—"Extremes touch. Here, under an absolute Government, a prince finds as much opposition as he might under a Repub-

lic." Strange intellect! in politics, as in theology, by profession so old, so rigid, so absolute—in fact, so new, so flexible, so liberal—ever pervaded by arguments which it repudiates, and in some inner fold of the will embracing the cause which it hates. This was no new sentiment. Ten years before he had said:—

"A revolution in all governments seems to me inevitable. You tell me that the nations have need of *strong* governments; upon which I ask you what you mean by that. If monarchy appears to you strong in proportion as it is absolute, Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, &c., should appear to you to be vigorous governments. Yet you know, and every one knows, that those monsters of feebleness only exist in virtue of their *aplomb*. Be sure, that to strengthen monarchy, you must found it upon law, and avoid all that is arbitrary."

We now come to circumstances which throw much light upon his political and ecclesiastical creed.

In 1804 he had been invited to write a memoir against Napoleon on the part of Louis XVIII. He declined, on the score of danger of detection from the peculiarities of his style—not without reason. His letters, at the same time, incidentally open to us a glimpse into his inner mind on the subject of the Revolution. He has not hesitated elsewhere, and often, to characterize it as "Satanic in its very essence." Now, he confesses that it is something too vast for any one head, and admits that even when he speaks most decidedly, his thoughts are tacitly submitted to deeper thinkers; as Bacon says of the old induction, *precario concludit*; it is a provisional, or by your leave conclusion. The affairs of Rome also occupied much of his attention. This devout ultramontane could smile over Pius distributing chaplets, and could sigh at the spectacle of the good kind of creature flung upon an emergency which required the heroic stature of moral and intellectual greatness. Occasionally, indeed, contempt took a more indignant tone, and he ventured to exclaim that the horrors of Alexander VI. were less revolting than the "hideous apostasy" of his feeble successor "the chaplain of M. Bonaparte." There is here, in its very culminating point, the intense, half-felt,

intellectual contradiction of de Maistre's mind. His reason, prostrated before the theological, revolts against the personal and political infallibility of the Pope. This must be taken into account in reading his book *Du Pape*. I know few things more striking than that magnificent fragment on national life, bursting out from a dry, controversial chapter, like the golden furze from the hard, dull gorse. With his large knowledge of affairs, he must have been well aware that the election of the Pontiff lies practically between France and Austria. With his intense hatred of Austria, how is it that he never alludes to this? As a sincere Roman Catholic, he was unwilling to assist in raising any discord between Rome and Vienna; as an attached subject of the weak Sardinian monarchy, he had a fear of drawing down upon the House of Savoy the wrath of this terrible neighbour. Hence, his book *Du Pape* has been termed by M. Albert Blanc the "truncated expression of a marvellous conception."

To do full justice to de Maistre's character, we should recollect the difficulties and moral grandeur of his position at St. Petersburg. At the Sardinian Court he was never very popular, nor very well understood. Philosophical and theological abstractions are generally wearisome to mere men of affairs. No amount of routine work could specialize Joseph de Maistre; and an unspecialized thinker is an abomination to many excellent committee-men and unexceptionable officials. These philosophical aberrations were not seldom relieved by a species of brilliancy which was hardly less acceptable in high quarters. Yet there is much in the offender's apology, begging of a high official, as old Geoffrey Chaucer begs of his readers, that he "will ne arrete it to his villeiny."

"You are kind enough to caution me on the heat of my style. I will only add, it is impossible to have my style without having its defects. Would you see fire which does not burn, and water which does not wet? A word more on a certain Parisian irony for which I have a turn, which I may sometimes abuse. When irony is exercised upon nothings it is a silly superfluity. It is not the same when it sharpens the reasoning—when it makes a puncture, so to speak, to let it pass through, as the needle does for the thread."

But whether it were the irritation of mediocrity with genius, or the want of principle which poverty is too apt to engender in governments as well as in individuals, certain it is that loyal and successful services were never more wretchedly required. Without equipage, plate, servants, or carriages, occupying for a long period the same lodgings with a dentist, on an income miserably small, his master's dignity or honour was never compromised by the Envoy of Sardinia. The most loyal of husbands and tenderest of fathers was for weary years an exile from his wife and daughter, and his reward was poverty and suspicion.

But I must not forget that I am not writing a biography, but simply tracing the outlines of a career, so far as it throws light upon certain books; and must hasten to conclude this portion of my subject.

During the last seven years especially of Joseph de Maistre's residence at St. Petersburg, the circumstances of his position as Sardinian Envoy gave him time to return once more to his favourite studies. From 1810 to 1817 his principal works were composed, though some were laid by for a posthumous publication. At Petersburg he wrote—*Des delais de la Justice divine*; *Essai sur le principe générateur des institutions humaines*; *Du Pape*; *De l'Eglise Gallicane*; *Les Soirées de Saint Petersburg*; *Examen de la philosophie de Bacon*. The last four were taken to Turin with him, in 1817, and carefully revised up to the time of his death, in 1821. A number of long letters, or short essays—one upon public education in Russia—must be added to this list. I may mention, as a matter of curiosity, that he states that the system of competitive examination, introduced into the Russian army, broke down ignominiously by the admission of all practical men, after a few years of trial, and was thenceforth confined to the scientific branches of the military service. It is a proof of the interest which is attached to the slightest production of his pen in every part of Europe, that a few letters which had escaped the diligent search of his son, Comte Rodolph de Maistre, were published last year in St. Petersburg by the Tchitchagoff family. "The thought of Comte J. de Maistre," says the editor,

in his preface, "embraced worlds. Every vestige of his indefatigable activity is cosmopolitan in the largest sense of the word. We cannot sufficiently congratulate ourselves on being

of letters and other writings of this illustrious thinker some letters heretofore unedited" (*Lettres Inédites du Comte Joseph de Maistre*. St. Petersburg. A. Clarel, 1858). M. Albert Blanc promises, at no distant date, a number of unpublished papers bearing upon his theological views.

Joseph de Maistre left Russia for ever in 1817, upon suspicion of aiding the Jesuits to proselytize. At Turin he found himself poor, but honoured, and respected, and happy in his family. His intense thought, the vicissitudes and anxieties of his life, had weakened a constitution which was naturally very robust. In 1818 he lost his favourite brother, the Bishop of Aosta, which was a terrible blow. From that time his strength visibly decayed. In 1821 a revolutionary crisis threatened Piedmont. The Count de Maistre assisted at the Council, where important changes were proposed. His opinion was that the changes were good—perhaps necessary—but that the time was inopportune. He spoke at length, and with much fire. His closing words were—"Gentlemen, the earth is quaking, and you would build." But this world, and all belonging to it, were soon to fade from the wearied statesman's eye. He died on the 26th of February, 1821, and his mortal remains are interred in the church of the Jesuits at Turin.

II.—I have dwelt at some length upon the life of de Maistre, because some general knowledge of its facts is, I think, necessary to the appreciation of his works, and reconciles some apparently insoluble contradictions. Student as he was, he was also a politician; and he was not one who merely scraped down the colour of other men's pictures; he made the pigments from materials supplied by his own life and experience. In reading, we are told that he always kept a commonplace book open before him, and a pencil in his hand, with which he noted down the substances of passages which struck him. These extracts, after a year or so, he ta-

bulated, and arranged in alphabetical order. Hence, when his quick fancy caught a new thought, he was able to enrich and to support it out of the treasures which he had amassed. Nature made him a philosopher and a theologian; circumstances forced him, not quite unwillingly, into diplomacy and politics. This gives its peculiarity to his writings. He is like a mediæval cardinal thrown upon the nineteenth century. He writes theology like a politician, and politics like a theologian.

The Revolution is, I think, the key which opens the cabinet of his mind. His entire life falls into two distinct portions, of which it is the line of demarcation. There was his simple and studious youth, when he clung, "like an oyster," to the rock of Savoy; though, I suspect, his restless intellect never felt that indefinite and instinctive happiness, arising simply from perfect health, which Dr. Paley attributes to infants, oysters, and periwinkles.—"*Moral Philosophy*, Book I., c. vi." At all events, the fire of the Revolution soon loosened its molluscous pertinacity. At an age when most men's minds have stiffened into that shape which they must wear until the dissolution of our present framework, the horizon broadened before him, new stars arose in the heavens, and new tints coloured the earth. Thus his whole mental and moral constitution became, as it were, ambidextrous. There was what Plato and Aristotle might have termed a *σπασμός* in his soul.—"*Ethic Nicom.*, ix. 4; *Repub.* i., 52.") His heart and will were upon one side; his intellectual convictions had gone over to the other in some measure. Mr. Gladstone might possibly constitute a parallel, if we could suppose him to pursue his present political career, still putting forth edition after edition of his "*Church and State*," and backing it up by supplementary arguments.

The Revolution then was the turning-point of his intellectual existence; and it became to him, in the first place, the source of his political system, and then the starting-point of a theodicea which was for him the centre of the moral government of the universe, and the corner-stone of the Christian Church.

The Revolution came upon him at

first with all the sweeping torrent of its outward horrors. He terms it "Satanic in its very essence." It seemed to be that which struck Coleridge with such awe—systematic wrong, vice upon system and principle.—("The Friend," vol. i. p. 203). Then he began to modify his indignation by Plato's sagacious remark, that the worst and most unjust of men can be but half-villains, since those who are complete in wickedness are completely unable to act. *Ἐνὶν τις αὐτοῖς δικαιοσύνη—ἔωρυσαν ἐπὶ τὰ ἀδίκᾳ ἡμιμόχθηροι ὄντες, ἐπεὶ οἱ γε παμπύνηροι καὶ τελείως ἀδίκᾳ τελείως εἰσὶ καὶ πράττειν ἀδύνατοι.*—*Repub.* i. 52. After a while he begins to see faults on the side of the party whom he loved. The causes of the Revolution were mainly three:—The literary men were unbelievers in the Gospel of Christ;—the priests were surplised squires;—the nobles had become degenerate—a degeneracy attested by their very portraits. The outburst of Satanic power, the "loosing of Satan for a little season," assumes a mitigated form. It is the predestined chastisement of God upon a guilty nation. Then he turns over this conception of chastisement until it swells into his celebrated theory of national expiation.

So much for the *causes* of the Revolution. What then of its *effects*? He constantly speaks of a religious revolution of some kind as inevitable. This revolution, however, would be constructive rather than destructive,—a revival or development rather than a thunderbolt. Popular Protestantism, he thought, would fall. The English Church, he seems to think, might somehow act as an intermediary:—"Either there will be a new religion," he often repeats, "or Christianity will renew its youth, like the eagle's, in some wonderful way." This change, he thinks, will certainly issue from Catholicism, probably from France. He insists upon the *propagandist* power of French ideas, upon her language, upon her eloquence. He does not forget to cite a memorandum from Sir Christopher Wren's pocket-book, tending to show that a French orator can throw his voice out so many feet further than an English. This view of the religious future of France makes him half in love with her, even when she was driving away the Church—

even when she was chasing him from port to port, a homeless exile. With all his intense hatred of Bonaparte; with his love to Russia, in whose service his son fought; with his bitter memories of Austerlitz and Friedland; he never wished to see her power wounded to death. Her national exclamation would be the bane of the world. The splendid flattery of Grotius, addressed to Louis XIII., was with him unexaggerated truth. *Regnum Dei solum tuo melius est.*—(De Jure B. et Pacis. Ludov. XIII. Christianissimo Franc. et Navarre regi Hugo Grotius). "Heaven alone is fairer than France."

From the Revolution de Maistre ascends to a *theodicea* of Calvary. There are three terms in this Atonement of the nations. The sin of the nations is the first; the punishment borne by the righteous of France is the second; the regeneration of European society is the third. This mysterious trilogy expands into the giant proportions of universal history. War and bloody sacrifices are but sub-sections of this awful chapter—scenes in this divine and majestic tragedy. As human creatures, in themselves fallen and sinful, Isaac bearing the wood, David crossing Kedron, Jonah in the whale's belly, might be faint types of the sinless Sufferer—as the animal creation had its representative of dying love in the faint bleat and the flowing blood; so, he seems to say, in history, France becomes a type and shadow of Him who was charged with the sins of a world. The shadow of the Cross lies on her sunny land—a shadow, but an exact one.

I must leave his theology for a moment, and follow his political philosophy. The divine right of kings was a dogmatic article of his creed. Yet his experience of affairs, and the ridiculous insolence and folly with which he was treated by the King of Sardinia, as well as the evils of Russian society, opened his eyes to the nature and tendencies of the Absolutism, which in theory he so fiercely defended.

A foundation-stone of his political philosophy is his theory of "Constitutions." Sir William Hamilton would make our conception of cause rather a negative symbol of impotence than a positive and construc-

tive act of mental synthesis. Something in the same way de Maistre insists that we cannot "cognise" a "constitution" as absolutely commencing; that it is always the result of a sum-total of pre-existing moral and social elements; and that in the last analysis it is even divine. Locke writing a constitution for the New Englanders, or Condillac for the Poles, is, in his eyes, as absurd and even impious as Alphonsus, King of Castille, wishing to have been present at the creation. As in the Greek mythology the sea-god Glaucois, plunged indeed originally from heaven, but became coated over with shells and sea-tangle, so the "constitution" becomes encrusted with inferior growths, local and historical; but its primary projection was from the Eternal mind. But here, as in other cases, he strives to take in opposite views in the enormous sweep of an all-embracing theory. It is Filmer, with Harrington's *Oceana*, or Locke on *Government* for an appendix. The divine "constitution" is to expand—to take into itself and feed upon all that is congenial to itself. Here we have precisely the Theory of Development applied to politics. So that this absolutist could take for his motto the words of our great progressive and liberal poet:—

"Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of th' ought."

And would even dare to add:—

"Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease;
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of th' soul."

Compare with this what he has said of the Church:—"If she has changed some exterior things, it is a proof that she lives; for all which is living in the universe changes according to circumstances, in all which does not belong to its essential basis. The variation of which I speak is even the indispensable condition of vitality. Absolute immobility belongs to nothing but death."

In short, he would agree with the constitutional Burke, that well-considered changes might be cautiously adopted in any degree short of a solution of continuity; and with whatever prejudice against English haughtiness,

he always appreciates the English constitution with a measured and discriminating admiration.

His remarks on Napoleon are striking. That "omnipotent nullity" must disappear, when his necessary destructive mission was over. His faith in this never failed. Austerlitz did not shake it; Borodino and Waterloo hardly increased it. A private individual, he always maintained, can no more create a dynasty, than a single generation can meet together, and exclaim, "Go to—we will make a 'constitution.'" It would have been well, perhaps, if he had not gone into details. He expected not only a restoration, but a permanent renewal of the Bourbons. At all events, France must be supreme.

His remarks on the necessary tendency of every revolution, to exercise an unconscious influence upon its bitterest opponents, throw a flood of light upon many extraordinary phenomena, historical, social, and even theological. "Every great revolution," he says, "acts more or less upon those who resist it, and will not permit the unqualified re-establishment of the ancient ideas. Witness the religious movement of the sixteenth century, which has wrought a very sensible revolution, even among Catholics."

De Maistre's antipathy to the domination of country over country should not be omitted. One is quite startled at that section on Italian liberty, in the seventh chapter of his second book, *De Pape*. It is as if one had been sitting for hours in a close church, until one became wrapped in a kind of drowsy reverie, while clouds of incense floated round with a strange pleasing sleepiness; and robed forms glided to and fro, weaving a dimly sweet and more than half-unintelligible chant; and then suddenly the doors were thrown open, and the fresh air swept up to the altar, and some grand military air came pealing in from a regiment marching by. The passage to which I allude is a key to de Maistre's convictions. His object is to prove that the end which the Popes pursued in their most questionable transactions, as temporal princes, was the liberty of Italy, which they wished to rescue from the domination of Germany. He cites Voltaire's saying, that "from Charlemagne to our own days, the war between the

empire and the pontificate was the principle of all revolutions ;" and that "this is the clue which conducts us through the labyrinth of modern history." To which he replies, "In truth it was a war between *Germany* and *Italy*—between usurpation and liberty, between the master who brings the claims and the slave who repels them—a war in which the Popes did their duty, as Italian princes and wise statesmen, in taking the side of Italy, since they could neither espouse the imperial part without dishonour, nor even attempt neutrality without injuring themselves." Then, after a few pages, follows that noble digression, enclosed between two heavy chapters, like a gleam of blue and sunny water between two long, dull sand-banks :—

"The greatest misfortune for man, as a political being, is to obey a foreign power. No humiliation, no anguish of the heart is comparable to that. The subject nation, unless it be protected by some extraordinary law, does not consider that it obeys the sovereign, but the nation of that sovereign. But no nation is willing to obey another, for the simple reason that no nation knows how to command another. Observe the people who are the wisest and best governed among themselves: you will see that they absolutely lose this wisdom, and become unlike themselves, when the question is about governing others. The rage of dominion being innate in man, the desire of making that dominion felt is not, perhaps, less natural. The stranger who comes to rule a subject nation, in the name of a distant empire, instead of informing himself upon national ideas for the purpose of moulding himself to them, often seems only to study, for the purpose of contradicting them! He believes himself more completely master in proportion to the heaviness of his hand. He mistakes insolence for dignity; and seems to consider that that dignity is better attested by the indignation which it excites, than by the blessings which it might obtain. Hence, all nations have agreed, in placing in the foremost ranks of their great men those fortunate citizens who have had the honour of rescuing their country from the yoke of the foreigner. Heroes, if they have succeeded; martyrs when they have fallen; their names travel across the ages.

Modern stupidity wishes to exclude the Popes from a share in this universal apotheosis, and to deprive them of the immortal glory which is due to them as temporal princes, in having aimed, without intermission, at the emancipation of their country."

It is not very difficult to see where Joseph de Maistre's sympathies would lie in the year 1859, if he were still among us. I think most readers will, on the whole, admire the firmness with which he grasps the great facts of the French Revolution, while they will detect that intemperate and excessive logic which is the peculiar malady of some powerful minds. I think, also, it will be admitted that his examination of the English constitution is excellent, and peculiarly so for a day when Condillac's ideological mannikin of marble was considered the *ne plus ultra* of genuine psychology, and moral and political philosophy were alike tainted by the "pauper-tina philosophica" then prevalent in France.

I am aware that de Maistre has been charged in the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1852), with a species of fatalism. I am quite unable to agree with this accusation. I cannot even admit, with M. Louis Binaut, in his able article, that while innocent of the graver charge, he yet contracts too narrowly the liberty of man. I think Augustine and Bossuet, Bishop Butler and Jeremy Taylor, would have acquiesced in his profound and well-weighed statement, that we are "*librement esclaves*."*

His application of politics to theology is sufficiently startling, but will thoroughly satisfy, I suppose, few even of his own side. Thus, he ascends to the idea of the Papacy upon abstract political principles. No wise politician will state a precise limit where the power of the monarch is to end, and the obedience of the people is to cease. Abstract definitions in these matters is like fixing a line to show where daylight ends and the dusk begins. Yet practically all admit that a limit there is. Therefore, argues de Maistre, the world wants an authority, representing consummate

* *Librement esclaves, ils opèrent tout à la fois, volontairement et nécessairement; nous sommes attachés au trône de l'être suprême par une chaîne souple, qui nous retient sans nous asservir.*

reason—that is, religion—to dispense the people under certain circumstances from the duty of obedience. Thus, we shall have divinely-regulated liberty; a power of resisting exorbitant authority in certain circumstances, without compromising the principles of sovereignty. Just as the usual hideous moral effects, attending upon wholesale massacres, were averted from the Israelites by the knowledge that they were acting by a Divine decree, under exceptional circumstances, so the taste for rebellion would not be formed by these infallibly-guided revolutions.

It is surprising how a man, so acute and so practical as de Maistre, should not have seen the hopeless fallacy of applying to divided and unbelieving Europe these theocratic conceptions. The solution is at hand. De Maistre was a believer. He was more. He was by nature a propagandist; and he was one, too, whose convictions must take a definite shape. Some able men live two lives. Their natures are divided into two compartments. In every thing else they are precise and definite, self-questioning, and logical. Not so in religion. Such, perhaps, are Englishmen generally: unquestionably a religious, unquestionably an untheological race. But de Maistre was of another make. He must have more than a worship, more than an altar at which to kneel. He must be able to justify that worship, not only to the practical, but to the speculative reason; able to clothe his justification in the language of modern philosophy. In other words, his position forced him to invent new arguments. I find this in the "Preliminary Discourse" prefixed to his *Du Pape*. He sets out, indeed, with an apology for the apparent singularity of a layman's entrance upon controversy; and he finds his excuse in the want of leisure and of learning among the clergy. I am not sure, however, that he had not something of a contemptuous feeling, when he speaks of the professional and self-interested air which attaches to clerical apologists. Mr. Stanley observes that St. Paul, by refusing payment from the Corinthian Church, procured for himself the advantage in some degree of what might be called a lay position, and goes on to speak of the superior weight which society seems to attach to religious sentiments from unprofessional quar-

ters. De Maistre claims this loudly for himself. He does not scruple in some places to term his impulse "a species of inspiration." I do not pause to inquire whether dissatisfaction with all the current arguments for a system may not imply latent doubts of its truth. But certainly the Sardinian Envoy could hardly have been more discontented with the priestly apologists than they were with their lay champion. This comes out in a curious letter addressed to de Maistre by the celebrated Abbé de Lamennais—"The lively impression that your fine work has made upon certain persons begins to diminish. Now people say there are three or four heresies at least in the book." . . . And about six months later—

"I am amazed that Rome has had such difficulty in comprehending your magnificent ideas upon the Pontifical power. In France I have seen men of the world, not at home in theology, take them in at a reading. If I may judge of the Romans by the books which come from their country, I should be inclined to think that they were a little behind the world. You would say to read them that nothing has changed for half a century. They defend religion as they would have done for the last forty years. But these kinds of proofs make no impression upon the public mind. I know myself several people who have become unbelievers by reading apologies for religion. Not but those apologies are solid enough; they were excellent for their day; but they answer ill to the reason which interrogates them in another state of society. They must not deceive themselves at Rome. Their normal method is, doubtless, perfect in itself; but it is not sufficient, because it is not understood. And since reason has been proclaimed sovereign, we must go right up to her, seize her upon her throne, and force her, under pain of death, to prostrate herself before the Reason of God."

De Maistre then adopted a method of his own. The old text-books of theology were discarded. Bellarmine and Baronius were left to the Seminarians. The arms of the world were to be turned against itself. The laws of thought and of history were to be exhibited in a transfigured shape in the Church. Her system of dogma was to be made *rational, universal, progressive*.

It is *rational*. "Dogmas," he tells us, "are nothing else but laws of the world *divinized*, notions innate and

deposited in the traditions of all people." And so there is scarcely any dogma of which he does not attempt to prove that it has its roots in the natural consciousness, and that its skeleton, so to speak, may be traced almost independent of theology.

It is *universal*. I hardly know whether the eclecticism of Cousin goes further; nay, perhaps, it does not go so far. All opinions, Cousin tells us, have a right to a place in the picture of philosophy. True or false, they express a thought of man, and, consequently, possess a claim upon philosophic analysis. They are not to be expatriated from that lofty region on account of their consequences, moral or intellectual. Be they useful or pernicious, they have precisely the same claim to philosophic consideration, for they are but so many forms, grotesque or even revolting, in which truth masquerades. All through the theological writings of de Maistre I find the same principle applied to the dogmas of the Church, primitive, mediæval, and modern Roman. The application to the doctrine of the Atonement is carried out in a separate treatise—*Eclaircissement sur les Sacrifices*. This, perhaps, is one of the most striking and legitimate developments of his conception, and I do not know that he has pushed it further than Dr. Thomson, for instance, in the sermon upon "Heathen views of Mediation," in his Bampton Lectures, in which, indeed, as his notes testify, that cautious and logical writer has amply availed himself of de Maistre. But most readers will be amazed at the reckless delight with which he seizes upon the ancient mythology. Lempriere, according to him, is but a transparent veil, under which the instructed eye can trace the limbs of Catholicism. Full of recollections of Saint Martin, he exclaims, "I am quite of the opinion of that theosophist who has said that idolatry was a putrefaction. Look at it nearer, and you will see that, amidst the foolish, indecent, monstrous opinions, there is not one which we may not deliver from evil, so as to extricate a residue of truth, which is divine." Glowing, as he proceeds, his imagination pictures some opulent city converted by a band of apostolic missionaries, who erect a statue on the verge of an ancient savannah to the Blessed

Author of Christianity, under the title of the *Christian Ovis*. Yet, more astounding is the passage in which he runs the parallel between the Pantheon at Rome, consecrated to All Saints by Boniface IV., and the same "majestic dome" as the shrine of all the gods. In the general conception there is certainly something great and felicitous, as even Gibbon, whom I have just quoted, seems to feel. But when the parallel is carried into detail, and applied to the *cultus* of the saints, and "the deification of Saint Mary," there is an uncomfortable taint of paganism about the comparison, which many among the more temperate opponents of Roman Catholic Christianity would shrink from imputing to it. But de Maistre has no such hesitation. He "delivers" the Pantheon "from evil," and shows us "the divine residue."

"The name of God is exclusive and incommunicable; yet there are gods many in heaven and on earth. There are divinized men. THE SAINTS are the gods of Christianity. O wonderful spectacle! Peter, with his keys, eclipses those of the ancient Janus. The miraculous Xavier chases before him the fabled conqueror of India. John of God and Vincent de Paul receive the incense which smoked in honour of the homicidal Mars and the vindictive Juno. The immaculate Virgin, the divine Mary mounts upon the altar of the Pandemic Venus. I see the Christ enter the Pantheon, followed by his evangelists, apostles, martyrs, and confessors. As they behold Him, all these *men-gods* disappear before the God-Man. He sanctifies the Pantheon by his presence, and floods it with his majesty."

It is hardly surprising after this to find him boldly adopting the term mythology, and discriminating between dramatic verity and literal verity—the former having an independent value, and not leaning upon, nor even gaining from the latter. He can turn many miraculous stories of ecclesiastical history into symbols.

Thus, in speaking of the apparition of an angel to Attila, before St. Leo he proceeds:—

"We no longer see nothing more than the ascendancy of a Pontiff. But how shall we paint an ascendancy? Without the picturesque language of the fifth century we should never have had a *chef-d'œuvre* of Raphael. As to the rest, we are all agreed upon the prodigy. An ascendancy which arrests Attila is as

supernatural as an angel. *Who knows even if they are two things?*"

A Strauss might surely be hatched out of these few lines.

But a *third* characteristic of dogmatic theology, according to de Maistre, is, that it is *progressive*. Four rings can already be traced on the great trunk of the tree of Revelation. There are four stages, which begin severally to come into prominence at certain marked historical transformations in human society. The *first* was given to the protoplast with articulate language. The *second* came to the patriarch when the nomadic or tribal association began to crop out above the soil of human life. The *third* was given "by the hand of a mediator," Moses, in anticipation of a fixed national position. The *fourth* came, in grace and truth, with our Lord, with a perfect hierarchical unity, the image and organ of moral fraternity and regeneration. The *fifth* was beginning to push its golden horns over the horizon. In its lustre all sects would be melted like frostwork into a really Catholic unity. This he could but announce. Like Bacon, in a different subject-matter, he must allow,—"Ego buccinator tantum pugnam inco."

But this *progressive* character of theology has two important corollaries. It looks to the past and to the future.

As regards the *past*, it exonerates the theologian from the difficulty of finding in the ancient Church traits and features exactly correspondent to those which strike the eye in the modern Church. The grown giant cannot wrap his limbs in the swaddling-clothes of his infancy. The Church having attained to the stature of a man puts away childish things.

In relation to the *future*, the consequence is momentous. Theology may have to undergo mutations as considerable as those through which she has already passed—especially at great epochs. The age is evidently drifting to some vast event. At the birth of the Saviour there were dim prophecies floating round the east,

such as Tacitus and Suetonius have mentioned. The greatest of Latin poets availed himself of these, and painted them in his most brilliant colours in the *Pollio*, herein but the echo of that which Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets calls—

"The prophetic soul of the wide world."

De Maistre bids his readers consider the miserable condition of Christendom, and the expectation among the select men of the age, and then reflect whether it were not reasonable to anticipate a fresh interposition of Divine goodness. "Blame not those who, being occupied with these speculations, see in *revelation itself* reason to expect a *revelation of the revelation*." He even proceeds to draw from Judaism an analogy to prove that present Christianity may not be final upon Scriptural principles.

There are many passages in the Bible which seem to assign an eternal duration to the Jewish sacrifices and to the throne of David. The Jew, who held to the letter, prior to the event, had reason to believe in the temporal reign of David. He was wrong, however, as the result proved. In a way precisely analogous, may in the sequel be fulfilled the promise, "I am with you always." And this abuts upon another favourite speculation of de Maistre's. The time which these successive stages of development are destined to occupy may be of enormous duration. We speak of the primitive church. Very possibly, de Maistre would say, we ourselves may be the primitive church. I have some sympathy with this view, though upon different grounds. We are treated just now to an issue of books in brilliant bindings, which fix the date of the end in a few years; and the high theological authority of the *Times* endorses this view in an article which appeared a few days after it had set up Professor Jowett as a new Athanasius.* I am desirous to speak with reverence of opinions which have a large amount of sympathy, in some broad outlines, in every section of the

* Need the *Times'* reviewer have used such profound learning to associate the three frogs with France? Have Frenchmen ceased to eat frogs, or to be called "Johnny Crapaud?"

Christian Church.* Yet I am afraid that there is some flippant affectation of familiarity with the Ancient of Days in these charts of prospective history; and I would respectfully ask whether the popular divines to whom I allude, are willing that our children, or grandchildren, or descendants in the fifth generation, should stake their faith upon those theories, or impugn the record, because one mode of interpreting it may possibly have been found as fallacious as Bridgman's, for instance, in Hammond's time, has turned out to be.

I do not wish to discuss Joseph de Maistre's views polemically. But I cannot help pausing to ask two questions.

First then, is he not refuted by his own principles? Is it not *he* who "has measured upon the child the proportions of the full-grown man?" Granted that mediæval society required the link of the Papacy, would it not rather follow from his own *data*, that a new link or links must be forged? Nay, I think he fails to see even his own communion under the best possible aspect. He would give us the heavenly Jerusalem in lath and plaster. He would tie her for ever to this world's shifting politics. How beautifully has Henry More applied Spenser's allegory:—"Methinks Spenser's description of Una's entertainment by Satyrs in the desert does lively set out the condition of Christianity since the time that the church of a garden became a wilderness. They danced, and frisked, and played about her, abounding with external homages and observances; but she could not inculcate any thing of that divine law of life, which she was to impart to them" (More's Theological Works, p. 117).

Secondly, it was said by some at Rome that de Maistre's principles "humanized" dogmas—in other words, made them essentially Protestant. No plea of Rome has ever been so captivating to thoughtful men as the

repose promised by her infallibility. What means this cry of anguish which goes up from her champion behind the wall? He too is waiting for a revelation. He needs "a revelation of the revelation." What is this but to confess infallibility in one set of words, and to admit, in another, that it is a nullity?

But it is time to pass from these generalizations, and to give a rapid continuous analysis of some of the theological and philosophical publications of this audacious and fervid genius.

The work, *De l'Eglise Gallicane*, was originally the fifth part of the *Du Pape*, and is, I think, less worthy of its author than any of his other productions. While it evinces industry, and contains some curious pieces of historical information; while it is not without flashes of emphatic wit, and sun-gleams of philosophical generalization, even in the dreariest pages; he is here so partial that he cannot deceive the least auspicious reader—declamatory, rather than eloquent—scurrilous, rather than satirical; and at times affecting candour, while he is biting his white lips.

He sets out by asking what Gallicism is; what point of projection it presents from the great Catholic surface? He answers that it is a spirit of local pride in a particular church, blown up by Jansenism; in other words, by a slightly modified Calvinism, and fostered by a Parliament which was Protestant in the sixteenth, and Jansenist in the seventeenth century, and which finally became philosophical and republican. French writers delight in tracing the inward essence of systems in their most minute exhibitions. Cousin finds the spirit of the Athens of Pericles in some obscure regulation for increasing the pay of a hoplite. And so, in proof of the inward Calvinism of the Jansenists, de Maistre cites a letter of Madame de Sévigné, which certainly would have satisfied the Reformer of Geneva himself. He gives

* It is remarked by Cornelius à Lapide, for instance, upon Habakkuk iii. 2, that Hebrew tradition would make the duration of the present state of the earth six thousand years, and that this view was shared by many. But there was a universal impression in Christendom that this dispensation would close with the year 1000; an impression which appeared even in the legal language of the time. Experience should teach us modesty and caution.

all the factitious emphasis of italics and small capitals to one or two sentences. "You read St. Paul and St. Augustine. These are the mighty masters to establish the sovereign will of God. They do not palter about saying that God disposes of his creatures, as the potter of the clay, so choosing, so rejecting. They are not troubled about theories or compliments to salve His justice; for *there is no other justice than His will.*" Bad moral philosophy certainly—pious only in appearance, and really clouding the magnificent beauty of God's moral attributes, under the thick darkness of a blind, arbitrary will. Yet the most orthodox of the independent school of morality might pardon the ardour of a female pen. Not content with this, Jansenism must be traced back to the bitter root of Hobbesism. There are theologians, even of de Maistre's own communion, who could have drawn a line between the religious predestinarianism of Pascal and Augustine (for Augustine's it is), and the irreligious necessitarianism of the philosopher of Malnesbury. But the most melancholy chapter is that on Port-Royal. He must essay to prove that its reputation for genius and learning is overrated; that it has been acquired by puffing and fortuitous circumstances. Its list of great men, he must admit, comprises Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, Tillemont; yet their style is forced and frigid. They are cursed with mediocrity of thought. They have the external polish and glitter; but at the same time the hardness and coldness of ice. Here is a curious receipt for making a Port-Royal book, whimsically like that which some have attributed to an earnest and distinguished living divine:—

"Translate the ancients, or steal them. Don't fail, above all, to say *one* instead of *I*. Announce in your preface that '*one* did not intend, but that as *one* heard that *one's* work might be of use to some minds, *one* could not but make up *one's* mind,' &c. Design in the fly-leaf of the book a great veiled figure of a woman, leaning upon an anchor (the emblem of blindness and obstinacy). Sign your book with a false name; add the magnificent device, *Ardet amant spe nixa fides*, and you have a book of Port-Royal."

In the case of Arnauld's one hundred and forty volumes, three only remain—an exploded geometry; an indifferent logic; and a tolerable grammar. But the great cause of their false reputation, he insists, is that Pascal was nearly first in the field of French prose, added to Port-Royal puffing, a popular spite against the Jesuits, and the employment of the vernacular. This last has given a death-blow to scholarship; it has unbound the golden threads of Homer, and jangled the silver bells of Horace. Their best books, he argues, do most harm. They lead astray from the grand style to a sort of metaphysics of language—from a rich, unconscious synthesis to a meagre analysis—this analysis being to eloquence as dissection to the body, and implying the death of its subject. If polemical rancour could be consistent, one might ask how the Port-Royalists could have injured the grand French style, when, according to his own argument, they—"Were the first

Who ever burst
Into that silent sea."

In spite of de Maistre's powerful style and general acquirements, I should not rate his taste very high. He criticises Milton and Shakespeare elsewhere, asserting that the latter was infinitely inferior to Racine, and that the former was simply made by Addison.* But I cannot suppose that so considerable a master of French could have failed to appreciate such prose as Pascal's. Who has ever studied the *Pensées* without marvelling at those sentences which seem to grow with thought, and to interpenetrate rather than clothe it, under which, as we touch them, we feel the warm flesh and the swelling muscle—at that sublime eloquence of sorrow, which wails sometimes like the musical despair of Byron—at that flow of argumentative language under which one sees the process of reasoning, like the hands of a clock under a crystal case—at those nervous periods, which contract like a strong man's fists, and strike out at the close, right and left, with no random aim? It was not ignorance, or intellectual incapacity, it was theological prejudice which interposed between Joseph de Mais-

* "Opuscules." Vol. II., p. 108.

tre and Pascal now, and which previously led him to attack Lord Bacon, in a monograph which I really have not had the patience to peruse. To his attacks upon Bacon's irreligion and Pascal's mediocrity, I am happy to reply in the language of an eminent living ultramontane divine.

"Bacon," says Dr. Newman, "was too intellectually great to hate or to censure the Catholic faith; and he deserves by his writings to be called the most orthodox of Protestant philosophers!"* And again, "What circle of names can be produced comparable in their times for the combination of ability and virtue, of depth of thought, of controversial dexterity, of poetical talent, of extensive learning, and of religious profession, with those of Launoy, Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, Racine, Tillmont, Quesnel, and their co-religionists."† But our author proceeds beyond style and literature, he attacks Pascal's scientific reputation. From thence he passes over the *Religieuses* of Port Royal, and incidentally gives a remarkable chapter on "Virtue outside the Church." He observes that his Church has stricken with anathema those who maintain that all actions of infidels are sins, or that the breathings of grace are utterly absent from them. "As to Christian virtues outside unity, I rest upon Him who cannot be unjust. The salvation of others is no business of mine. I have a weighty one on my hands—*my own*." These are the pleasant wall-flower scents, ever and anon blown from the dry old battlements of polemical theology, which remind us that if *they* are records of wrath and cruelty, grace can yet manage to plant upon their very crevices seeds, that are the germs of fruitful and holy influences. "After all," he argues, "books are the virtues of the Jansenists, and so let them make the most of it." In concluding this portion of his subject, he mentions, with some satisfaction, an anecdote of Louis XIV. A nobleman having requested some embassy for his brother, Louis said to him, "Do you know, my Lord, that your brother is strongly suspected of Jansenism?" The nobleman replied, "Sire,

it is a calumny. I have the honour of assuring your Majesty that my brother is a perfect Atheist." To which the King answered, with an air of relief, "Ah! that is another thing." I am sorry to say that de Maistre condescends to argue that the same monarch performed an act of good husbandry in causing a plough to be passed over the spot where Port Royal once stood.

The second book, *De L'Eglise Gallicane* plunges into the labyrinth of the *Regale*, and the Declaration of 1682. De Maistre's master-principle against Gallicanism is one of those Burke-like maxims of political philosophy applied to theology, which I have always considered to be his most marked peculiarity. He urges that in all states there are rights, which it is best to leave in a salutary obscurity; which are clear enough for good sense, but which cease to be so from the moment when science ventures to give them an unnatural and unhealthy illumination, and to circumscribe them with ill-timed precision by reasoning and writing. The application of this principle refutes the famous articles drawn up by Colbert. They are as follows:—

1st. "Texts" against the extreme worldly power of the Pontiffs.

2ndly. (Ecumenical councils are superior to the Pope.

3rdly. The Pope's power shall be moderated by canons.

4thly. While the Pope's authority is principal in questions of faith, yet the decrees of the Holy See are without appeal, only when the consent of the Church is added to them.

In connexion with this we have another noteworthy instance of the way in which de Maistre reads a parable of all politics in the Papal See. The fourth article, he argues, is the germ of the Revolution. In the first place, he holds that here is the express doctrine that in a given association one section can assemble, deliberate against the whole, and impose laws upon it. In the second place, in deciding that the Council is above the Pope, there was an express declaration, only waiting to be translated into other terms, that any national assembly

* "Lectures on University Subjects," p. 100.

† "Anglican Difficulties," p. 263.

bly is above its sovereign—nay, that there may be several national assemblies dividing the state. Just analogously does he reason elsewhere. Thus he writes:

"In the sixteenth century the Reformers attributed the sovereignty to the Church—that is to say, to the people. The eighteenth only transported it into politics. It is the same theory pushed to its ultimate conclusion. What is the difference between 'God's Church, solely conducted by the Word,' and 'the grand Republic, one and indivisible, only governed by the laws, and by the deputies of the sovereign people?' None. It is the same absurdity, changing only time and name."^{*}

Indeed, the whole principle of *développement*, as handled by him, has a political origin. "The supreme monarchy of the Sovereign Pontiff," he admits, "certainly was not in its beginning what it became some centuries later. But it is in this precisely that it shows itself divine. All which exists legitimately and for centuries exists at first in germ, and develops itself successively."[†] But this is the kernel of the essay on the "Generative Principle" in human institutions.

I have not either space or inclination to follow out the varying fortunes of the "Declaration" on the nice and intricate question of the degree to which the "Defence," so much quoted by Gallican authorities, may be supposed to represent the final and matured opinions of Bossuet. There seems to me, however, to be both truth and penetration in his assertion that Bossuet was *not* a Jansenist, yet rather favourable to Jansenism. And there are few doctrines which seem to throw more light upon theology than that which he enounces in connexion with Bossuet's conduct—the doctrine of latent theological tendencies, of interior affinities, which in the long run tell more than any formal declaration or protest. The rigid Thomist or Pre-motory has this attraction to Jansenism, says de Maistre. It may be extended much further. I know not which of us can boast exemption. The believer and the unbeliever in the mysteries of sacramental grace; the Calvinist and the Socinian—the Lu-

theran and the Anglican—find, they know not how, that they are in the drift of a current which impels them to shores, opposite indeed to each other, which they pronounce to be fatal, but towards which they are somehow moved by an under-tide of their own will—the Tridentine and Racovian catechisms, Socinianism and Romanism.

The comparison of the eagle of Meaux with the swan of Cambray, which follows, is interesting. And the work closes with a dissertation on the "Gallican liberties," and with an examination of the question—How France has remained under Roman obedience? To which he answers—By the prudence of the Pontiffs, by the spirit of the Bourbons, and of the priesthood.

I had intended to have analyzed the *Du Pape*, to complete the polemical, and the *Considérations sur la France* and *Essai sur le principe générateur des constitutions politiques*, to complete the political circle; but I must content myself with turning to that remarkable production by which he is perhaps most extensively known, and which best represents the variety of his acquirements and the versatility of his genius, hoping that I have said enough to illustrate his leading points of view.

The object of the *Soirées* is, on the face of it, to justify the temporal government of Providence, in a series of discussions on that fruitful topic of speculation. The scene is laid at the outset in a conversation between three friends in a pleasure-boat on the Neva, as they went to enjoy themselves in a summer-house. The description of the river and of the city forms a setting for this dialogue, and makes one regret that de Maistre should only, I believe, on this occasion have turned his pencil to landscape. But Plato and Berkeley have thrown a purple light of poetry—a haunting shadow of trees, and fragrance of gardens, and blue glimmerings of distant waters—over this kind of composition. The most ancient of all tangles of thoughts is introduced—the question of the suffering, of the righteous. But I cannot follow the captivating argument from point to point; I must be content

* "*Du Pape*," p. 17.

† "*Du Pape*," liv. i. chap. vi.

with indicating a few of its most remarkable features.

The *rationale* of sickness, as a moral phenomenon, is profoundly scriptural. Disease is intimately connected with sin. While Christ "took our infirmities, and bore our sicknesses," He never underwent any special form of sickness. Reason and science support this view. Take away the sicknesses which arise from drunkenness and gluttony, even where they exist in forms so modified as to escape observation; from uncleanness, from unchastened and unresigned temper, and from the sins of parents, and the *residuum* is not very large. The Evangelists afford a running commentary upon this text. In the cases of the man sick of the palsy, and of him that was diseased eight-and-thirty years, whom the Redeemer healed at Bethesda,* those two dark threads, sin and sickness, are blended in the awful woof of human misery. The same lesson is taught by leprosy. What are all those mysterious rites in Leviticus, accompanied by the restoration of "the living bird," let loose into the free air and green fields, in symbol of the leper's restoration to human society, but so many ritual letters spelling out sin in the ugly characters of disease?

The speculations on *executions* and on *war* are, however, the most original and beautiful portions of de Maistre's writings.

Punishment, he would say with Bishop Butler, is "as natural as society;" and in proof of this he adduces, with incomparable vigour and eloquence, the singular fact that in every society an executioner is to be found. In reference to war, he sets out with the proposition, that given a being like man, with his social instincts and moral nature, war is, upon all admitted principles of reasoning, an impossibility. He quotes La Bruyère's lively description of the cats assembling in multitudes, and leaving thousands dead upon some battle-field, to pollute the air with their stench, and his delineation of the hatred to the feline tribe which

would certainly ensue. English readers may remember the still more vivid way in which Swift brings down the wrath of a superior and gigantic intelligence upon man's wars, dwarfed on the enormous scale of Brobdingnag. This antecedent impossibility of war will be solved by hasty thinkers by referring it to the will of sovereigns, or to the desire of glory. But the will even of the most despotic monarch is quite unable to effect many things of far inferior moment; and the apparent solution of glory only brings round the question in another form—*why is war glorious?* There are two professional killers, the executioner and the soldier. The former is enveloped with horror, the latter is encircled with glory. Yet the former is charged with an august office, he is the arm of civil law's majestic wrath;† while the latter is the professional slayer of those who are individually innocent, and still nobility belongs to him as if by exclusive right. But the absurd solution of "the state of nature" turns up. Nations being in this state towards one another, their differences can only be settled by the stern arbitrement of the sword. Why then can they not come out of this state of nature, so far as to establish an European tribunal? The only rational solution of the terrific phenomenon of war is the existence of an awful and occult law which necessitates the effusion of blood. The strange reversal of the ordinary moral law of Habit, which takes place in war, is itself a testimony to some such divine superintendence. War does not tend to degrade; of all men, the soldier has the loftiest honour. It does not make him irreligious. If I may express de Maistre's thoughts in Bishop Andrewes' words:—"It is no less usual with the prophets to say *sanctificate prœlium* (as Joel iii.), than to say *sanctificate jejunium*. The very hands may be sacred or hallowed by fighting some battles; and, therefore, in the calendar of saints, we have nominated, not Abel, Enoch, and Noe alone, men of peace and devotion, but Gideon, Jephtah,

* St. Matthew ix. 1, 2; St. John v. 14, coll.; 1 Cor. xi. 30; St. James v. 14, 15.

† *ἀστυνόμος ὄντας*.—Sophocles.

† Sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth, at Richmond, 21st February, 1599.

Samson, worthies and men of war. War, therefore, hath his time and commission from God." Saints ripen in the camp. This is recognised from Scripture downward. War does not even blunt the finer feelings: nowhere is there a more tender humanity. One of God's favourite titles is Lord of Hosts; and the law of war is but a sub-law or section of a broader law. On every platform of animated nature we find destruction and death, from the worm up to man. Man preys upon all: then the conqueror becomes his own destroyer. So the entire earth is an altar reeking with blood, where life is immolated without measure, and so will it be, until the death of death. So that war is a law of the world; and, therefore, it is divine. It is divine because—

This is true, till time shall close,
That principles are raised in blood.

It is divine in its mysterious consequences; divine in its inexplicable attraction; divine in the marvellous protection accorded to great captains; divine in the circumstances which drift nations into it; divine, finally, in its incalculable results, in the inappreciable elements which ensure success, in the unaccountable panics of imagination which really lose battles. This great philosophy of war may take for its motto the beautiful and profound lines of Wordsworth:—

Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible;
But to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or ever shall be,
Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity!

I must be permitted to cite one or two passages, in illustration of the richness and variety of the *Noirées*. Take this portrait of Voltaire—

"I cannot endure the exaggeration which names him universal. Certainly, I find rare exceptions to this universality. In the ode he is 'clear naught.' Who can wonder? His reflective impiety had killed the divine flame of enthusiasm. He could not make an epigram, the least mouthful of his gall being unable to cover less than a hundred lines. If he attempts satire, he glides off into libel. In history, he is insupportable, in despite of the artistic grace and eloquence of his style. As for his epic poem, I have no right to speak of it; to judge a book one must read it, and to read it one must be awake. A sleepy monotony

hangs over the greater part of his writings, which have only two themes, the Bible and his enemies; he blasphemes or he insults. Go and look at his face in the Palace of the Hermitage. I never look at it, without congratulating myself, that it has not been transmitted to us by some chisel, inherited from the Greeks, which might have given it a certain ideal. Here all is life-like. There is as much truth about that head as there could be in a cast taken from the corpse. See that abject brow, which was never coloured with the glow of modesty; those two extinguished craters, where lust and hate seem to be bubbling even now. That mouth—I use a bad word, but it is not my fault—that dreadful *riotes*, running from ear to ear; and those pinched lips. Like that insect, the scourge of our gardens, which only bites at the roots of the most precious plants, Voltaire does not cease to puncture the two roots of society—women and youth."

I could wish to quote entire his beautiful section upon prayer. Prayer, he says, is the best indication of any nation's moral position. Man, before Christ, never, inside or outside of the Mosaic covenant, called God *my Father*, in prayer, and outside, never expressed *contrition* as such. A few sentences from his description of the Psalms, will show how deeply he had drunk into their spirit:—

"Their difficulty arises from a logical laconicism more embarrassing to us than the boldest grammatical laconicism. The first characteristic of these hymns is that they always pray. Even when the subject of a Psalm appears purely accidental, he always generalizes. He is in advance of the age, and already belongs to the law of grace. The religion which he professed, though locked within a point of the globe, was distinguished by a marked tendency towards universality. Because he has only sung of the eternal, his songs participate in eternity."

The following pregnant sentences contain the essence of Hengstenberg's admirable chapter upon prophecy:—

"The prophet, enjoying the privilege of departing from time, his ideas being no longer distributed in duration, touch and are confused in virtue of simple analogy. The Saviour, himself, voluntarily submitted himself to this state."
—(S. Matt. xxiv. 29).

I have now most imperfectly completed the design which I sketched out. I have endeavoured to trace the leading characteristics of a nature bi-

sected, as it were, by an enormous contradiction—medieval in will and affection, modern in culture and intellect, divided between Absolutism and Liberal politics, between Roman Theology and Latitudinarianism, or rather, perhaps, loving all the conclusions of the former, and embracing all the premises of the latter. I have tried to show that the doctrine of "Development," in the hand of its first regular exponent, is the transference of a principle of constitutional politics to the sphere of polemical theology. It would require more space, larger ability, and deeper information than I possess, to examine

how far this remarkable nature is typical of many others in this age of transition, to trace its influence upon the controversial method of later years; above all, to investigate the bearing of principles, first distinctly enunciated by it, upon the present position of Italy. I will only say, in conclusion, that I have wished throughout to speak with respect of a man, so wise and so honest as de Maistre, distinguishing between the logical falsity which is a mistake, and the ethical falsity which is a lie. It is pleasant to remember that the closing words of the last line of his last book are "Salvation by Blood."

QUI LABORAT ORAT.

"LACE," said the lexicographer, "is thread decussated and reticulated."

The writer of the present lines would probably do as much in his way as the author of that definition towards clearing and simplifying the notions of his readers, were he to attempt here an explanation of the method whereby that machine of wondrous versatility, the Jacquard loom, is made to do the work which is done by the nimble girlish fingers of the lace-maker, among pins and gay rattling bobbins upon the time-honoured lace-pillow.

"Loom-lace, indeed!" said our indignant lady cousin, "a miserable imitation! the very best of it I would not have at a gift!"

Now we knew that in her much rambling over the face of Europe, the lady cousin aforesaid had gathered no few rare and choice specimens of the lace-worker's best skill.

Fine threads "decussated" by the white fingers of plump, blue-eyed Belgian girls; silken "reticulations" wrought into the folds of the mantilla by the swarthy fingers of dark-eyed maidens near Barcelona: quaint and solid traceries, knotted rather than knitted by deep-breasted matrons on the mainland or islands of Greece; these, and other treasures of the newest, as of the more ancient points, we knew to be stored on the scented wardrobe-shelves of the scornful dame.

"Loom-lace, indeed! a miserable

imitation!" And the emphasis was given on the word which stands italicised.

Now, to plead the cause of mock-turtle as against the genuine ambrosial soup of a mayoralty banquet, is an ungrateful task, we allow; but mock lace is not a mockery in the sense that mock-turtle is. Real turtle and mock are not two attempts to embody, by different processes and with the same materials, one separately existent, ideal, pattern soup, but the real turtle is the actual ideal of which the calf's head compound is but a clumsy counterpart. It is fair to the lady cousin to admit that this culinary illustration was not of her suggesting. She was pleased to put the case to us ironically, thus:—"Did we mean to say that we thought a copy of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo as good or as desirable as the original from the master's hand?" Fair sophist! Loom lace and pillow lace stand not in the relation of copy to original; both are but imitations in thread of a draughtsman's design—very often of the same design of the same draughtsman.

A copy of a Raphael or a copy of a Michael Angelo is not to be compared for worth with its respective original; but if Raphael and Michael Angelo had both copied a Perugino, there might be a very fair discussion as to the merits of either copy. Or, to put it otherwise, let a draughtsman copy in sepia a cartoon at Hampton Court,

and a photographer with his chemicals reproduce the same cartoon, there may be a fair debate upon the merits of the divers renderings by hand or camera.

When an artist has designed a pattern for lacework, lassie and loom set to work together to reproduce it in "thread decussated and reticulated." Now, we were ill-advised enough to maintain that whereas this reproduction depends almost entirely upon the repetition of a uniform stitch at regular intervals, the unerring precision of the Jacquard shuttle must needs give it in some respects a signal advantage. And to this perverse opinion we still hold; although now confessing that to venture upon such manner of argument against lady disputants is rash and unseemly, ending in social, if not in logical or artistic discomfiture. For fear, then, of our lady friends, we will not say how much we admired the perfection and the variety of those results of the application of machinery to lacemaking which we beheld the other day in the good old town of Nottingham. And to forego this expression of our admiration is a far more genuine piece of self-denial than declining the attempt of trying to make our indulgent readers understand—or rather trying to make them think that we ourselves understand—the complicated marvel of the lace-weaving machine.

We may be allowed, however, to admire without rebuke the massive and handsome façade of the great lace warehouse, to the head of which an acquaintance offered us an introduction. "Good wine," runs the old proverb, "needs no bush;" and a pretentious frontage to a warehouse may be no sort of warrant for the worth of the ware it houses; but we suppose that no man has failed to be struck at times by the incongruity of the contrast so often exhibited in British centres of industry between the mean, "skimpy" ugliness of the fabric in the sense of the French "*fabrique*," and the colossal, world-wide expanse and reputation of the "*article*," which it launches upon the market of every civilized or semi-civilized society. The old weaving towns and trading towns of Belgium put on a quaint but not ignoble burgher-stateness under a sky as gray and moist as our own, to

say nothing of the marbled, frescoed beauties of such a fair city of harter as smiles under a southern sky, where Genoa the Superb skirts the blue southern midland sea. Now, that is a fair, broad valley through which comes sweeping the stately stream of Trent; and the poetic soul of Kirke White, one of those singers of strange promise, the golden strings of whose harp have snapped before it was fully tuned, found choice delight in the beauties of the woodlands which come down and hang their greenery at Clifton, over the bold, high banks. Bold, also, and sturdy—almost noble in its sturdiness—is the quarried hillside upon the opposite bank, whereon the modern ruins of the mansion of the ducal house of Newcastle stand, to rebuke with a perpetual rebuking the folly of aristocratic obstinacy and the wickedness of democratic outrage. On the swellings of the rolling tableland behind this admonitory rock cluster the streets of the busy metropolis of stocking-frame weavers and loom-lace workers; and, spite of its fine open market-place and the picturesque position of its old parish church, it must needs be owned that those streets have had their full share in the just reproach of meanness and of ugliness charged upon the manufacturing towns of Britain.

But the æsthetical movements of the last ten or fifteen years have not left untouched the good old English town, amidst whose butcher-stalls our old childish books made Little-John deal out to the good wives at market the loins, and breasts, and haunches of the fat buck venison which the shafts of Robin's merry-men in green had stretched upon the mosses and ferns of the neighbouring Sherwood.

Nottingham, we are bound to say, and every casual tourist might corroborate the saying, stands honourably placed upon the list of those English working communities which have begun to understand that, without lacquer or veneer, the nobility of work, and specially of such crafty handwork as cunning brainwork guides, may fairly be expressed by the nobleness of the aspect of its houses. Although ourselves a stranger to the town, we think that few of its inhabitants will be disposed to quarrel with our surmise, that they reckon

among themselves in particular one architect, at least, whose manly sense, professional skill, and taste uncramped, have done no little towards enabling them to realize their convictions upon this head.

That which made so agreeable an impression upon us as we revisited Nottingham lately, after an interval of some years, was the rapid increase in the number of handsome buildings, which, although constructed at the sole cost of private firms, almost assume the dignity of public institutions. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with the ædifices, if we may so apply the word, of the good town, to know whether the necessities of sanitary well-being have been first supplied; we do not know how far its drains and sewers may be competent to do their happy, if obscure, work of removing the most fertile elements of town-bred disease and death; neither can we say whether its close-packed working folk have at full command, in their own houses, the health-giving boon of an abundant supply of water. But whether these things be or not, and whatsoever may be deficient in such respects, we hold it certain that there must be a cheering, brightening, uplifting, influence silently exercised upon those working folk by the altered outward aspect of the buildings in which so much of their life is spent. If we may judge, however, by the establishment which we had the pleasure of inspecting, the outward aspect is very far from being that upon which alone a beneficial change has come.

We had access to a great lace warehouse, and an introduction to the head of its firm. Having entered from the street, through swinging doors, with plate-glass panels, and ascended a flight of stone steps,—at the bottom of which we noted one special shaft and capital of a short column, with which, we think, not even Mr. Ruskin would have been displeased,—we were courteously received in a sort of hall, of which the dimensions and loftiness are such as to impress one upon entering with a certain sense of respect and admiration. We by no means pretend that its aspect has any thing in common with the venerable and grand appearance, for instance, of an old English baronial hall; but no in-

dustrial baron need be otherwise than proud of emblazoning his "achievement" upon the pillars (of iron) which support its elevation.

Here we beg leave, thankfully, to note that the phrase on which we have ventured is not a mere freak of our own fancy. No more respected magistrate sits upon the Nottingham bench than that "industrial baron," Lord Belper, whose elevation to the peerage, we, in our sincere love for the British Constitution, have ever rejoiced to hail as a well-forged link in the chain of that alliance between the senate-house and the chamber of commerce, which Mr. Bright and his followers are pleased to mock at as a rope of sand. A few more "industrial barons," well chosen and worthily received into the ranks of the aristocracy, would be, perhaps, the most telling of all arguments against that policy of severance between classes to which the unchievous speeches of the member for Birmingham tend.

Returning to our hall, we have not sufficient technical knowledge of architectural terms to state otherwise than just clumsily thus, that it serves as a sort of central shaft, around which close in, one above another, the different tiers of galleries or ware-rooms, which spread thence to the extremities of the building. It fulfils an excellent purpose in respect of a system of ventilation—a system to which it was evident, not only from visible mechanical appliances, but the more convincing testimony of the olfactory nerves, that no slight nor unsuccessful attention had been paid. Placed by the senior partner under the guidance of an intelligent and well-mannered assistant, we began our progress through the lower rooms or galleries. How should we attempt either to describe or classify the various samples of lace which passed at once under our review? The deep black which mocks more effectually than our indignant lady cousin will allow, the fabric which skirts the borders of the Spanish mantilla; the delicate white edgings of that spurious Valenciennes wherewith she would, perhaps, disdain to trim the state-cap of that reigning nursery queen, her last baby; the solid housewifely fringe, the like of which stout Saxon maids and matrons industriously contrive by the

banks of the Elbe; or the peculiar patterns, again worked in black, which the half Moorish girls of Malta reproduce so skilfully. Many a reminiscence of pleasant days of travel—many an impression left upon the mind by the aspect of far-off scenes—may be summoned into the mind, by the power of association, at the mere opening and shutting of these countless exquisitely ordered sample drawers. Each sample piece itself, of so many dozen yards, is a pretty, almost a beautiful object, were it only for the neatness of its disposition upon the bright blue card-board on which it is wound, and the artistic designs and colours of the labels and other stationery thereunto pertaining. As for the variety of designs in the laces themselves, the only thing to match it as a marvel, is the fabulous cheapness of almost every fabric thus displayed.

But leaving the lace, properly so called, we soon found that the largeness or the vagueness of the definition we have already quoted, is none too wide or comprehensive to express the nature of the varied products which we were to encounter on our perambulation. Whatever combination "threads decussated and reticulated," whether silken, flaxen, or even woollen can furnish, appeared to be represented here. We saw edgings for the tiniest of infant caps; but we saw likewise lengths upon lengths of net, fine in its texture, yet strong; of which a single breadth would protect from frosts and other atmospheric dangers peach-trees and nectarines, trained against a garden-wall, full fifteen feet in height. We saw curtains of which the stately fall and rich ornamentation would not disgrace the windows of a lordly drawing-room; but we saw also gossamer veils, whose fall, when fastened to the rim of a saucy little feathered hat, would scarce reach to the curl of the lip of the maiden whose laughing eyes would sparkle from behind their shelter.

Our attention was at one juncture particularly arrested by heaps upon heaps of certain parti-coloured articles, at the probable use of which we guessed in vain. As a chance specimen lay on the counter, it looked somewhat like a cabbage-net; but cabbage-nets are not knitted in horizontal stripes of red and black, or mauve and brown. Neither have cabbage-

nets two apertures; the one much wider than the other, so as to give them, if stretched and allowed to hang down, the form of a truncated cone. Neither, again, have cabbage-nets close meshes for the more part, interrupted from space to space by rounds of much wider meshes. We inquired of our courteous guide the nature of these mystic circular woofs.

"Nets for crinolines, sir!" was the ready reply. "Those circles of wider meshes are threaded, so to speak, by the light steel hoops!"

To judge by the supply on hand, these fascinating hen-coops are to girdle fair forms some time longer yet.

And by way of set off, it would seem as if the sterner sex were not soon likely to desist from their lounging habits, so detrimental to the freshness of moreens and chintzes upon sofa-cushions and easy chairs, for we observed a plentiful stock of those "anti-macassar," which the "crochet-work" of—dare we write it! crotchets—sponges, mothers, sisters, provide as palliatives against the rubbing of marital, filial, and fraternal polls.

There are no looms upon these spacious premises; but the varied products of countless looms come here, not merely to be stored and housed, but to pass under those keen eyes, whose detective action the machine cannot yet supply; and to pass through those nimble fingers whose distributive action it cannot yet entirely supplant. Side by side may be observed the broad white counter-board, over which pass black nets and laces; and the broad black one, over which white nets and laces pass; whilst round both, and over them, stand quick inquirers, whose practised glance suffers no imperfection in the work to slip on unheeded.

Here a bevy of girls, with scissors which twinkle as they snip, part from each other the separate breadths of the laces which the loom has turned out as one woof of continuous breadth; here another, with threaded needles, themselves stitch edgings to the simple bands of net, or watch and control the action of the ingenious machines which have been made to perform the same office. In one compartment we see these busy workers guide endless lengths of lace through rollers which smooth and stiffen them; whilst clock-work tells the measurement of length

upon a dial, and with the ringing tinkle of a little bell gives warning that the tale of yards is full. Opposite, their sister-workers, with light revolving wheels, spun by their own hands, wind the smoothed and stiffened laces on to the broad blue cards, and fasten all with the gay labels and paperings which are admired downstairs. Elsewhere they are cutting, crimping—"gauffering" is, we believe, the correct term—and by the aid of a little gas-generated heat and the "size" in the net itself, cementing together without a stitch, those "tours-de-tête," which line the inner lip of a bonnet's rim, as some fibrous fringing "cilia" may be seen to line the inner lip of certain bivalve shells. There is nothing unhealthy, nothing unhappy, about the looks of these girlish workers, whose perfectly quiet yet cheerful demeanour impresses the visitor very favourably. A snatch of song or verse of a more solemn strain is often heard, put forth at first suggestively by a single voice or two, and then is heard to swell into chorus as other voices, with no little sweetness of note and accuracy of key, join in the melody.

But in other compartments other workers are to be seen, and other works requiring stronger wrists or arms. Here a full-grown lad, armed with a knife of preternatural sharpness, and assisted by a pattern-board, which he presses down on dozens of thicknesses of net, cuts by the board's outline, and thus turns out as many dozens of cap-shapes fit for wiring and final fashioning; there, a yet stronger man, armed with a knife of the same sharpness, but of greater breadth and power of blade, cuts into regulation-sizes whole blocks of the same stout net. As you go down a staircase you may meet large bales and heavy bags of goods from the bleacher's, borne up on sturdy shoulders; whilst at the bottom of the same you shall find yourself ushered into the abode of the press-men, who, with their hydraulic presses, working up to a pressure of three hundred tons or more, reduce goods to something like a third of their first bulk, and thus prepare them for profitable packing. The only thing which seemed ill-treated on the premises, we must allow, were the stout boards of toughest mahogany interposed between the layers

of goods in those cruel presses. They groaned, and cracked, and squeaked, and shrieked for mercy under that inexorable compression, till we could almost have fancied ourselves assisting at that hideous punishment devised by our forefathers in the "good old times," now mercifully gone, for punishing "contempt of court," and getting plea or information out of an obstinately-silent witness or party in the case.

But all this while our readers may be asking, as the hearers of too many preachers often must, whither on earth we have wandered from our text, and how on earth we purpose to bring back ourselves or them to any *bond fide* consideration of it.

For those words sound like a text, wherewith we have headed our paper; and though they be not quoted from any of the inspired books, agree well enough for truth and sacredness with the spirit of many passages which might be quoted directly from them.

"Qui laborat orat," "Who worketh prayeth," a solemn truth and a consolatory; having much power of rebuke for idlers, and triflers, and busy-bodies, who, perchance, on the strength of certain observances, feel a pharisaic glow of pride in their own more conspicuous merit, and brand in their thought as publicans those toiling fellow-sinners, whose less wordy appeals to Heaven be yet truer appeals than theirs; having likewise much power of comfort for those laborious bearers of the heat and burden of the day, whose hearts utter mute litanies even through lips that be closed.

"Qui laborat orat," admirably commented on by that "douce" Presbyterian preacher, of whom we remember to have heard; although, perhaps, he might have shaken his head at it for "monkish claver."

"Bithren," quoth he, "wha may be callit ane haulie pleughman?"

"An haulie pleughman, is a mon wha gangs airle to the braeside, wi' nags and pleugh, and wha cam hame aiblins late wi' 'em in the gloamin', havin' pleughed lang furrows, and straight furrows, and smooch furrows, mind ye, the hail o' the live-lang day."

"Qui laborat orat," an "old saw," whereof it also struck us that the speaker gave no bad "modern instance," whom we heard venture upon the assertion, that he thought an im-

proved patent plough by no means an irrelevant commentary upon the petition, "Give us, this day, our daily bread."

"Qui laborat orat," a solemn truth and a consolatory, we repeat it; but one of those which will not bear to be read upside down. For many be the truths, which, read upside down, tell lies.

Work *may* be prayer; but it is not of necessity that it *must* be.

"Who worketh prayeth"—true; but only if he be a prayerful worker.

"Qui laborat orat;" yes, if we may premise the same words with the change of one single letter only. "Qui laborat *oret*:" let him that worketh pray.

Not otherwise—

"For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer?"

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"*

There is one spacious apartment within the buildings of that great warehouse which in thought we have been revisiting, whereof as yet we have made no mention. Its disposition gives but little scope for the ingenuity of those contrivances which elsewhere have excited our interested curiosity. It is simple, severe, almost destitute of any thing like ornament, yet are all things therein "decent and in order." So far as being "cut off" from the common uses of other rooms of like shape and dimensions goes, it is in the strictest etymological sense of the word "consecrated." A cursory glance at the rows of low-backed seats, at the desk or lectern upholding the Sacred Volume, at the organ with its tuneful pipes, tells us at once that the place has a true consecration.

There is no sort of compulsion; no kind of roll-call kept; no pricking in of names at chapel-time, as in the sanctuaries of learned colleges; but if the worker, male or female, feel the want of some special act of express devotion, which may serve to turn the spirit of the whole day's work to prayer, here, every morning of each working day, the holy opportunity is given.

We think the number of worship-

pers had been within a dozen of three hundred on the day when we paid our visit. Their average daily attendance is about two hundred and eighty. The significance of this number is more apparent when we remember that three hundred and fifty are all that are employed immediately in the warehouse; and another token, scarcely to be misunderstood, of the manner in which these workpeople appreciate the intention of those who established these services, is to be found in the fact that they themselves, in a few months, contributed the whole of the £120 which the organ cost them.

We have before us the book, entitled "Short Services and Hymns," which serves as the public manual of these devotions. It consists of select portions from the Book of Common Prayer, arranged so as to secure variety of expression on different days of the week; there are selections from the prose psalter, and about 150 hymns, such as are to be found for the more part in the ordinary books in use among Church congregations.

A chaplain, in Holy Orders, conducts the services; and as his whole time is devoted to the moral and spiritual necessities of the persons employed in the house, our readers can imagine for themselves that his pastoral intelligence and activity form the pivot around which many another work for good is turning. Evening classes for intellectual improvement; a book society, and the circulation of wholesome periodicals; a bank for savings; an association in support of a certain missionary school in Rupert's Land, may be mentioned as indications. It would, perhaps, be intrusive, almost impertinent, for us to push our account any farther into detail; but we trust that we shall not incur the blame of being either if we venture to say that the hearty, frank tone of interest in the chaplain's work which breathed in the words of those who happened to speak to us concerning it on the spot, inspires the conviction that it is not work in vain.

The open, avowed, constant, and practical recognition of the presidency over all honest, human work and workers of Him, who in heaven is

the great Workman of all good works: the confession by employers and employed—for all kneel together in that room to pray, all stand together to sing some simple song of praise—of a divine brotherhood underlying the human confraternity of workers; these be the things, which even should their expression take elsewhere, necessarily, some different shape, must everywhere be admirable, everywhere touching, everywhere, we might say, sublime.

We have personal knowledge, purchased by some three years' residence—years not otherwise than laborious—of the aspects of life in a busy manufacturing town. We know what it is in the cold and wintry time to struggle against slumber yet unsatiated, at the early swinging of the factory bell, or at the tapping of the night-watchman's switch against the shutter or the window-pane. We know what it is to turn out, on the way to the day's first business, into the sloppy streets, where under the coal-smoke canopy, the fog that reeks also with the noxious vapours from street drains and culverts, seems battened down under hatches, without hope of rising above the chimneystops to disperse in open air above. We know what may be the shivering sense of desolation felt at such times, and the depression early settling down upon the worker's mind before the work be yet begun—a desolation such as even the solitary herd or woodman is not apt to feel, though he sally not forth into the streets of a city where other men's footsteps clatter near him on the pavement, but go forth alone to the cloudy upland or to the woodland still tangled in wintry mist. We, therefore, can appreciate, to speak of no loftier things, the cheering influence of such a multitudinous gathering for prayer, the comfort in the palpable sense of that daily renewal of companionship. Who knows not the electric influence which the growing murmur of an unanimous response can exercise upon the whole frame, bodily and spiritual, of a gathered assembly? Who cannot fancy the soothing spell of that morning music of the full-toned organ, and by-and-by the quickening fervour of its more

thrilling strains, caught up and almost overborne by hundreds of human voices in accord? We remember, perhaps some of our readers may cherish the same reminiscence, how profoundly and how tenderly our heart was moved within us at a certain Sabbath episode, recorded in the account of the Arctic sojourn of Dr. Kane and his companions in the search for Franklin.

"We sat together," he wrote, "and we read through the book of Ruth." They looked out upon the ice-field and its terrible grim furrows, furrowed by the ploughshare of the death-wind from the near north pole: and then they turned them to the scroll of the inspired pastoral and summoned into mind the sunny landscape of the happy Syrian harvest-fields. It was almost a defiant answer to the great dramatist's inquiry concerning power to—

"Wallow naked in December's snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat."

Now, the service-book of the Nottingham lace warehouse lies before us, and we mark that its motto is from the selfsame book of Ruth—

"And Boaz said unto the reapers, the Lord be with you.

And they answered, the Lord bless thee."

The warm, and light, and airy work-rooms of that English home of industry are far other abodes than the dim-lighted cabin of the polar-exploring ship; yet there is so sharp a contrast between the mechanical life of the town-dwellers and town-workers of this nineteenth century, and the life of those patriarchal reapers and gleaners whose memory lives on the sacred page, that one cannot help feeling touched and pleased with the justice, tenderness, penetration, and delicacy of the thought which has striven to bring the patriarchal kindness and its acknowledgment of a goodness supreme over them all, into the common devotions of an English manufacturer and his working hands.

The form of the expression may differ; but we heartily pray the spirit of it spread: for happy is the hive of workers where, whatever way you construe it, the sentence speaks a truth:

Qui laborat orat.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

PILDMONT—SWITZERLAND—GERMANY—HOLLAND.

THERE was something rather *bizarre* in the note appended to the Italian portion of "Bradshaw" for July. The possibility of a train being hindered by a battle is a contingency which the English grumbler does not often take into account. The juxtaposition of modern invention with (excepting marriage) the most ancient of all institutions, sounds incongruous; to speak of Battles and Railways in the same breath, seems like an anachronism. One can hardly imagine a General ordering a special train in order that he might be in time for an engagement; nor thousands of men fighting in the very middle of the "line" just at the time when the "express" was due. One tries to picture the confusion that would be spread through the ranks of the most disciplined army, were a heavy locomotive, with some half-dozen carriages, to come dashing through the squares of infantry and squadrons of horse at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Men who had stood immovable before a charge of cuirassiers, or borne without flinching the deadly discharge of a battery of guns, would rush off in all directions pell-mell when they heard the rumbling roar and fiendish shriek of the engine in their rear. Nevertheless, the *Strade Ferrate* played no mean part in the late campaign. On one occasion French troops arrived by train from Genoa, just in time to secure a hitherto doubtful victory. On another, Austrian reinforcements came up soon enough to share in the defeat of their comrades. Both at Montebello and at Magenta the railways formed an important military position, and at the latter place the station itself was fortified. Now, indeed, we learn to our cost that the stoker is a very useful ally to the soldier; and while the troops travel back to France on the wings of the wind, we must be content to attain occasionally a speed of four miles an hour, on our road to Switzerland.

Walking through the streets of Milan this evening in search of a

conveyance that shall take us out of Italy, we notice that the walls are placarded with a broadside closely printed, and containing a biographical sketch of Charles Albert. I do not know any thing that more strongly marks a nation's character, than the use to which a people puts its dead-walls. In England the student of mural literature would be overwhelmed by the generous, though contradictory, advice of men who have devoted their lives to increasing the comfort of the human race by patent hats, coats, pills, and lozenges. In Paris he will no longer find pictures of gigantic garments, nor will any thoughtful French economist advise him to reform his tailor's bills, nor warn him to lay in a stock of grocery immediately before a new Chinese war has doubled the prices of tea and coffee. Monster trousers will have given place to illustrated programmes of a Lantern Fête in the Gardens near the Champs Elysées, or of some equestrian feats in the Hippodrome, where nymphs in short dresses jump over eight horses at once. The advertising class in France will give you plenty of information about the *Circenses*, but with regard to the *Panem* it is altogether silent. In Italy the difference is even wider. Here both "bread" and "the games" are neglected. Italian dead-walls have a dignity to sustain, and are invested with political importance. They are commonly *exploités* by government, who proclaim the acts of the legislature by means of the placard. Private politicians, too, adopt the same method to make known their ideas, which, in England, would appear in the *Times*; but for which the diminutive *L'Opinione*, and the still more pigmy *Gazzetta del Popolo*, have no spare corner.

After infinite trouble, the bureau of the diligence is found, and having embarked upon the cumbrous machine, we leave Milan and the glorious jewel which it enshrines about nine o'clock, and rumble along the dark road, and watch the lightning,

which is performing as usual in the western horizon. Of all his tribe, the Italian coachman is the most degraded. The London cabby is at least outspoken, and the Irish car driver witty and humorous; but the *cocchiere* owns not one single good quality. He is the most remorseless of beggars. He will roughly awaken you from the sweetest sleep for his *buonamano*; and inasmuch as the same man rarely drives for two hours, you are constantly tormented by this insatiable race. One learns by experience. At first one gives Sardinian coins, worth four pence each; but these are soon exhausted, and French sous are offered instead; then when these are run out, recourse is had to the few English coppers that have been tumbling about in your pocket ever since you left Dover. The *cocchiere* is not discriminating. He knows that beggars must not be choosers, and so long as he is successful in getting any thing out of you, he does not care though it be only a pfering, the tenth part of a penny. It is amusing to hear him endeavouring to urge on his horses by violent language. His exclamations seem to have a soothing effect upon the team; and each time he utters his liquid polysyllables, the cattle slacken speed. In fact it is a hopeless task to attempt to scold in that

"soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a lady's mouth"
If you want to slang effectually, you must confine yourself to short words, and be sparing of your vowels and liquids. True, O'Connell silenced a fishwoman by *esquibelatia verba*; but he counted upon her ignorance of the classics, and rightly guessed that she would take the unknown for the wonderful, and be awed accordingly. But try an English Jchu with the vilest names that you can find in the Italian dictionary, and he will feel flattered, and touch his hat; then, for an experiment, use all the terms of emicarnation in your German vocabulary, and he will throw off his coat and square his fists. *Non omnes omniu*. To Southerners is given the art of wooing; in malediction they fail most miserably.

A glorious morning dawned as we drove into Sesto Calende. The silver waters of Lago Maggiore gleamed through the early mists. A long range

of mountain peaks rose dark and purple against the sky, flushed with coming day. Queen of the twilight splendours, Venus flashed her many-coloured hues; and balmy breezes, cool and fragrant, wafted along the fleecy clouds, tinged with crimson and gold; and Spenser's lines ring in the

"Her looks were like the beams of the morning sun,
Forth looking through the window of the east,
When first the fleecy cattle have begun
Upon their perled grass to make their feast."

We cross the head of the lake in a huge ferry-boat, then pass along the western shore for a few miles, until we enter Arona. The inhabitants of this town retain a vivid recollection of Austrian depredations. The railway from here to Novara was especially the object of Austrian hostility. The rails were torn up, the permanent way damaged; the carriages were thrown into the river, and the bridges blown up. But let us forget for awhile the devastation of war, and enjoy to the full one of the fairest scenes that earth has to offer. Standing upon a steep hill, covered with vines and trees, we look through the crumbling arches of a ruined castle upon the lake spread out at our feet, brilliantly blue beneath a cloudless sky. Here and there, lightly skimming over its surface, are little white-sailed boats and cozy gondolas. In the distance the shores are studded with villages, with their churches and clock-towers; yonder, on our left, are the far-famed Borromean Islands and Isola Bella, with its hanging gardens of myrtle, and camphor, and pomegranate trees; and behind all, rise the glorious mountain ranges, softly blue through the summer haze, and far more lovely than the most dazzling snow-crowned summits. A vision to dream over, an hour to "live again in memory," when November fogs darken the air, and hide from view the desolate moorlands; and when winter storms have blackened the sky with clouds that come wildly hurrying from the Atlantic, and drowning all the earth with pitiless down-pour—a glorious land to live and to die for, to shed one's best blood for. But yet its very beauty seems to enervate the mind, and to wrap it in dreamy lotos-eater repose.

While "wearily reclined where orange trees the bower darken," the "sorrowfully-soothing tones" of the "fallen god, Loki," seem to entrance us as they did the Swedish Sywald.

"Must I not weep when I behold
Our earth-born joys, how transitory?
When e'en Walthalla vanisheth,
And all her glory."

"Then cherish life while yet it lasts;
O, pluck her sweetest flowers!
Beyond the grave are howling blasts
And leafless bowers."

But the diligence is about to start again; we have done but little more than quarter of our journey; so having paid our respects to the monster statue of S. Carlo Borromeo, the patron saint of this part of Italy, we once more place ourselves *en route*.

Publius Syrus, amongst his other wise sayings, remarks that "*comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est*," (a jolly companion is as good as a lift in a waggon). But the *comes jucundus* is an addition to one's enjoyment by no means to be despised, even though you should not be travelling on foot. My *compagnon de voyage* was a Piedmontese, who could speak sufficient French to render conversation possible. The following opinions are, I think, shared by the great majority of Italians.

"The war was inevitable. After forty years of rule in Italy, Austria has lost more than she has gained. The estrangement between the rulers and the ruled was irreconcilable. No Italian would willingly speak to an Austrian soldier. If an Italian lady were seen to converse with an Austrian officer, her character would be ruined for life. Directly a hated *Telesco* entered a café, he would find that all the previous occupants would rise and leave him to himself. One of the most popular poems of a modern Italian poet, has for its subject the misery which a beautiful woman had to endure through the contempt of her former friends, because she had married one of the detested race. At the fêtes of the Emperor the same insupportable animosity was displayed. At Venice, for instance, the streets would be depopulated, and the *café Florian* utterly deserted—a most significant fact to those who are acquainted with Venetian life and manners. Of course this immovable passive resistance was galling beyond endurance to the plea-

sure-loving officers. To find themselves entirely cut off from flirtations and love making; to know that every pair of dark lustrous eyes was averted from them, or turned upon them with withering contempt and hatred, was intolerable. So those who had begun chastising with whips went on to use scorpions, until it might be prophesied that the people thus 'mightily oppressed,' would speedily find some Barak or Deborah to deliver them. Help has come from beyond the Alps. The oppressors have been despoiled, and now"—

"Ah, now; what do you imagine will come next? Is your Barak going to turn Sisera?"

"By no means. I do not pretend to say that Napoleon is such a devoted admirer of the Goddess of Liberty, that he counted the expenditure of millions of treasure, and thousands of human lives as nothing, if he could but win her approving smile. Doubtless he has found it to his interest to raise up a powerful friend and ally in the south to help him in time of need, if that time should ever come, when all the Teutonic nations, including England as well as Austria and Germany, shall be arrayed against the Latin nations, including France and Italy."

"There is no fear that England and France will become foes. It is to the interest of both that they should keep friendly. United we believe that we can beat the whole world."

"You think not. Let me tell you two incidents which have come to my knowledge. A party of French officers at Dieppe, was overheard by a friend of mine to drink, with the greatest enthusiasm, the toast, 'War with England.' Again, an American gentleman was travelling in a railway carriage with a Frenchman, whom he asked to close the window. 'Shut it yourself,' was the not very polite reply. 'Well,' answered the Yankee, 'we do say sharp things in our country, but we hardly come it as strong as that.' 'Monsieur is an Englishman?' said his companion. 'No; an American,' answered the first speaker. 'Ten thousand pardons, Monsieur.'"

"Well, these stories prove nothing except that some rather foolish persons exhibited their folly in antipathy to England. The irritation is not wonderful, considering how violent

the press has been in both countries since the attempt by Orsini; and when the French colonels demanded to be led at once against 'perfidious Albion.' It is possible that a war with England would be popular for a few months; but the Parisian shopkeepers would soon complain of diminished trade; and the first defeat, which would not be long in coming, would thoroughly disgust the whole French nation with the undertaking, and popular disappointment generally finds a victim. Napoleon is too wise to risk that. He will not hazard his permanent rule for the sake of gratifying a temporary whim. Let us leave this topic. What is thought of the Treaty of Peace?"

"In Lombardy, people, though glad enough to be themselves free, and not wanting in gratitude to those who have helped them to freedom, are yet bitterly disappointed that Venice has not participated in the same happy fate."

"What greater right have we to liberty than Venice?" says the author of an anonymous Milanese pamphlet, which has excited some attention. *'Povera Venezia! Povera regina reghgiata dai poeti di tutti le nazioni, compianta da tutti i cuori che hanno fede di carità, ammirata da quanti sono al mondo intelletti capaci di comprendere cose alte e sublimi! No, non ti abbandoneremo noi alla vigilia della sventura.'* It must not be that the fairest jewel in the Italian crown should be given to a stranger. No! Milan and Venice, Lombardy and Venetia, are united by ties of common sorrow, and by the hope of common relief; and 'those whom God hath joined let not man put asunder.' Depend upon it, whatever they may say at Villafranca, or at Zurich even, the Italian question will not be settled without the consent of the Italian people. They have tried their strength, and know that they are strong enough to stand without the assistance of any 'paternal' German Emperor."

But it is really almost a crime to talk while we are passing through such a glorious country. Nowhere, in all my wanderings, have I looked upon such a long-continued succession of glories as on this never-to-be-forgotten 27th of July. I quite agree with Kingsley, that "mountains are all very well when they are doing their only duty, that of making rain

and soil for the lowlands; but as for this new-fangled admiration of them, it is a proof that our senses are dulled by luxury and books, and that we require to excite our palled organ of marvellousness by signs and wonders, æsthetic brandy and cayenne." Mere size never affects me, at all events. I have found that beyond a certain height mountains do not impress the beholder in proportion to their elevation. Probably no one can deny, however unwilling to confess, that his first view of Mont Blanc from the valley of Chamounix, disappointed him. It is quite easy to conceive how Coleridge could write a far finer poem without ever having set foot in Switzerland, than if he had lodged for a month upon the Flégère. Perpendicular height by no means produces the same awe-inspiring sense of boundlessness as the infinite expanse of ocean that lies tossing and heaving before you when standing upon some narrow ledge of rock, supported, as at the Land's End, by giant granite columns, you look far forth upon the unquiet Atlantic, "bathed in the rays of the great setting flame." I had lately seen that grand old weather-beaten coast, and the thought of it, by force of contrast, enhanced the exquisite beauty of the present scene. It was, as if one should turn from the sinewy statues of Michael Angelo to a group of water-nymphs by Eddy, or a voluptuous female figure by Titian.

We have left the Lake behind us, and now we are joggling on lazily and with a drowsy sound of tinkling bells in the glowing noontide heat, through a valley of luxuriant fertility. Close on our left rise high rocks, whose sides are hidden by tangled underwood. Large-limbed, broad-leaved trees stand on our left in the midst of the greenest of green pastures. Here the vines are twined from branch to branch, there the maize with its long smooth drooping leaves, and its candelabra-like flower, stands up full seven feet from the ground. Through the leafy boughs of the walnut one has glimpses of fair upland slopes and lawn-like meadows quivering and winking in the heat. Beyond these again rise steep rocks green with all kinds of verdure. The low bass roar of the distant river, as it tumbles over granite boulders, chimes in well with the treble of our bells. Anon, at the foot

of the cliffs, we see a swarthy peasant with huge cone-shaped basket strapped to his back, and filled with newly cut grass or vine leaves, choice food, which he is taking home to his well-tended cattle; or else we pass a group of women in picturesquely bright dresses, toiling along the highway through the dust and the heat. Then our road descends a little, and we reach the bank of the river, and drive into a ferry-boat that waits for us and takes us to the other shore; and so we journey on, hour after hour, through one uninterrupted paradise, till the shadows begin to lengthen, and the sky, as though heated to a furnace redness after so many scorching hours, begins to glow with glorious crimson, and we drive into Domo D'Ossola just as the last beams have tinged with rose the distant mountain tops. If the country between Maggiore and the Simplon is a garden of Eden, Domo D'Ossola is the central bower of bliss. Such glorious hills nestling round the little town, not round and pudding-shaped, but with sharp-pointed needles, yet not barren, but clothed from head to foot with vines, and mulberries, and forest-trees. And then the swelling slopes that lie half-way between the hills and the village, with here and there a cream-coloured chateau with its red-tiled roof, or a convent with high walls and narrow windows, and down in the valley the vineyards where one walks, not as in the Rhine country and in France, among shrubs no bigger than currant bushes, but underneath long arcades of trellis work, where the broad leaves brush against your face, and the rich clusters hang overhead in tempting profusion. One might walk for miles in these covered alleys, and, strange to say, though there were numerous little cottages scattered about, not a soul appeared in sight as I passed from one vineyard to another. Perhaps it was not thought necessary to defend the grapes, which, although not out of the grasp, but within arm reach, yes, almost within mouth reach, were undeniably sour.

Dinner over, we start again on our second night of travel. It is very dark, and we can see nothing of the far-famed country that lies at the foot of the Simplon. Soon we begin to ascend the tortuous road, and all the voyagers settle themselves to sleep.

About two o'clock in the morning we are awakened by the *douaniers*, who inspect our passports and luggage, and tell us that we are now in Switzerland. By daylight we reach the summit of the pass, and turn into a chalet for hot coffee, which is comforting this chilly morning. Then we rattle down the steep and winding highway, with deep gorges, and rushing streams that tumble into dark gulfs, and fir-clad snow-topped mountain peaks all around us, and far below us the valley of the Rhone. A very fine *toute ensemble*. Yet, I believe the traveller would do well to take the reverse course, and descend upon the Italian side of the Simplon. Certainly he will find nothing upon the Swiss route which will compare with the glorious road from Arona to Domo D'Ossola. At Brieg the diligence stops for an hour, and everybody has breakfast. Were there no other indication, we could tell that we were in *la Suisse* by the never-failing dish of honey, without which a Helvetic *déjeuner* would be incomplete. All day long we travel on by the side of the Rhone, through Vispach, Leuk, Sider, Sion, till somewhat after eight in the evening, we reach Martigny, and so end our forty-eight hours' journey.

Up betimes in the morning, and glad to stretch one's limbs after so long a confinement, I start off on foot for Chamonix, with a porter who carried my portmanteau in a huge, inverted, sugar-loaf shaped basket, strapped on to his back. A day of burning heat as usual, and most welcome is the shade of the woods through which the zig zag path lies for the first hour. Then having reached Forclaz we descend to Trient and up through a pine plantation, higher and higher, till we reach the Col de Balme. The tourist who really wishes to get a perfect view of Alpine scenery, must climb up a hill some hundreds of feet above the little hotel. After being used to reckon by thousands, he will not feel this little extra clamber, and yet it makes all the difference between a somewhat contracted and disappointing view of the Mont Blanc aiguilles alone, and a glorious panoramic view of countless peaks, in long and dazzling ranges. A rapid run at full pace down the mountain brings us to Argentière,

where passports are examined, since we have entered Italian ground again. Then for a few miles by a roaring river with Mont Blanc and its glaciers full in front of us, till we reach the *Hôtel de Londres et d'Angleterre*, after a nine hour's walk including stoppages.

Of all the wonderful things about this valley of Chamonix, the air is the finest. Four days ago I could hardly traverse the length of the street, without feeling exhausted. But here it seems as though you could walk to heaven, like Coleridge's *Antient Mariner*,

"I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed ghost"—

So when the next morning came, I was ready for another five-and-twenty mile expedition, and starting off for the Montanvert, crossed the *Mér de Glace* in something less than thirty minutes, then down by the *Chapeau*, and the *Mauvais Pas*, until having reached the valley, I dismissed my guide, natch against his will, and began the ascent of the *Flégère* alone. After sundry scrambles and tumbles, and "hair-breadth escapes," where "to have made a single false step" would have been all sorts of unpleasant things, the top was reached: oh! the delicious coolness of the breeze, as it swept down from the glaciers and dried up the moistened skin and braced the relaxed muscles. Soon one felt endowed with a giant's strength, and the lengthening shadows alone prevented the ascent of the *Brévent*, so turning resolutely away from the seductive mountain splendours, I forsook the usual long and tortuous path, which is convenient enough in ascents, but quite useless for descending to any one who has a steady brain and a firm foot, and who does not mind sliding down the full front of the mountain. In this way Chamonix was soon reached, and one felt a right to dinner after having accomplished two days' *cours* in eight hours.

Chamonix is all alive to-day with tourists who are peering through opera glasses and telescopes, and trying to discover a party of adventurers who set off two days ago to ascend Mont Blanc, and whose return is now expected. Soon the guns are fired, and the sun-burnt travellers

with red noses, and swollen lips, enter the village. Everybody is glad to see the adventurers back, although the ascent is now so common a feat, that no very great enthusiasm is excited by it.

A quiet English Sunday is pleasant after a fortnight's ceaseless wanderings. One of the *Mont Blanc* scalars of yesterday is officiating priest this morning. The glorious psalms for the last day of the month, sound more than ever grand in this country of the mountain and the torrent. After service one lounges on the terrace, and sees the *garçons* fishing for the ice that is to supply the *table d'hôte*. Then a quiet stroll to the *Cascade des Pêlerins* or the *glacier des Bossons* gives an appetite for dinner. The sunset is royal to-night. The snow peaks are bathed with crimson that fades away to a faint rose, and at last as the skies darken and the clouds twinkle among the heavy piles of thunder cloud, Mont Blanc looks awfully white and corpse-like. Then night's slumbers are broken by rolling peals of storm music, that resound again and again through every corner and winding of the valley. Then the fiery light leaps from the dense canopy of darkness, and Mont Blanc, with all its *aiguilles*, stands out full and clear, "one minute bright, then gone for ever" as it seems.

These electrical disturbances are really a great addition to the delights of travel, provided they do not end in soaking days. This morning at least is clear and cloudless, except for the woolly fleece that hangs upon the mountain sides, as though Mont Blanc had cast loose his hoary hair, and let it roll down over back and shoulders in true *Merlin* style. Perched upon the *banquette* of the *Geneva diligence* one passes a pleasant day company with new-made friends in traversing the far-famed valley of *St. Martin*, which however seems almost tame after its far more beautiful Italian rival. Then to *Geneva*, fairest of Swiss cities, with its deep blue lake and its boiling, foaming, but chill-looking *Rhone*. A great and unexpected treat to-night. *Mme. Ristori* acts in *Medea* at the theatre. Thither all the world goes, and rapturously applauds the wonderful passionate power of the great *tragédienne*.

Again and again she is called before the curtain, and right gracefully she acknowledges the "bravos" which she will not accept for herself alone, but for the other actors whom she brings forward, and who certainly shine only by a reflected light.

Hitherto we have been traversing countries which have taken an actual part in the war. In them there was but one topic of conversation. But Switzerland, though not participant, is at least an interested looker-on of the great tournament of nations. Do you ask which side she has taken? Well this is by no means an easy question to answer. If we bear in mind that although one people politically, the Swiss Confederation is composed of two distinct races, we shall more easily anticipate the reply. In the Southern Cantons where, as in Geneva, French is the spoken language, popular sympathy is entirely on the side of the Italians; but when you go north, and nasal French has given place to guttural German, the feeling changes. It is very remarkable that while one might have expected the love of freedom would have induced every Swiss man, woman and child, to have sent forth their best wishes in behalf of a nation struggling to obtain the liberties which had long been withheld by a tyrannical oppressor, this instinct has been overcome by a stronger passion,—the love of kindred.

The Austrians and the inhabitants of Berne and Zurich, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, are of the same stock; and thus in the very cantons where Tell braved the insolent Gessler, the descendants of the Stauffachers, Melchthals, and Fürsts, whom Schiller has made so famous, are, in heart, arrayed upon the side of the tyrants whose ancestors once outraged their forefathers. Here, at Geneva, the tide runs in the contrary direction; and while Herr Bauer, the landlord of the hotel at Zurich, which has now attained a historical reputation, expresses, in no measured terms, his contempt for the Italians who have so often struggled and suffered to obtain the privilege of national independence which he inherits; in Geneva, the pedlar who brings round his basket of books to the passengers on board the steamer for Lausanne, finds a ready sale for a large illus-

trated book of some 100 pages, called "*Histoire de la Guerre d'Italie, par Emile de la Bédollière.*" The work contains some twenty-six woodcuts, including likenesses of the chief generals on either side. These are not of a high order of art. Judging from the views of places which I have visited, I should say that the portraits are quite imaginary. Nevertheless, there are two very good maps; and when you hear that you have only two francs to pay you may believe that you have a good deal for your money. The "*Histoire*," it is true, is nothing more than a *réchauffée* of the newspapers; and M. de la Bédollière can scarcely lay claim to authorship. Nevertheless it is a thoroughly useful resumé of the war, and is especially interesting to English readers, since it comprises a large number of letters written by French soldiers from the scene of operations, which letters have appeared in the journals of France, but not in our own.

Gliding along the glorious lake this brightest of summer afternoons, past many a happy village and gentle meadow slope, with the great white throne of Mont Blanc set in the distant heavens, is a most luxurious mode of travel. There is some alloy to the enjoyment, however, in the shape of a sarcastic newspaper article upon our English statesmen, who squabble and wrangle as to whether they have done all that they could to prevent the war, whereas all the politicians in England could never have arrested the inevitable struggle. English statesmanship does not stand very high in the estimation of our continental neighbours. No wonder, when we find them quarrelling over past events instead of trying to act in the living present. We have quite enough unfulfilled promises upon our consciences. The best way to atone for the deep disappointment that we have so often caused the oppressed nations of Italy, is to stand up boldly in their behalf whenever the great powers of Europe be assembled in solemn assembly.

But here is Ouchy. We disembark, and a pleasant walk brings us to classic ground. From the Hotel Gibbon at Lausanne, we have a brilliant sunset, and the distant hills glow with glorious hues. The next morning a pleasant railway journey to Yverdon

brings us to the Lake of Neufchatel. Steaming over this and the smaller sheet of Bienne, we are again on terra firma, and taking the train, on we move; pass Soleure and other lesser towns, and end the day's journey at Bâle. Crossing the Rhine early on the following day, we enter the *Vaterland*. Reaching Heidelberg at noon a visit is made to the castle. Then lounging up the sleepy streets, where dirty-looking Bürschen, with many-coloured caps, and long pipes that dangle from their mouths and nearly touch the ground, are sauntering about, we enter a bookseller's shop, and gather up fragments of politico-literary gossip.

The Prussian students at the University have had an unpleasant time of it since the war broke out. The alumni from the other parts of Germany have not been able to restrain their indignation at the neutrality of a country that in former days won such countless honours on the battle field under the banner of the Great Frederick. Few Englishmen, however smitten with Gallophobia they may be, entertain such an implacable hostility to every thing that belongs to France, as is felt throughout Germany. This exaggerated animosity is due not only, nor chiefly, to the feeling of kinship with Austria, but in a greater degree to the memory of the disasters of fifty years ago. The memory of Jena is far more galling to the Prussian than that of Waterloo is to the Frenchman; just because the Prussian hussar has not, like the English grenadier, fought side by side with the French *gardes* before the walls of Sebastopol. Nor must it be forgotten that France could far more readily obtain an alliance with her western than her eastern neighbour, because we have never known what it is to have our country overrun by a hostile army since William, Duke of Normandy, seized upon the crown that circled the brow of the dying Harold at Hastings. But the present century had nearly completed its first decade when the Duke of Brunswick fell at Jena, and the army of the first Napoleon stalked through Germany, desolating and destroying. There is no doubt that had not Louis Napoleon made peace at Villafranca he would have had in a very short time to do battle on the Rhine. The Prussians

were zealous for war, and how willing to submit to sacrifices may be judged from the following fact. It was decreed that by a certain day every owner of horses should be obliged to take them to the nearest market-town. At that place the government agent would select as many as he thought fit, and pay the owner whatever he deemed sufficient. As this sum never exceeded twenty pounds, it may be imagined that considerable loss must often have been occasioned.

A very clever pamphlet on "The German Interest in the Italian Question" has just appeared, and is strongly recommended by the bookseller out of a crowd of works relating to the war with which his windows and those of the other Heidelberg librarians are full. Herr Beseler, the author, is endowed with a most un-German precision of thought, and clearness of expression. Austria, he argues, has no right to find fault with Germany for not helping her in extremity, for she has been endeavouring for a long while to make a footstool of Germany. It is certain that we can hardly count upon the friendly assistance of those whom we have looked down upon as menial hirelings. In truth, Germany and despised Italy stand in much the same relationship with regard to Austria. The importance of establishing a constitutional kingdom south of the Alps would be of great advantage to the whole of Europe: and Germany certainly should not hinder so desirable an event, for she owes amends to Italy for repeated devastations and invasions. The writer then declaims upon the absurd position of those who would not avail themselves of assistance offered by hands not perfectly clean. For Sardinia alone to have opposed the mighty Austrian host would have been madness. Not to accept the alliance of Napoleon would have been criminal. "They who are so very squeamish know little of politics or of the world." Much talk has arisen about the ultimate designs of the French Emperor. His true policy would be to create a powerful ally in Italy by clothing Victor Emmanuel with the spoils of conquest. At least he cannot, after the 14th of January, 1858, be so rash as to harbour ambitious designs of family or personal aggrandisement, when such ideas

would arouse ten thousand Orsinis. Herr Beseler has some very interesting remarks on the hypothetical invasion of England. He shares much the same views as those of an intelligent Frenchman with whom I fell in. Undoubtedly such an undertaking would be very popular at first, but when French commerce was ruined, and the Parisian shopkeepers were reduced to insolvency, the reaction would be strong enough to cost the Emperor his throne. Compare the two navies. True, that of France is larger and better organised than it has ever been hitherto. No one can doubt that France has done her utmost in this direction, whilst England possesses for her fleet inexhaustible supplies of living and dead material. The French fleet, in its present position, is a work of art, the English, a naturally growing national weapon. Even French victories would soon leave no more means for carrying on the naval warfare, whilst English losses would be repaired in an incredibly short time. Upon so foolhardy an enterprise as a landing in England so far-seeing a man as Napoleon is the last to venture. The Nephew will make use of the sad experiences of his Uncle, and as long as possible avoid a rupture with England. These wise remarks by a disinterested person will serve to pacify the fears of our alarmists.

I need not dwell upon the well-beaten route, how I went from Heidelberg to Frankfurt and thence to Mayence, where I had my first glimpse of white-tunicked Austrian soldiers; then by boat down the much over-praised Rhine, paying a visit to the fortifications at Coblenz, lately strengthened, and standing on the bridge that spans the sinuous Moselle just above its confluence with the larger river; then on to Cologne, where I could compare the massive splendours of the *Domkirche* with the delicate beauty of the *Duomo* at Milan. Then learning that the Ostend boats did not serve making a detour into Holland, I went first to Amsterdam—which Byron well calls “a vulgar Venice.”

It is a curious change of climate and country, that from the gloriously inspiring breezes and deliciously clear streams of the Swiss mountains, to the heavy, depressing atmosphere, and yellow oily water of the Holland

flats. Instead of feeling as though you could walk to heaven's gate, the heavy weight of the dense air presses on your brain, and makes you giddy and utterly indisposed for any exertion. Teetotalism must be completely impossible in Holland. To say nothing of the repugnance that one feels to the slimy looking liquid that is placed on the dinner table, called water, one must resort to stimulants or commit suicide. It is no wonder that the Dutch are such a provokingly stolid people—standing with regard to impassibility in the same relation to ourselves, as we to the excitable Italians—when they have to move about under such a ponderous column of air. It must be necessary, one would think, to alter the construction of barometers when they are intended for Dutch use, and make the range from twenty-nine to thirty-two inches, with a corresponding variation of the words “stormy,” “very dry,” and their intermediate terms.

The lions at Amsterdam are, fortunately, not numerous. The King's palace must be seen with its one specially splendid marble hall. This Dutch capital is an admirable place for losing your way. Each street is like another. There is the same stagnant fetid canal, with its heavily laden barges, that seem as though they had been in their present position for centuries. The same ugly bridges span these Erebus-like rivers; the same rows of formal trees stand in trim order by their side; the same lean, quaint, ugly houses rise up story upon story. What a contrast between Amsterdam and Genoa. The stiff brick warehouses of the one, and the sculptured marble palaces of the other. The watery skies of the first, and the brilliant sunsets of the second. Here a low marsh that seems to muffle with the Zuyder Zee; there the vine and olive clad Apennines that rise in a lordly crescent right out of the Mediterranean. Here stout heavy Dutchmen, with their prosperous-looking persons; there swarthy, black-eyed Italians often in picturesque rags. Another contrast forced itself upon me. The voluptuous indolence of the Eden that lies between Lago Maggiore and the Simplon, and the dreary listless languor of the land of windmills and spirits. In the one

country you drink to the full all the dreamy joys of the *dolce far niente*; in the other you crawl about with an accusing consciousness of being sinfully idle, where every man is making his fortune. There to work would be a *l'es majesté* to nature, who bountifully supplies each of your few wants before hand. Here if you are idle the treacherous seas will break down your dykes, overleap your barriers, and whelm these wealthy cities in one general ruin. You feel this latter circumstance, with vivid force, when you find that in driving out from Amsterdam to the Zuyder Zee you have to make a gentle *ascent*—at least so it seemed to me.

But I must be just to Holland. Spite of all the disadvantages of fog and bad water, the Dutch women are a comely race. One is particularly struck with the freshness of their colour and the general healthiness of countenance, which contrast favourably with the sallow complexions of the Italians. It is very observable that nowhere will you see such shrivelled, ugly women as in Switzerland, where the air is the finest in the world; while in Holland, and especially in our own country, the female sex seems endowed with every personal charm. This fact is, doubtless, due in great measure to the moisture that is always present in the atmosphere; and which acts as a preservative of the soft peach-like bloom, and that pure transparent skin which are so universally admired. In Holland the women of the middle classes commonly wear a singular head dress, composed of plates of gold or silver, underneath the bonnet, and covering the hair. These are often of considerable value, and have been handed down as heir-looms from mother to daughter for, perhaps, centuries. On a Sunday morning one meets the neatly-dressed good-wives, with helmet on head, and prayer-book in hand, trudging along with decorous mien to the large churches with which Amsterdam abounds. Let us follow them and enter this church near the palace. You are struck at once by the fact that all the men keep their

hats on, and do not remove them even when the officiating minister, who wears a long scarf like that of an English undertaker, begins to read the service. In the arrangement of the church one notices the presence of two large organs, and a row of spacious pews, over each of which is a sounding-board.

From Amsterdam we pass on to the Hague, or Gravenhage, as it is called here. This is virtually, though not nominally, the Dutch capital. Here the Court resides; here, too, the Parliament holds its sittings; and here, of course, the nobility have their city mansions. We are just in time to see the people coming out of church. All the world is moving in one direction, to "The Woods," which form a pleasant prospect from our hotel windows. In this park all the Hague seems gathered together to listen to a splendid military band and to sip coffee, eat ices, or quaff a beverage highly esteemed by the Dutch—English ale. "The Woods" are a pleasant place to wander in. One walks through shady alleys, and down broad avenues, where the overarching trees grow tall and stately. Only beware of the lakes. Even the Serpentine is a pellucid Castalie* compared with these green, shiny, oozy, stagnant pools. There is no such thing as running water in Holland. In fact the "element" water is never found in its elementary state, but always largely mixed with the "element" earth. From "The Woods," it is considered orthodox to go to Skevening. The long, straight road thither is, like our English Rotten row, thronged with carriages, many bearing coronets on their panels. Pushing our way through the crowd, one arrives at the termination of the "course," beyond which, indeed, it is impossible to go farther; for Skevening is a little fishing and bathing village on the German Ocean. Having made a gentle ascent over one of the Dutch mountains, some twenty feet high, we mingle with the pedestrians on the sands, and welcome the breezes that blow from the shores of dear old England. Then as "all the

* For a poetic description of this far-famed spot in the neighbourhood of Antioch, consult those splendidly-written volumes, "*L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain*," by M. De Broglie, Part II., vol. ii., chap. 7.

world" is getting hungry, it returns to Gravenhage and dines, and goes to church again, or spends the evening in "The Woods," then taking its glass of Schiedam, and retires to rest. The next day is spent in visiting the notabilities of this handsome city. In paintings it is especially rich, and one might well pass many hours in the Mauritius Huis, which contains, among other celebrated works, "Paul Potter's Bull," "Rembrandt's Lecture on Anatomy," a ghastly picture; and, what was worth all the rest of the collection to me, a glorious "Virgin and Child," by Murillo.

From the Hague by rail, past Schiedam, to Rotterdam. On this, our last night on the Continent, we have our usual display of electric splendours. The fiery serpents are darting along the western sky, and lighting up the fruitful country that borders the Maas. There is life in Rotterdam—life among the busy quays; life within the countless ships of all nations that cover the broad river; life in the crowded streets and open market places, where the universal business of buying and selling goes on briskly; life among the droves of sheep and cattle, that are being driven, with remonstrating bleatings and low-

ings, to the "Boompjes," where they will be, spite of sore but useless struggles, put on board the vessels that wait to bear them to our own shores.

Rain at length on this, the last day of our wanderings, and as we steam down the Maas, and nearly run ashore; and look back upon the forty windmills that are spinning and throwing their long arms with irritating pertinacity, the recollection of four happy weeks is somewhat damped by the fear of the rising gale. By sunset it is no longer possible to keep one's sea-legs. Descent into the saloon is necessary; thence, a speedy retirement into the cabin, and a long sleep is broken by the welcome news that we are in the Thames. So we pass up the great river, and have a glimpse of the huge ship, as she lies all but complete in the centre of the stream; till we disembark at the most villainous of all landing places, St. Katharine's docks; and getting hold of the day's *Times*, see that we are not the only converts who, during the last month, have been turned from favouring Austrian despotism, to wishing with all the heart "Success to the cause of Italian freedom." E. S.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NAVVIES. A STARTLED HEART.

EARLY spring time came on again. Not entirely such as under the foot of the Apennines, last year, at Florence: yet gay with snow-drop and crocus, then by-and-by with primroses and wild anemones, under the gnarled oaks.

The woodman came, as in Clara's image of Dame Alice's days; and close upon the woodman came "the navvies." Strapping fellows they, such as the father of Alice's Queen Bess would have rejoiced over as "marvellous proper men - at - arms," when trained to wield a purlizan. Whatever Squire Chilwood might have done to the "surveying scamp, with his theodolite," even his broad shoulders and stout fore-arm would

have found an overmatch in a tussle to throw one of them into the mere.

No little apprehension and terror heralded their coming. The farmers' wives counted their chickens, hatched or unhatched, ruefully, and foreboded lamentable deficiency. As for Watson he groaned in bitter anticipation of rifled pheasants' "nestisses," and considered the extinction of such rodentia as hares and rabbits, imminent upon the Wymerton estate. The county magistrates, the Squire at the head of them, determined in solemn conclave, upon introducing into the county a number of blue-coated constables, a measure they had hitherto resisted tooth and nail, when proposed by some audacious innovators, denouncing

it as an approach to the detestable French system of centralization, and an introduction of the thin end of a wedge of despotism and "espionage." The excellent and somewhat timid clergyman of that little church, under whose yew-trees stood the tomb of Willie Jerningham, had also his fears and apprehensions, better grounded however than those of others, as to the moral effects of their arrival among his flock.

The good man took, however, the only wise determination—to "entreat" the men "as brothers," when they should come, and not "as enemies;" trusting to Him in whose hand be the hearts of all men, to avert the threatening mischiefs, or even to work out thence some unexpected good.

If the men's conduct was not in all points irreproachable, when they came, it certainly was not by any means as disorderly as had been expected. Indeed, had it not been for the frequent indulgence of some among them in that drunkenness, which is the curse of English working men, there had been very little to complain of, save in some special, individual instances. And it was remarkable enough, that the more frequent and chief offenders were not found so often in what we may term the regular ranks of these rough and powerful soldiers of industry, as among the irregular volunteers and camp-followers, the *Bashi-bazouks*, if we may call them so, of the great earth-working campaign. Not one rude word, for instance, nor one insolent gesture, did the apprehensive parson of Wymerton receive from any man among them during their stay, save only from a worthless scamp of his own parishioners, who had thrown up his regular work to join them, and caricatured in his conduct the least worthy of their supposed characteristics. Occasional mischief there may have been: outrage there certainly was none.

That the rabbit-skins, occasionally visible in the neighbourhood of the men's huts and lodgings, had nothing to do with the springer, found rather more abundantly than usual by Watson and his vigilant subordinates in Wymerton woods—or that the presence of the aforesaid more frequent springers were not connected with the influx of navvies—is perhaps not

confidently to be affirmed; but even the less scrupulous of the men, authors of such misdeeds, drew some distinction between creatures "*ferre nature*" and occupants of the farm-yard. Hen roosts roosted undisturbed by larcenous intruders.

From the moment that actual havoc began amidst Alice's Oaks, old Sir Jeffrey made it a frequent practice to walk down and inspect the works; and, from the first, insisted that Clara, who had sealed the doom of the fine old timber trees, should at least have the courage to look upon the consequences of her decree. Of the navvies she had all along professed to have no personal fear, nor any shrinking from their rude appearance. Upon actual trial, her boast did not turn out to be unfounded. Indeed there must have been some token whereby the men themselves discerned upon her countenance the trustful and sympathetic feeling which she had towards them. They did not content themselves with offering her no rudeness; but always greeted her with a manly respectful politeness. At the least intimation of her presence, the coarse language, which, alas! would generally disgrace their talk among themselves, was hushed forthwith: a rough word, if dropped in disregard of it, being silenced by such an admonitory growl from his companions, as checked at once the tongue of the offender. The fall of the oaks had opened out a view through the cutting of much picturesque beauty. One day, Clara, though but a poor performer with the pencil, had brought down a sketch-book to attempt a drawing. It was a beautiful afternoon; but showers had fallen in the morning. The men were still resting after their mid-day meal. She seated herself, at some little distance from them, upon a bank, well cushioned with moss and dried grasses only just beginning to put forth green blades. To Cousin Martha's dread—for she was by no argument, nor any practical demonstration, to be moved from the tremulous awe of her prejudices against the navvies—one of the square shouldered Titans, with huge whiskers, a red night-cap, unlaced high-lows, much encrusted with clay, and shirt-sleeves tucked up above the muscular fore-arm, rose, and seizing up some nondescript article,

strode towards them. Cousin Martha plumped down upon the bank next to Clara, and clung to her side with fear.

"Please, Miss," growled the giant, not without turning lobster-red with bashfulness as he spoke, "would ye be so good as to get up a bit, and stand aside from that ere." Clara did so, with a frank smile of inquiry, Cousin Martha with a spasmodic effort. Then did the massive earth-worker unfold his dubious bundle, which proved to be a rough, but perfectly clean, pea-jacket, of a thickness which might have defied a deluging rain. He spread it out neatly upon the bank. "I reckon the grass is damper nor you knows of, Miss; and I've heerd tell as damp is nowise good for pratty creatures such as you: so to mak' bold, Miss, you sit down on that thick slop of mine, and you'll be dry and comfortable." And forthwith, heedless of either thanks or protestations, he turned upon his heel and went his way to wheel-barrow, pickaxe, and spade again.

The man was a "ganger," as it is termed in technical phraseology, that is to say, a sort of sergeant or corporal of the working army; or, to speak more correctly, a sort of minor leader of "free spades," instead of "free lances," as in mediæval days. He took, on behalf of his "gang" or plump of spades, some subdivision of the contract for the manual labour: "set out" the work cunningly, in proportion to each man's strength and skill; kept, very shrewdly, an equitable proportion between the respective amounts of work and wages, at each week's end; and daily preached the doctrine of "hard work and tidy," from morning till sunset, by example no less than by precept.

Joe Tanner was this man's name; and he was from the West Riding of Yorkshire, a musical county, as some of my readers may know. The adventure of the jacket, which began, by no means ended his acquaintance with Clara. Being, as has been said, a ganger, he was not, as so many of his free-spades, a being in constant migration. Every time she came down that way, Clara saw him, and would endeavour to exchange a few words with him. She pointed him out to Sir Jeffrey, in proof that she had been right in refusing to draw too

sharp a line, in imagination, between Dame Alice's days and their own; and begged, moreover, that he would write to inform Squire Chilwood, that she had met with a modern Raleigh among the "railway ruffians." Sir Jeffrey took a liking to the man, and would always refer to him when he had inquiries to make about the progress of the work. One Sunday evening, having made a little round on their way up from Wymerton, where they had spent an hour or two, at the parsonage, when afternoon service was over, the old baronet, Clara, and her cousin, chanced upon Mr. Tanner, walking to-and-fro, with his horny hands embedded in the capacious pockets of that same memorable pea coat. They had some talk with him, more protracted than their wont: the time and place being favourable. So it chanced, that going ever forward, they found themselves in his company, close upon the house itself. Sir Jeffrey's hospitality would not allow him now to dismiss the "ganger" supperless: he, therefore, was invited to join the party in the servant's hall; and Sir Jeffrey had the good sense to propitiate the possible wrath of the butler at so startling a novelty as the introduction of a "navy" into the domestic refectory, by telling him that he was a man who had shown, upon occasion, much civility to Miss Jerningham. This apologetic explanation having been graciously received, it was soon discovered that Tanner was one of those men who satisfactorily countersign their own passports. He was a shrewd and pleasant-spoken man, not without such tokens of dry humour and keen observation in his talk as secured him interested listeners. He had seen a good deal of the country in his industrial campaigns, and not a little of the world, at least in its "engineering" and "excavating" circles of society.

"A very 'knowledgeable' sort of man," for a person in *his* condition of life," said the butler, with pompous condescension, in a chance mention of him, next day, to the second footman.

There was a small but well-toned organ in the library; and at family prayers, Sir Jeffrey or any musical guest, would often lead a psalm or hymn. Since Clara had been "at

home," as Sir Jeffrey *would* call it, there had been seldom passed a night, and never a Sunday night, without such observance. It was suggested by some one in the servants' hall, as the prayer-bell rang, that Mr. Tanner might like to hear Miss Clara's singing; and the music-loving ear of the West Riding man made him glad to catch at the suggestion. It was a simple, severe, devotional tune, which he heard in the great library; but never had it been his to hear music, of any character whatever, sung by such a voice as Clara's, nor by so finished a musician.

The butler considered that the experiment was a failure, so far as any appreciation of Miss Clara's singing was concerned; for when he questioned the railway-labourer thereupon, the only answer vouchsafed was—

"There now, man, don't ee talk of that now, don't ee!"

But though he refused to talk of it to the butler, and though it was some time before he could make up his mind to talk of it at all, yet he could not, at last, refrain himself; and he took an opportunity of letting Clara know herself what impression her music had left upon him.

"He would gi' a good summat himself," he said, "to hear 'the likes of such' again; and a good deal too to let 'some of our chaps' get hearing of it; though he couldn't well see how that were to be managed, Miss!"

"I see it, though," said Sir Jeffrey, when Clara, that day, at dinner, related her conversation with Joe Tanner.

"We'll give a party, and ask the navvies; have music in the library, and a supper in the hall. Mr. Owen, the clergyman at Wymerton, has said a good deal about treating them in a friendly manner, and I think he will be in favour of the move. Of course we must have him up here to superintend."

Clara clapped her hands with glee, like a child, at the proposal.

Mr Owen *was* in favour of the proceeding; and after due consideration as to details of management, an invitation was made in due form, through Mr. Tanner, to the party at work on the Wymerton cutting. They were in number about fifty. On the appointed evening they marched up, in a sort of order, to the house, with the over-looker, timekeeper, and gangers. More

of them than might have been expected appeared in cloth coats; some in neat blue slops; others in white ones, washed to a dazzling brilliancy, and not destitute of starch.

The concert—for to such proportions had the musical entertainment grown—was both instrumental and vocal. Sir Jeffrey had thought that all the company might not have the same appreciation for Clara's performances as Mr. Tanner; and had, consequently, secured the services of a brass band from a neighbouring town. But although the rousing strains of that powerful orchestra were much approved and applauded—there was one trombone, in particular, whose vibration threw down (so the housemaid asserted) a bust, of which it is certain that the nose was soon afterwards found mysteriously broken one morning—yet the last offence, which even Squire Harry, who was present, could have charged upon the auditory, was a want of delight and enthusiasm at Miss Jerningham's singing. Clara, who had been bent upon securing their approbation, had carefully selected her music, and arranged its order in skilful gradation. She first sang a ballad or two, each embodying a simple and touching story. These she spoke or declaimed musically, rather than actually sang. The clear silvery precision with which every syllable was given, and the emphasis which marked every word or line, pregnant with special meaning, brought home to the understanding and feelings of the simplest-minded of her rough hearers, the effect intended by the triple harmony of imagery, rhythm, and music. "There now, poor thing!" was the responsive murmur which greeted the sadder of the tales. When she next sang, the music, plaintive still, but more ornate, was such as to tell its own tale, with less help from the words, still English. The third piece was a thoroughly scientific, yet expressive, work of Beethoven's, the wording of which, being German, counted, of course, for nothing. And, at the last she gave them, in its native Italian, if I may say so, a passage from one of the old Maestro's latest operas, composed expressly for herself, and studied with the most assiduous care, to every peculiarity of her voice and style. There was in it, a recitative, solemn and vibrating in tone, tending

gradually to a hymn of invocation. In the opera itself, during the singing of this hymn, a crowd had silently come in, and formed and packed itself round about the songstresses, wrapped in temporary oblivion of all that passed without her. To them she turned upon a sudden, and burst into a passionate rousing ode of exhortation. Nine or ten bars of this vehement, yet harmonious, address had not been uttered by her, when the enthusiasm of the men passed all bounds; and they fairly interrupted her with a round of cheers, stamping with their thick heels upon the library floor, jumping up from their seats, and clapping hands. She had carried her audience by storm.

Sir Jeffrey judged that this was the right climax of the musical festivity; and as soon as Clara had finished her piece, gave the signal for adjournment to the Hall, where a supper which other guests than navvies might have thought sumptuous was laid out. One little attention, which Clara herself had thought of paying them was appreciated far more delicately than she could have thought possible. She had picked and made up a little nosegay of flowers to lay in each man's plate; and was much gratified to see the care and concern with which one and all fastened them in their button-holes, or pinned them to the breast of their frocks. Surely there were strange and happy sights to be seen that evening in the hall at Wymerton. The compilers of manuals of etiquette, might, indeed, have found serious fault with some of the knife and fork manœuvres, and the passing of cuffs along the rims of tankards, though well-meant, might have appeared to them, in strictness, reprehensible; but the respectful and almost bashful demeanour of the Titanic guests, upon the whole, could not have failed to attract the attention and conciliate the good-will of any observer of healthy mind. Clara and Mrs. Owen, and a few other ladies present, sat at a sort of transverse board, or high table, as they would have said at Oxford: in the centre of which, as master of the feast, sat Sir Jeffrey. But the two great side-tables, which joined it, and went down lengthwise through the Hall, had each of them a chosen president and vice-president at either end,

with a sprinkling of gentlemen on either side amongst the labouring guests. Only fancy Squire Harry himself, fairly carried away by the stream of sociable good feeling, and by his own really genial character, occupied, as chairman at one of these very tables, in wielding a colossal carving-knife and fork against a mountainous round of spiced beef, which was worthy to be dispensed to the "railway ruffians," by so stalwart and steel-wristed a carver as he!

Of Parson Owen's timidity not a trace was discernible that night. He was quite at home with the names and persons respectively of Bill and Bob, and Tom and Jim, and other holders of curtailed Saxon appellations. If not so vigorous a carver as the sporting baronet, he was a keen detector of empty plates, and a handy man at the re-filling of them; and indeed in the lighter skirmishings with puddings and custards, tarts and jellies, that succeeded to the severer encounter with joints, proved himself to possess talents as a dispenser, which the Squire might himself have envied.

He made a very good little speech, too, did Parson Owen, that evening, when it came to his turn to do so, kindly meant and kindly taken, having a gentle earnestness in its tone, befitting the character and calling of him who made it.

So that the success of the party was throughout unquestionable. One grand incident, to which I should in vain endeavour to do full justice, having been the Yorkshire oration of Joe Tanner in returning thanks on the men's behalf, and proposing the health of the "young lady."

Two days after the supper, there was an unexpected arrival at Wymerton.

The old Maestro, who had a general invitation from Sir Jeffrey, and who somehow considered himself to have full right of access wherever his dear and gifted pupil might be found, made his appearance, and of course met with hearty welcome. Clara knew his every mood so well, that she had soon perceived there was something unusual upon his mind. His absent manner, interrupted frequently and abruptly, by periods of quick and fidgety consciousness, was very different from that calm forgetfulness of things present and gradual

return to the remembrance of them, to which she had been accustomed on his part. His excitement also, alternating with that absence of mind, was manifestly different in character from that which the throbbing of his genius would sometimes work in him : there was in it a restlessness and an evident anxiety, such as she had never noticed before. Though she were the first to detect these things, she was not long left alone in the observation of them.

"I can't imagine, Clara dear," said Cousin Martha, "what can have come to the Maestro: don't you see how unlike himself he is since he came here?"

"Unlike himself, perhaps, is too strong a word for it; but some peculiarity of manner I have seen in him."

"It's not a musical fit, Clara, for certain: for I've watched him through two or three of those; and though he's queer enough at times in one of them, it's another sort of queerness altogether."

This perhaps was not quite the formula of expression which Clara would herself have used to state the case; but it gave expression to the same judgment, as that which she had formed herself, and she could not gainsay her cousin.

"Depend upon it," Martha resumed, "there's something on his mind that wants to come off it: something serious too. I wonder whether he has any bad news to tell. Where did he come from, Clara?"

"He said that he spent only one day in London on his way here. I think. He had come straight from Italy."

"Can it be anything about the poor young countess, or her brother?"

suggested Martha; and an involuntary pang of fear passed cold over Clara's heart for an instant, although she had at hand a reasoning answer to give at once.

"No, thank God! Pia is well: and though her brother is yet absent, she expresses no sort of alarm or apprehension about him. I had a letter from her this morning, later than any intelligence the Maestro could have brought: for she mentions his having left Florence before she wrote."

Cousin Martha was not over-quick of apprehension, and it took her some few minutes to turn this over in her thoughts, and to adopt the conclusion that her suggestion really was in all probability erroneous.

She went on knitting, as she pondered the force of Clara's answer. Clara herself was copying music at a writing table: no sound broke the silence but such as came from the dottings of her own pen on the manuscript.

"I'm certain, though, there's some bad news," began again her cousin. Then after another silence—

"Perhaps Mark Brandling's dead: the Maestro was very fond of him, dear fellow."

So keen and quick was the new pang which darted now through Clara's heart—so unexpected too, and so strange in its keenness and its quickness, that the pen dropped from her fingers, and she pressed both her hands for a moment to her side.

The action was over even before Martha had raised her eyes from the knitting; whatsoever it had betrayed it had betrayed to herself alone: nor did a quiver in her tone let her cousin know the effort it cost her, to her own infinite surprise, to say "How can you take up such unreasonable fancies, Martha?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE MAESTRO'S NOTION

VERY eagerly did Clara scan the Maestro's countenance when next they met. Very searchingly did she note, and very accurately balance every token of disturbance in his look, word, manner. Had she felt no very special interest at stake in the solution of the question, she would have been satisfied, after the scrutiny she made, that there could be no grounds for her

cousin's conjecture. She would have confidently relied upon what her own finer observation taught her, that with whatever secret the Maestro's mind was charged, it was not of such weighty and sad import as the death of any friend.

As mere matter of judgment, she felt sure of her negative conviction. But she could not hide it from herself

now, that something in her, less cool, determinate and wise, than judgment, longed for some more downright unquestionable confirmation of the quieting truth.

How different are the estimates we form of other persons' peculiarities at different times, according as they thwart or forward an object we have at heart. Good Cousin Martha had a fidgety way with her upon occasions, ending in outbursts of blunt assertions, or of awkwardly direct questionings, which, not seldom, tried Clara's patience sorely, and would send the blood tingling into her ears with annoyance. The dead set which Martha made that evening at the tea table, upon the supposed secret of the Maestro was just of that kind, which, ordinarily, would have provoked her almost beyond endurance; but if she were at all provoked this time, it was only at perceiving with what tact and skill the Maestro appeared to evade her cousin's simple fussy strategy. The truth was, that whatever lay upon the mind of their friend, it was at least so far removed from the matter of his questioner's surmise, that his tact and skill in evasion consisted simply in not evading, nor endeavouring to evade, any of her unsuspected manoeuvres.

Such as they were, however, they were soon entirely abandoned by Cousin Martha, who determined to hurry on a crisis by putting, in abrupt and quick succession, two downright questions.

"Do you remember Mark, Maestro?"

"Mark, Miss Martha. Do you mean my friend, the Vulcan, at Venice? Of course I remember him."

Clara had scarcely time to assure herself, that his look and tone, as he spoke thus, confirmed her previous conclusion thoroughly, before the second question was put, an answer to which must needs solve every doubt.

"Have you seen him since you have been in England, or heard of him at all?"

"I have neither seen nor heard of him, dear Miss Martha; how should I? I was two days in London, and then came here; and wherever Vulcan may be, he cannot think but that I am still in Italy. What made you ask such questions of me? I shall begin to make inquiries in return."

But Clara gave no farther heed to their talk. A glow of tremulous joy had passed, not over, but through her, as the Maestro's words had dissipated the last film of that cold cloud, which, as if by an evil spell, the unaccountable morbid fancy of her cousin had called up on a sudden within her. It would have been trifling with her own self-consciousness to thrust away the honest consideration of the true meaning of the twofold emotion she had felt that day. Neither the spasm which had dated through her at the words, "perhaps Mark Brandling is dead," nor yet the deep, strong, calm sense of relief which penetrated her, when it was demonstrated that Cousin Martha's misgiving was a mere freak of the fancy, could fairly be classed with such feelings as would have been excited in the case of some ordinary friend, even if that word friend should be allowed to mean more than a mere acquaintance.

She had never underrated the worth of the young working-man, nor doubted of his esteem and regard for her. But she had not at any time understood that his whole heart was indeed hers; at least until Rosina's revelations had seemed to force the thought upon her; nor had she done more than just suspect that something in her own might even possibly, in part, be given to him. The latter suspicion, however, was now fairly roused, no little to her own surprise. She could not remember that her thoughts had ever been engaged with speculations upon the probability of again meeting with Mark Brandling, or upon the possible event of a renewal of their intimacy. But it was now made evident to her, that few subjects could be more painful for them to rest on than any certainty that such a meeting never would take place.

Yet, after all, what had thus unexpectedly been shown to her within herself, was rather an indication of what might be than a revelation of anything which now existed in a definite form. Although it gave her matter for some serious reflection, it neither could nor did engross her thought and feeling. She was, therefore, still much interested in the Maestro's unwonted manner, and not seldom busy in conjectures as to the cause whence it derived its origin. One bright sunshiny morning, as she passed from the

breakfast room windows out on to the grass-plots of Dame Alice's garden, she became aware that whatever the secret might be, the time had come for the confiding of it to Sir Jeffrey. For as she turned and bent down close by the window-sill to pick a flower, she heard the Maestro say—

"Well, it must finish, Sir Jeffrey, and you must know for what I came now to Wymerton. Can you spare half an hour, and walk down by the mere, where we shall be alone. My dear, Sir Jeffrey," said the Italian, as they went, side by side, over the mossy carpet of grass, which led down to the water's edge, "tell me, I pray you, frankly, would it be too ridiculous if I should take a wife?"

"A wife! Maestro. Well, if I must speak the whole truth, I should say that you and I—we're much of one standing I reckon—should have thought of taking one sooner, or not at all."

"Possibly. But, yet you see in our dear Clara's case"—

"Clara's! My dear Maestro, ridiculous is too weak a word!"

"Stop, carosignormio, stop! Here's an imbriglio to begin with, all because I have not begun at the beginning."

"Well, then, begin there over again," said the baronet, with a good-humoured smile of inquiry, "and I will promise, anyhow, not to interrupt you till you have stated your case."

"First of all, then," said the musician, "our dear Clara here is an artist, and an artist she will always be."

"That she is one, Maestro, I must needs admit. Who could gainsay it, when such a man as you affirm! But, in sincerity, my hope is that artist she may *not* always be."

"I know too well what manner of artist-soul is in yourself," rejoined the other, "to misunderstand your meaning for speaking so. You are not one of those dull lumps of clay which despise the glory of a gift they cannot understand. If you object to the artist-life for Clara, it is not because of what you feel for her gift: no! nor yet for the exercise of it; but only because of what you think of some of those conditions under which it must be exercised. Is it not so?"

"I should hardly, perhaps, sum up so briefly the whole score of my objections; yet, I believe you rightly feel what the nature of them is upon the

whole. You know that from the very first I was unwilling that Clara should adopt the 'vocation,' as she termed it, of an artist. Had I been consulted by her as a mere friend, I should have shown the same unwillingness; but, in plain truth, the child was born and bred almost under my roof, and I have always had for her a sort of father-love."

"And she has for you a sort of daughter's affection; but these qualified relations of love and duty are not absolute. You did not think yourself justified in peremptorily forbidding her from following her inclination, nor did she hold herself obliged to sacrifice it to your desire."

"True enough. Yet I trusted that at last we should be of one mind in the matter."

"Ah, you counted upon her giving way before technical difficulties, or upon her conceiving disgust at professional affronts. You thought her feet would be too tender to scale stony heights. But you will allow you did miscalculate, Sir Jeffrey."

"Well, I must own her tenacity and perseverance have been stronger than I had thought."

"Yes, yes," said the Maestro, rubbing his hands with gentle motion, one over the other, exulting secretly in the thought that he had a deeper, truer, appreciation of his favourite's character than even the man that had watched her from her cradle. "Yes, yes," you had not full measure of Clara's strength of purpose then: nor yet, perhaps, of something nobler than mere strength. The difficulties strength would conquer; but the disgusts required some other better thing. She was too high-minded to let small jealousies and envies move her out of her way onwards to become a great and successful artist. Ah! how can you think anything will beat or drive her back from her greatness now! I say again: she is, and she will be, an artist. You must feel I am speaking truth."

"Suppose it to be so, what then Maestro?"

"Why then I may feel safe in saying what I shrunk from putting prominently forth before;—that there are certain circumstances and conditions attending the exercise of her artist's profession from which I am as jealous to guard her as even you can be. Now this marriage, on which

I meant to consult you, seems to me to meet most of the difficulties"—

"My dear Maestro, forgive me, if once again I say that any notion so preposterous"—

"Preposterous, Sir Jeffrey! how so?"

"Why, consider your age alone."

"Well, I grant you I should be no jaunty bridegroom; but, as a set-off, the bride's years must almost equal mine."

"Equal yours! Have you lost your mind, Maestro?"

"Not a bit of it. I may be some way past sixty; but she will never see fifty-five again."

"Clara not see five-and-fifty! why, man, you must be staring mad!" said Sir Jeffrey, stepping forward three hurried paces, and turning round to look him full in the face.

"Mad yourself, caro signor mio! Who spoke of Clara's age?"

"Why you said that the bride, that is, the lady you meant to marry"—

"Well, and what has the bride's age to do with Clara's?"

"Were you not talking of proposing marriage to Clara, then?"

"Altro! curissimo, altro!" and the good old Maestro went off into fits of laughter.

"Of whom then, on earth, were you speaking?" inquired Sir Jeffrey, with puzzled looks, as if yet doubtful of his companion's sanity. Were you not talking of meeting the difficulties of Clara's position by marrying?"

"Marrying, by all means; but not my own dear musical daughter. You might indeed think I had taken a last leave of my wits."

"Whom then did, or do you think of marrying, in the name of all that's wonderful?"

"Why, Cousin Martha, to be sure!" said the Maestro. "You see, Sir Jeffrey, the dear girl is alone in the world; and must be so as things are now. You said just now you had a *sort* of father-love for her, and I took care to strengthen the stress upon the word, when I answered that she had also a *sort* of daughter-love in return, for you. And I took care to say that these affections were but a qualified, not an absolute bond between you. What if you should persuade her to give up her calling? Even at your age—we may speak freely upon dates, I take it,

after what has passed between us: even at your age, I say, it is not so certain that a cynical world would sanction your adoption of her as daughter, and her permanent abode under your roof as mistress of your house, eh?"

"Well, I must own that some undefined apprehension of this came over me, and seemed to cramp my liberty of action in those days when first my whole thought for her was to keep her from Italy and from the stage. I longed to say, 'Clara, stay at Wymerton, and be my daughter,' and yet felt that it was doubtful whether I could justify the invitation."

"Very good; I need insist upon this point no more. But, after all, it could never be practically discussed, until that had come to pass which is of all things the least probable."

"You mean her consenting to forego her successful and brilliant career?"

"Precisely. And in the vicissitudes of her artist life you must perceive that it is still more impossible for you to assume effectually a paternal position towards her, and to afford her its constant and complete protection."

Sir Jeffrey could not, in reason, gainsay this last assertion; he compressed his lips and shook his head, as if in reluctant admission of its truth. The Maestro, beating time with the forefinger of his right hand in the air, as if his argument were a musical cadence, proceeded to say:

"Cousin Martha is to all intents and purposes our Clara's mother."

Sir Jeffrey smiled, almost unconsciously, at the thought of any such authoritative character as the maternal, being ascribed to that good creature; and the Maestro, divining the meaning of the smile, said, as he caught its infection himself—

"Yes! yes! I know that; but without being undutiful, the strong character even of a loving daughter, may have control and sway over a mother's weaker and more plastic mind. Yet there is a mingling of mother-love with sister-love, in the affection with which Miss Martha cleaves to her cousin; moreover, she is her oldest and nearest female relative now living; and from the first step of Clara in her career of art has never left, nor thought of leaving, her side for a single day. I will cor-

rect myself, if you will; and instead of saying, 'Cousin Martha is Clara's mother, to *all* intents and purposes,' will put it so, 'she is for many practical purposes all the mother that the glorious orphan can have.'"

"Your notion is, then, that by making this good creature your wife, you would restore, for some intents and purposes, a father to poor Clara."

"Just so, my dear Sir Jeffrey, just so; I should at least gain a right—I should incur a duty—of following Clara's footsteps; of watching over her, of guiding her, of answering for her sometimes, and of shielding her always. For an old man's interposition is always venerable, if not always a powerful safeguard."

"Especially, Maestro, when his whole course of life and character has commanded such esteem and respect, both public and private, as have been justly won by you."

"You express yourself only too kindly; and I well know that my many friends, public and private, have accorded me far more esteem and regard than ever I have fairly deserved. Yet the fact of their having granted so much to me, however little I am worthy of it, has not been without its influence upon my mind in forecasting this matter. In some respects I could wish for some one far more competent than I am to discharge the duties of a guardian to Clara; but my long and varied acquaintance with different phases of this artist life, and my numerous connexions, of long standing, with the principal personages in the management of artistic affairs, would give me, perhaps, some special advantages in discharge of such an office. And now that you know my mind, tell me, frankly, dear Sir Jeffrey, shall I do wrong in offering marriage to 'Cousin Martha'?"

"Really, Maestro, the question is put to me so unexpectedly that I feel at a loss to give an answer forthwith. But first, frankly tell me, do I know your whole mind on the matter; it may help me to make up mine upon it?"

"What whole mind, dear sir? I have told you of things just as they are."

"Do I understand you, then, that Clara's interest, advantage, comfort, is all you would thus seek to secure?"

"What other object could I possibly have in view?"

"I hardly like to suggest it," said the baronet, with a little hesitation; "but there are certain sentiments—or shall I say feelings?—or, in short, one might feel inclined to ask,—whether—in fact?"—

"Al piacere suo signor; ask any question which seems to you good: ask outright, and I will answer openly."

"Well, then, with regard to your feelings for herself?"

"For whom? For Clara?—why, no father, I verily do believe, *could* love his darling daughter better. Her genius and her talent I did not give her, it is true; but I have done so much to mould and fashion them!"—

"Yes! But I am not asking any thing about your attachment to Clara."

"To whom then?"

"To the woman you propose to marry, to her Cousin Martha, as a matter of course."

The old Maestro looked up into his friend's face with an air of genuine perplexity and surprise. It really seemed as if these last words had presented him with a novel view of the matter under discussion.

"In truth, my dear friend," he said, slowly and deliberately, as if feeling his way upon new and unaccustomed ground: "in truth I have not given much consideration to this branch of the subject we are now discussing. I don't know that I have any peculiar attachment for Miss Martha, now you mention it. There *are* certain sentiments, as you very justly say; but whether my sentiments—at any rate Miss Martha is an estimable person,—yes, an amiable person, and entirely devoted to Clara. Yes—that is the point, you see, Sir Jeffrey—entirely devoted to Clara."

"But what of her devotedness to you, my dear Maestro? It is usual in these cases to give some thought to that point as well. Have you any reason to believe that Cousin Martha would incline to lend a favourable ear to such a proposal as you contemplate?"

"Why should she not, when it is evident that Clara's position?"—

"Say no more, my good friend," interrupted Sir Jeffrey, "you have answered abundantly the questions I

wished to put. In all this scheme, if I do not misunderstand you, there is nothing personal to Cousin Martha, nothing personal to yourself, which enters for much into the calculation. All that you wish to secure is Clara's benefit and convenience."

"My dear Sir Jeffrey, you read in my mind as in an open book."

"Such being the case I should wish to keep from expressing here, and at once, any opinion of my own upon the question you submit to me. Will you let me speak openly, but in strict confidence, to Clara herself before I presume to advise you in the matter."

"By all means," said the Maestro, "consult with Clara first, and then advise me. Ah! what a screech! what a discordant hideous whistle! That will be the engine down at the iron road there, will it not! Surely they might make the steam-breath sound a note which should be penetrating, and yet be musical."

Clara's astonishment was great at learning the true nature of the matter which had been so manifestly working disturbance in the mind of her old musical mentor. She was touched to the very quick by this proof of an affection more tender, generous, and provident than any she could have known that the Maestro cherished for her, even though she had long since been accustomed to rely upon the heartiness and sincerity of his friendship. But the brimming tears, which a sense of gratitude brought up under her eyelids, would perforce be shaken thence by the irresistible laughter provoked by her keen sense of the ludicrous incongruity between the facts of the case and the conjectures regarding them in which Cousin Martha, whom they so nearly concerned, had indulged with so much mistaken ingenuity.

Upon reflection, she determined to say nothing to the Maestro through the intervention of any third person:

"For I cannot consent, dear Sir Jeffrey, to waive all considerations but such as are personal to me. I am bound to consult the Maestro's happiness and Cousin Martha's, not my own advantage or convenience, in what I shall say concerning the strange proposal."

And strange enough it was, in truth,
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for Clara to find herself placed in a position wherein the usual order of probabilities was thus reversed.

Neither Clara nor Cousin Martha would have attributed to the relation which existed between them so much of the maternal character as the Maestro had assumed in speaking of it to Sir Jeffrey; still there was the indisputable fact of Martha's long seniority, coupled with the consideration, that there had been a sort of authority over his daughter delegated to her implicitly by Willie Jerningham, as on his dying bed he had commended Clara to her care.

That Martha should have been in deliberation over an offer to be made to her young cousin would have been natural enough, and in strict accordance with the wonted course of things; but that Clara should find herself arbitress, in a manner, of a proposal to be made to Martha, and that by a man to whom she could herself look up with an almost filial affection and duty, was certainly a surprising and, in some degree, a perplexing circumstance. Apart from that feeling, which perhaps all young folk have, sometimes unconsciously, in such cases, that their elders are returning to trespass upon enchanted ground which they forfeited once for all their claim to stand upon, in those days when their youthful feet passed by and would not turn aside to tread on it, she thought she knew enough of both the persons interested, by reason of her long and unreserved intimacy with them, to justify her in doubting whether an union between them were likely to promote their real comfort and happiness.

Cousin Martha's nature, indeed, was compliant no less than kindly and true. It was obviously possible that she might change her mode of life again as easily as she had done once already. She could scarcely have so many new lessons of altered habit to learn in becoming the Maestro's partner, as she had learnt with willing heart when she became companion to the enthusiastic student.

Clara could not be dull enough to fail in perception of this, nor ungrateful enough to fail in appreciation of it.

But be the clay never so yielding some hand must mould it: and such hand, to mould aright, must be in-

formed by a will having intent and purpose: and such will, moreover, in the moulding of that which concerns no dull clay but a human heart, itself needs to be informed by a spirit of love. Whence it appeared to Clara that she must first of all clear up this one point,—whether indeed, as Sir Jeffrey seemed to think, the Maestro were entirely uninfluenced in his plan by any special affection for her cousin. If he were truly so, then she felt that she should be doing Cousin Martha no wrong,—since she had no suspicion whatever of the Maestro's possible intention,—were she to judge of the matter simply and exclusively in regard to him and to his welfare. But when the time came for an interview with himself upon the subject, she did not find it so easy as she had expected to discover with certainty what his real sentiments were.

The perfect freedom from all apparent embarrassment with which he first relieved her from that which she felt at opening the conversation, inclined her to believe that Sir Jeffrey's representation was correct, and that his personal feelings were by no means involved. But perhaps she suffered him to perceive too readily that such was her assumption; for, with a half-playful, half-earnest diplomacy, he refused to let her take it for granted now, that her benefit and convenience were the sole objects he had in view. Her embarrassment now returned upon her with increasing force, until, at last, she felt herself fairly driven to say:

"My dear, good, kind Maestro, do not misunderstand me, nor do me the injustice to think me presumptuous, selfish, and heartless, in putting the case as I have done. Though I well know and deeply feel your goodness for me, greater and more undeserved than I can tell, I should never have ventured to speak of this matter, as one in which I was principally concerned, were it not for what I understood you to have said to Sir Jeffrey."

"Well, carina, when I spoke to him, I have no doubt I believed I was making a whole confession. But you know thoughts and feelings will shrink and creep into all sorts of holes and corners of one's mind, and lie hidden even from one's self, until some keen, quick questioner, such as you are,

comes to rout them out pitilessly. Why should you think me so unselfish as to have taken no thought for my own comfort and pleasure in planning the scheme which is now submitted to you? I want a daughter—that is true—a daughter full-grown at her birth; a noble singer, not a squalling baby:—and so I wish to be able to adopt you forthwith, for good and all. But, perhaps, after all, the companionship of a good and gentle creature, that shall care for me with a wifely care, and bear with all my odd, eccentric ways as patiently as I am sure Miss Martha would do, may not seem in itself an object undesirable. There is a chimney-corner aspect of domestic happiness in such a marriage as I contemplate, not over winsome in eyes as bright as yours are yet with the young light of life and coming love; but which, for all that, has an attraction, strong, though gentle, for eyes that look out of such windows as these," and he took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and shook them at her smilingly.

"Ah, dear Maestro! if I said one word which seemed to thwart your wish, you know right well what feeling spoke in it. I feared lest such a marriage—lest any marriage—should cramp and fetter you, after the long untrammelled years in which your genius"—

"There, now. I was forced to ask three minutes back, why you should think me so unselfish in my designs; and all of a sudden I must turn round and inquire, snappishly, by what right you judge me to be so selfish as you seem to do. Why should I not have at heart in this the conferring of some latter crop of happiness, in loving and being loved, upon your cousin? Not in the boy and girl sense of the phrase, perhaps, carina, but in a sense genuine and true, spite of that difference."

"Sure am I, dear friend," she said, "that nothing could be further from my thought than to rob Cousin Martha of the rich store of affection which at any stage of its being, so tender and generous a heart as yours can give. All that I feared was lest any wrong should be done her, by giving so much weight to considerations not wholly personal to herself."

"Fine talk, Miss Clara! What you really fear is to find your tiresome old

Maestro gaining some new right to inflict himself upon you."

She caught his hand in one of hers, as he spoke thus; and gently raised her other to his lips to stop the words.

"Dear, dear, Maestro, you shall not speak so: not even in a playful mood; or I shall run to Cousin Martha, and tell her all upon the spot, and beseech her to consent to whatever you propose, for *my* sake, if not for her own and yours."

"Indeed, you naughty wayward girl, you shall do nothing of the sort. I will have nothing rashly done. I am no fiery feverish youth, remember; but if I do speak to your cousin upon this matter, will do it at my own time, in my own way, with my own words. I had some little fretfulness of impatience about me till a crisis should come: that, however, was so long as I kept the secret to myself. Since I have spoken out to Sir Jeffrey and to you, all that is gone; and I can again deliberate."

And this was all that Clara could get from him then.

It was perhaps all that he had, in truth, to tell. Whilst turning over in his own mind the scheme which was to secure to Clara something like the constant and sacred protection of a father's presence and authority, he had let his attention concentrate wholly upon the means of securing that result alone; and had, in all simplicity, neglected to be at any pains in estimating the manner and degree in which the compassing of it might affect Cousin Martha or himself. But as Sir Jeffrey's question had first roused his imagination to picture to itself something of this forgotten aspect of the matter, and as his answers to Clara's closer, livelier questioning, had forced him to sketch in more precisely, with colouring and with accessories, this picture of the mind, he found himself far from displeased with the effect of it, and so he determined to leave it a little while in the new light in which it had been placed, and before taking a final determination, to study it therein.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TUNNEL THE BARNER, AND THE RIVE MAIDEN

Just beyond the cutting, which sufficed to bring the rails upon the necessary level, through the glade shadowed by the stately oaks of Dame Alice, the ground took a sudden and lofty rise. A tunnel must be driven through the base of the steep though not wide-spreading hill. Its entrance would be within, its exit without, the boundaries of the estate of Wymerton.

"But," said Joe Tanner, "I doubt, Sir Jeffrey, you won't have seen the last of us within your palings quite so soon as ye might wish, for all we're close upon the line of them."

"Why, Tanner," said the baronet in answer, "I'm not in any hurry to be rid of you, nor of your strapping mates. I've no quarrel with one of them, to my knowledge; and you and I are friends, I hope, for good and all. But since you are so near the palings, as you say, what is to keep you any length of time on this side of their line?"

"Toonnel, Sir Jeffrey, sure; what else?"

"What! a little boro of that length stop such a gang as yours for any

time! I should have looked to see your spades and picks go through it, as one of those scoops the grocers use, cuts a round hole through a last year's cheese."

"Well, sir, if we could get this bit of hill side here, put under a tight screw, you know, for a month or two—like them cheese you talk on—we'd a giant dairy-maid to give screw a turn o' mounn's reg'lar, mayhap the whey 'd run out a bit, and then a man might talk o' putting a scoop through un, easy like."

"The whey run out a bit, man! What do you mean?"

"I means just somewhere about what I said, sir. There's milk enough left in you cheese to trickle down a bit, and spoil the scooping; leastways, unless Joe Tanner's out in his reckon-ing."

"What—you mean there's wet work likely to be come across in boring here—springs, and so on?"

"Ay, sir! Wet enough work; and shifty slippery stuff for wet to soak into. Nothing tough and sticky, seemingly, like in that cheese o' your'n."

"Well, Tanner, I'm no geologist, I'm sorry to say. I suppose the strata lay pretty much in my time where they lie now; but no professor ever taught me to cut scientific sandwiches through them. You may be right or wrong, but I can't contradict you."

"Can't say, sir, as I be much of a 'geologer' in book larnin way myself neither; but I knows the carrakter of a bit o' ground, when I looks at un; special when I has a shaft or two sunk in un. See there, just under yon ash-tree,—near the palins,—where the muck lies heaped:—that's one little hole I had made a Saturday; but he's a deep un. Then there's another, about two hundred yards on t'other side, down to the right a bit. Ah! and another, further on, where the land dips to the 'Pigs-mash' as they call it—that's off your land you know."

"Well, Joe! so you sunk shafts,—like my grocer after all, when cheese tasting—and have scooped up a sample of what's underneath the scrubby hill-side, eh! And that makes you think there'll be some trouble with the springs in tunnelling. Has the company's chief engineer had a look at things?"

"Ah! He's had a look or two. And squinted at 'em ugly enough to my mind when he had."

"Did you hear him give an opinion, Tanner, on the matter you mention?"

"No! I didn't hear un give no opinion. He ain't much in the way of givin' 'em I reckon. Besides which, it's the contractor's trouble, not the company's, when toonnels is unpleasant a borin', sir!"

"And trouble this tunnel is to give to somebody; so you think. Let's hope you may be mistaken, Joe."

"Hope! yes! I'll hope: there's no harm in hopin', as I knows on;—but if we don't have a sloppy job, and a worrit wi' water in the toonnel, I'm a Dutchman—there now. Good mornin', sir. How's the young lady, if I may be bold to ax afore ye go?"

"Fresh and hearty, thank ye, Joe, and singing like a wood-thrush when I came out this morning."

"I tell 'ee what, sir. It's tidy singin' is thrushes'; but that Miss Clara o' yours could teach the sweetest thrush a notion about singin': that she could."

"Come up on Sunday evening then,

and have supper in the servant's hall; and you'll hear one of her psalms again. But I dare say she'll come across you herself, between this and then, and give you an invitation of her own. Good morning, Joe!"

Clara *did* come across her "navigator" friend and admirer before the Sunday in question, and gave the invitation, as Sir Jeffrey had expected. And, on his own part, the Yorkshireman was devising the feasibility of making some return for the civility shown to his mates and himself, and endeavouring to light upon some circumstance which should justify them in giving an invitation to the baronet and the young lady. Parson Owen, unwittingly, gave him the hint he was seeking. There was a village "revel" kept at some five miles from his parish at Wymerton: a festival whereof he dreaded, at all times, not without reason, the moral effects upon his own people. It was a favourite resort of holiday-making lads and lasses of all that country side; but lads and lasses alike had often found cause to rue their presence at that resort of rustic dissipation.

"I suppose, Joe, your men will be striking work on Thursday next, for Cameley revel?"

"I reckon the most on 'em will, sir."

"What a pity, too, just now, when things have been going on so quietly and well. There has been no great outburst of drink or other mischief among them for so long! And I know that wretched revel will produce one. Don't you think it will, Tanner?"

"Well there, ye know, the men will almost always get wild, when out upon a spree, worse luck! And the longer they've been quiet, the wilder they do burst out at times."

I suppose it's no use talking to them about not going down to Cameley, and keeping to the work that day?"

"I don't know but that it might hap our chaps would stick to work all through the afternoon, sir, if it lay all on them. But ye see there's a lot o' chaps as don't set up for 'navvies,' regular—but helps and tends, you know. They're all men of the neighbourhood, and 'tis they that set the talk of Cameley revel going. I doubt they're used to keep this holiday and

won't be gotten to work a stroke after the dinnering at noon. That will stop us you see: and our chaps will have nowt to do, but follow 'em down to Cameley yonder."

"Too true, too true," said Parson Owen, with a rueful shake of his head: "work stopped—the men idle — and the revel not five miles off. There'll be no keeping them out of it, that I can think of. We *do* manage to keep our younger school-children from it, Mrs. Owen and I, that's to say nine out of every ten, or more; but that's not to be thought of with navvies."

"If I might make so bold, sir, how d'ye frame it, to keep the bairns away from Cameley: for if there's drinking booths to draw my chaps down, there's peep-shows and spice-bread stalls to coax the little uns!"

"Oh! that's an easy thing enough, Joe! We have a 'revel' of our own that afternoon; tea and romps in the rectory gardens, and spice-bread in plenty, with nothing to pay for it."

"Ah! nowt to pay for't that's where ye beats the revel hollow, Parson, I reckon."

Then after a pun-c, Joe drew with rapid motion his right hand from its meditative plunging into the wide pocket of his corduroys; and slapped his thigh with a force which startled a squirrel peering down from the lower branch of one of the unfelled famous oaks of Alice. "Yon's a famous plan o' yours, about the bairns, ye know, and jost the thing for our chaps if they'll fall in wi' it."

"What! Tea, and romps, and spice-bread in the rectory garden, keep your men from the 'revel,' Joe! Why, the place isn't big enough to hold them; and in point of fact—to tell you the honest truth—it's as much as I can afford to treat the children, as the party's all my own giving, and has nothing to do with the school feast which old Sir Jeffrey"—

"There, sir, don't 'ee trouble nowt about that," said Tanner, with some loftiness of manner; "we know your heart's larger than your money-bag, Mr. Owen. Some of our chaps' sick missuses have found out that long ago. The weather's been fine, and the work fairish these weeks; there's no want o' brass in our breeches pocket just now. Mayhap, if there were, the chaps would think less o'

going down to Cameley now. We don't want no one to give us a party; but I've been thinking this good bit as it was our turn to gi' others one."

"Give others one! Explain yourself, my good friend, I don't see what you are aiming at."

"Why, yes, it should be gi' and tak', ye know; and t'ould gentleman up at the house treated us as he might his own sort. I've a wished afore now we could have axed him and the singing bird beauty, his Miss Clara there, to tea or summat. Some o' the chaps ha' said they'd like to do it well enough when I'd a noticed it. And now your talk o' keepin folk from you revel seems to put it in one's way to do the thing. If we could have some quiet pleasant 'to-do' a Thursday on our own hook: there's none but three or four scamps, mayhap, of all the gang as wouldn't stay up here for it."

"I am sure, my good friend: it's a very excellent idea, if one could see one's way to setting it a-going. Although, perhaps, there would be something unusual in"—

"I've got it!" interrupted Joe, with another portentous slap, violent enough to startle timid Mr. Owen, almost as much as the former had startled little bushy-tail.

"I sees my way to settin' it a goin': and gonn' famous too, if it war' not for want of a 'moggany wheel-barren'."

"Do I understand you to say 'a moggany wheel-barrow,' Tanner? For what possible purpose could you wish for such an implement, and how could it possibly help out the party you propose to give?"

Ah, yes! continued the navvy, in continuation of a soliloquy, rather than in answer to his question. "A moggany wheel-barrer, to be sure, and a small bright spade, wi' a handle of hard black wood, rubbed shiny; yes! and a little pick to match. If I could only get hold of *them* we mought do the thing handsom."

"Do *what* thing handsome, Tanner? I am really more than ever at a loss to catch your meaning."

"Why, look ye, Mr. Owen, you said but now, it wasn't usual . . . well, I suppose ye meant for gentle folk to come to navigators' tea-meetin's. Not as I've knowed much tea-meet-

in's among the navvies anyhow, mayhap you'll say. But gentlemen and workmen's much o' one flesh and blood I reckon, and I think I've heerd a parson read summat rather like it out of the good book now!"

"I am sure—Tanner—I hope, at least, you've never known me do or say a thing intentionally to go against a truth of such a kind. Differences of rank and condition"—

And here good Parson Owen might perchance have begun to fall into an apologetic homily, had not his sturdy interlocutor cut it short with:

"Well, well, sir, you've all'ays treated us as a man should men, so we've no call to quarrel over that bone, not you and I haven't. But when you said it was unusual, it struck me, first, as many good things is unusual: and next, as how I could remember a grand 'to do' with gentle folk and railway folk and all together, as I was one of once."

"And was there a mahogany wheelbarrow, Tanner?"

"I believe ye, and a tidy play-toy too, wi' a little spade, and a little pick, and a square inch o' siller plate on all three of 'em, and a 'scription on the square inch."

"It was a grand joonction line as they were takin' in hand, and so they had some grand parliament man down to 'turn first sod,' as they called it—a pompous like old chap, wi' a white waistcoat, and no more waist nor a meal-tub: pratty fair hand at a speech though, wi' claims of labour in it, and influence of the 'operative millions' and so on, though I was told as he voted again' the big loaf bill, more shame to him."

"I can better understand now what made you think about an ornamental barrow, pick, and spade; but still I am at a loss to see what they should have to do with getting up some sort of party here on Thursday next!"

"You're rather slow then to pick up a man's meanin', hoping no offence ye know."

"No offence whatever; but I still confess I don't perceive your drift. There's no first sod to turn here Tanner, after all the havoc your men have made right through the glade."

"I didn't think there were any," retorted Joe, but there's a toonnel to put the first pick into; and the *pick laid out and all ready to*

start wi'. Now it seemed to me that we could have t'ould barrinet, or better, may be, the yoong lady lass to wheel away first barrerful o' stooff."

"Capital! I see it all now, as plain as you do. There are several of your men's children in the little school at Wymerton just now, so that will be a good excuse for my joining in the thing, with all the rompers from the rectory garden, if you are not too proud to let the parson go shares in your party, eh, Tanner?" said Mr. Owen with a smile, that seemed to pay off the navigator playfully for the lofty tone in which he had repudiated the notion of wanting help towards giving the projected entertainment.

It was finally agreed between the two, that with a judicious ignoring of the Cameley revel question, Mr. Tanner should propound the scheme that same evening to his mates; and that in case of its finding favour with them, he should on the following day make appearance at the rectory, and there, in solemn conclave with the parson and his active, practical-minded, good-tempered, little wife—proceed to mould its rough clay into determinate and detailed design.

"The chaps all took to it keener than even I'd reckoned, Mr. Owen: fairly blazed out about it; special about the toonnel and the barrer. But they says t'ould gentleman is not to wheel it; nor to use pick and spade, ye know. The lady lass must wheel a load along a plank for loock and love, they says."

"So let it be then: only where and how shall we get a little set of tools, between to-night and Thursday next?"

"Oh, that's all settled, sir. Moggany can't be come at easy hereabouts, they say, nor that black wood as polishes to make tool-handles wi'. But Jimmy Lockwood, our contractor's carpenter, has got a pretty slab o' walnut 'ood, and he'll be bound to turn us out a baby barrer in the neatest style. He's got a bit o' maple, too, will mak' a tidy pair o' handles: and blacksmith Bob will fit 'em wi' pick and spade iron, fit for a fairy, so he said."

"And I have no doubt but what he will. He is a first-rate workman, that blacksmith of yours, I am told."

"An out-and-out good smith: and *handy at other jobs than smith-work*

too. And now about the eatin' and drinkin' part o' it, and so on.

"Here! Jane, my dear," cried Mr. Owen to his pleasant housewife, as she passed the open study door; "here's Tanner come up about the navvies' feast on Thursday, and we want your advice upon all manner of details." And Mrs. Owen's practical wisdom and experience was soon controlling the conference, and making matters rapidly proceed to tangible issue.

The invitation, conveyed in person to Clara and Sir Jeffrey by Mr. Tanner himself, was received with hearty warmth of acceptance. Cousin Martha and the Maestro were included in it; and the men were much gratified with the punctilious politeness of Sir Jeffrey, in writing to request the favour of being allowed to bring another guest, who had unexpectedly announced himself at the house for Thursday. This guest, by the decree of some kindly-smiling, good-neighbourly Nemesis against him, proved to be none other than the cheery hater of railways and railway folk, Squire Harry Chilwood.

He could not deny that—thanks to Mrs. Owen, to the village school-mistress, and to her little maidens, with hearty help from the few railway matrons: willing workers, those last, if not themselves very tasteful designers—all the externals of this little fête had been very prettily laid out. The grass had been mown close up to the hillside into which the tunnel was to pierce; and on its rich, green, velvety carpet the carpenter, Lockwood, had, with a few planks and trestles, set up tables and benches for the banquet. Mrs. Owen had covered the former with snowy linen. They stood in tiers upon the sloping ground, with plenty of space to pass in and out between them. On the highest level stood the table for the guests, facing down hill, with the benches on the upper side alone. Below, placed "en échelon," as soldiers say, were the other tables, their benches also placed on one side only, facing upwards, so that all could look upon the countenances of the Olympians at the upper. Every smile upon the face of Clara, queen of the feast, could thus let fall its beaming brightness upon all her entertainers. As for the children the grassy bank had a convenient fold or

natural terrace just beneath, where they could sit unrestrainedly and enjoy the fruits, and cake, and fresh milk provided in abundance for them. On the tables spread for their elders these dainties, at least the cake and fruit, were also heaped unsparingly; but, as may be imagined, intermingled with more solid fare. There had been much debating on the nature of the liquids to be supplied at those elder boards: and the point, for a time, had puzzled both Mr. Owen and Joe Tanner to decide it.

"Taint as the men moughtn't put up wi' the teaslops, sir," argued the latter; "particular when there's to be the lady lass and their own womankind and bairns along wi' 'em. Tea's right and reasonable enough when such is there. Only it 'ud look like as how we couldn't trust the chaps, or they themselves, if I wer' to say 'let's have nowt stronger nor tea.'"

"There's something in that, Joe. Yet, somehow, that coarse, thick, ropy tavern beer seems out of place in your feast, I think. Ah! I have it now: do your men ever drink a drop of cider?"

"Well, good cider's not unpleasant drink on such warm evenin's as we have this summer time!"

"Farmer Burge, down at Hick's Hollow, has a famous cask, I know; and, with a little sugar, nutmeg, lemon, and cucumber, I'll show you how to make a famous cider-cup. It's an old way we had at college, Tanner, and I have not quite forgotten it."

Accordingly the bunches of green borage, with their purplish and pinkish flowers, overtopped the cool, clean china jorums on the tables, and seemed to make part of the floral decorations which gave to them all so gay, and joyous, and graceful a character. As for the upper table, it was set out right daintily, Mr. Tanner having improved the opportunities afforded by his acquaintance with the butler at the house, to secure that its decking, both in substance and sight, should be fit for the young lady's presence.

"Only mind ye, sir, we're boun' to pay for any vittles you provide now, and we tak' nowt for nowt—all but borrowing the glasses and the silver spoons."

Close against the abrupt rising of

the ground into which the tunnel was to burrow, a circle had been marked out with posts and ropes, the first hidden by evergreens, the second by festoons of wildflowers, the handiwork of the school children. At one point in the ring a path led out of it—railed off in the same manner—along which lay, in succession, five or six broad planks of deal, freshly planed and smooth. Along these Clara was to wheel the "baby-barrow" when she should have filled it with the earth, which lay loosened to the stroke of the "pick fit for a fairy." That tool itself, and its companion spade, though, perhaps, somewhat weighty for any but the gnomes of fairy land a variety of the fairy race which, perhaps, most readily would present itself to the imagination of Blacksmith Bob—were none too much so for a well-grown, stately girl, such as our Clara. The most fastidious critic in iron work could not but have allowed that they were models of practical smith's craft. The wheelbarrow, too, was pronounced by keen judges to be as workmanlike, in shape and build, as any navvy's heart could wish; and "as light and handsome as a cabinet-maker could have turned it out," added æsthetical enthusiasts. Even Joe Tanner, with his reminiscence of the Great "Jounction" ceremonies did not regret the "moggany" nor the black handles. The absence of the "scription" on an inch of silver, perhaps fretted him a little; but Mr. Owen's assurances that the chances were strongly in favour of the subsequent addition of that monumental ornament by the fair presentee, went some way towards consoling him.

What a cheer the men gave as they saw Clara, on the old Baronet's arm, come out by the path, among the tall feathering ferns, from under the deep cool shadows of the untouched oaks! Her dress, of some soft material, made admirable draping for her noble figure; the afternoon sunlight played so strongly upon its simple, severe, yet graceful folds, that although it was the summer season, there seemed to be nothing sombre about its rich glowing tint of brown. One pink knot of ribbon on her breast was the only ornament she wore; a garden hat, with an inch or two of fine black lace at the brim, shaded her brow, and yet did not hide the lus-

trous, genial look of her deep blue eyes. The self-possession and dignity with which she returned the courtesy of the working men took nothing from the winsome cordiality of her salutation. She was not acting, consciously or unconsciously; and yet her action was the perfection of that consummate art, which consists not in imitation of nature, but in the adoption and correction of natural grace in motion. No tutoring could have given her that poetical union of dignity with winning grace; yet, perhaps, no untutored person could have attained to it. Her rough hosts perceived and admired in it they knew not what; and paid their tribute in a second hearty cheer. The Maestro saw and admired with understanding eye: and, for the life of him, could not have kept from joining in that cheer loudly as he did.

There was no want, either, of this stately winsome grace in the manner wherewith, in playful solemnity, she discharged her duties under the Yorkshire ganger's guidance, in breaking ground for the new tunnel which was to be. "She's a bonny 'navvy,'" stutted the man; "Yet a perfect lady," said the Squire in undertone to the baronet.

After this strictly professional pageant, Mr. Tanner had provided that a few of the simpler athletic games should occupy the men awhile, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Owen had outdone their own practised ingenuity in providing amusements for the children. So hearty was the ringing laughter of those clear young voices, and so attractive the sight of their innocent and unrestrained merriment, that even of the workmen, the great majority found amusement and pleasure enough for themselves in watching or assisting those childish sports.

Then followed the sharp, short, decisive onslaught upon the cakes and cherries and mugs of sweet new milk, by the panting little ones divided between their keen relish for the treat and their unwearied eagerness to begin once more the famous play. It was good for any man's heart to see with what shamefaced manly tenderness, some of the biggest-fisted, bushiest-whiskered of the "chaps," ministered to the wants of the tiniest and weakest of the guestlings just then. I wish some painter could

have put upon canvas the grave bye-play at "bob-cherry," between one "Hulking Ben," as he was known in the gang, and a little plump toddling boy of the ripe age of three, whose convulsive sobs for the temporary loss of his "mammy" had moved that stalwart earth-worker to pity, and induced him to offer such consolation as that sportive method of consuming the luscious fruit could give. Presently, like a flight of chaffinches, the children rose and took wing to the slope above, where soon they were chirruping and fluttering amongst the fern, and grass, and flowers. There were rolling and tumbling, too, in that waving verdure, of chubby fat darlings, more suggestive of baby porpoises than even of plump unfledged chaffinches; but I am not certain of the congruity of the simile, since young porpoises rarely tumble and roll in summer grass sloping from woody coverts.

Their joyous noises were a sort of music at the graver banquet of the elders, sitting down with more steadfast, if not more vigorous, resolve to their share of the feasting.

It was a nervous moment for the caterers, Mr. Owen and his friend Joe, when that experimental beverage, the cider-cup, was first poured out into the mugs of the thirsty men. They eyed the expectant drinkers as the captains of a company might do their troops at a crisis of battle, if not quite certain of their courage; or as an author might steal a look round the box corner at a public of doubtful temper, just as the weak point of his new play was being neared by the actors on the stage.

There was a wry face or two made here and there down the tables; as here and there down the ranks a recruit or two might wince; or here and there down the stalls a sour critic or two might put on a sneer, ominous of a coming hiss.

But, happily, the first mug emptied was that of "Hulking Ben," whose taste had been prepared—or vitiated as some might think—by the sweet juices of such occasional cherries as he had snapped successfully in his game with the weeping toddler. And his opinion was the first which found vent in words, spoken in what was meant for an undertone, but might be heard at fifty yards:—

"Washy! but none so nasty; and fast-rate for the wimmen folk!"

Mr. Tamer's breath came again. Ben was a fashionable authority, not spite of, but in virtue of his "hulkiness." His opinion, thus expressed, would be sufficient to secure for the "cup" what the French call "a success of esteem tho' not of admiration."

Clara, Cousin Martha, and Mrs. Owen had a fair excuse for rising from their table before it was quite reasonable to expect the serious parties to desist. They went up the hill side to look after the children, and were soon dancing round in rings and threading needles with long chains of happy little ones.

But, at last, even childhood's indefatigable powers of play began to flag, and it was proposed that some one should tell a story to the flushed and tired company, which gathered itself in one group upon the grass under the foot of a great oak-tree. There lay across it the trunk of one of its fallen comrades, and on this the narrator was to sit, as on a throne, the eager audience at her feet. Little Mrs. Owen was a first rate story-teller for children. The scholars of Wymerton knew this well, and entreated her to begin. Before she had quite finished her tale the hearers had increased in number imperceptibly, since the newcomers came singly or by twos and threes, and sat down silently among the children on the grass. And now came Clara's turn. She had once, for the delectation of Mrs. Owen's own children, half recited and half sung, according to a version of her own, the oldest and most touching of nursery tales, the story of the Babes in the Wood. Mrs. Owen insisted that she should succeed her upon the rustic throne, and repeat the legend. What fitter time or place or audience for the repetition of it!—with the leafy canopy of the grand old oak above her head, the tangled thickets of Wymerton woods behind her, the purple shadows of evening just thinking to fall upon them, and with all those childish faces before her upturned and expectant, wistful, yet smiling.

She had sung and said but some three or four verses, before the majority of the party, which had been gathered for the little feast, had joined themselves to the original childish

group around her. In her previous play with them she had first unfastened the strings of her hat, and then had taken it off altogether, and thrown it down beside her. The massive and shapely beauty of her well-poised head could thus be seen by all that looked on her: the calm white breadth of brow had nothing to conceal it. The soft richness of her heavy braids of hair caught, as it were, an halo from the upward slanting rays of the setting sun, which gilt them. The Maestro could not resist the impulse which moved him, to wreath into a crown two leafy branchlets, plucked from the Druidical tree, and then to place it gently upon her head. She only smiled as she felt him do this, and shook it slightly, with a motion worthy of a priestess, wrapped in a contemplation which might not be broken into. The fire and energy with which she told the conflict between the murderous-minded men, kept her hearers breathless with roused emotion. Some of the men, that had been lying or lounging on the grass, fairly knelt up, and nailed their eyes on her. By a singular chance, as if to provide that every circumstance should seem to be in keeping with her song, it so happened, that as she came to tell how the sweet babes laid them down to sleep at evening in the wood, a little fair-haired girl who had crept near and nearer to her still, exhausted by play, and soothed into drowsiness by the mellow music of the singer's voice, dropped her little head on Clara's knee, and fell asleep—the golden ringlets showering into her lap. As she chanted with deep, pathetic, plaintive sweetness, the death-song of the injured innocents, and the charity of the dear redbreasted birds, you might have taken her—we will not say for some inspired muse on Helicon, for classic grace was not the characteristic of the hushed and entranced group in front of her;—but you might have taken her for some Rune-maiden of the old Scandinavian sea-kings' time, charming the Northmen of rude and sinewy

and stalwart strength, by the gentle penetrating power of her rhymes. Oh, what if her plebeian lover could have seen her so! What if that true-hearted brother of the sons of toil could but have seen those working brethren thus, under spell of her voice and look! Poor Mark! it might have warped the judgment he was to pronounce in time.

That the women and children should at last have sobbed aloud, was only what might have been expected of them. But it was, perhaps, an unexpected thing that more than one of the "navigator chaps" should have been unsuspected shrewdly of having joined the chorus of their tears. Perhaps the shrewd suspicions of their having done so, after all, were false; but the asperity with which, the next day, the statement of them was resented, may seem to certain readers confirmatory, rather, of their truth.

"I wish as I could have the polishin' off o' them two rough uns," quoth Hulking Ben, uprising from the sward; "and as to birdnestin' o' robins, I've whopped a chap for doin' such afore now, and, mayhap, shall do it, powerful, agin'!"

"Well, Squire," inquired Sir Jeffrey, as they went homeward, arm in arm, through the wood, "what think you of such a scene as that?"

"Wonderful!" he answered; "those rough navy fellows too. I couldn't have believed it! Orpheus taming the brutes in Ovid *would* turn up in my mind."

"I can't wonder the girl cleaves with enthusiasm to her art, when there is so genuine an artist soul, in the highest sense, within her. I fear the consciousness of so grand a power will make it hard to wean her from her career."

Sir Jeffrey was right: the loftiness and tenderness of the emotion stirred by that evening's event in Clara, were destined to weigh in that scale of the balance of her mind which was opposite to that in which her old friend threw his influence.

CHAPTER XXII.

MANCHESTER MEN. THE JUNCTION STATION.

"THE water in that tunnel at Wymerston seems likely to turn out a troublesome job, gentlemen," quoth the head

man in their office at Manchester, to those magnates of the railway world, Messrs. Bright and Brassy.

"How so?" said those gentlemen, in chorus.

"Did not Mr. Robertson, the chief engineer, give an eye to it last week, on his way down to the Northern lines? We wrote and told him to do so."

"Oh yes! Mr. Robertson spent four-and-twenty hours down in the neighbourhood last week; looked up all the works completed on the branch line; and examined those in progress at the tunnel, carefully. There's a report from him about them, in his letter of this morning; and that's what made me mention it. He says the common pumps we sent down first don't work at all. And if they did, they wouldn't be of much use. It will want steam power as well as improved pumps to keep that water down. He says, too, some one should be sent to superintend; some man with a knowledge of hydraulics, with a head on his shoulders, and all the better if he could be one with hands and fingers at the end of his arms."

"Well! it's rather inconvenient, just now," said Mr. Brassy, "we've so much on hand. Mr. Symmons is away; Mr. Clark's on the Northern sections; Mr. Brownjohn down in Wales. Upon my word, I can't think who is to go."

"No!" said Mr. Bright. "But something must be done. They're cantankerous parties the directors of that branch line—a local company who have the notion that contractors will necessarily cheat country squires; and are always eager to vindicate their character for business-capacity with the shareholders, by exacting penalties and forfeits for delay. How soon does the contract bind us to deliver that Wymerton section, Mr. Saunders?"

"Somewhere about four months hence, or less," said the manager; "but I can refer"; and therewith he opened a ponderous red ledger on the office table.

"Let me see; W.—WYM. Yes! Wymerton, folio 46, section P. Ah! here I have it. What's to-day?"—with an upward look at the almanac—"the twelfth; yes! Well, three months and five days to the exact date, gentlemen."

"No time to spare, then," returned Mr. Bright, "considering what re-

mains to be done upon the line. Confound that tunnel; what a bore it is."

"I wish we could bore it as thoroughly as it's likely to bore us," said Mr. Brassy, who had a feeble turn for humour. Mr. Saunders, the manager, laughed consumedly.

"It's all very well laughing," again insisted Bright; "but paying forfeits for non-performance of contract is no laughing matter; and it's a sort of payment I should hate making just as much if halfpence were in question instead of hundred pound notes." Then, after a pause, he said again, "Who's that young man at Newton forge, Mr. Saunders; could we trust him with the job? There's not much stirring down at Newton, is there? Is he engineer enough for the case, think you?"

"The very man for it, sir," said Saunders, confidently. "What a block-head I was not to think of him! He's just what Robertson asks for—has a head on his shoulders; and always was a first-rate workman, too. You've found the right man for the right place this time, Mr. Bright. Why, now I come to think upon it, I've got a bundle of papers and drawings he sent in to me for my inspection and advice, three weeks ago; and I verily believe they are plans for some improvement in steam-pumping, too. Ay, that they are," he continued, as he drew out from his desk, and unrolled the sheets of drawing and tracing paper. "Pumps, by all that's coincident! I hadn't time to look them over; but I'll do so this very afternoon."

"Well, that you may do," said Mr. Bright; "but it's no use delaying to send him if you think that he's the man. Send down by telegraph to Newton, and tell him to come here by the mail train this evening."

"There's the algebra class to-night, at the Institute, to provide for," said Mark to Ingram, "as well as the little fellows on Sunday. I don't expect to be back by that day; for Mr. Saunders' telegraph warns me to bring a portmanteau." The modern "telegram," good reader, had not yet been excogitated; nor had that famous controversy concerning its legitimacy arisen as yet in the columns of the *Times*.

"Why, Travers here will take the a plus b fellows to-night for you," said Ingram, nodding at his friend the college Don and tutor from St. Sylvester's. "He can stay over Sunday, too, and help me with my duty as well as look after your class of little ones; can't you, Travers?"

The sitting was in Ingram's room, where the young men had taken a five o'clock dinner; the bread and cheese, which constituted the dessert, were on the table still.

"The 'a plus b fellows,' as you call them, to-night, by all means," answered the collegian; "but I don't feel so certain about the staying over Sunday. I ought to be back in Oxford."

"Back in Jericho!" cried Ingram. "What, in the middle of the Long! It would tax your utmost ingenuity to frame an excuse for hurrying back to St. Sylvester's. Do you think the one scout on the Don's staircase, and the deserted cuts which prowled along the cloister, safe from the terriers of undergraduates, in search of plump college mice, can't spare you for a week or two, more or less? Nonsense! You stay here over Sunday, Master Travers, I can tell you; and over two or three Sundays more, for all I can promise you just yet. I have got so accustomed to have Brandling living here, that I couldn't bear to be left in the house all alone. And what's more, as one good turn deserves another, and you were a capital coach in book-learning to me, when I was up at Oxford, I intend to repay the benefit, and will show you something more of a working parson's life than you could learn in college chapel. So you may make up your mind to stop in grimy Newton yet a bit. How long shall you be gone, Mark?"

"I haven't the least notion. Here's the extent of my information." And he read off from a slip of paper:-

"Saunders, Manch. to Brandling, Newton-forge. "Come up to-night, July 30, by 9.15 express; bring portmanteau."

"I hope you won't be gone long, for my own sake, as I said, besides the 'a plus b fellows,' and the Sunday scholars. Decidedly, Travers must stay and keep me company."

"Oh no! I take it, I must soon be back again; for though there's nothing

special on hand down here just now, the regular work is never child's-play, and all those men and that material want looking over and looking up continually."

"What time is it?"

"In railway parlance, 7.25. You don't want yet to be packing up that important article of luggage, the portmanteau. Sit still a bit."

"Well, not exactly; but I have a case of instruments, a colour box, a board, and set of rulers, and such like, down in the committee men's drawers, at the Institute. I must step down and fetch them. I may be going engineering, and want them all."

"I commend your prudence, Mr. Brandling," said Ingram, with mock stateliness. "Travers had better go down with you, as the class meets at eight. I will stay here till you come back, and go with you to the station, if you like."

Arrived at Manchester, Mark was much pleased to hear, from Mr. Saunders, the nature of the work which lay before him. Not without becoming modesty, yet not without manifesting a thorough conviction of the practical soundness of his own theories, did he press upon the attention, first of that gentleman, and then of their common industrial chiefs, the advantages of adopting his plans for the engines that should be used. Messrs. Bright and Brassey did not feel confident enough in their own technical skill to decide at once upon yielding to his arguments; they were great contractors, not great engineers. But his whole manner in conducting it made upon their shrewd and experienced minds the most favourable impression.

"That young man will do, Saunders, depend upon it," they said to their first lieutenant; "and you will be good enough to forward these drawings forthwith to Mr. Robertson. If he reports favourably - tell him to return them without delay, the thing shall be tried. In the meanwhile, Brandling should go down and see how matters stand to-morrow."

This order Mr. Saunders intimated to Mark, who signified his readiness to comply with it, but asked leave to read, or to have read to him, the original report of Mr. Robertson,

concerning his own visit to the works. There were other and confidential matters alluded to in the letter—parliamentary prospects of competing projected lines, hints as to the supposed solvency or insolvency of other great contracting firms, and predictions of the fortunes of divers sorts of railway-stock—so that the cautious Mr. Saunders contented himself with reading out to the younger man such portions of it only as referred to the watery mischiefs in the tunnel.

"Well, I think I understand the case pretty well now, sir; but there is one thing you have not told me, that I remember, and that is exactly where this troublesome tunnel is, although I know it's on the Skillington line somewhere."

"Oh! ah! to be sure; how were you to make your way there without some precise directions? Wymerton's the name of the village."

"Wymerton!" said Mark, with a flush of surprise. "What? near Wymerton-place, near old Sir Jeffrey Wymer's property?"

"Just so, to be sure; the line runs through a part of the old gentleman's park. Do you know the place at all?"

"Only by name. Good afternoon, sir!" And out hurried Mark, by no means anxious to let Mr. Saunders, or any person living, speculate upon the causes of the evacuation which seized upon him at the name of Wymerton. In the frank intercourse which had existed between Clara Jerningham, her Cousin Martha, and himself, Wymerton-place, and woods, and mere, had been household words. All reminiscences of Clara's girlhood, all thoughts and feelings of home, were inextricably blended with the name of the dear old place; and with one who loved her to the inmost fibre of his deep heart, as Mark did, that unknown Wymerton was enchanted ground.

What a wearisome afternoon he should have in Manchester! How much better to spend the hours at least on the way thither where he was now so anxious to be, so impatient. The night train would get him down into the neighbourhood by daylight; and he might see the golden sunrise gleam upon that mirror of the mere at Wymerton, whose waters had often reflected her image! He

walked back to the office. Mr. Saunders was still there.

"Oh! by all means, the sooner the better; it would be certainly one clear day gained if you could be down at Wymerton to-morrow morning. I had not thought of suggesting the night train, because you had a long rattle up from Newton yesterday; but if you are not tired, and wish it, by all means go."

"You made a good hit in remembering that young Brandling, Mr. Bright," said Saunders to his chief, some hour or two after Mark's second departure from the office. "Young man that puts his heart into what he does, sir. Only think of his calling again to suggest that he might get down to Skillingford by the night train, and thence on to Wymerton."

Certainly Mark, in this instance, *had* put his heart into what he was doing. But not perhaps in that sense, exactly, in which he appeared to Mr. Saunders to have done so. But Mark was fated not to gain his first impression of Wymerton mere by the light of a morning sunshine. His impatience, even had it been known to the stonyhearted directors of the two independent lines of rail, by travelling on which he was to reach Skillingford, would scarcely have moved them from their present determination to gratify, at the expense of an unoffending, but much enduring, public, the private animosity entertained against each other by their respective boards.

It was true that the voracious, if intricate, Bradshaw, assured those ingenious persons who could make head or tail of his pages, more puzzling to vulgar brains than a table of logarithms, that by leaving Manchester at 7.15, P.M. they might—

"Yes! let me see, up line, page twenty three, column A. No, that's a down train! Ah, here, within the brackets! No! opposite page, section 2, 13, below the break there. Yes!" they might hope to reach Rumbleham junction by 1.28, A.M., and thence, upon shifting their persons and luggage across the platform, and migrating into the domains of another company, they might hope by 5.17 to be delivered at the station at Skillingford. But these hopes were based solely upon the theory of the coincidence at Rumbleham of the two

separate and independent trains, due there at the untimely hour of 1.26, A.M.;—and some little interruption of good feeling between the boards of the two companies having occurred since the last monthly impression of Bradshaw, such hopes were, for the present, doomed to daily disappointment. The directors of the line on which the Skillingford station is situated could imagine no more ingenious and gratifying device for irritating, humiliating, and confounding the other obnoxious board, than issuing injunctions to the guards and drivers of their trains not to enter the platform shed at Rumbleham until the whistle of the inimical company's train should be heard, announcing its arrival upon the sharp curve near that station; and then so to manage, by dint of energy and promptitude, as to discharge any goods or passengers they might have to deposit, and to whisk, screeching, off again before it were possible for the station-master, guards, and porters of the other side, with all the goodwill in the world, to have accomplished the platform transit. With such zeal and sympathy, indeed, did the servants of the board enter into the views and feelings of their directors on this matter, that certain little unforeseen incidents had grown of it, by no means pleasing to the main body of the shareholders, who at the next general meeting had the bad taste to attack the directors for them, with "ignorant and unjustifiable abuse,"—so at least the chairman designated it, in his spirited reply to the spokesman of those shareholders. Such an incident, for example, was that display of "energy" in rapid unloading of goods, which caused that smash of china worth two hundred and fifty pounds, belonging to Messrs. Tippetts and Sorcers, who obtained, before a jury, full damages with costs. Such again was that result of "promptitude" in starting the train, which led to the accident, wherein Mr. Wirey Screwe, the eminent Chancery barrister, broke the tibia of his left leg, a matter which was "amicably" compromised at cost of a compensation, the amount of which I am afraid to set down here.

No such exciting incidents, however, enlivened the small hours of that particular night on which Mark Brandling betook himself from Man-

chester to Skillingford by the 7.15, P.M. All that happened was, that, in spite of the Manchester train having hushed its whistle and driven slap round the dangerous curve into the station, at an awful risk to life and limb, the energetic promptitude of their watchful and ingenious enemies contrived to frustrate the gallant attempt; and at 1.28, A.M., Mark found himself on the hostile platform, in company with his portmanteau, gazing wistfully down the long, straight four-mile viaduct, where the glowering red light behind the train in rapid motion was dying by diminution out of all sight.

No passenger but himself had crossed the platform, and as the great feat of the night was successfully performed, the station-master, policeman, and porters, at once retired to their domiciles and to restorative slumbers, leaving only one of the latter body in charge of the station-house, who should also check the time of passage of the 3.50 goods' train, by which, if so minded, Brandling might perhaps get on to Skillingford. There are some men whose conversational incapacity becomes all the more confirmed, as well as the more evident, by whatever attempt is made on the part of others to overcome it. And of this class was the estimable, broad-shouldered man, in green velvet, wrought with letters and figures in red worsted, upon whose social acquirements Mark found himself cast for diversion during the next two weary hours and more. After eliciting a certain number of *ahs* and *ohs*, *yes* and *noes*, by skilful and urgent questionings, it became painfully apparent that nothing farther was to be extracted from what may have been, after all, the deep treasury of his thoughts and fancies. So, after diligent perusal of a last month's time-table, of a placard proclaiming what forty-shilling woe had overtaken some hardened criminal, who, with a third-class ticket, had appeared in defiance to all human law and equity, seated in a second-class conveyance at Rumbleham junction; then of an exhortation addressed to agriculturists, urging upon them to test the virtues of Jones's incomparable enough pills for pigs; lastly, of an advertisement, with wood-cuts, concerning the matchless fit of the celebrated fourteen-shilling trousers—

Mark had nothing left for it but to seat himself on his portmanteau, brought out of the chill night air into the booking-office, and to contrast the regular heavy ticking of the railway clock with the fitful sputterings of the water in the gas-pipe, on the bawling flame of which his eyes were fixed with vacant gaze.

The prospect of a seven or eight hour's journey in a goods' train, is not in itself, under most circumstances, enlivening, nor does embarkation thereon usually confer a sense of relief; but Mark jumped up in ecstasy from his seat when the premonitory whistle startled and roused the uncommunicative and nodding porter. There chanced to be a couple of empty second-class carriages sent down with the goods' trucks by this train, they being in want of fresh painting or of some small repairs, and in one of these he ensconced himself delightedly, and was soon again on his way to Skillingford.

On his way, indeed, but at a far other rate of speed than in that mail train wherein he had fondly hoped to make his journey thither. No blush of sunrise should he see reflected upon the surface of the still mere at Wymerton; not an hour nor a space of five short minutes should he find time to give to the play of fancy, on his first treading the enchanted ground. An immediate introduction to Joe Tanner and his men, with moist and sloppy investigations in a dark tunnel, not a little dangerous by reason of slips and crumbings, were the sterner realities which he understood must await him. He must spend what might yet be saved of the forenoon in accurate and minute inspection of the deficient engines and the general aspect of the works—the whole afternoon in digesting a report, of which the evening post must convey a copy to Mr. Saunders. Provoking all this, in one sense, yet not displeasing, perhaps, upon the whole, to the temper of such a mind as Mark's. The postponing of an anticipated pleasure to an immediate discharge of a downright duty, was neither an unaccustomed nor a painful thing to him. Mr. Saunders may have been accidentally mistaken on this one occasion as to the sense in which "the young man had put his heart into what he did," but essentially his estimate of Brand-

ling's character as a doer of work to be done, was just and true. There was a superintendent of the works at the tunnel, of somewhat superior education and rank to that of our old acquaintance, the Yorkshireman; both he and the latter worthy fellow were, within a couple of hours from Mark's arrival, thoroughly satisfied with the new chief sent down to them, convinced of his intelligence, decision, and skill, and won over by his frank and manly heartiness to serve under him willingly in this new phase of their industrial campaign. "I must say as he behaved like a gentleman to me, sir," quoth the superintendent to Mr. Owen, whom he met in the village at dinner time—an honourable testimony coming from one whose little authority was, of course, superseded by that of the new-comer.

"Now t' your finicking fine gentleman ways about 'un' was the seemingly contradictory eulogy bestowed upon him by Tanner, in conversation on the same topic with his mates. "It's off coat, and oop shirt sleeves wi' 'un workman like; and a tidy forearm too, when sleeves be oop; as if he'd handled a pick or hammer, or summat hisself afore this."

Neither the superintendent nor Joe Tanner were capable of pronouncing judgment upon Mark's scheme for modifying the structure of the engines and pumping apparatus, by which he proposed to replace the old ones; but both of them had the wit to perceive that his practical knowledge of machinery did make him comprehend at a glance, and more thoroughly than they themselves could explain the matter, the faults and deficiencies of those which had been tried already. His announcement that steam power would be required to cope fairly with the difficulty was especially gratifying to Joe Tanner's sense of self-esteem, as it confirmed the opinion he had confided to Sir Jeffrey, concerning the nature of the work in hand, even before the day on which Clara, with the maple-handled tools, had given the first stroke of a pick to the new tunnel.

There was no inn at Wymerton; the village itself being too small, and, until these latter railway times, too remote from any great highway to support such an establishment. Skillingford, a more considerable place,

with a neat new railway hotel, was four miles distant; much too far off for a man who must be close upon his work of every day. But the superintendent, conciliated by Mark's pleasant behaviour to him, had solved the difficulty by the time he returned from his dinner and chance meeting with Mr. Owen. There was a dairy farm-house with ivy clad gables and rose-trellised front, amidst the meadows, between the Rectory and the river, where the sleek kine stood midway in the water, under shade of pollard willows, at noontide of glowing summer days. That house had under its thatched roof, a spare bedroom, the dazzling whiteness of whose bed furniture and window curtains could not be shamed by the snowy puff-balls of the guelder rose which brushed against the lattice. And down stairs there was a little parlour, kept with corresponding trimness and care, scented by the mignonette which grew beneath its window-sill outside. Friends of Parson Owen, whom the rectory could not accommodate, had sometimes been the favoured occupants of so desirable

a lodging; and, upon the understanding that the rector gave a general joint guarantee with the superintendent, as touching the respectability of the engineering gentleman, Mark might, if he so pleased, enjoy the privilege of becoming lodger there for a while. If his first day's work had been hard, in compensation it was not overlong: for the post left Wymerton by five, and his first report to Manchester had to be finished by that hour. He contrived, moreover, to find time for a few lines to his friend Ingram, at Newton forge, acquainting him with his present residence and occupation. He had work before him—so he wrote—for several weeks at the very least, and therefore begged of him to send certain things, which would be requisite for so prolonged an absence. And chiefly he desired him to pack, most carefully, in such and such a box, expressly made for it, which he would find on such and such a shelf, the most precious of Brandling's possessions, the framed lithograph which had been given him at Venice, by his friend Rosina.

ON THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOBILITY.

An ironic Italian, imbued with French ideas of social equality, has, in an epigrammatic couplet, put the following sarcastic question—"Who knows but some day a sufficiently powerful microscope will discover the globules of nobility in the blood?" The nobility of the general noblesse of France and Italy seems indeed to require some extraordinary intervention towards both denoting its existence and making it useful.

Politically considered—and it is this important view we now take—those two countries have suffered much from the want of a worthy, leading aristocracy; and the new question as to the constitution of the future government of Italy depends in some degree on the character of her noblemen. In

large measure France also has need of an admirable aristocracy. The satiric proposition above put may be taken almost *au pied de la lettre*, for the notion that real nobility of race is transmitted from generation to generation, has ever and everywhere found place as a national sentiment. How, indeed, can we deny, in the case of man, to partly admit the judgment we pass on horses and dogs? Personal characteristics usually follow parentage, and mental qualities sometimes do; with, however, vast and merciful variation, lest the vices of parents should be inevitably hereditary.

Preliminary to discussing "nobility" we should define the term; and to do this, must refer to its origin, the Latin

De la Noblesse comme Institution Impériale. Par M. le Mar. de la Grange, Sénateur. Paris, 1857.

Des Usurpations de Titres Nobiliaires. Par le Vte. Robert D'E. . . Paris, 1858.

word *nobilis*, derived from the Greek *νόβος*, whence our word known. To take the aptest illustration, and, moreover, remark the earliest token of nobility, let us observe the outward distinction between a leading warrior and an unknown soldier, in ages when both were shrouded in armour. The leader wore a "crest" or cognizance on his helmet, and some other ensign emblazoned on his shield and on the coat worn over his shirt of mail, whence the latter emblem came to be called "a coat of arms." Hence proceeded the desire felt by many families to prove by records, such as the Herald's College preserves, their right to this token, which, according to Lord Coke, is the proof of nobility. "Nobiles sunt," says this adequate authority, "qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt."

Anciently, in Europe, the broad distinction of classes was between free and unfree, the conqueror and his serf. To the present day the embers of the old hatred of enslaved Gauls and subjugated Latins towards their France, *i.e.*, free, suzerains, still burns in the dislike of the Gallic people to "nobility"—still keeps their passion for "equality" at blood heat. The causes of this "inveterate hatred to the upper rank are accurately traced in Mr. Buckle's work on "Civilization in England," wherein, if this industrious writer has not developed the reasons why the English aristocracy are popular, he has plainly proved why French noblesse are the reverse. He shows that down to so recent a period as the outburst of the Revolution there existed but one division into two classes, the noble and ignoble. To this statement we can add our experience of a provincial town, where some of the resident "nobles" admit none to their society who is not of their caste, these Brahmins looking down from their lofty eminence of pedigree on all beneath them as contaminating! Certainly, in erecting this barrier, they secure themselves against awkward comparisons with the better "bourgeois," men, who, as lawyers and merchants, are, in every real respect, their superiors. While in England, slavery or villenage was practically extinct by the end of the sixteenth century, and social inferiorities were gradually obliterating, it lingered two hundred

years longer in the country under view, until destroyed by the Revolution, which was the long-delayed vengeance of the oppressed classes. Turning to La Fontaine's charming fables, we gain a glimpse of the regard thrown by the high on the low. Perched in his coach, the peer of France, whenever he "considered the poor," did not consider it necessary they should live -

"Je ne sçais d'homme nécessaire
Que celui dont le luxe épand beaucoup de bien."

Lazarus might die unless he could contrive to exist by Dives' luxury. From the maxims of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld we gather some notion of the ideas of a "huffing, braggart, puffed nobility," concerning the singular and exclusive character of their blood. The Duc notices the belief of the greater part of his peers, that their nobility was with them a natural character. This, observes he, is quite an illusion. They manifestly believed in the existence of peculiar globules; and, forgetful, as he says, that it was nothing but the virtue of their ancestors, "qui a fait la noblesse de leur sang," foolishly prided themselves on their rank alone, thereby despising in a measure that which bequeathed it to them. They also, he complains, spoke with contempt of persons recently raised to their rank, oblivious that their own origin was once equally obscure. The good Duc considered true family nobility, *viz.*, hereditary superiority, as worse instead of better for being ancient, evidently adopting this opinion in consequence of the multitudinous examples of degeneracy he was acquainted with. He thought that the son of a Marshal of France, who had obtained this dignity through merit, would be more noble than his descendants, since the source of nobility was fresh in his veins, and sustained by his father's example, the Duc believing that the virtue weakened, perhaps to the total disappearance of the globules, as distance from the source increased. This theory, however, is unwarranted. The son of a father above the rate of other men is commonly below it,—"Heroum filii noxa." It is probable that the fine old republican, Benjamin Franklin, when in Paris about the time Rochefoucauld wrote, was scandalized by

the cost of the Court and the extravagance of the nobility. Our great satirist, Pope, was shocked at a "wax-work Court of France," exhibited in London in his time—

"Such painted puppets! such a varnished race

Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!"

This similarity between an artificial representation of French high nature and the life itself still exists in provincial society. At the time the American printer saw the Court, it flaunted and strutted like a bevy of peacocks, and drew from him the remark that "the trappings of a monarchy would set up a commonwealth." If the immenseness and gorgeousness of Versailles surprised him, what would he say to the now conjoined Louvre and Tuileries? The two finest palaces in the world are those occupied by Napoleon III. and the 650 kings of Great Britain. Yet some of these sharers in royalty possess mansions and castles that will bear comparison with those of crowned heads. The palaces of our Sovereign are connected by imperceptible gradations with the cottages of her people. But France has nothing to compare with the country-houses of our nobility and gentry. Her Court is almost politically and socially unsupported by the noblesse; yet, in expenditure may be suspected to be not a whit less costly than *la civile cour* of Louis XIV. The halls at the Tuileries now admit quantity in lieu of quality, and it is a question whether the imperial hunt of the present day is not as splendid as that figured in the old engraving of "*Le Roy à la chasse d'orser, avec les Dames*." Beauty, observes the poet, draws us with a single hair; it is impossible to calculate what the frizzed and powdered locks of Du Barry and Pompadour drew in the shape of money's worth; yet we must imagine that the results of woman being lovely and lovable are much the same now as then, though we do not see, as in the pendant engraving to Louis XIV out hunting with the ladies—"*Le Roy dans sa cailèche, accompagné des dames dans le bois de Vincennes*."

The following story, now current, acutely points the moral we aim at. The Emperor, admiring a horse *un vrai gentleman*—was mounted on at the hunt, some of his court waited on

the owner, who presently parted with the animal at the price, 5,000 francs, he had paid for it, being himself, as he observed, no *marchand de chevaux*. After some time, it being rumoured that he had received 22,000 francs, he asked for an audience, and found that the Emperor had been told that this was the sum demanded, and had ordered it to be paid. What became of the difference? What, again, would be the advantage if the imperial court and cabinet were filled with men of *vérai noblesse*, with characters like the late Lord George Bentinck's and the Earl of Derby's to keep *sans reproche*? Caesar's administrators should be as much above *scandalum magnatum* as his wife above suspicion.

Original assumption of 'noble' rank having been naturally followed by its adoption as a family birthright, all the children were considered equally entitled, and this system prevails on the Continent. But in England, as the peerage followed the primogeniture descent of the fief, the idea of nobility became adstricted to peerage houses; and foreigners do not understand the true position of our commoners of old, wealthy families, who, conceiving that our peers' houses are exclusively "noble," sometimes find themselves classed when abroad, upon saying that they are not 'noble,' among *bourgeois* and *roturiers*, whereas they are quite on a par with the ordinary noblesse in point of descent, and are usually above them in every other point. We, however, are pleased with this foreign pride of pedigree, notwithstanding it often assumes offensive and ridiculous pretensions, because it gives room to hope for those who feel it. Men careless of those who precede them, are of a character likely to be forgotten by their successors. Consciousness of distinguished birth, is acknowledged to be, when well directed, one of the strongest incentives to action and improvement. Indeed, it is one of the recognised best impulses of human nature; and, as such, a single illustration will suffice, for we cannot resist quoting the following passage from a letter of advice addressed by Sir Henry Sydney to his incomparable son, Sir Philip:

"My son, remember the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side" (the Dudleys), "and think that only by virtuous life and good actions,

you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be accounted *labes generis*," (lapsed from your race). "one of the greatest curses that can happen to man."

Whether the Italian nobility in general are degenerate through vice and sloth is a dry question, demanding such involved researches, that if all histories of Italy resemble Guicciardini's, we should prefer to take the choice of the convict, who, being allowed to choose between reading this historian and being sent to the galleys, went to the oar. Our present purpose is to briefly vindicate the character of the foreign nobility under view, by some remarks, showing, that under the past and present system of the government of their countries, and of their education, incapacity and slowness have been unavoidable. Narrowing our theme to the case most in present political point, we instance the condition of the Roman nobility. For centuries their forefathers have not been admitted to a fair share in the government of their great city and fine country. The administration is delegated by the popes to ecclesiastics. In vain, after the revolution in Rome of 1848, did Louis Napoleon, when restoring the present Pontiff, urge him to substitute laics for clergy. The noblesse in the Papal dominions may be incompetent, but if so, the fault lies in the circumstance that, their bringing up having been committed too narrowly to ecclesiastics, they are unfit for public life. They are such as their education has made them. M. About, in his recent pamphlet on *La Question Romaine*, gives a sketch of the prevailing mode of launching the sons of Roman princes into life, in a picture we copy, divested of some of its flippancy and *méchanceté*.

"Behold," he says, "two young noble boys promenading between two Jesuits. These babes of six and ten years of age, beautiful as young loves notwithstanding their black cloth coats and white cravats, grow up uniformly under the shade of their tutors' broad brims. Their minds resemble a fallow field, all ideas having been sedulously eradicated. Their hearts have been purged of all passions, whether good or bad. They have not even vices, *les malheureux*."

Passing from M. About's remarks on the effects of this moral emasculation, we proceed to quote him in stating that, when these future possessors of territorial property have passed through a certain collegiate examination, which leaves them in a state of classic ignorance, they are dressed à la mode de Londres, and sent to the public promenades. "They appear on the Corso, and in other places of resort, on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage, carrying a cane, or a riding-whip, or an eyeglass, until they are married. Assiduous in going to church and the theatre, they may be seen smiling, yawning, applauding, and crossing themselves, equally passionlessly. Their names are inscribed on the list of some devout fraternity, but they belong not to a club. They play timidly, never see a *démoussé* but at a distance, drink merely to quench thirst, and never ruin themselves: conduct which, observes our author, is exemplary, but almost equalled by their little sister's, who amuses herself with a doll. After a lapse of time, the young Roman prince, who has done nothing, seen nothing, learnt nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing, is to be married; and accordingly, the gate of a cloister is opened, a youthful lady, as experienced as himself, is brought out, and these two innocents go on their knees before a priest, preparatory to stocking the world with more innocents." So far we venture to cite our French observer of noble manners in the Eternal City, and his sketch of this still life is corroborated by whatever oral and ocular opportunities we ourselves have had.

"*Il più bello studio che far possa un uomo nobile è quello di vedere il mondo*," says Milord Bontil, in the comedy, and though he says it in a weak innuendo way, is a good hint to Italian noblemen.

Let us now briefly consider the condition of the French nobility. Hereditary, attached, for the most part, to the dynasties displaced by revolutions, it is the class in which the Emperor reposes least confidence. Gradually, however, various causes are bringing many of its active members into employment, and their sovereign naturally desires to conciliate the entire body; yet dares not show it peculiar favour, and it is impu-

sible that it can take any part in the government of the country at all commensurate with the influence of our aristocracy. The political question of grave future importance is, whether it is desirable to admit "the nobility," a term in which we include all men of considerable fixed fortune, to a larger voice and share in the affairs of France! At this time the old antipathy is not sufficiently overcome to suffer political changes favourable to them. Happily, the excellent conduct of the highest section is gradually reconciling the public mind to the growth of an aristocracy that shall, it may be hoped, gain full respect and confidence. No one in the world has ever owed so much to the hereditary sentiment as the present Emperor does, since the circumstance of his being nephew of the first Bonaparte has made him Napoleon III. It is problematic whether he will repay his obligation to the extent of enabling this sentiment to be fostered in favour of a future noblesse. His imperial crown would be risked were he to propose to introduce the law of primogeniture. Yet, since liberty is one of the three grand principles of republicanism, why should it not be extended to testamentary disposition of property, under such restrictions as to entail as obtain in our laws, but retaining the fundamental law of equal distribution in case of intestacy! A rich and respected hereditary aristocracy cannot rise and continue in France unless this freedom be accorded. Obviously, such a class must, to be valuable, have grown, and the same aphorism applies to a political constitution.

British political society may be compared to a huge cyclopean pyramid, the constructive labour of centuries, raised to a lofty height, but secure, because the base is broad, its foundation being the well-doing and loyalty of the mass of the people. On this security rests the superstructure. Higher in rank stands the natural and acquired wealth of the landed, mercantile, and manufacturing classes; and there is a hearty masonic bond, a general combination, or national cement, preserving and supporting our system of government, which has worked admirably through class stoppage of needful reforms and

foreign, as well as domestic, tempests for many ægæ.

On the other hand, the Empire of France resembles the metal column in the *Place Vendôme*, suddenly erected, bearing aloft a single, imperious figure, which stands armed, isolated, and unsupported, save by the slender pillar, sculptured over with soldiery. By a marvellous reanimation of Celtic prepossessions, the block of the French people are like an ancient Gaelic clan, with the law of gavel, or equal subdivision of property among children, calculated on their grand maxim of "equality," to produce a low level of universal poor proprietors, with an elected *dux*, or leader, at their head. This chosen chief is as powerful for taxation and warlike purposes as Mac-Callum-more or O'Neill was; but, like these deposable rulers, is almost powerless for effecting salutary constitutional changes.

To put ethnologic and metaphoric analogies aside, we may safely assert that Napoleon the Third's empire stands by a combination of certain powers, whose degree of strength is in the following ratio:—first, the many millions of peasant proprietors; second, the army; third, the *bourgeoisie*; and fourth, the inferior clergy. The Emperor is supported firmly by the two first and principal powers, one stationary, the other practical. Both are warlike, for sufficient reasons. The peasantry, though virtually heavily taxed *for those who pay no rent can bear most taxation*—do not feel increase of any imposts on account of war, while they profit by the rise of agricultural prices and expenditure it occasions. The Emperor's practical support, his army, have all to gain by war. Therefore, though commercialists and capitalists are pacific, the two great, popular powers are not so.

The middle class, comprising citizens of every variety of independence, using their intelligence and increasing their wealth, represent most completely the national character, in capacity and morality; and would, under a free representative system, founded on a moderate, reasonable suffrage, prove the most solid base for the state. As a class, they are far superior to the general nobility in essentially valuable qualities.

Under the present system of government, the noblesse have little to do in political matters. With many bright exceptions, they do little that is utilitarian, disliking to live in the country, and passing their existence in provincial towns. It would be unjust to liken their state to "the idleness all" of the poet; but after all, *edel*, i.e., noble, is the root of our word 'idle,' and noblesse and idlesse are almost synonymous. "He that hath little business shall become wise," saith the Preacher; yet deep experience of the business of life is so desirable in the national council, that its lack among the French nobility may be the reason why they are so sparsely admitted.

In reverse, again, of the policy laid down in the book of Ecclesiastics, we see the lower classes, who must labour for their daily bread, and are they of whom it is declared—"They shall not be sought for in the public counsel," possessing, by universal suffrage, the commanding voice in elections! One of the worst evils of universal suffrage consists in the absence of attention on the part of the aristocracy to electioneering influence. Wherever the possessors of large properties can exert a certain amount of interest in elections, they naturally endeavour to increase it by the best means in their power. Even our duchesses become unusually gracious and popular in their manners on the eve of county contests. Not to enter further into this point, it is enough to say that its loss to France is a considerable one.

Luckily, not a tithe of this mob of myriads of electors care to exercise their franchise; but, on the last occasion, the Imperial Government took care to point out, in placards which penetrated Auvergne forests, Brittany hills, and Pyrenean mountains, the name of each "government candidate," and provided secretly for bringing enough voters to the poll. Verily, the duties of a Dictator are infinite, like his powers! A parliamentary sovereign had not need be so careful, being proverbially held innocent of any faults of his reign. Responsibility rests with mastership, and so long back as two centuries and a-half, one of our old kings, James I., knew where the latter lay, when he warned his restive horse he would

send it to the 450 kings at Westminster.

Never, as in the United Kingdom, have the monarchic, aristocratic, middle class, and democratic interests of France compromised their differences, and mingled cordially for the general interest in civil matters of an associated, municipal, governmental kind. Rather they have lived antagonistically in wretched jealousy, and desirous of grasping at exclusive authority. Yet, where class interests do not separate them, they combine zealously for valuable purposes: witness the admirable manner in which provision is made throughout their vast country for support of the poor. In this matter they teach us a magnificent lesson! In England adverse political interests prudently compromise their disputes. Even the roughest demagogue is useful, since, even if not serving to expose real grievances, he is a safety-valve for the explosion of imaginary ones.

One of the first acts of the provisional government, after the Revolution of 1848, was to interdict the use of titles of nobility, on the ground that equality was a principle of the Republic. Whatever may be thought of the value of nobility, it was hardly within the attributes of such a government to abolish titles which are identified with the historic glories of the country, some dating from the Crusades, others derived from the recent triumphs of the Empire. Under the present regime, *on a changé tout cela*: society not only swarms with nominal dignities of great variety, but is infested by impostors, whose titles are vague and fanciful. The mode of ennobling oneself is reduced to regular practice, merely requiring patience. Monsieur Robin, being rich, becomes ambitious; and, accordingly, curious metamorphoses occur in his visiting cards spread over several years. First, he is Monar. S. Robin, then M. St. Robin, then M. C. de St. Robin, then M. le Comte de St. Robin. In our day, this manufacture is immense; as they say, "*On fait de noblesse*." When in a crowd of such small, spurious, and dubious titles, a microscope is really wanted to discriminate with, as a safeguard, one can *se défier toujours des Seints*; but this rule is only applicable to them. We can, however, without any adventitious aid, believe

that the precious globules of true nobility exist in many a French man and woman. The polished amiability, the graciousness, and exquisite tact and manners, peculiar to the highest ranks in France, spring not alone from birth, or the world they have mixed in, but from a pure and holy source; for the Christian character is the foundation of the rare graces ennobling the religious and refined among them. On this subject, our late ambassador, the Marquess of Normanby, has the following remarks, in his recent volume of reminiscences:—

"There exists but a shadow of an aristocracy, with broken fortunes and without privileges; but some of the old French spirit is still to be found. Country retirement on their own estates has done more for them than exile in foreign parts formerly did. Many of them exercise a most beneficial influence in their own neighbourhood; and when they come to Paris, they are still the fraction of society the most distinguished for varied acquisitions and cultivated tastes."

Kings were wont to style the nobility the garland of their crown, and, happily, the difficult and delicate problem of organising and maintaining hereditary titles, calculated to enhance the splendour of the French throne, has been mooted to the imperial resolve. The present anomalous state of the noblesse, and especially the scandalous abuses in assuming surnames and mock rank, have obtained considerable attention, and drawn forth a report to the Emperor, exhorting him to provide reform for this social disorder, and advising him "to give to the future of an institution inseparable from monarchical power all its due lustre and sincerity."

If the education of the young male noblesse is tested by English notions, it must be considered lamentably deficient; not so much in matters of learning, for the necessity of passing certain examinations before entering the army or navy, or obtaining one of the million places in the public offices, forces all youths into a narrow hotbed of special departments of knowledge. The extraordinary comparative deficiency consists in the want of that home and public-school formation of character which fits our youth to enter life. Our meaning will, perhaps, be best expressed by giving an example or contrast of the two

systems. Let us take as the type of young French provincial nobles the physical and moral measure of the only son of Le Marquis (et la Marquise) de Mousselineville, whose property and position entitle him to rank with a British baronet, vegetating remotely on £2,500 a-year. If the laws permitted entail, the boy's inheritance would be a handsome one; but the property must gavel between him and his sisters. The lad is low-sized, with thick shoulders and thin legs. He has a stunted look, and his physiognomy, contracted features, and muddy complexion, partake of it. There is no freedom in either his make, gait, or manners. From childhood to manhood, if he can be said to enter this state, he has been brought up by women and clergymen. During the period when an English boy of rank would have fagged through the lower school of Eton, or been bullied into manliness at Rugby, the young *noble Français* has studied under the unworldly direction of an abbé, and recreated himself by pacing the straight gravel walks of the paternal garden, hand in hand with his preceptor. Not a bed in this formal place has been more carefully tended and sown with vegetable seeds, than his mind has been kept from ill influences. But when he becomes a man, he will still be an animal; and having never learnt to know evil, will he be able to cope with it? His physical qualities are also undeveloped. If his parents venture to risk their only son by letting him go to the town *lycée* or college, he plays at dumps in a walled-in court, and parades the roads with his fellow-students in line, like a school-girl, at an age when our lads are at cricket or boxing, "foot and eye opposed in dubious strife," or kicking foot-balls and fools in their jolly play-grounds. His holidays little resemble our lads', in ranging the country freely, and in such merry intercourse with brothers, comrades, and the world at large as a boy may enjoy, and such as we old boys delight to recall to mind by reading "Tom Brown's Schooldays." If it may be said of young Monsieur—

"Heaven's rich instincts in him grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up, and paint them blue."

he is, nevertheless, very green. In fact, religion, *id quod religat*, enters

rather too much into his education, whilst comparatively enters too little in England. The conqueror on the field of Waterloo used to say he learnt to gain that battle in the Eton playground; and, manifestly, a public school is the best school of the inevitable war, or battle of life. In France there are no universities equivalent to Oxford and Cambridge; so, at the period of youthful peril, when our "men," as they call themselves, with noble globules in their blood, enter into manly existence in the universities, and, as they say, "take it out of themselves" at rackets, or pulling an oar on 'Am or Isis

le jeune Vicomte Mouselineville is playing bagatelle on the piano in his mother's drawing-room. At last, one morning, he is twenty-five years old. At this age a "fine young English gentleman, one of the modern school," had he condescended to be a vulgar "fast man," would have become utterly *blasé*. If with good impulses and purposes, he would have made the tour of Europe, to the benefit of his opinions on cosmopolitan things in general; killed salmon in Norway, lost some gold florins at Baden, ridden well to hounds on the Campagna, before Pius IX. gave them a check, and unless he had over-cultivated his mind by harrowing and guanoing it with French romances, would have voted life, as led by *la jeunesse dorée* in Paris, either insufferably dull and stupid or disgusting, according to its speciality.

On the other hand, the Vicomte launches, if his homely wits do not continue brooding and breeding at home, into life in his gay metropolis, with small knowledge of the whirlpools into which his little vessel may sink; or he takes to the seductive sports afforded by his native provincial town and maison de campagne. Whatever may be his mental and personal insignificance, he is great all around Chateau Mouselineville. He becomes a diligent reader of *Le Sport*, a journal tantamount to a foreign variety of *Bell's Life*, and takes to *la chasse* in all its French phases, perils, and glories; opening the campaign against small game, and closing it with the death of a roebuck and stag or two. His costume is the really gratifying part of the business. The galligaskins are long, bran-new,

and beautiful with braid, buttons, and buckles; the jacket yawns with pockets, and is very rich; and he carries a bag, which, by some fatuity, has for prettiness a side formed of netting, with a graceful fringe, sure to catch every bush and bramble in the way. When mounted for *la chasse du cerf*, he is surrounded by a circular *cor* which he sounds scientifically, and plays on in concert with other hunting convivialists after dinner. But he much prefers indoor to outdoor amusements. At billiards and cards, especially piquet and *écarté*, he is *lâché fort*, playing for money, not like a thorough gambler, but for a moderate excitement, if he is a tame specimen of *les jeunes gens*—a domestic and dutiful son. If otherwise, having made a *coup* in the town club, he obtains leave to visit Paris all alone; and his appearance there is as a quiet "*lion*," either aping English "gentlemen sportsmen," or pretending to imitate *les habitudes des coulisses*, and admiring nothing but "*le chic*," the slang term for swell, fashionable things. Is he a very mild young man, *d'un tempérament de rien*, from positive incapacity, and gazes at any thing, from a new novel to a political pamphlet, and the *carte du jour* at a restaurant's to a ballet dancer's legs, with equal apathy. When witnessing a "stipple chase" and races on the flat at La Marche, he lounges in the weighing-house, smoking pertinaciously, not to betray his flatness by technical remarks, and "cuts his steak to go to de betting," where he risks a hundred francs or so, with every probability of their being picked up by a knowing *Anglais*. Such being his prudence, whatever quality his globules may have, his racing pedigree is evidently not *pursuing*, like the genealogy *Punch* ascribes to many a British peer, viz., "Out of Pocket by Betting." If rich enough to keep a running horse, he wisely leaves all arrangements to his jockey, and is quite right if he has engaged a disciple of a Yorkshire stable. Viewed in his sporting character, it certainly cannot be said of him, as of some 'on the turf,' that it were best he were under it.

A young Englishman of position and cultivated mind, after having sown any wild oats, and broken his collar-bone by a bad fall, becomes ambitious of showing his "*nous*,"

and, accordingly, enters himself for some race of usefulness. If he boasts a parliamentary pedigree, he is trained to politics, and runs for "the members' plate" or "county cup," or a peerage, or a rise in it, or a red or blue ribbon. His family traditions guide his course. His ancestor, when knight of the shire, was imprisoned by Charles I., for patriotically resisting illegal taxation; and aided the Restoration, when Cromwell's heirs proved as incompetent as those of the Bonaparte dynasty may be. His great grandfather declared with Walpole to save the country from the Jacobites; his grandfather joined Burke after the excesses of the French Revolution; and his father saw, with sorrow, the great Conservative party vote against the sense of the country on the corn-law question. If he has worked hard in committees, and earned the esteem of his party, he has done better than were he brilliantly eloquent, since rhetoric the most dazzling, whether from a Sheridan, a Shiel, or D'Israeli, does not insure near so much confidence in the argument advanced, when uttered in the House of Commons, as a few plain words from a man like the late Earl Spenser, or any large-acred wise-acre. In effect, the best point in the aristocratic element in our government consists in the satisfactory feeling that our country is in the hands of men who have a great deal to lose. Their characters, family renown, and princely properties are at stake. There is an obvious advantage in having a number of men in the legislature who, for their own interest, will not consent to bad laws. The prosperity of their families may, perhaps, influence them too much; yet Popes and their

clergy have never been free from gross nepotism, and many other celibate ministers, like Mazarin, Richelieu, and, in our own day, Antonelli, have shown extreme disposition to amass wealth—a disposition which, again, is likely to be stronger in administrators in power, but born to no property, than in men like the majority of our statesmen, who, since they already possess riches and rank, need covet but esteem and honour as their highest gain. Noblemen such as these England produced even during periods of her decadence; and they sustained the aristocracy in that national respect for their class which is their best heritage, the token of their real nobility. If we turn to the satires of the great poet of Queen Anne's day, we find, amid the indignant rush of his verse, some bright contrasts happily set in the general sarcasm, exhibiting his warm appreciation of men, who like Bathurst, stood out from the throng of ignominy, signalized for domestic and open virtues such as now grace the truly eminent among the nobility of France, men who have learnt—

"The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty,
health."

Respect for high birth—an instinct of humanity—is increasing in Great Britain, and growing in France, because of the leaven working in the aristocracy, many now endeavouring to make reverent by example that which they have inherited illustrious by descent.

BRUNEL AND STEPHENSON.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Pharos of the mind,
 Lighted by stars, in heaven,
 To each solution proud to find,
 By a high fate 'twas given,
 The headlong river's width t' o'erspring,
 Or sweep earth's circling breast with iron eagle's wing.

Yes! mounts of science, high
 Your bridges soar; and far
 Through the earth's stony bowels fly
 Your tunnelli'd chasms; the war
 Of tide and stream may o'er ye rave—
 On work ye, victors still both of the earth and wave.

Thy sea king ship, Brunel,
 Thy mind's last victory-palm,
 O'er the world, thro' time, thy fame shall tell,
 Thou slumbering in death's calm.
 The Austral woods shall wondering gaze
 On thy Titanic work, through yet long unborn days!

And Stephenson, of thee
 St. Lawrence loud shall roar '
 O'er deafening strife of ice and sea,
 From Triton conchs shall pour
 Thy praise, in torrents to the main.
 Sweeping, a gulf stream warm, to thy home-land again!

Half-mast high droop each flag '
 Haught battlements sigh in the wind '
 The iron courser now may lag.
 The sea-wheels drop behind '
 As none could equal, both are gone
 Neither on earth would live, twins of the soul, alone!

Of old, grave Plutarch says
 The voice spoke from the shore,
 "Tell sailors, to the Pelodes,
 The great Pan is no more!"
 Let muffled bells, with bated breath,
 Tell to a wider world a more disastrous death.

Now, Envy, be thou still!
 Now, Malice, hush thy lies '
 And, Vanity, now swell thy fill,
 And fullest stretch, for flies
 The master-wing no more— unjust
 To living Genius, now, be honest to the dust—

O'er the strong iron track,
 The treacherous ocean way,
 The spanned and conquered cataract,
 Let Britain's sorrow say,
 In sad dirge, "Our great lights are fled,
 'Ομηρος Παν τέρβηται!' wail, wail, they are dead."

J. C. F. K.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE volume before us is a vigorous attempt to condense into a popular form the stores of knowledge we have recently acquired about English history. While the historian and the professed scholar will always study the subject from original authorities, it is obvious that the general reader must content himself with obtaining the conclusions which the researches of others have made upon it. In history, as in other intellectual products, few only have the ability or the leisure to examine masses of raw material, and to mould them into their proper shape; and the many must be satisfied with considering the results which the minds of others have evolved and reflected. This may be regretted, but cannot be helped; and accordingly, though books such as this of Dr. Vaughan will never supersede historical study properly so called, they are not the less of much value as popular interpreters of history. Looking at his volume from this point of view—that from which the author wishes it to be contemplated—we do not hesitate to pronounce it of great merit as regards thoughtfulness, method, and composition. Its design is less to portray the striking scenes of the national life of England, than to answer the question “what is it that has made her what she is?”—what, rejecting all that is casual and accidental, have been and are the essential elements of her civilization? Surveying the vast field of English history, Dr. Vaughan proposes to himself the object of Tacitus—“ut non modo casus, eventusque rerum, qui plerumque fortuiti sunt, sed ratio etiam causæque noscantur.” In accomplishing this purpose, so far as he has gone, he has displayed no little ability and learning; and, although we differ from him in some of his opinions, and believe that, in some respects, he has not justly estimated the influences which wrought out our early English history, we think that

he has given us a very valuable analysis of the causes which, from the age of Caesar to that of Henry the Seventh, have operated on the destiny of England. So comprehensive a review, indeed, is nowhere else to be found; though, in several not unimportant particulars, we think that it has miscalculated the true significance of events and institutions, and the subject may have been treated in some of its details more fully and distinctly by other writers. Here, however, from the nature of the case, we cannot expect an uniform richness of knowledge, or a judgment invariably free from error; and Dr. Vaughan's shortcomings in these respects will be readily excused by competent critics. With regard to the style of this volume, it is very clear, easy, and popular; and, though here and there we detect in it an echo from Lord Macaulay, it is sufficiently natural and original. We might also note a few faulty words and phrases, but, on the whole, it is a good specimen of that “undefined English” of which Dr. Vaughan is justly a great admirer.

From the age of Caesar to that of Henry V., the main characteristic of English history is, as Dr. Vaughan observes, the Revolution of Race, and all that is comprehended under that term. During that long period of fourteen centuries, England was overrun and conquered by a variety of races, whose union at length made up the English nation, and whose laws, institutions, habits, and tendencies, wrought out the framework of its polity. Since 1400, England has undergone immense alterations; her empire has been extended to all parts of the world, her religion has been considerably modified, her social fabric has been civilized and refined, and her government and constitution have been moulded into those majestic forms which now command the envy and admiration of the world. But, striking and important as these

changes have been, they are only the developments of that order of things which really was established in England when the various Roman, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, and Norman elements in her society were fused into a common nationality, when she was placed under a parliamentary system, when her inhabitants were made law-worthy and freemen, and when the language of Hall and Wycliffe attained its predominance. Before that time the future of England was unsettled, and at several periods of her history it seemed uncertain whether she would not be completely Romanized, or whether she would not be made a province of France, or whether she would not become a great European and continental power with comparatively foreign language and institutions. But since that time her destiny has been assured, her position in the world has been fixed, and her social and political constitution "is to the constitution under which she flourished five hundred years ago, what the tree is to the sapling, what the man is to the boy." The alteration has been great, yet there never was a moment at which the chief part of what existed was not old. If, therefore, we would understand the England of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, of George the Second and of Queen Victoria, we must trace out the different causes which made her what she was about the close of the fourteenth century: what she owed to Roman civilization, what to the Celtic aborigines, and what to her Saxon, Danish, and Norman invaders and conquerors; and how the influences of these different streams of race concurred to mould her peculiar individuality. This can only be done by a careful review of the composition, character, institutions, and social life of the races which ultimately mingled in her people; and to this, accordingly, Dr. Vaughan has turned his attention in the volume we are about to examine.

Lord Macaulay tells us in his brilliant manner that the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Britain were little superior to the "natives of the Sandwich Islands." Mr. Hallam, also, in his account of the Middle Ages, is rather inclined to depreciate the importance of this race as an element of the people of England; and Dr.

Arnold emphatically asserts that "her history does not begin till the white horse of the Saxon appeared on her hills." In opposition to these authorities, Dr. Vaughan has shown successfully that even before the invasion of Caesar, the Celtic natives of Britain had merged from mere barbarism; that when the island was really subjugated by Agricola, it bore the marks of much civilization; and that the Celtic element in its population survived the Saxon conquest in a far greater proportion than has generally been suspected. This is one of the best parts of Dr. Vaughan's work, and we think that he has fully established his theory. Strabo, writing in the age of Caesar and Augustus, tells us that the natives of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands were rich in flocks and herds and in mineral wealth, and were dressed after a fashion not at all akin to barbarism. Even Caesar, who depreciates the Britons as much as possible, describes them as a race well practised in war, whose formidable chariots attested their mechanical machinery. During the century that elapsed before the invasion of Agricola, Celtic Britain had grown into a comparatively opulent country, that maintained a regular commerce with Gaul and the Netherlands, that was thickly covered with towns and villages, and that was subject to a scheme of government and religion.

"The Britain," says Dr. Vaughan, "which did ultimately submit to the authority of Rome, was certainly a country of considerable industry and wealth. If the Britons of Caesar's time were wont to delight in human sacrifices, to paint or stain their bodies in barbarous fashions, and to have the wives of a family in common, nothing of this would seem to apply to the Britons described by Tacitus and Dion Cassius. This is a fact of importance in relation to our early history, and should be marked by the student."

And as Celtic Britain was more powerful, more civilized, and more populous, than usually has been allowed, so Dr. Vaughan shows with much learning and argument that it long struggled vigorously with the Saxon invader, that down to A.D. 900 it cannot be said to have been subdued, and that the Celtic race amalgamated more fully with their conquerors, and thus have tinged more deeply the people of England than

some of our historians have admitted. This is Dr. Vaughan's conclusion on this point, which obviously is of no small importance:—

“The fact that the Britons kept together along nearly the whole of the western side of the island from Cumberland to Cornwall, and the small traces of the British tongue along the parallel territory on the eastern side of the line, would seem to suggest that the effect of this memorable collision was that the natives relinquished the one-half of their land entirely to the invader, but retained firm hold on the other half. It is not probable, however, that the population of any of the Saxon states was without a considerable admixture of British blood. The keels of the Saxon freebooters can hardly be supposed to have brought settlers in sufficient numbers, and of both sexes, to warrant such an opinion. Greatly more was done ere long upon the soil than can be explained on such a supposition. That a large admixture of this kind took place along the border lands which separated the two races is unquestionable.”

We shall here only remark that Dr. Vaughan might have added to his reasonings on this subject that the English language we actually speak and write contains no less than 3,000 words of British origin; a fact which corroborates strongly his opinion.

In one sense, however, Celtic Britain has no relation with the England of the present day; and, on the whole, its influence upon the actual English nation is somewhat indirect and conjectural. The confederacy of the British clans that once spread over the island has long ago become a thing of the past; and not a vestige remains of Druidism except, here and there, its gigantic altars. It is, therefore, of no paramount importance with reference to the state of English civilization, to discuss the antiquities of Celtic Britain; and Dr. Vaughan has fulfilled his object by establishing the fact that the Celtic element never ceased to have much weight in the population of England. It is in the effects of the Roman conquest of Britain that we first find the more positive influences which contributed to make up modern England, and to mould her laws, institutions, government, and society. As is well known, Celtic Britain was subdued by Agricola: for about three centuries and a-half it was part of the Roman Em-

pire; and from the Grampian Hills to the Land's End it was “shaped into the elegant and servile form of a Roman province.” During this period Paganism was extirpated; Christianity in a more or less corrupt form became the popular faith; the Christian Church with its regular polity was established in Britain; Roman colonies and municipal towns spread over the country; Roman roads traversed the length and breadth of the land; Roman arts and products were widely disseminated; and “there can be little doubt that contracts in general were governed by the doctrines of the Roman law, and that the Roman municipal regulations very generally prevailed in the towns, which were numerous, and many of them in a flourishing condition. The question thus arises, how much of this noble civilization took permanent and thorough root in Britain, and, surviving Saxon, Danish, and Norman invasions, established itself as a principle of the national organization? How much of our actual constitution, political, legal, ecclesiastical and social, may ultimately be traced to a Roman origin?”

Lord Macanlay denies that, after its desertion by the Romans, Britain retained any traces of the Roman empire; and Gibbon tells us that “the arts and religion, the laws and language which the Romans had so carefully planted in Britain were extirpated by their barbarous successors.” On the whole, this is also the opinion of Mr. Hallam; and Dr. Vaughan inclines to it, though he takes care to dissent from the sweeping assertion, that the scanty and superficial civilization which the Britons had derived from their southern masters was effaced by the calamities of the fifth century.” We admit the weight of these authorities; and yet are disposed to agree with Mr. Spence, in his masterly treatise on the origin of Equity, that the influence of the Roman empire in Britain survived to a far greater extent than has been usually supposed; that many of the customs and institutions we are disposed to ascribe to Saxon and Norman originals may really be traced to Roman sources; and that much of our actual polity and laws has been derived from the imperial system. It seems to be extremely probable that the Saxon Witanagemote and County Court may

have found their prototypes in the synods of the Church; that the franchises acquired by the towns of England in Norman and Saxon times may have been merely a revival of Roman municipal institutions; that several of the ideas of feudalism arose from the Roman law as regards patron and client and the tenure of colonial lands; and that the policy of the Norman conqueror, in many respects, imitated the constitutions of the Roman emperors. If we ascribe the planting of Christianity in Britain, not, as seems probable, to any preacher or apostle, but to the legionaries and auxiliaries of the Roman army, the debt of England in this respect will be still more increased; and if, as Dr. Vaughan has argued satisfactorily, the Christian Church of Britain survived the Saxon invasion, and the mission of Augustine merely restored its authority, we must at once admit the immense influence which imperial Rome has had upon the destiny of England. That influence indeed can scarcely be exaggerated if the Church really sprang from this origin, since not only has its moral power been conspicuous in every phase of English history, but from the age of Bede to that of Cranmer the clergy have had an important part in forming the legislative, ecclesiastical, and judicial institutions of our polity. Whatever doubts, however, there may be as regards the Imperial or the Papal foundation of the Church in England, we cannot agree with Dr. Vaughan that "England owes nothing to the municipal laws of Rome: that our laws are all from ourselves: that they were born with us, and have lived and grown with us." On the contrary, the more we examine its source the more we shall be convinced that the municipal law of England is at bottom the civil law of Rome, of course largely penetrated by foreign elements; and that all the boasts of Lord Coke and the writers of his school as regards the aboriginal character of English law, cannot stand the test of modern discovery. On this branch of the subject, therefore, we differ in some respects from Dr. Vaughan, though we acknowledge that he shows much learning about it; and his account of the actual state of Celtic Britain under Roman government appears to us accurate and impartial. Great as

have been the advantages of Roman civilization when assimilated with a free government, it must not be forgotten that the rule of Rome in Britain was that of a deadening despotism.

"The fidelity, the courage, and the national spirit which had characterized the Britons in their rude state were all deeply impaired. The men of substance were flattered, baited with pleasure, and rendered harmless by such means; and while the industrious furnished the conqueror with a revenue, the adventurous were made to replenish his armies in distant provinces. Such was the general policy of Rome. Britain was used so long as it could be used, and was abandoned when it could be used no longer. It had been civilized into helplessness and it was then left to its fate."

From the fifth to the close of the eleventh century England was the battle-field of three races of invaders, each of which brought new elements of individuality into the country, and, at length, commingling with the Celtic Britons, about 1,400, A.D. composed the real English people. The Saxons issuing in swarms from the forests and marshes of Upper Germany overran England during three hundred years, and, notwithstanding a fierce resistance, succeeded in planting themselves in that part of the island which extends from Edinburgh to Devon towards the eastern sea. The vanquished Britons held their ground in the west of the country, but though intermixed with their conquerors within the Saxon pale, this portion of England henceforth became essentially Saxon, and to this day retains completely the Saxon character. After many generations of war and barbarism a great Saxon monarchy was at length established from the Frith of Forth to the mouth of the Exe; and a line of Saxon kings held sway in this region under a polity in which the old German customs were blended with the laws and institutions of Rome, and were tempered by the influences of the Church and of Christianity. The form of this polity has never been effaced, it assimilated thoroughly with the English nation; though it yielded to the Norman Conquest it ultimately overcame it; and, down to our own times it is the basis and mould of the present kingly commonwealth of England. Its growth and development, however, were to be

severely checked; and from the ninth to the eleventh century Saxon England was exposed to a terrible scourge which long retarded its progress, and, for a time, changed the nature of its government. "Large colonies of Danish and Scandinavian pirates, distinguished by strength, by valour, by merciless ferocity, and by hatred of the Christian name, established themselves on the eastern shores of the island, spread gradually westward, and, supported by constant reinforcements beyond the sea, aspired to the dominion of the whole realm." In the fierce and protracted struggle that ensued it seemed long doubtful whether England would not lapse again into barbarism; and in fact her civilization was quite arrested, and her social development was kept back by the stern trial of the Danish invasions. But, at length, after six generations of strife, the Danes and Saxons began to coalesce into one people; the Saxon polity, after a season of interruption, became again the regular government of England, and the traces of the past were only seen in the infusion of a new race into the English nation. In fact the Saxon element predominated over the Danish; and though the latter has had a marked influence on the population, it has not materially affected the language, and it never made any lasting inroad on the Saxon polity. Scarcely, however, was England once more settled when she fell a prey to a third race of invaders, who, for a long time, subjugated her inhabitants, established throughout the country new and arbitrary institutions, supplanted to a great extent the old Saxon form of government, and, to this day, have left their mark upon our civilization. The Norman Conquest was the last great revolution of race which England has, as yet, witnessed; and, though many of its effects have now disappeared, and there is reason to suppose that they have been exaggerated; they were not the less of paramount importance.

Thus from the fifth to the twelfth century the History of England is emphatically that of the changes of her inhabitants. What were the influences, the peculiarities, the customs, and the laws which these different races brought with them; and in what degree have they had effects upon the England of this day?

And first, as regards the indirect operation of religion, language, population, and general character, which, far more than actual institutions, determine the real destiny of a nation, it seems probable, as we have already stated, that England owes to Roman Celtic Britain the preservation at least of Christianity during two centuries, if not entirely the conversion of the Saxons, and that the Roman laws, and habits of dealing penetrated deeply into the Saxon polity. But, on the other hand, after the sixth century, Celtic Britain, within three-fourths of its limits, became essentially Saxon England; and the characteristics of the Saxon race formed the peculiar features of the people. The worshippers of Odin, indeed, adopted the religion of Vortigern, but they marked it with their peculiar spirit, and Saxon Christianity, we are assured, was something very different from that of the Roman Celtic nation. The Saxon Church, though placed high in the state of England, was certainly not a dominant priesthood; it was emphatically a national institution, sharing power with the laity, but controlled by the law; and the faith of Edgar and Alfred, of Athelstan and Ethelbert was penetrated by that spirit of freedom which characterized Odinism as distinguished from Druidism. In language England became essentially Saxon within the limits of the Saxon kingdoms, and though here the Celtic race continued in great numbers, the Celtic tongue gradually died out, and the two races formed virtually a Saxon people. So deeply rooted, indeed, was the Saxon element in this part of England that it was not much influenced by the Danish admixture; and, although it was greatly disturbed by the Norman Conquest, it overcame ultimately even this invasion, and established itself as dominant within its own territory. Here then, even in the eighth and ninth centuries, we find the germ of the English nation as it now exists: the Saxon tongue is the parent of actual English, the Saxon religion is akin to English Protestantism; and, after the lapse of a thousand years, the Saxon character is that of the English people. The Celtic race has had little influence on that character; the Danish has coalesced with it; the Norman has transfused it, but yielded

to it; and freedom from superstition, love of law, reverence for usage, and zeal for self-government and liberty, are now, as in the days of Alfred, the peculiar marks of the English nation.

With respect to positive laws and institutions, the influence of the Saxons is no less conspicuous. In the Saxon polity, as it appears towards the close of the eleventh century, we can trace many of the features of our actual constitution, ecclesiastical, civil, and social. Much of that polity was, doubtless, due to a Roman origin, but it was built up by Saxon hands, and it bears the stamp of the Saxon spirit. We must refer our readers to Dr. Vaughan's excellent analysis of it in its social judicial and political organization, and must confine ourselves to one or two remarks with regard to its operation in our history. Under the Saxon kings the authority of the clergy was great: they possessed a large share of the Saxon soil; their bishops sat in the Witanagemote, and were assessors in the county courts; but the church was never an exclusive priesthood; it was thoroughly pervaded by lay influences; and, as we have said, it was peculiarly a national institution. The executive power lay in the monarch; but he could enact no law without the assent of the Witanagemote; and although he enjoyed an ample revenue, he could not of himself impose any taxes; he had not the prerogatives of his Norman and feudal successors; and his functions as the supreme judge were closely circumscribed by the local courts of the country. The Witanagemote, though not a representative assembly, nor, probably, of a popular character, was not the court of an exclusive aristocracy; and in the County and Hundred Courts justice was administered with comparative impartiality, by a procedure not unlike to that of modern English law. It is, however, in the social institutions of Saxon England that we see the strongest resemblance to our actual constitution. The law abhorred slavery; and the Saxon ceorle was as law-worthy and independent as the more opulent thane and franklin. The principle of mutual reliance and responsibility penetrated society—that noble principle which still stamps the Saxon race wherever it spreads throughout the world. No

arbitrary division of classes existed in Saxon England: the ceorle could become a thane, and the thane a ceorle; the law was supreme over all orders in the people; and, though something of a feudal character was impressed upon the nation, it never degenerated into feudal tyranny. No one can fail to observe how strong is the resemblance between this state of society and that of modern England; and although the polity of England is now assured by long centuries of trial and experience, it seems certain that the broad lines of its freedom were first laid down in the Saxon period of our history.

As a specimen of his narrative powers which, of course, are seldom seen in a work of this kind, we transcribe Dr. Vaughan's picture of the close of the battle of Hastings, which for two centuries rang the doom of Saxon England:—

"Through six hours the death-strife had been protracted, and there was no sign of victory on either side. The Duke now remembered the success of an early hour of the day, when chance drew some of the Saxons from their position. He resolved to attempt doing by stratagem what had then been done without forecast. He arranged for the apparent flight of a large division. The unsuspecting Saxons rushed on the rear of their enemies, heaping taunt and sarcasm upon them with every blow. But presently the Duke gave the signal to halt and to form his lines. The Saxons now saw their error. The fate which had befallen the advanced division in the morning, now befel a much larger number in the evening. The loss thus sustained by the English was great, irretrievable, but neither party seemed to have seen it to be so. Many extraordinary deeds were done by heroic Saxons when this dark hour of the day had come. But no names are mentioned; that honour was reserved by the Anglo-Norman writers for the distinguished men of their own race. William, it is said, had eagerly sought for Harold, and once fell upon a bold Saxon thane, supposing he had found him. The thane bent in the helmet of his assailant, and would have changed the future of English history, had not the attendants of the commander came to his deliverance. Thus did hope and fear rack against each other through that live-long day. Even as the sun is going down, a body of cavaliers, with the brave Count Eustace at their head, are seen flying in the direction of the royal standard; and,

as the Count bends towards the ear of the Duke in passing to say in a subdued voice that retreat is unavoidable, the blow from a pursuing Saxon falls between his shoulders, sends the blood from his mouth and nostrils, and he sinks to the ground. It was this Count Eustace who had saved the life of the Duke in the morning. But to William retreat was worse than death. He looked to the point where Harold's standard was yet seen, surrounded by the flower of his army. Were there no Normans left who could rush in then and seize that ensign? Some twenty men of rank volunteered to lead the way thither. The greater part of them perished. But then work was done. The archers had raised their bows higher than before; the fatal arrow pierced the eye of the King. His two faithful brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, fell by his side. Soon only the dead and dying of King Harold's army were on the plain. As the darkness came once more to the quiet earth, it fell onthane and peasant, on ecclesiastics and nobles, thickly strewn together. But they had done their best in defence of their own homeland. Among the armed combatants who there fell were an English abbot and eleven of his monks. England is not to have another Saxon king, is never to see another Saxon army."

The effects of the Norman conquest in England were immense; and after the lapse of eight centuries are still discernible in the nation. From 1066 to 1265 they changed the character of life in England; and although from this time forward they became weaker and weaker, they have deeply penetrated our Constitution. Though William never rested his title upon the sword, and always preferred to govern by the laws of England, it is certain that he converted the Saxon monarchy almost into a tyranny, and that he exercised a power and prerogative which had been unknown to his predecessors. He engrossed enormous tracts into his own demesnelands; established the principle that the soil of England was held mediately or immediately from the Crown, and drew the bonds of feudal tenure more closely over his vassals than had ever been known even on the Continent. At the same time he abolished the Witanagemote, converted it into the Norman Aula Regia, which approximated to a judicial Privy Council; and making use of the church as an instrument of power, increased its position in the state, endowed it with

more than its former possessions, and furnished it with a system of separate judicature. How despotically, on account of these changes, the Norman kings of England were able to rule, during the next two centuries, every line of Magna Charta attests; and the Constitutions of Clarendon prove to what extent the legislation of William and his successors, conjoined with other favourable circumstances, exalted the power and influence of the church and clergy. At the same time, the battle of Hastings, succeeded by civil war and confiscation, reft most of the land of England from the Saxon aristocracy, degraded them to the status of tenant holders, and planted in their stead a haughty Norman baronage, who, however they were kept down by their Norman rulers, were too often free to domineer over the race they had conquered. And as for the lower orders of the people

the corles and villan of the Saxon age, they were to a great extent reduced to predial slavery; they became the property of their feudal owners: in Saxon phrase, they were no longer law worthy; and, although they never sank so low as the commons of France, there is no doubt that they underwent a disastrous revolution. Concurrently with these great changes, we read of the enactment of barbarous forest laws and game laws, of terrible penalties exacted from the Saxon race, if ever they attempted to rise in rebellion; and of legislation drawing a deep and impassable line of demarcation between the conquerors and the conquered. In dress, in language, in civil rights, and in ideas, the Norman aristocracy of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries differed widely from their Saxon subjects; and there is no doubt that Sir Walter Scott's portraits of the Front de Beufs, and the De Bracys, of the Cedres and the Athelstanes, who lived in England in the days of Richard the First, are, in this respect, true copies of history. Thus the muzzling shadows of despotism, and of a severe Feudalism, with the super-added evil of government by caste, overhung the England of our early Norman kings; and it is not strange that the Saxon thane, reduced to vassalage, and the Saxon corles bowed down in slavery, should have long rued bitterly the day of Hastings, and have

long sighed for the laws of the "good king," Edward. Dark, however, as this picture undoubtedly was, it was not without its brighter side, which gave some promise of hope for the future. The aggrandisement of the church proved some check on the Norman monarchy; and more than once, in this evil time, the clergy interposed in the interest of the down-trodden Saxons. The great power of the Crown restrained the Norman barons, in many respects, from tyrannizing over their Saxon dependents; and the complete centralization of justice in the king afforded a readier appeal to the *Aula Regis* than had been the case in Saxon times. At the same time, the local judicatures of the Saxons were scarcely in any respect interfered with; and in the County and Hundred Courts the administration of justice by freemen preserved the image of the old Saxon polity. Externally, too, it cannot be doubted, that the Norman conquest added much to the strength and dignity of England. The vigour of the feudal system made the Executive more compact and formidable than it had been, and supplied the Crown with ample military forces. The Norman kings and baronage of England introduced many elements of greatness and splendour into the country, and made it familiar with a noble architecture, with stately games, and with chivalrous manners. The church of Becket and Langton brought the Saxon land into closer relations with European civilization; and, in this respect, even its vassalage to Rome was not without a national advantage. Nor was the intercourse which the Norman conquest created between France, England, and the Continent - an intercourse which the Crusades afterwards greatly increased - without a most important effect in forming the source of our early commerce.

We agree with Dr. Vaughan, upon the whole, in his account of the effects of the Norman conquest, though, perhaps, his dislike of Papal Rome has induced him to undervalue the beneficial operation of the Church in one of the darkest epochs of our history, and we are disposed to think that his portrait of the Norman aristocracy is somewhat charged with depreciating shades. During the two centuries from 1200 to 1400, these effects were almost completely mitigated, and the

land of Norman tyrants and barons, in which every Saxon was a churl or a slave, became again the land of free Englishmen under the control of a comparatively regular government and law, and with settled franchises and privileges. It is true that in 1400, as in the days of John, a prince of Norman race sat on the throne, that the Norman blood predominated in the English aristocracy, that the spirit of Norman chivalry was strong in the nation, and that many of the Norman institutions had taken permanent root in the country. But the influence of wars in which they had bled together, the results of intermarriage and local union, and the beneficent power of a common faith, had broken down the barriers between the Norman and Saxon races, and had united them in language and close relationship. The consequence had been that a new people had been formed in England, of Saxon stock with a powerful Norman graft; and that the features of the old Saxon polity began visibly to reappear, though greatly tempered and modified by Norman and other elements. The Church of Henry the Second and of John still held its state; but, although, unquestionably, its influence had been most salutary, its pretensions had been curbed by several Parliaments, its moral power was beginning rapidly to decline, and, as in Saxon days, it was viewed chiefly as a national institution. The more despotic powers of the Crown and the chief lords had been retrenched by the great charter, which also had declared the principal rights of English freemen, and was not quite a dead letter given to the masses of peasant villagers. This class, too, had been manumitted to a great extent, and, before the commencement of the fifteenth century, had generally risen to the status of free labourers and artificers, whose condition, Dr. Vaughan, like Mr. Hallam, thinks was one of considerable ease and comfort. From 1265, the Parliament of England had held its sittings, akin to the *Witanagemote*, though a representative body; and before a hundred years had passed away, it had vindicated its great rights of making laws, of levying taxes, and of punishing state offenders. The Norman *Aula Regis* had given place to the Supreme Courts of Westminster, and had trans-

mitted to these august tribunals the centralized authority it had monopolized. No doubt this institution was by no means Saxon; but in other respects the Saxon system of local judicature obtained and flourished through the country, and it had received additional strength from the establishment of a magistracy and from the arrangement of jury trial. In the meantime the common law of England had been reduced into a regular science, and, though fashioned in the main after the civil law, and Norman in its dialect and procedure, it was filled with the free Saxon spirit in its disregard of class distinctions and privileges. By 1400, too, the towns of England had acquired much importance; the glory of her commerce had dawned; her position as a naval power was becoming assured; and, in the works of Chaucer and Wycliffe, "appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and durable of the many glories of England."

Dr. Vaughan's account of this great revolution is very learned and interesting, and though the exact sequence of its events cannot now be detailed, his picture of it is life-like and vivid. Speaking generally, his analysis of legal and constitutional changes is less accurate and trustworthy than his treatment of social and ecclesiastical questions within the period we are now examining. His chapter on the political life of England from the death of John to the accession of Henry the Fourth is not so full and clear as we could have wished; and we cannot assent to his assertion that Edward the First was not a real law reformer. The reign of that monarch witnessed the establishment of the common law and its tribunals, the institution of our magistracy and coroners, and the enactment of several of the most important statutes which have ever occupied the parliaments of England. On the other hand, no writer that we are acquainted with has delineated so accurately and pleasantly as Dr. Vaughan, the social, industrial, and intellectual life of this epoch, the condition of the poorer classes, the growth of the towns of England, the spread and organization of her commerce, the gradual development of her nautical resources, and the tendency and nature of her medieval learning. Of course it is im-

possible to transcribe all he has written on these subjects, but the following passage gives an idea of the estimate he has formed of the England of the fourteenth century:—

"We may say that two great principles—taxation solely by authority of Parliament, and the representation of the commons as essential to the constitution of a parliament—were recognised for all time to come in the reign of the first Edward. English liberty, indeed, was nothing to that monarch, he ceded no vestige of it willingly. He would have crushed it in all its tendencies had he been permitted. But the course of events in England had long been such as to train the people in political knowledge; and the two principles above mentioned, which the policy of this King had tended to make so precious, may be said to have embodied two of the weighty lessons which the nation had now thoroughly learned. With these new ideas property seems to acquire a new sacredness, and law a new authority. Neither the kings of England, nor the baronage of England may, henceforth, touch the property or the power of Englishmen except according to law, the law takes precedence of both—both owe to it obedience—all owe to it obedience. Knight and baron, burgess and freeholder, subject and Sovereign, have their ground in this respect in common. According to maxims which have now become accredited and familiar, will is nowhere law, but law is everywhere in the place of will. The English yeomen of those days, and many below them, thought, and spoke, and debated concerning these maxims. So did the merchants in their guilds; and so did the men of handicraft, when they gathered about their homely hearths, when they gathered in their local courts, or assembled as fraternities in the manner then common to men following the same calling or mystery. The educating power of such influences might be seen everywhere. To congregate was to learn, and there was scarcely any other way of learning. Even in the Universities more knowledge was obtained from the lips of living men than from books; and there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the people of England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries cared little about politics. Concerning politics as a theory or a science they thought little, but concerning government as a matter immediately affecting their personal liberty and personal gains, they were keen observers and keen disputants."

We must also commend Dr. Vaughan's description of the status of the

Church at this epoch—of the triumphant struggle of the English parliaments with the See of Rome, as disclosed in the memorable statutes of provisors—of the arrogance and corruptions of the priesthood, and the gradual decline of their authority amongst the people—and of that marked revolution in opinion in England between the twelfth and the fifteenth centuries, which slowly restored in the general mind the Saxon ideal of the Church system. We think, however, that Dr. Vaughan has done scant justice to the good effected by the Church during this period—to her powerful moral influence in an age of feudal tyranny—to her tendency to efface the odious distinctions of race—to her perseverance in abolishing slavery—to her encouragement of learning and agriculture—and to her position as a mediating influence between all classes of her subjects. At the same time, about the year 1400, it is certain that her pretensions, as an emissary from Rome, and that the conduct of her regular clergy had become extremely distasteful to the nation; and that a spirit was abroad which already contemplated to reform her nearly according to the old Saxon pattern. Wycliffe was the highest embodiment of this spirit; and Dr. Vaughan thus details his doctrines, which are singularly akin to those of the present Church of England:—

“According to the doctrine of Wycliffe, the Crown was supreme in authority over all persons and possessions in this realm of England—the persons of churchmen being amenable to the civil courts in common with the laity; and the property of churchmen being subject to the will of the king, as expressed through the law of the land, in common with all other property. Nor was it enough that he should thus preclude the Papal Court from meddling with secular affairs in this English land. According to his ultimate doctrine, the pretence of the Pope to exercise even spiritual jurisdiction over the Church of England, as being himself the Head of the Churches,

should be repudiated as an insolent and mischievous usurpation. The whole framework of the existing hierarchy he describes as a device of clerical ambition; the first step in its ascending scale, the distinction between bishop and presbyter, being an innovation on the polity of the early Church, in which the clergy were all upon an equality.”

Thus, towards the close of the fourteenth century, we see clearly the forms of the people of England, and of the English constitution, composed of many different elements and forces, emerging from the long chaos of several revolutions. It is true that centuries are yet to elapse before that polity shall have been perfected on its present type; and Limited Monarchy, Parliamentary Government, a National Church, and an equal law shall have become the sure inheritance of all Englishmen. Villeinage has not yet disappeared from the soil; the liberties of England have not yet been secured; and in the fifteenth century, which, as Dr. Vaughan observes, was one of retrogression on the whole, the power of the Church was much augmented, and the State was rent by civil wars. During the Tudor era, and down to 1688, the influence of the Crown enormously increased, while that of the aristocracy dangerously declined—and there were seasons when the government of the country appeared likely to become a despotism. Finally, the Reformation is yet to come fraught with many results of great importance to the people and the destiny of England. But notwithstanding those manifold changes, and the slow but immense revolution in society between 1400 and 1688, the English nation from this time preserves its form; and the great lines of the English polity and institutions continue without ever being effaced. We shall not, however, anticipate Dr. Vaughan in his work; so, cordially commending this volume to our readers, we leave for the present his interesting subject.

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. IX.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

EARLY the following morning, Colonel Mortimer called upon me, and proposed that we should visit the various objects of interest in and about the port of Southampton, and defer our departure for London to a later train in the afternoon. To those who think with me, that no view can be perfect that does not include a considerable quantity of navigable water within it, Southampton presents great attraction. What, indeed, can be more beautiful than the prospect exhibited to the admiring eye of a stranger, as he approaches from Basingstoke, embracing at once the town, a large portion of the New Forest, and the extensive bay, protected by the Isle of Wight.

My old friend, Commodore Rivers, was our guide on this occasion; he was an enthusiastic admirer of the place (with every part of which he was well acquainted), and had many interesting anecdotes connected with it, which he told in his own peculiar style. As a seaman, the docks stood first in his estimation, not only for their utility, but for their beauty. Now this is a quality, I confess, I could never see in them, any more than in foot-tubs; we may admire their magnitude, their usefulness, their wonderful construction and importance, but their beauty, if they have any, is discernible only to a nautical eye. On our way thither we passed the "Great Carriage-building Factory" of the late Mr. Andrews.

"A clever man that, sir," said the Commodore; "did a vast deal of good to the place, employed a great many hands, and was a hospitable and a popular man, too. He was three times Mayor of Southampton, and boasted that he was the greatest coach-builder in the kingdom. Says I to him one day—'Andy, how is it you build so cheap?' 'Come in, and take a glass of brandy and water with me,' said he, 'and I will tell you.' And that," remarked the Commodore, "puts me in mind that I don't feel very well to-day. The last time I was at Alexander, in the Simla, I had a touch of cholera, and I have never been quite free from pain since;

I will just go on to the Royal, 'above bar' here, and take a thimbleful neat, or as More O'Ferrall used to call his whisky, 'the naked truth.'"

When he rejoined us, he continued: "Andrews said, 'I will tell you, Commodore, the secret of my success. I first took the hint from you.' 'From me,' says I; 'why I know nothing about any wheel in the world but a paddle wheel, and that is built with floats, not spokes, and has an axle, but no hub, or a helm one to steer by, that makes a vessel turn round, but not go a head. How could I know any thing about coach building?' 'Why,' says he, 'I caught the idea from a story you once told me of the black preacher.' 'Oh, I remember it,' said I, 'he was one of the 'nigger' niggers in Jamaica that was too lazy to work, so he took to itinerant preaching. When he returned from one of his circuits, as he used to call them, for his old master was a lawyer, he was asked what he got for his day's work. 'Two and six-pence,' said he. 'Poor pay,' replied his friend, 'it aint as much as I get for hoeing cane.' 'Yea, Pompey,' he said, 'it is poor pay, but reck'lect, it's berry poor preachin' I gibs 'em, berry poor, indeed; for I can't gib 'em Latin or Greek as church minister does, and I can't talk dic(tionary) - niggers is always berry fond oh what dey can't understand. When I can't 'swade 'em, I fritters 'em dat is great art, and white preacher don't always understand de natur ob coloured folks. Now, Pompey, dere is one natur oh nigger, and one natur of Massah Buckra. You can't scare our people by telling 'em dey'll go to berry hot place if dey is sinners, for no place is too hot for dem dat sleep on pillow of hot roasted sand in de boilin' heat ob day, wid dere faces turned up to it like a sun-flower. I scare dem by cold: I talk ob frozen ribbers dat dey must walk on barefoot, and ob snow drifts, and ob carryin' great junka ob ice on dere bare heads for eber and eber, like dis-chargin' cargoes of Yankee ice from Boston vessels, which kills more ob

dem dan yaller fever. I can't talk book larnin', 'cause I can't read; nor eberlastin' long words, 'cause I can't pronounce 'em. But I fritten dem to death almost, so dey call me Old Scare Crow. Yes, half-a-dollar a-day is poor pay, but I must 'fess it's berry poor prouchin'." "Is that the story you mean?" "Yes," says Andrews, "that's the story: poor pay, poor preaching," started the idea in my mind of "cheap work, cheap price." Now I won't say I charge low, because my work is indifferent, for it is very good *for the price*; but I don't build my vehicles to last for ever—that is the grand mistake of the trade. In a general way, carriages outlive what is called "all the go," though they are as good as ever for wear after they become unrepresentable. Old coaches don't suit new bonnets, fine birds must have new cages, a coat is of no use after it is too long or too short waisted, or too high or too low in the collar, however good it is; it is then only fit for the Jew's bag or for rag fair. I build my traps to last as long as the fashion does, it saves labour and material, and suits both buyer and seller. Then I take my pay generally by three annual instalments, which is an investment of two-thirds of the capital at five per cent."

"It's a pity that the trade hadn't his honesty, and talked truth and sense as he did. Poor man! he died of a broken heart, he never held up his head after Palmerston jockeyed him out of his election. The grand mistake Andrews made was, *he forgot who greased his wheels*, turned against the aristocracy who made him what he was, and joined the Radicals, who, my washerwoman declares, are not 'carriage people.' He didn't know what you and I do, that the Whigs use the Radicals to get into power, and then, in their turn, forget who *greased their wheels* for them."

"I was not in the country at the time," I said, "and do not know to what you allude—what is the story?"

"Why," said the Commodore, "Andrews heard that the Government was using its influence in the Southampton election for the Whig candidate who started in opposition to him. So he wrote to Palmerston, for whom he had fought through thick and thin, to ask him if it was true. What does his Lordship do, in-

stead of answering his question, but write back in his usual supercilious way, 'Since you ask my opinion, I think *you* had better stay at home and mind your own business.' You never heard such a row as that kicked up at Southampton in all your life. The Tories crowed, and said, 'served him right,' the Whigs laughed, and said he might know something of the springs of a carriage, but not of the springs of government; and the Radicals threw up their hands in disgust, and said they could do nothing without court cards. It's astonishing what gamblers these fellows are, they always expect the knave to be turned up triumphs. Poor Andrews! he was never the same man afterwards. I used to try to rally him, for he was a good-hearted fellow as ever lived, though he was a Radical. 'Andy,' I used to say to him, 'you see you have been chucked over, my boy, to lighten the ship, you are what we call at sea a "jutsum," but brace up the main-stay, and have pluck enough to be a "flatsum," hold on by your eyelids, you'll come ashore safe yet, and then show fight, we will all vote for you, because you have been ill-used.' But it was no good. Then I tried him on another tack. Says I, 'Did you ever hear, my old friend, of a tarantula?' 'No,' says he, 'I never did—what is it?' 'Why,' says I, 'It is a great big speckle-bellied spider, that is common in the Mediterranean countries. Captain Inghy, the great Conservative here, calls it a Whig, for it turns on its own small fry if they cross its path, snaps them right up, and lives on 'em. Its bite, if not attended to, is said to be certain death. When an Italian is stung by one of these creatures, he sends for musicians, and dances and sings till he falls down exhausted on the floor, it's the only cure in nature there is for it. Now, cheer up! you have been bit by a tarantula; and so was Inglesby himself once at the Admiralty, and he capered and hopped about like a shaking Quaker, till the pison was thrown off by perspiration.'

"But it was no go, he shook his head. 'My wheels is locked,' said he, 'I can never see the pole of a carriage again without thinking of the poll at the hustings, or how can I make seats for others, who have lost my own? It's *bootless* to complain, and it's all *clickey* with me now.' And so on,

and he tried to laugh and joke it off; but Pam had put the leak into him, and he felt the water gaining on him; so he just drifted away towards home and foundered, and it was the last time I ever saw him.

"Poor fellow! I lost a great friend in him, and so did Southampton too, I can tell you. But as Inglesby said to me one day (and there ain't a more sensible man in this place than he is), 'Rivers,' said he, 'his life and death ought to be a warning to Radicals who volunteer for the forlorn hope, die in the breach, and open the way for the Whigs to enter, gain the victory, and bag all the prize money. What,' said he, 'did the party ever do for Joe Hume, who fought their battles for them with the Tories? Why, they sent his picture to his wife, and then raised a paltry subscription for a lying monument to himself—one made him a handsomer, and the other a greater man than he was. They paid him in flattery, a cheap coin, like Gladstone's adulterated halfpenny that passes for more than it's worth. Yes, and when they had done these two paltry acts, one of their wittiest members said, 'We have now paid our debt of gratitude to this eminent man, and the 'tottle of the hull' (and he mimicked his Scotch accent to please the Irish) is, we ought, from respect to so great an economist, not to ask for a stamped receipt.'"

"Curious world, this, Mr. Shegog," continued the Commodore, "this country is fooled in a way no other nation of the world is. Yesterday I dined on board of yonder man-of-war, the captain of which I knew at Balclava, and we were talking over old times and the present state of things. Says he, 'Rivers, what a muddle the Whigs made of the Russian war—didn't they? and what a mess they will make of it again, if we should ever have a set-to with France. I can't think this country would trust them in such a case; but if they do, depend upon it, we are lost for ever. We don't want tricksters, but men of honour, and men of pluck. We require the right man in the right place—a thoroughgoing Englishman is the only man that is fit to stand at the helm in such a crisis as the present. The Whigs rely on Conservative votes, to defend them against the great Liberals, and on the support of the

Radicals, because they outbid the Tories. They play off one against the other; and though hated and distrusted by both, they win the game, for their trumps are all marked, and they ain't above looking into the hands of their adversaries. There are three parties in this country—Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals. The Whigs are the weakest and smallest, but they cheat at cards and come off winners. Talk of Lord Derby being in a minority—so he was, by half-a-dozen; but that was a minority of the wholehouse. The Whigs are nowhere, they are numerically so few, but by good tactics, they so manage matters as to govern the country by a minority that is actually less than either of the other parties."

"I agree with him entirely," said the Commodore, "though I couldn't express it as well as he did. But here we are at the docks. Beautiful docks, these, sir, as you will see anywhere, and lovely craft in them, too—ain't they?"

"Do you mean those beautiful young ladies on the quay?" I said. "For if you do, I am of the same opinion—they are the best specimens of English girls I have seen since my return."

"Ah," he continued, "go where you will, sir, where will you see the like of Englishwomen? I am an old man now, but I have a good eye for 'the lines,' as we call them in a ship. Beautiful models, ain't they? real chippers; it's impossible to look on 'em without loving 'em. Poor dear things! how many of them I have had under my charge afore now, taking them to Lisbon, Gibraltar, or Malta, or to *Alexander*, to go to the East. I could tell you many very queer, and some very sad stories about some of my lady passengers that I took out with me in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. Some don't go out, but are sent out to India, to try their fortune, others are engaged by letter to some old friend they had once known at home, who had offered to them through the post-office, and was accepted. They often changed their minds on the way out (for a quarter-deck is a famous place for love-making), and got married in the Mediterranean. I will give you some of their histories one of these days. Now, ain't those splendid docks? They were incorporated in 1836, and have a space

allotted to them of 208 acres. The quay line extends 4,200 feet. There are two portions, one enclosing sixteen acres, having eighteen feet of water at the lowest tides, with gates 150 feet wide; and the other, a close basin for ships to deliver their cargoes afloat. It is one of the noblest establishments of the kind in Europe; and all this has sprung up from our Peninsular and Oriental Line using the port, which has been the making of Southampton. It was here that Canute sat in his arm-chair, to show his courtiers (after he gave up drinking and murder), that though he was a mighty prince, he could not control the advance of the sea."

"Well," I said, "what Canute could not do, your Dock Company has accomplished. It has actually said to the sea, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;' and the waves have obeyed the mandate."

"They tell me," said Rivers, "that this has always been a noted place for expeditions to sail from, and for our enemies to attack. It was sacked in Edward the Third's time; and the son of the King of Sicily lost his life while plundering it. Henry the Fifth rendezvoused here, for the invasion of France; and it's my belief that these Johnny Crambuds, some foggy day or dark night will pay us a visit from Cherbourg. If they do, I hope they won't fire a gun from the forts till every ship has got inside; and then we'll let them know, that those who licked them at the Nile have left behind them children that can thrash them as well as their fathers did. The breed hasn't run out, I can tell you. But it is time to move on. Let us go now to Netley Abbey; it is only three miles from the town."

"What a beautiful ruin," I exclaimed, when we reached the lovely spot; "I could linger here for hours. What a place to meditate in; to give license to the imagination; and to endeavour to realize it as it was in the olden time!"

"It is like an old man," said the Commodore, "venerable for its age, and noble even in its dilapidations; but it don't do to inquire too closely into its past life. If you had seen such places as I have on the Continent, peopled as they now are, and in the way that this once was, it would knock all the romance out of

you, I can tell you. If these abbeys had been in the same hands, and continued in full occupation of the Church to this day, England would have remained stationary too. If Netley Abbey had continued as it was, so would Southampton (or Hanton, as it was then called). Poets and artists may have the abbey all to themselves, if they like; but give me the docks! I dare say it does make a good drawing; but to my mind a bill of exchange, or a cheque on Coutts, or Child's, is the prettiest drawing in the world. The docks feed more men than all the abbeys and monasteries in this part of England put together ever did; but if you intend to go up by the afternoon train, it is time for you to think of returning. We must finish our tour of inspection some other day."

On reaching the Southampton station, there was such a crowd of passengers that our party could not be accommodated in any one carriage, and we severally seized upon any vacant seats we could find. I thus became separated from my friends of the previous evening, and found myself among a party from Winchester, who had been to see the *Great Eastern*, whose merits and defects they discussed in that decided and satisfactory manner which those who have never seen a vessel before are alone competent to do. They were quite unanimous in their opinion that, when resting on the top of two waves, she would break asunder in the centre, collapse, and founder; or, that if by any chance, while leaping like a kangaroo from one mountain wave to another, she would fail to reach the receding one, she would inevitably plunge head foremost into the intervening gulf, and vanish from sight altogether; that she would either pitch into the waves, or the waves would pitch into her, and as her model was that of an egg, if she had ever the misfortune to be in a rolling sea, she would certainly roll over; although it was very doubtful whether her flat deck would permit her to come up again on the other side. A young lawyer, of a poetical turn of mind, amused the party by declaring she would make, in that case, an excellent submarine palace for Neptune; and expressed his determination, if she ever foundered, and her exact position could be ascertained, to

visit her in a diving-bell. He hoped, he said, to be present at the first ball given by his marine majesty to the sea-nymphs of his court, and the young mermaid ladies, of whose luxuriant hair and extraordinary beauty, so much had been said and sung. He grew quite animated on the subject—

"Only think," he said, "of John Dory swimming through a quadrille with Miss Ann Chovy, giving his neighbour a flip on the shoulder, and saying, 'Stir, John, your fins, and give us a Highland fling.'" He was of opinion that of flat fish there would, as a matter of course, be as many as in other courts, and cross old crabs too. Common plaices, he was sure, would be in abundance, as well as "good old soles." Bloaters, the aldermen of the sea, enjoy good eating, and are sure to be found at civic feasts. "What a glorious thing," he exclaimed, "it would be to hear a real syren sing; wouldn't it?"

"I suppose," said the young lady to whom he addressed himself, with a wicked smile, "that sharks, like lawyers, would also be plentiful there, seeking whom they could devour. But pray tell me," she continued, "do you believe in mermaids?"

"Do you believe in mermen?" replied the barrister. "because, you know, there can't be one without the other."

"If that is the case," she said, "I do. A merman must be a lawyer-like creature; an amphibious animal, neither fish nor flesh—at once, a diver and a dodger. But really now, and without joking, do you believe there are such things or beings as mermaids?"

"Why not," replied the young lawyer, who bore the allusions to his profession with great good-humour—

"Why not? A beaver, you know, is an animal, and a most clever and ingenious one too; an engineer, and builds a dam to make an artificial lake; an architect, and designs a house; a carpenter competent to build, and a mason, to plaister it; and yet the tail of the beaver is a fish's tail; has scales on it like a fish; and requires to be kept continually submerged in water. Why shouldn't a mermaid be a link between us and fishes, in the same way that a beaver is between animals and them?"

"I didn't ask," the young lady retorted, with some warmth, "why such

creatures should not be, but whether you believe they really do exist."

"Well," he said, affecting to look wise, "not having seen, I don't know; and not knowing, I can't say; but their existence appears to me to be as well authenticated as that of the serpent. Hundreds of people declare they have seen the latter, among whom is a captain in the Royal Navy; and Mr. Grattan, in his recent work on America, states, that all his family beheld the marine monster from their window at the inn at Nahant, in Massachusetts Bay, as plainly as they saw the water, or the ships in the harbour. Now, Miss Mackay, the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, the minister of Reah, in the North of Scotland, whose letter is preserved in the Annual Register, declared on oath that she and four other persons had the pleasure of contemplating a mermaid for a whole hour, while disporting itself within a few yards of them, for their particular instruction and amusement. It was so near that they saw the colour of its eyes and hair; and she describes it most minutely; says she was particularly struck with its long taper fingers, lily-white arms, and magnificent neck and bust. This mermaid was, most probably, crossed in love, for it often placed its hand under its alabaster cheek, and floated pensively and thoughtfully on the water. So you see its existence is as well authenticated as that of the serpent."

"Then you believe in them both?" asked the young lady.

"No indeed," he replied, "I do not. Professor Owen has proved that they not only do not, but that they cannot exist."

"Well, I don't thank him," rejoined the young lady, "for his demonstration. I like to believe in serpents, and mermaids, and ghosts, and dreams, and all that sort of thing. it excites and thrills me. I wouldn't give up the Arabian Nights' Entertainments for all the wise books Professor Owen ever wrote, or ever will write in his life. Now, there is that legend about Netley Abney—no doubt it may be an invention, if you come to criticise it and ask for proof, but still it is a pretty little antiquarian story, and I like to believe it; I don't want to be undecided. There is a moral attached to it, show-

ing that consecrated ground cannot be desecrated with impunity."

"I am not aware," said the lawyer, "to what you allude; but recollect I never believe any thing that is not proved."

"No," she said, "nor do you believe it when it is. Smethurst, you know, was found guilty of murder, so thought the judge, so thought the jury, and so did the public; but Sir Cornwell Lewis said, 'If you call that man guilty of poisoning the body, what will you say of agitators who have poisoned the *minds* of the public? One is as innocent as the other, for no noxious drug can be found in the stomach of the one, or the brain of the other: *that*, I suppose, you will call Home-Office logic; won't you?'"

"Uncommon good," said the lawyer; "but what is the tradition of Netley Abbey, that you wish to believe if you can?"

"Well," she said, "Netley Abbey, about the beginning of the last century, was sold by Sir Bartlett Lay to a Quaker builder, who had bought it for the purpose of using its materials in the way of his trade. Shortly afterwards, the purchaser had a dream that he was taking down the arch over the east window, when the keystone fell upon him and killed him. He related this dream to the celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts, who was a native of Southampton, and, though a dissenter, was educated by a Churchman, and attached to the Establishment. When he heard of his dream, he advised him not to have any thing to do with the demolition of this house of the Lord. The Quaker, however, ridiculed the idea of consecrated ground, as his successors, Bright and others have since done, and while proceeding to take down the building, a stone from the arch of the east window fell upon him and killed him. Netley Abbey still stands, but what would it have been without this tradition? Now, I like this little legend, it is charming, and I strive to believe it. The removal of the body of St. Swithun (who is our patron saint at Winchester) amid continued rains, gave rise to the popular story or prejudice, that should St. Swithun's day, the 15th of July, be wet, it will rain for forty days consecutively. I dare say you laugh at all this; but I wish

to think it true; and what is more, half the world believe in it. If I gave that up, pray what have you to give me in its place for a creed? It is safer and pleasanter to believe too much than too little. For instance, what a delightful thing it is to think we are under the protection of invisible agents! depend upon it, it has a beneficial influence on the mind. Who would wish to be without a guardian angel—would you?"

"No, indeed," he said, with an admiring and affectionate look, "but I like a visible one, not spiritual, but substantial;" and then he continued in an under tone, "such a one I know, and almost worship, but the worst of it is, I believe I am more afraid of her than I should be of one from the other world. When I attempt to address her, and entreat her to take me under her guardianship, the words die ere they pass my lips," (the young lady hung her head and blushed,) "I stare, stammer, and look and feel like a fool."

"What a coward you are," she replied, giving him a look of encouragement that invited confidence, "I should have thought a lawyer like you, who advocates the causes of others, would be eloquent when pleading his own. If you cannot speak, surely you can write. But, dear me! here we are at Winchester."

What an opportunity was thus lost! He had evidently screwed himself up to the point, when his speech and his journey were thus unexpectedly brought to an end. They both appeared loath to depart and to separate, but time and train wait for no one.

This party had hardly left the carriage before their seats were filled by the ladies with whom I had travelled the preceding day, and I heard the word "Sherzog," accompanied by a titter, repeated among the young ladies as they recognised me as "the man with the funny name," who had travelled with them the day before.

"Ah," said the elder lady, apparently resuming a conversation that had been interrupted by the stoppage of the train, "it was an extraordinary scene, and one I can never forget."

"To what scene do you allude, Aunt," asked one of her young companions.

"The annual election for the admission of idiots into the asylum. It

was held in the London Tavern, in October last, and I attended it with a friend. As we ascended the stairs, of which there were three or four flights, printed placards were fastened to the walls, and even tied all round the hand-rail of the stairs. They consisted of earnest recommendations of the various distressing cases—"Vote for A. B., aged thirteen years, parents dead, supported by an aged grandfather who is now out of work."—"Your vote is earnestly entreated for C. D., father dead, mother keeps a mangle." And so on, up to one hundred and thirty-two equally afflicting cases, of which only twenty could be admitted into the asylum on this occasion. When we reached the election room, it was covered with, I should say, at least a hundred small tables, some of which exhibited two placards, others only one, similar to those on the staircase. At these tables were seated the friends of the different unhappy candidates, for the purpose of receiving and collecting votes and proxies, which from time to time were transmitted to the polling officers at the upper end of the room. But the touters played a prominent part in this strange scene, and their language sounded very extraordinary to my uninitiated ears. "I want twenty idiots," said one, "have you any to spare? I'll give you twenty infant orphans for them." "No, I want a hundred idiots myself." "Well, I'll tell you what I will do, I'll lend you ten idiots if you can give me fifteen indigent blind." "Done! write out an I O U and I'll sign it, and give me the idiots at once."

"One of the most touching incidents was a poor, dear little deaf and dumb child, perambulating the room with a relative, soliciting votes for her own admission into a Deaf and Dumb Asylum, by talking with her fingers. I think she was one of the most beautiful and interesting little creatures I ever beheld. The election continued from twelve till two o'clock; I did not wait to see its close, but as the time drew near for its termination, tears of disappointment and distress were visible in the eyes of the friendless and unsuccessful poor. It is an excellent institution, but, like many others in this charitable country, is susceptible of improvement in its manage-

ment. For instance, I think the poor idiots, when once admitted, should be maintained through life, instead of being liable to dismissal, unless re-elected at the end of every five or seven years, I forget which. But none of these suffering people gave vent to their grief as Lady Sarah did this morning. "Oh, Martha," she said, as she burst into my room, "this is a dreadful business. Lord Poleberry is quite dead, Lady Middleton as black and soft as if she had been boiled, and Prince Frederick William will never recover!" What terrible destruction! This observation seemed to wake up an elderly gentleman from a reverie in which he was indulging. He was evidently a clergyman, and of that class, too, which commends itself to our affection by its total exemption from party badges of any kind. He was neither attired in the distinctive dress of the High or Low Church party, but habited like a parson of the old school. His manner and general appearance indicated the gentleman, while his placid countenance and expansive forehead exhibited at once benevolence and intelligence. He looked like an ingenuous and simple-minded man, clever, but not acute; a man of God, but not a man of the world; in short, it was impossible to look upon him without seeing who and what he was.

"Is it the cholera, Madam?" said he, in great alarm; "what is the cause of this sad and sudden mortality?"

"Frost," replied the lady, who seemed to think her companion was not quite sane. "Frost, sir; it has ruined the gardens for the year. Even the chrysanthemums are all injured."

"Oh," he said, with great apparent relief, "is that all?"

"You would not say that, sir, if you were fond of a flower-garden. I cannot conceive a greater infliction in its way. After you have spent all winter and spring in planning out your garden, arranging the edgings, inventing ribbons, producing effects, and harmony of colours, having worried through the labours of planting out, and settled which is to occupy the same bed." (Here a slight smile passed over his reverence's face, as if he was amused at her excitement, or her phraseology; but he instantly repressed it, and she proceeded without

noticing it). "Having fought and conquered your gardener, vanquished slugs, overcome drought, checked thrips and caterpillars, removed the dead and dying, and supplied their places, producing thereby a blaze of beauty; after having satisfied your own critical taste, and astonished and delighted your friends, to find on waking some fine sunshiny morning, that a frost, like that of last night, had destroyed it. Oh, sir, you wouldn't say 'is that all!' It precipitates the winter: it is sudden death. Dying, falling leaves are enough to try the patience of any floriculturist in the world. Sweep, sweep, sweep, and still the lawn is untidy; every puff of wind scatters them like flakes of snow; but that," she remarked, with a supercilious toss of her head, which showed that she had not forgotten his exclamation, "is that all?" "but that, I suppose, you will say, is the order of nature, and if they add to our labours, their variegated hues, ere they fall, contribute also to the beauty of the scene. But, sir, an early and unexpected frost, like that we have just experienced, brings death and destruction to plants, and is indeed a calamity that requires a large stock of philosophy to bear."

"I can easily understand your feelings, madam," said her clerical friend, "for I am very fond of a garden myself; it is an innocent, an interesting, and instructive pursuit. When you spoke of Lord Poleberry being dead, and Lady Middleton *in extremis*, I took it literally, and not in reference to geraniums and verbenas. I beg your pardon for the mistake, but at the time I was thinking of something else, and the suddenness of the remark, though not addressed to me, startled me; for his Lordship, though deficient in judgment, means well, and is, I believe, a very good man. His zeal is without knowledge, and not always tempered with discretion; but his energies are directed to laudable objects, and he would be a serious loss to the country." He then discussed the respective merits of all the varieties of roses, calceolarias, dahlias, &c., &c., in a manner that showed he was quite a master of the subject. "Yew," he said, "I can well sympathize with you, madam, in the destruction occasioned by the frost of last night; but it is emblematical of that death which

terminates all our fondest hopes and dearest affections. Every thing reminds us of this invariable law of nature, whether it be gradual decay or sudden destruction."

"Oh, yes," she said, "we know that; but still it is no less vexatious. I lost all my wall-fruit this spring by a late frost, and now our flowers are all destroyed by an early one. It is very easy to say, 'is that all!' but you little know the truth of your statement. 'It is all,' fruit and flowers together, what is there left worth having, when you are deprived of both; and you must excuse me, it is not the law of nature; if it was, we should provide against it, or submit to it with patience. It is an unexpected irregularity that makes it so vexatious."

He bowed civilly to her, but went on, without replying to her testy observations. "The laws of the seasons are not immutable; and yet there is no reason, because all is transitory here below, why we should not interest ourselves in every thing around us. The garden survives many more active pursuits, and furnishes occupation and amusement at a period of life when excitement ceases to minister to our pleasures. Flowers are the gift of God; and His infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, are as discernible in them as in the stars that glitter in the firmament—they both delight and instruct us. In their fragrance and beauty, they are emblems of purity, and in their decay and vernal reappearance, they are typical of a resurrection. It is a conviction of this nature that has induced mankind from the earliest period to plant them on the graves of their departed friends."

"Then," said the lady, pointing to the Cemetery at Woking, with a mingled feeling of pique and civility, "that place, I should suppose, is one that would excite the most agreeable and tender thoughts in your mind."

"No," he said, "I approve of it, but I do not admire it. It is a necessary provision for the relief of a metropolis like London, or any other large city, for intramural burials are found to be destructive of health; but they fail to attract us like the old rural churchyards to which we and our forefathers have been accustomed. The more you decorate them the more repulsive

they become. Rare exotic trees, flowering shrubs, gay flowers, and the tricks of landscape gardening are not in keeping with the place. We forget that we are wandering through the city of the dead, the last resting-place of mortality; and yet there is something in the tombs, urns, and tablets around us, that destroys the illusion of ornamental pleasure-grounds. It is neither a burial-place nor a garden: it is too gay and smiling for the one, and too lonely and melancholy for the other. Our reflections are diverted by the gaudy parterres, and our pleasurable enjoyments destroyed by the mementoes of death. Bridal flowers decorate the tomb, and headstones, with learned or rustic inscriptions, label the rhododendrons and azaleas. These cemeteries are in most cases too distant to be visited by the relations and friends of the poor; and in all countries the affections of the heart are more intense and more durable where the soil is not sufficiently rich to force luxuriant weeds to choke their growth. In the great estuary of an overgrown city like London, men are drawn into the vortex of a whirlpool, in which they disappear, and are forgotten for ever. People are too busy to think, and where there is no reflection there is no feeling. The grave engulfs the body, and the cemetery engulfs the grave. Death is an incident—food and shelter, a necessity. Grief is, therefore, a luxury that is denied to poverty. All are in the current at the same time, and self-preservation leaves but little opportunity to watch the struggles or disappearance of others. No; the cemetery has no attraction for me. Its decorations, like a ball-room, are not in keeping, and do not harmonize with a widow's weeds, or the mourning of orphans and parents. But there is something in the dear old rural churchyard that has an indescribable effect on me; my earliest recollections are connected with it; my thoughtless childhood was first awakened to a sense of mortality by the mournful processions that repaired thither, and the sad and lonely visits of those, who, bereaved of their relatives, poured forth their sorrows and affections over the graves of those they had loved so well. The churchyard has a moral influence on the mind; it suggests to us the frail

and uncertain tenure of our own lives; it bids us prepare to follow our departed friends, to emulate their virtues, and to fix our hopes on a reunion in a better and happier world. It is, besides, the greeting place of the villagers and parishioners, whose mutual afflictions receive mutual sympathy, where the voice of discord is unknown, and 'the short and simple annals of the poor' are registered in the memory of those who will deliver them as traditions to succeeding generations. The place has around it a holy and a salutary influence that well prepares the congregation for entering the sacred edifice, in which as children they were brought to the baptismal font, and made members of the Church of God. All these incidents and accessories of a rustic churchyard do not exist in a cemetery. The 'Dead Train' at once appeals you and distracts your attention; it appeals you, as an evidence of great mortality. The number of corpses, like those on a battle-field, attest the awful contest between life and death that continually rages in the city; but the heart becomes hardened by the daily spectacle, and the gaudy appearance of the place withdraws your attention from the moral it should suggest. Grief seeks seclusion; and though it may be alleviated by the presence and affectionate sympathy of sorrowing friends, it instinctively shrinks from the public gaze.

"The speed of a railway is so unlike the slow and measured tread of the rustic procession, one cannot but feel that it bears too strong a resemblance to the ordinary business of life; while the short and hurried sepulture, and the rapid departure of the mourners, gives the affair more the appearance of the *embarkation*, than the burial of a relative. The graves are seldom visited again—time and expense, in most instances, deprive the poor of even this sad consolation—and they are compelled to regard the loss of a deceased friend in the light of one who lies buried in a foreign land. As I have before said, the affections of the poor are more intense and more durable than those of the rich, because they are more dependent upon each other. They have but few to love them, and of those few not one can be spared, without the rupture of many ties. These distant

cemeteries are grievous affairs to them, I assure you, and it is only those who, like myself, have ministered among them, that can fully comprehend and enter into their feelings."

All this was said with a simple earnestness and mildness of manner, that showed how habitual such thoughts were to his mind, how little accustomed he was to travelling, and to the desultory conversation or constrained silence of railway passengers. The ladies who had been so impatient and excited by the account of the destruction of the garden the previous evening, now listened with deep interest to those observations of the old clergyman, who, by the softness and sweetness of his voice, and his unaffected and winning demeanour, had interested us all in his favour.

"I never considered the subject in that light," said the old lady. "We know that the increased and increasing population of the large towns demand the formation of cemeteries, but still it does appear to me that the decoration of them is well-suited to the object for which they are formed, they cannot be viewed without a certain degree of awe—they evince, at least, a respect for the dead; but, as you say, the salutary effect of the churchyard is lost. The graves are so numerous that individuality is as much destroyed as it is in the crowds of the metropolis; the moral, as you justly observe, is gone."

"Talking of the 'moral,' madam," he inquired, "were you ever in the churchyard of Montgomery, in North Wales? or were you acquainted with the rector of the adjoining parish, the Reverend Mr. Price?"

"No," she said, "I never was in Montgomery, but I had the pleasure of knowing the gentleman to whom you allude. He was a remarkably clever, well-informed person, and one of the most striking and effective preachers I ever met with. Poor man! he is now dead, and I am not acquainted with even the name of his successor."

"Yes," continued the Clergyman, "he was a man of rare endowments—he was an old college chum of mine. If you were intimate with him, madam, he, perhaps, may have told

you the remarkable story of the 'Robber's Grave.'"

"No," said the lady, "I never heard it; would you be obliging enough to relate it to me."

Bowing assent, the clergyman proceeded:—"In the year 1819, there was, in the neighbourhood of Montgomery, an ancient manor-house, called Oakfield, which, like many of those old structures, losing its original importance from the increased size and convenience of modern buildings, had been converted into a farm-house. The late occupant, one James Morris, had been an indolent and somewhat dissipated man; the farm consequently fell into neglect, and became unprofitable, and he died in debt, leaving his wife and an only daughter in possession of the place. Shortly after his death, the widow took into her employment a young man from Staffordshire, of the name of John Newton, the hero of this little story, who had been strongly recommended to her by her brother; and well and faithfully did he discharge his duties as bailiff, fully justifying the praise and recommendations she received with him. He was an utter stranger in that part of the country, seemed studiously to shun all acquaintance with his neighbours, and to devote himself exclusively to the interests of his employer. He never left home but to visit the neighbouring fairs and markets, and to attend the parish church, where his presence was regular, and his conduct devout. In short, though highly circumspect in his behaviour on all occasions, he was a melancholy, reserved man; and even the clergyman of the parish, to whom he was always most respectful in his demeanour, entirely failed in his endeavours to cultivate an acquaintance with him. The farm, under his management, had improved, and become profitable; and the circumstances of Mrs. Morris were, by his assiduity and skill, both prosperous and flourishing. In this manner more than two years had passed, and the widow began to regard him more as a friend and benefactor than a servant; and was not sorry to observe her daughter's growing affection for him, which appeared to be reciprocal. One evening, in November, 1821, being

* The Rev. Mr. Price furnished the author with these particulars, and some further details, which are too minute for insertion.

detained longer than usual by business, at Welshpool, Newton set out, about six o'clock, to walk home to Oakfield. It was an exceedingly dark night, and he never reached home again. The family became very anxious, and upon inquiring early the following morning, at Welshpool, they ascertained that he had been brought back to that town, not long after his departure from it, by two men, named Parker and Pearce, who charged him with highway robbery, accompanied by violence, an offence then punishable with death. At the trial at the next assizes he was pronounced guilty, on the testimony of these two persons, which was clear, positive, and consistent throughout, was sentenced to be hanged, and left for execution. He employed no counsel, and called no witnesses in his defence: but upon being asked by the judge, in the usual form, 'if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?' he made in substance the following extraordinary speech:—'My lord, it is evident all I could say in opposition to such testimony would be vain and hopeless. The witnesses are men of respectability, and their evidence has appeared plain and conclusive, and my most solemn protestations of innocence could avail me nothing. I have called no witnesses to character, and upon such evidence the jury could pronounce no other verdict. I blame them not. From my soul, too, I forgive those men, upon whose false testimony I have been convicted. But, my lord, I protest most solemnly before this court, before your lordship, and above all, before that God in whose presence I must shortly appear, I am entirely guiltless of the crime for which I am about to suffer. I have produced no one to speak in my behalf. Two years have scarcely passed since I came into this country, an utter stranger. I have made no acquaintance here, beyond the household in which I have been employed, and where I have endeavoured to discharge my duties faithfully, honestly, and well. Although I dare not hope, and do not wish that my life should be spared, yet it is my devout and earnest desire that the stain of this crime may not rest upon my name. I devoutly hope that my good mistress, and her kind and excellent

daughter, may yet be convinced that they have not nourished and befriended a highway robber. I have, therefore, in humble devotion, offered a prayer to heaven, and I believe it has been heard and accepted. I venture to assert that, if I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer, the grass, for one generation at least, will not cover my grave. My lord, I await your sentence without a murmur, without a sorrow. And I devoutly pray that all who hear me now may repent of their sins, and meet me again in heaven.'

"The unfortunate man was condemned and executed, and was buried in Montgomery churchyard. *Thirty years* had passed away when I saw it, in company with poor Eliot Warburton, and the grass had not then covered his grave. It is situated in a remote corner of the churchyard, far removed from all other graves. It is not a raised mound of earth, but is even with the surrounding ground, which is, for some distance, especially luxuriant, the herbage being rich and abundant. Numerous attempts have, from time to time, been made by some who are still alive, and others who have passed away, to bring grass upon that bare spot. Fresh soil has been frequently spread upon it, and seeds of various kinds have been sown, but not a blade had there ever been known to spring from them, and the soil soon became a smooth, cold, and stubborn clay. With respect to the unhappy witnesses, it appears that Parker's ancestors had once owned Oakfield, and that he had hoped, by getting rid of Newton, to remove the main obstacle there was to his repossessing it, and that Pearce had, at the time of Mr. Morris' death, aspired to the hand of his daughter, in whose affections he felt he had been supplanted by poor Newton. The former soon left the neighbourhood, became a drunken and dissolute man, and was ultimately killed in some lineworks, while in the act of blasting a rock. Pearce grew sullen and dispirited, his very existence seemed a burden to him, and as the old sexton of Montgomery expressed it, 'he wasted away from the face of the earth.'

"What a strange and interesting story, sir," said the lady; "do you know in what condition the grave now is?"

"I have not seen it," he replied, "since the period I mentioned, which, I think, was in 1850, but I have heard that some person has since covered it with thick turf, which has united itself with the surrounding grass, except at the head, which is still withered and bare, as if scorched with lightning. The prayer, however, of poor Newton, that his grave might remain uncovered for at least one generation, has been heard, and his memory vindicated in a most remarkable manner. The name given to the grave was singularly inappropriate, it should have been called 'the grave of the innocent.' The widow, with her daughter, left Oakfield, and went to reside with her brother. For some weeks after poor Newton's burial, it is said his grave was, from time to time, found strewn with wild flowers, by whom done was unknown. But it was observed that after Jane Morris had left the neighbourhood, not a flower was found upon the grave! As I said before, poor Eliot Warburton went with us to see it. He gazed upon that bare spot with a hallowed reverential emotion. What sacred thoughts passed through his mind during those few brief moments I cannot tell. But he promised me he would, when he next came into the neighbourhood, visit it again, and write and publish the story. Poor fellow; he came not; the relentless waves have closed over him! What a beautiful and affecting narrative would the simple facts, told by him, have given to the world!"

He had hardly concluded his narrative, ere we reached Kingston, where he took leave of us.

"Aunty" said one of the young ladies, "what a dear old man that is; did you ever hear a more interesting story? I wonder what his name is! How could you be so rude to him, when he misunderstood you about the flowers? Couldn't we find out from the rector who he is, and all about him? Do try, aunty."

But her entreaties were cut short, by the reappearance of Mr. Peabody, from another part of the train, who was so convulsed with laughter, he could scarcely speak. Taking the seat recently occupied by the clergyman, he bent forward, and striking his open hand on his knee with great animation, he said:

"By gum, Squire Shogog, we have had the greatest bobbery of a shindy in our carriage you ever heard in all your born days. Did you hear the hurraah?"

"No," I said, "we heard nothing extraordinary here."

"Well," said he, "the train was so crowded this morning, that though I had a first-class ticket I had to put up with a seat in the second, or be left behind. Well, we got rid of all those that were in our box at Winchester, but two—one was a thin, pale, student-looking chap, who, if he hadn't seen his best days, wasn't like to find them here below at all. He was an inoffensive kind of a feller that wouldn't say boo to a goose—the other was a cap sheaf crittur, that thought himself a beauty without paint, and was better and finer than his neighbours. He had a beard that wouldn't acknowledge the corn to no man's, and the way it was beargreased, or iled, or Cologened, or muskied, or what not, was a caution to a tar-brush. Every now and then he passed the thumb and forefinger of his right hand over his lips as if to give room for showing his teeth to advantage; and I must say his mug resembled a Skye terrier's as near as could be, while a pair of little ferret eyes watched over all as if they were guarding this precious anointed face. Well, what does I do, but take out my cigar case and make preparation for smoking, in that cool way, you know, that nobody but us, Yankees, can do. Says I to the invalid, 'have you any objection to smoking?' 'No,' says he, 'I rather like the flavour of a good Havannah.' Well, if he had said no, I'd have given up, for I scorn to take advantage of helpless people like women, niggers, and hospital folks. Then I turned to Skye, 'have you any objection?' says I. 'Most decidedly,' he said. 'Well, I know some does dislike it,' says I, and I struck a light and began to smoke. 'Didn't I tell you I objected to it?' says he. 'You did.' 'Then why do you persist in such an indecent manner?' 'Because,' says I, 'I never could bear perfumes, they make me faint; and your beard is so scented, I am obliged to use tobacco in self-defence. If you will stick your beard out of the window on that side, and let the breeze sweep away its horrid smell, I'll put my head out of the one on this side

and let the odoriferous smoke go clear.' 'If you don't take that cigar out of your mouth,' said he, 'I'll take it out for you.' 'My friend,' said I, '(oh! how that horrid perfume chokes me) before you go to try that game, recollect two can play at it. Look at me and take my measure, and see if I am a man that you can handle (pshaw! what is that ternal scent you have about your pendable! it beats all natur.)' 'We shall settle this,' he said, when the train stops, 'I have no idea of being insulted in this way.' 'Nor I, either,' said I; 'I have paid for a seat in the first-class, where gentlemen go, and here I am thrust into this second-rate carriage along with a man that looks for all the world as if he had just escaped from his keeper.' Seeing bullying was no go, he put on his cap, folded his arms, shut his eyes for fear the smoke would make them look more bloodshot than they were by nature, pressed his lips together as tight as if he had put an hydraulic screw on 'em, and composed himself for a nap. When we got to Basingstoke (wasn't that the name!) he and the pale faced man were both fast asleep, so I slips out quietly and gets into the next division of the carriage. After a while I peeps over the back, and seeing they were still in the Land of Nod, I lights a Vesuvius match, pitched it through the division, let it fall on his beard, and then dodged down again and told the people in my carriage what I had done, and why I did it, and they all entered into the joke as good-natured as you please. In less than half no time, I heard an awful row between the two I had left in the next carriage—both were singing out murder at the top end of their voices. Skye-terrier woke up, feeling the frizzle in his beard, and thought 'tother fellow had been tryin to cut his throat, so he yelled out murder, made a spring at sick man, caught him by the neck cloth, and nearly choked him, while invalid thinking he was mad, and expecting to be killed right off, squeaked out murder too. There they were like two dogs, standin on their hind legs, showin their teeth, snarlin, snap-pin', and biting like all possessed.

"Your beard is afire," said Paleface. 'It was you that did it, then,' said Skye. 'No, it warn't,' said I, looking over the division that separated us, 'it's spontaneous combustion.

The spirit of the Cologne has set the bear's grease in a flame, shut your mouth, or it will burn your innerds. Here's my Arkansas toothpick, give Skye a dig in the ribs with it, or he'll be the death of you. No, stand on one side, I'll give him a shot with my revolver, he is as mad as a polar bear dancin on hot iron. I knew he was crazy when I first see'd him, he's dodged his keeper, and slipt out of an asylum. Creation! Man, why don't you put out the fire that's frizzlin your beard! You look for all the world like a pig that's gettin his bristles singed off.' Then we all set up a great shout at him, and even Paleface laughed.

"When we stopped at the station, he charged me with smoking, and invalid with setting fire to him; but we both agreed and affirmed he was an escaped lunatic, and everybody lurfed like any thing, and then we left him, lookin like a caution to a singed cat. If he warn't a madman, when he came into the carriage, I'll be hanged if he didn't rave like one, when he left it. Why on airth can't people go through life like sensible folks! The voyage we have to make is soon over, why not lay in a large stock of good-humour, patience, and above all, consideration for the other passengers. Storms, tempests, accidents, and what not, will occur in spite of us; but why not enjoy fine weather, fair winds, and the fellowship of others, when we can.

"That's my philosophy at any rate. It's no use for folks to stick themselves up above their fellow-travellers. High peaks are covered with ice and snow, and are everlasting cold. But the glades that lie at the foot of the mountains, bear grapes, and produce oranges, figs, and all manner of pleasant fruits. Them that like to go up, and soar aloft with the eagles and vultures are welcome to their cold perch and their grand views; but give me the brook and the valley, and the happy and genial folks, that inhabit the lowlands."

"A very pretty idea," said one of the nieces.

"And a very charming young lady that says so," replied Peabody.

"Tickets, if you please."

We all know what that means. The journey is over.

NATURE-PICTURES.

THE mountain-woods ascending and ascending,
 Sweep with their tall heads the high misty skies,
 Which loftier in their lowest skirts arise
 Than of this earth the highest heights, vain tending
 Heav'nward, though with heav'n's boundless glories blending
 Their tops betimes, yet but a fond emprise,
 For heav'n in humblest mien earth's pride defies,
 And scorns, though soaring cloud-capt and heav'n rending.

So man would be as God, so idly seek
 The Infinite by wisdom to explore,
 When he should but in prostrate love adore
 That glorious name of names with reverence meek.

Nor hope in hopeless hope to the sublime
 Of Deity presumptuously to climb.

II.

Swift o'er the glancing streams the quick beams run,
 With foot-prints light as the invisible air,
 As if the never-wearying ripples were
 Bright crystal steps of glory, whereupon
 They tripp'd all joyous and exulting down
 Descending as by magic stair on stair,
 To seek with restless speed the valleys fair,
 That slanting and still slanting seem to shun

The uplands and the azure-mantled hills,
 From whence in busy and untiring flow,
 Roll down these glitt'ring and life-giving rills
 Into the bosom of the plain below.
 Where as the deep'ning channel gradual fills
 The waters, like a Sabbath, calmer grow.

III.

In doubtful mood, half waking and half sleeping,
 In twilight's transient pause th' oblivious day
 Views, yet views dimly, the sun's flick'ring ray,
 A dark'ning light of heav'n's vast chamber peeping
 Through slumb'rous clouds wide curtaining and o'erawoeeping
 The gorgeous many-colour'd west, till they
 Grow slowly faint, as brightly fades away
 That boundless beam of light that watch was keeping.

And through their airy drapery timid shone
 Awhile with glimm'ring, hopeless smiling beams,
 Now quench'd, as 'twere, in grief and utter night,
 While pearly moon or star-gem there is none
 To lend one passing or one joyous gleam,
 Till morn restores and God says "Be there light."

IV.

Heav'n's sapphire concave—clear, yet sadly clear—
 With clouds seems brimming o'er th' horizon wide,
 Which soon in copious or in scanty tide,
 The thirsty fields shall disappoint or cheer.
 While in the hollow of heav'n's ambient sphere,
 Near to the deep-blue zenith's dazzling pride,
 Whit'ning and bright'ning all heav'n's boundless side,
 Stray curdling clouds, like frothing waves, appear,

That lightly stain, yet beautifully stain,
 The radiance of the azure-bending sky,
 And o'er each hill, and o'er each flow'ry plain,
 And o'er each streamlet gliding gently by,

Shed down a calm and peaceful influence,
 Like heav'n's immortal joys to mortal sense.

M. G.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND ITALY.

On the 17th of February, 1792, Mr. Pitt arose in his place as First Minister in the House of Commons, and in the course of a long financial explanation made use of the following out-
 sior

Pitt is not, indeed, presumptuous enough to suppose, that when I name such years, I am not naming a period in which events may arise which human foresight cannot reach and which will falsify all our conjectures. We must therefore put with certainty on a continuance, our present prosperity during the present interval; but unquestionably, as there ever was a time in the history of this country, when, from the situation of the empire, we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace, than we may at the present moment."

On the 1st of February, 1793, the same Minister came down to the House with a message from the Crown, calling upon the Commons "to enable his Majesty to make a further augmentation of his forces by sea and land;" and on the 12th of February, the same Mr. Pitt who had looked upon war as a contingency, "which human foresight could not reach, and which baffled all conjecture," came down with another message from the Crown, announcing a war with France.

And thus commenced the war of 1793.

Although our sympathies with Mr. Pitt are not of the widest nor the warmest, we have not quoted the above remarkable vaticination which occurs in one of the grandest and gravest speeches of the illustrious orator, with any idea of raising a laugh at his expense, but rather to gather a lesson by which both rulers and ruled will do well to profit in these our days. The Chancellor of the Exchequer assured his hearers, at the Mansion House, on the ninth of last month, that there was every probability of the maintenance of peace, and that Government received the "most pacific assurances" from all the powers of Europe. The value to be attached to such declarations—which the speaker himself reduced to their feeblest form by connecting them with the stereotyped phraseology of a speech from the throne—may be estimated by contrasting them with the far more vehement language of Mr. Pitt in the year 1792.

Sir George Cornwall Lewis, however, we are happy to say, did not content himself with uttering meaningless assurances of the continuance of peace: he, at the same time, took

care to tell us that Government considered the best ground and guarantee for that assurance was to be found in preparation for war. Nor was this all: by squeezing the almost dry pulp of this mansion-house lemon, we are able to extract something more. Though we were not explicitly told, yet we were left to infer that when the time and invitation came, England would not, in principle, refuse to be present at the Congress to be held on the affairs of Italy.

We confess, then, that we are hopeful: hopeful that out of the nettle danger Great Britain will pluck the flower safety. It is scarcely too much to say that at this momentous crisis in the history of Europe, the whole turn and tide of events depend on the conduct of our Government. On the one hand, the slightest evidence of any half-hearted remissness in placing the country, once and for ever, in a proper state of defence, irrespective of any immediate prospect of an attack from no matter what quarter, will increase a hundred-fold the probability of that attack being made. On the other hand, the slightest defection from the principle announced through various ministerial organs of not tolerating any forcible intervention in the internal affairs of Central Italy, will do far more towards aggravating the evils of that unhappy country than all the intrigues of France and Austria combined. With regard to the former of these two points it would seem that the vigour which has been shown in putting the country into an adequate state of defence, and in organizing corps of volunteers, has not been without its effects on our neighbours. Most of our readers will have had their attention called to two most remarkable letters written by one of the greatest publicists of France, M. Michel Chevalier, on the relations between the two countries. The author is a staunch partisan of peace, not merely because war with Great Britain would be the most wanton violation of the dearest interests of humanity and civilization, but, also, because it is his conviction, founded on the experience gathered from a recent *séjour* amongst us, that we should, in plain language, be very ugly customers to deal with. Amid the rabid attacks of the *Constitutionnel*

and the *Univers*, and the less overt, but scarcely less venomous, insinuations of the *Journal des Débats*, it is a pleasure to read such a manly *exposé* of our real position; such a frank admission that we are but doing what is essential to our very existence as a naval power. One passage of these remarkable letters we cannot refrain from extracting. After stating that all our armaments are of a purely defensive character, and that no government has any right to take umbrage at their being carried on, M. Michel Chevalier adds as follows, by way of qualifying his statements:—

“Il est un cas où l'Angleterre passerait de l'attitude défensive à l'offensive avec cette vigueur qui est dans son tempérament et qui est assez bien dépeinte par le nom de *John Bull* que s'est donné le peuple anglais: ce serait si quelqu'une des grandes puissances de l'Europe la provoquait ou la menaçait. Il en serait de même si, sans se voir l'objet d'attaques manifestes, elle constatait chez quelqu'une des grandes puissances un plan concerté d'avance pour la tenir sans cesse en alarme. Il faudrait s'attendre alors à voir l'Angleterre irritée par degrés déployer quelque jour avec éclat son courroux et frapper autant qu'il dépendrait d'elle un coup de tonnerre. Mais d'après les dispositions que j'ai pu reconnaître, d'après tous les renseignements que j'ai pu recueillir, elle n'en viendrait à cette extrémité formidable qu'après un mûr examen et lorsqu'elle aurait acquis la conviction qu'on en veut à son repos et à sa sécurité. C'est dire, ce me semble, qu'il est facile d'éviter cette collision qui arracherait à la civilisation un long gémississement, ou, pour mieux parler, c'est reconnaître qu'une pareille calamité sera conjurée.”

Let it be our care that every thing be done, nothing left undone by the Government of this country, to corroborate the impression which M. Michel Chevalier's visit has left upon his mind. It is, indeed, with unfeigned pleasure that we learn, on good authority, that on this point the Cabinet is unanimous to a man, and that no effort will be spared to put Great Britain in such a state that Europe may see that we have taken for our motto—“*Nemo me impune lacessit*.”

In spite, however, of all the precautions and preparations we may make in spite of our “screws” and rifle corps, and Armstrong guns, the ques-

tion will force itself upon our minds—Will they all avail—has the French Emperor either the will or the power to keep the dogs of war in leash? If the *Times*, taking for its text the *Revue Independante*, may be believed, the responsibility of all the sanguinary diatribes poured forth against us by the French press, and of all the hostile feeling entertained towards us, according to the *Revue Independante*, by the great mass of the French nation, rests with the government of France, or in other words with Napoleon the Third. But what is the *Revue Independante*? It is a monthly periodical, published in London by M. Jeffs, the intelligent foreign bookseller of the Burlington Arcade, which has now reached its fifth number, and of which every page is inspired by an animosity little short of fiendish, and nothing short of legitimate, against the Emperor, who has baffled all their expectations and defied all their intrigues. There cannot be a moment's doubt that the grand aim which the contributors to this *Revue* propose to themselves is so to envenom the relations as to produce a rupture between England and France. Confident as they are that a war with us would prove the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty, "never to rise again," they do all they can to accelerate an event which might in the general scramble give the ascendancy to their own party. We do not pause to inquire how far such a policy can be reconciled with the dictates of patriotism, we content ourselves with affirming that a publication conducted on such principles is fraught with unmitigated mischief, and so far fulfils the aim of its founders. In proof of what we assert, we need but refer to the *Times* of the 15th of November. After commencing, as is its wont, by protesting against undue reliance on the assertions and conclusions of an Orleanist organ, it went on as if the protest had never been made, and openly taxed the Emperor with doing all he could to foster in France hostility against Great Britain. That the writer succeeded in making an immense sensation, perhaps in influencing the funds, and certainly in coming to the relief of stranded conversations in every drawing-room in the country for at least six and-thirty hours, cannot for a moment be denied; but to

any sober-minded lover of his country in this gloomy crisis—

"Dum curæ ambigua, dum spes incerta futuri,"

would it not have appeared worthy of reflection that the mischief he did by writing such an article might be out of all proportion greater than any beneficial result which he might have proposed to himself? Could not the fact of the general ill-feeling against England, which is undoubtedly current in France, have been insisted on, without endorsing the statements of the bitterest enemies of the Emperor, and setting the seal and sanction of such a journal as the *Times* to the most malignant views of his conduct, character, and intentions? Far more important in its bearing on the great question of questions—Shall we have a war with France?—is the attitude to be assumed in the coming Congress by the other great powers of Europe, such as Russia and Prussia; for of Austria there can be no reasonable doubt. Of course, the popular notions respecting Napoleon's schemes against us, as viewed by the Orleanist organ, may briefly be stated as follows.—Napoleon only went to Sebastopol that he might facilitate his designs on London. He forced upon us peace with Russia at the very moment when we were prepared to put forth all our strength, in order that this his moderation might at once secure for himself the alliance of the Czar, and produce a coolness between Russia and Great Britain. His hope was to have pursued the same course towards Austria, if he could only have secured our active co-operation. One part of his programme, however, was carried out, the war was abruptly cut short that moderation might, as before, reap its reward, and the desired coolness between us and Austria was brought about as much by our neutrality as it would have been by our active hostility. He has detached, it is alleged, Austria and Russia more and more from England, and broken up the coalition against himself. Now, this theory is very plausible, but we much doubt whether it be true. Positive evidence, indeed, we have none; but rumour is pertinacious in asserting that Prussia and Russia refused to have any thing to say to the Congress, unless England consented to join it, which seems at least to imply

a preconcerted unity of action and of aim between the three powers. This rumour is corroborated by a very important article in the *Journal des Débats* of the 15th November, purporting to give an account of the general results of the interview which took place recently between the Czar and the Prince Regent of Prussia. It would appear that the harmony which reigned between the two potentates on the great questions which involve the peace and prosperity of Europe, was every thing that could be desired; and it seems fair to infer that no such harmony could have existed if any schemes had been broached of a character decidedly hostile to the interests of Great Britain. As far, indeed, as we are able to read the signs of the times, nothing would surprise us less than to find that Louis Napoleon's cunning had overreached the mark, and that ere long the coalition against him will be stronger than ever.

We have spoken of the attitude to be assumed at the Congress by Russia and Prussia, and this brings us to the second point on which we stated that it behoved the Government of this country to be at once resolute and cautious, namely, not to tolerate any armed intervention in the affairs of Central Italy. The difficulties which Lord John Russell and Lord Cowley will have to face at the Congress will be much simplified by a steady and straightforward adhesion to this fundamental principle. Above all, let them bear in mind the memorable words of Mr. Canning in a letter to the British Ambassador at Vienna, in 1822:—

"If Prince Metternich has taught himself to believe that the House of Commons is merely a clog and impediment to the free action of the counselors of the Crown; that its prejudices are to be softened, its waywardness to be soothed; but that the tenor of the government is in effect independent of its impulse; that it is, in short, to be managed, but not to be consulted, he is mistaken. It is as essential a part of the national council as it is of the national authority; and woe be to the minister who should undertake to conduct the affairs of this country upon the principle of settling the course of its foreign policy with a Grand Alliance, and should rely

upon carrying *their* decisions into effect by throwing a little dust in the eyes of the House of Commons."

But while the representatives of Great Britain, at what we persist in calling the coming congress, are careful to bear in mind the strict account which they will have to give before a British House of Commons, it is to be hoped, on the other hand, that no craven fear of unpopularity will induce them to swerve from the great principles of international law, by whomsoever advocated. And here it may be well to examine somewhat in detail the state paper, or circular despatch, addressed by Count Walewski to the French diplomatic agents of the Emperor, and which appeared in the *Moniteur* of Friday, November the 12th. The same journal, we should observe in passing, notifies that the Emperors of France and Austria "have agreed to convocate a congress, which will have to receive the communication of the treaties of Zurich, and to deliberate on the best means of placing the peace of Italy on a solid and durable basis." It would appear, then, that if the wishes of the two Emperors are to be law, the congress is to be called together for two purposes—first, a specific, and, second, a general purpose: the former being to *receive communication* of the treaties of Zurich; the latter, to deliberate on questions of general policy. What are the treaties of Zurich? They are three in number. By the first, Austria gives Lombardy to France, with the conditions annexed; by the second, France cedes that province to Sardinia; the third, re-establishes the peace between the three belligerents. It appears, then, that of these three treaties, with the conditions annexed, the congress is simply to *receive communication*,—a phrase which seems designedly chosen to signify a bald acquiescence in the *fait accompli* which has flowed from the war. The frontier-line between Piedmont and Austria; the *rayon* to be conceded to the fortress of Peschiera (a question rendered intricate by the increased range of modern guns); the renunciation on the part of Austria of the right of keeping garrisons in Ferrara, Comacchio, and Piacenza; the amount of debt incurred

by Austria in and for Lombardy, to be liquidated by Sardinia; the question of prisoners and of amnesty;—all these are matters of detail connected with the cession of Lombardy, which, together with the cession itself, are simply to be endorsed by the powers who meet at the congress. These powers will be those whose names are attached to the treaties of Vienna in 1815 (namely, Austria, England, France, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Spain), with the addition of Rome, the Two Sicilies, and Sardinia. It has been urged in some quarters, that the Duchies ought to send representatives to the Congress; but such a proceeding would only complicate the discussions, and mar their real interests: these could not be more warmly advocated than by Sardinia, or with less self-seeking than by England. And this brings us to the *general* purpose for which the congress is invited to meet, namely, "the best means of placing the peace of Italy on a solid and durable basis." On this point M. Walewski's despatch is not very explicit. It is not indeed at all desirable that it should be so. "Questions reserved" and "left pending" must necessarily bear a character of vagueness. They are three in number, as we are led to infer:—1. The Duchies; 2. The Papal States; 3. Italian Confederation. Believing, as we do, that the existence of small states is one of the best guarantees of the balance of power, we are not at once prepared to sympathize with the sweeping system of annexation which Victor Emmanuel has done his utmost to encourage, and the French Emperor to check. That Austria should struggle tenaciously for the restoration of the reigning families is only natural; for not only is she nearly connected with them by marriage and descent, but also she has an ultimate claim on the reversion of the duchies—a claim founded on the treaty of 1738, and confirmed by that of 1815. Without pausing to inquire into the validity of claims founded on a contingent inheritance, we confess considerable weight must attach to the remarks of the famous Electrician, Matteucci, in a very temperate paper on the wants and wishes of Central Italy, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:—

"If for the sake of preserving their power and the rights of sovereignty, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena staked all their hopes on the victories of Austria, is it fair that the victories of the allied armies should secure to them those same objects, to the detriment of populations so ardently united with France and Piedmont?" This memoir of Professor Matteucci's is the more worthy of perusal, because its conclusions are diametrically opposed to those set forth by our ambassador at Florence, in the official correspondence laid before Parliament. Mr. Scarlett loses no opportunity of stigmatizing the movement in the duchies generally, and in Tuscany in particular, as the fruit of a deeply-laid and widely-spread conspiracy of the Piedmontese emissaries, and of a lavish circulation of Piedmontese gold. It is admitted, indeed, that popular feeling in Florence, and all the other principal cities of Tuscany and Lucca, is unanimous on the side of Sardinia; but we are in the same breath reminded that this only shows how "active and comprehensive the Piedmontese conspiracy had been in gaining adherents in every direction to serve its own objects."* If Mr. Scarlett acknowledges that the activity of Piedmont was only to be equalled by its success, it is surprising that he should not have thought it incumbent on him to explain how it came to pass that the adherents, won over on so large a scale as to constitute "popular unanimity," failed to perceive the divergence of their interests from what Mr. Scarlett designates as Piedmont's "own objects." In another of his despatches, (No. 33), he meets the circumstantial statement of the Tuscan provisional government, that the Grand Duke intended to shell the city, by the vaguest possible denial. He has "reason to believe" that it is "a gross exaggeration of facts, if not altogether untrue;" he informs his chief that "it is absolutely denied by less interested parties than the conspirators themselves, against the Grand Duke's authority." Now, in reply to these repeated charges of being merely the dupes of Piedmont, let us see what a man like Matteucci

* Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy," p. 15.

has to say in defence. He meets similar insinuations which come to him from other quarters, in the following terms:—"As an Italian he would inquire, in his turn, whether it is seriously, by such hypotheses as these, that people would attempt to explain what has come to pass in Italy during the last few months. Is it by the aid of some emissaries, and of some handfuls of money—an article of which Piedmont, he submits, has too urgent need for other purposes to afford to be profuse—that you can succeed in moulding, in a few days, the opinion of the great majority, and in gaining the adhesion of the most eminent men of a country?" As a representative of Florence at Turin, after the peace of Villafranca, just at the time when the Tuscan assembly was being organized, Professor Matteucci is prepared to assert, that in the ministers of the King of Sardinia he saw nothing which led him to suspect their sincere disinterestedness and perfect patriotism. The fact is, he adds, that in Central Italy *everybody* has been a conspirator against the established order of things. It was generally felt that Piedmont, with its army and with the prestige of its monarchy, was the only power capable of heading Italian emancipation, and of giving guarantees for order and security in the future. If it be true, he concludes, as reason and experience prove, that the Italians are desirous of forming in the North of the Peninsula a state sufficiently strong to resist foreign intervention, and to defend efficaciously the independence of the nation, there can be no method, he conceives, for achieving this end more simple and more sure than the aggrandizement of Piedmont. It is thus that all large states have been formed, and the only advantage over their predecessors to which M. Matteucci lays claim on behalf of his countrymen, is that of employing "*des procédés plus libres et plus naturels*." The truth, we apprehend, will be found to lie between the dispassionate statements of M. Matteucci and the prejudiced insinuations of Mr. Scarlett. That the member of the Tuscan Council represents faithfully the feeling of the great majority of his countrymen, we do not for a moment doubt: but we think it only fair to suppose that in many instances the wish of annexation to

Sardinia has been nothing more than the readiest formula that could be found for emphasizing, as it were, their aversion to the reigning family. When the moment for reflection arrives, when the expulsion of the Tarquins has been followed by the reaction incident to all revolutions, we think that the advocates of annexation must be prepared to meet with greater opposition than they had at first any ground to expect. Mr. Scarlett, indeed, asserts (No. 89), on no less authority than that of the Tuscan Minister of Foreign Affairs, "that although there was a strong Piedmontese party in Tuscany, the majority of the country were attached to the royal family, and would really desire to see, at a future time, their restoration;" a statement which, if true, would go far to account for the pertinacity with which the French Emperor seems to cling to the restoration of the Grand Duke. We suspect, however, that however averse a portion of the Tuscan population may ultimately be to absorption into Sardinia, their reply to the Emperor will be couched in similar words to those which the Romans used to Porcena: "*Non in regno populum Romanum, sed in libertate esse: ita induxisse in annum hostibus potius, quam regibus, portas patfacere*." Will the historian be able to add of the Emperor Napoleon what Livy subjoins respecting the King of Clusium—"Rex verecunda victus, 'quando id certum atque obstinatum est,' inquit, 'neque ego obtundam sepius eadem nequidquam agendo, nec Tarquinius spe auxilii, quod nullum in me est frustrabor'." A very sensible resolution, which we recommend being placed as a motto to the preliminary bases of the congress. To sum up our opinion on the conduct to be adopted by our representatives at the congress, in the matter of the durbies, we think that the more rigidly they confine themselves to negating any foreign or armed intervention on behalf of the reigning dynasties, the less likely they will be to get entrapped in Austrian wiles. It does not very materially signify what scheme the majority of the congress may adopt so long as it is thoroughly understood that no intervention will be allowed to force it on the acceptance of the Italians. As to the assertion of re-

visionary rights which Austria, no doubt, will endeavour to establish, this may be fairly upset—first, by stating, that as the existing dynasties are not yet extinct those claims cannot be said to have come into operation; and second, by an appeal to the principles of international law, which look upon a prince as deposed *de jure* as well as *de facto*, when his retirement from the throne is effected without any civil war, and without any attempt to retain so much as a yard square of his dominions.

The question of the Papal States is one which it will require extreme delicacy and caution at the hands of the representatives of a great Protestant power. The sensation which has been caused throughout the Roman Catholic world by symptoms of a dismemberment of the Papal States, and of any infringement of the temporal power of the Pope, is an indication of the antagonism with which any suggestions on the part of Protestant England would certainly be met. In 1815 it was only through the remonstrances of such heretics as ourselves that the Legations escaped becoming the spoil of the faithful sons of the Church. Our interference on that occasion on behalf of the Vatican has not brought us in a harvest of gratitude sufficiently ample to induce us again to take any very prominent part in the matter. Lord John Russell, however, will scarcely be deemed to step beyond his province if he ventures to submit to the representatives of the Roman Catholic powers generally, and to the Nuncio himself in particular, that the interests of Roman Catholicism will be seriously compromised—that a most dangerous crisis will come upon the Papacy—if their connivance at the abuses of the Legations should lead the world to suppose that the respect due to the Roman Catholic religion is incompatible with the requirements of modern civilization, and with the existence of a decent and orderly government; that that religion cannot tolerate any sound administration of finance, any control over taxation, any discussion, however limited, on the exercise of authority, any admixture of a lay element in the functions of the state; or set up any claims to respect which are not enforced by foreign bayonets, or supported by ful-

minating bulls. In the middle ages, indeed, the Papacy was little of an incumbrance to Italy: its empire extended over the whole world, and in the business of deposing monarchs, and patching up peace or fomenting war, as the case might be, the Pope had no time, so to speak, for making himself disagreeable in his own realm; at the time of the Renaissance, again, the Pope was thoroughly national and Italian in his policy; but now the Roman legations are exposed to all the calamities of a corrupt administration and of an unscrupulous tyranny without reaping any of the advantages of living under an Italian sovereign. As the head of the Roman Catholic world, his policy is necessarily anti-national; and the only result of such a state of things must be a repetition of what took place in the fourteenth century, and a translation of the Pope to another quarter. But the time is not yet. M. Walewski states in the circular despatch above referred to, that the Emperor has already received the assurance that the Holy Father only awaits an opportune moment to make known the reforms which he proposes conferring upon his states. We hail the intelligence with joy; but, perhaps, Lord John Russell might be allowed to remind the congress that the "froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as innovation," and that heretics at least are of opinion that there would be nothing very unchristian in considering no moment, however soon, premature, and no occasion inopportune, for redressing the outrages of violated justice, and for calming the legitimate resentment of exasperated thousands of men and women. As respects the Emperor of the French, we have full confidence in his using his utmost endeavours to accelerate the reforms which the Pope professes himself ready to concede. Among the causes which led to the Italian war, a chief place, we apprehend, should be assigned to the uniform resistance which the Pope had shown to the demands for reform which emanated from the Tuileries. Strong in the support of Austria, Pius the Ninth snapped his fingers at France. Ultramontanism became rampant in the Gallican Church, to an extent of which some idea may be formed from the recent manifestoes of the French

bishops, one of whom, Monseigneur Dupanloup, was so unmercifully castigated by the author of *La Question Romaine*, M. Edmond About. It was in reality to counteract this paramount influence of Austria at the Vatican, that Napoleon the Third came forward as the pretended champion of Italy and of Italian liberty. That such motives have a strong hold upon his mind may fairly be inferred from his memorable answer to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, which in effect, if not in actual form, was as complete a *snubbing* as ever was administered to a mitre by a sceptre. Further corroboration of the Emperor's secret aversion to ultramontane tenets, which he must see are incompatible with the progress of modern society, is to be found in Montalembert's recent pamphlet which we have already had occasion to quote. The whole gist of this pamphlet is to stigmatize the Emperor, to hold him up to the execration of Roman Catholic Christendom, as the sworn foe of the Papacy, as the fomentor of discord in the Papal States, and as the author of all the evils and embarrassments, past, present, and to come, by which the good government of those states is let and hindered. The language is throughout violent even to coarseness, and will effectually alienate any sympathies (mistaken sympathies, as we believe), which may have been aroused for him at earlier stages of his voyage in pursuit of martyrdom. To these magniloquent flourishes on the sanctity of the temporal power of the Pope, Napoleon the Third might have retorted that potentates have been found in past history—and they among the most devout sons of the Church—who have used language far bolder than any he has employed respecting the necessity of keeping his eminence in check. Charles the Fifth, Duke of Lorraine, for example, in his political Testament (*a document which has been the text-book of Austrian policy in Italy ever since the end of the seventeenth century*), advises the Emperor Leopold to show the Pope all possible respect in things spiritual, but as for temporals to keep him at Rome—"Comme il était autrefois à Avignon," at the beck of the powers that be.

We have now touched on two principal questions on which the Congress will have to decide. As regards the third, the formation of an Italian

Confederation and of a federal army, the outline drawn by M. Walewski is too faint for us to endeavour to fill it in on the present occasion by any conjectures or hopes for the future. In fact, the statement of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs seems to us to be not merely vague, but contradictory. He couples the mention of a Confederation with a hint at the formation of a federal army, adding that Venetia, while remaining under the crown of Austria, is to form part of this association. A little further on, however, the separate administration and national army of Venetia are mentioned as objects of doubtful achievement. On the whole, we end as we began, by saying, that we are hopeful, and not altogether indisposed to admit that the words which close Count Walewski's paper will hereafter obtain the adhesion of the rest of Europe. For ourselves, we can honestly say that such a result would be hailed by us with inexpressible delight:—

"He thinks, therefore," says the Count in speaking of his imperial master, "that he may already congratulate himself on the results of his intervention in the war which has just terminated. They mark a new era for Italy; and, if time is requisite to allow a due appreciation of all their advantages, we may be allowed to suppose that by contributing powerfully to the prosperity of a people whose political state had been so long a permanent source of anxiety and danger to Europe, they will at the same time be one more guarantee for the consolidation and duration of the general peace. Thus the Cabinets cannot fail to admit as soon as the passing effects of an inevitable commotion shall have given place to a regular order of things, when a sound judgment may be formed, independently of any accidental circumstances, of the changes which the treaties of Zurich bring to the condition of Italy, as also the institutions, the bases of which they contain."

Since the above was in type the *Times* has informed us that the French Government has desired the préfets throughout France to use their influence to suppress irritating articles in the French press against England, provided always that no sacrifice of legitimate championship of the national honour and interests be involved in such suppression. In this act of the French Emperor's we read undeniable corroboration both of the

justice of the protest we have made above against endorsing the statements of the *Revue Independent*, and also of the truth of what the Emperor Napoleon has himself insisted on on more than one occasion, namely, that it has required no small effort on his part to make the English alliance *go down* in France. We are glad to find that the *Times* receives this announcement in its columns of this day (Nov. 21st), in a spirit worthy of all commendation. It does not indeed acknowledge that the fact of the Emperor having interposed in this manner is a proof that the ill-natured snarling with which the French papers have abounded met with no countenance from him; but it admits, in becoming terms, the hearty sincerity of the good feeling with which this country is ready to renew relations of cordial amity with France, and wisely insists on the fact, that with no other dynasty of France have we any good grounds for supposing that such relations could be entertained. Indeed, our strongest hope in the maintenance of peace is founded on the difficulty we have in believing that the Emperor could allow himself to be goaded by any thing short of insanity into adopting a

policy of which his deadliest enemies are at once the most energetic and the most insidious supporters. Another item of news which the same journal contains, namely, the distribution of the Legion of Honour to divers and sundry city mayors and aldermen, should be interpreted, we apprehend, rather as a concession to the ignorant prejudices of the French in favour of the greatness of *Milor Mayor* than to any serious belief on the part of the Emperor that such decorations could exercise any influence on public opinion in this country, where the act would rather be regarded as a *mauvaise plaisanterie*.

To conclude, we can only hope that no symptoms of calmer weather in the political horizon will allow the people of Great Britain to be drugged into a false sense of security, and to abandon those preparations for putting the country into a proper state of defence which at present are only in their infancy. No effort should be spared—let olive branches be never so plentiful, as we trust in God they may be—to render Rifle Corps of Volunteers a recognised element in our national institutions, and Rifle-practice a permanent feature in our national amusements.

CHRISTMAS.

O CHRIST, who wast a Child of old—

Who earnest down from a throne of light

Far in the heart of the City of gold,

Far in the depths of the Infinite:

Who, well foreseeing the sorrow and scorn

And shameful death 'twas Thine to know,

Didst yet descend—the Virgin-born—

And with pure lips drain the chalice of woe.

Though still we hail Thy time of birth,

Though carol and anthem are not dumb,

Few hearts there are on the sin-stained earth

Which feel that Thou indeed didst come:

And the joyous words to the shepherds given,

Are almost lost to the world again—

“Glory to God in the highest Heaven!

Good will and peace to the sons of men!”

We take the bread Thy hands did break—

We dare to drink the sacred wine—

Though envy and hate in our hearts awake,

Though the spirit which leads us is not Thine.

O Child of the Love which knows no end—

How long, how long must these things be?

When shall they who before Thee bend,

Be guileless children, like to Thee?

M. C.

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